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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 27

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THE U.S.S. WEST VIRGINIA, LATEST AND LARGEST BATTLESHIP OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

'There are three elements in the sea power of any nation—the navy, naval bases and the merchant marine. The first and second are in part fixed by the Washington agreement. The third element in American sea power is commercial . . . Our merchant marine is of great importance to our national welfare.'—SECRETARY CURTIS D. WILBUR (article, page 7, this issue)

SOAKING THE OTHER FELLOW

A Study in Tax Distribution

SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE PROPHET OF MONT NE

'Coin' Harvey—Pyramid Builder

CHARLES J. FINGER

NEW YORK'S LITTLE JOKE ON NEW YORK

An Analysis of the Prohibition Referendum

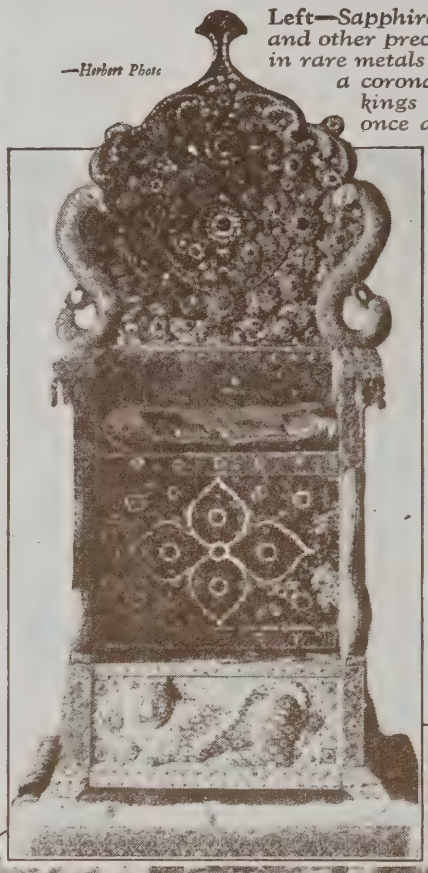
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

The Touch *of the* Craftsman

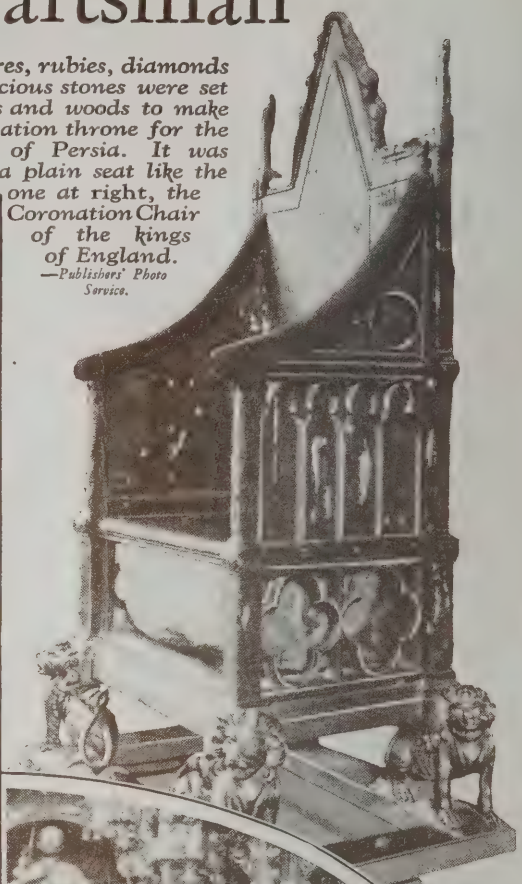
Captain Folgero, of the 'Leif Ericson,' viking ship which sailed from Norway to America hundreds of years ago, proved that he had considerable knack for the art of hand carving, not to mention strong imagination.
Above is a 'dragon' head he made for his ship.
For the present, the dragon is gazing upon the visitors to the Sesquicentennial Exposition.

—Brown Brothers Photo.

—Herbert Photo

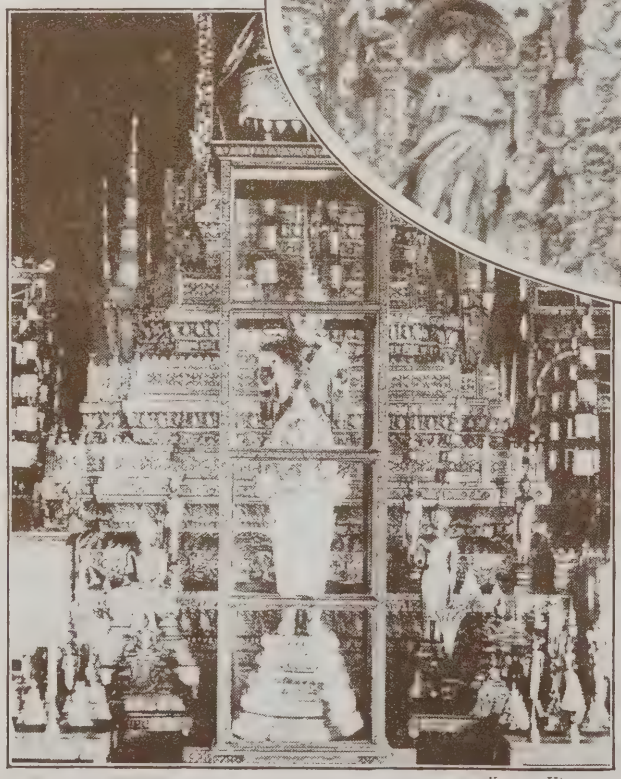


Left—Sapphires, rubies, diamonds and other precious stones were set in rare metals and woods to make a coronation throne for the kings of Persia. It was once a plain seat like the one at right, the Coronation Chair of the kings of England.
—Publishers' Photo Service.



Oval—Artisans working with richly carved woods and pure gold have made a gorgeous sanctuary of the famous Cathedral of Mexico. Fine detail of one of the walls is shown here.

—Herbert Photo.



—Keystone View.

Here's some of the elaborate ornament in the throne room of Cambodia.

—International Newsreel.

Notables in an extravagant setting. One is daughter of the Sultan of Perak, the other, son of the Sultan of Pehang.

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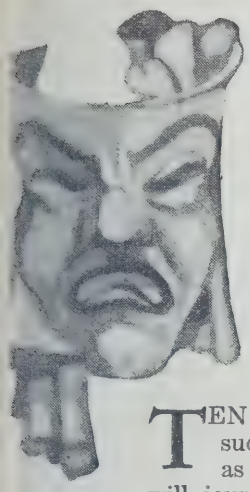


New York's Little Joke on New York

A Study of the Prohibition Referendum—An Oasis That Proved to Be a Mirage

By JOHN BOLSTER HATCH

TEN days from now such New Yorkers as are interested will journey to the polls o cast their votes on that state's ır-famed prohibition refer-ndum.

But few are interested. 'he drys are not. They can ee no legal aspect to the eferendum, no issue to be-ome excited over, no result f value whichever way the alloting goes. So they re-ıain calmly at the task on and—the selection of dry ongressmen—while ! the ets perform their Indian ance all by themselves.

It takes two to make a ame. The wets have tried aliantly to arouse the drys' agging interest. They have houted at them through the ewspapers. They have eaten their drums and lared their trumpets. They ave jumped from dark orners and said, 'Boo!' in loud and provocative oice.

They have uttered the enerable you-chase-me-hen-I'll-chase-you chal-enge. But through it all he drys have remained trangely unmoved. And ou can't have a game ith all the players on one ide.

'As a device for getting he wet-dry issue off the acks of candidates for of-ce,' writes Clinton W. Gil-ert in the New York *Evening Post*, 'the ref-rendum on prohibition s proving a disap-ointment. When this ear's elections are over we shall probably hear very little more of such tests of popular sentiment, although a few months ago it looked as if in 1928 we might have a nation-wide referendum on the Volstead Act, even though no one could think of a legal way to hold one.'

Mr. Gilbert, author of the *Mirrors of Washington*, is regarded as one of the cleverest political writers in America. He continues:

'The prohibition referendum started in New York, where the Republicans were going to put up a wet ticket, and it was hoped that dry Republicans might be satisfied to express their ardor for prohibition by voting dry on a referendum, and so be content, though dry, to vote for wet candidates. Perhaps it will have that effect to a certain extent, but it has not prevented the drys from desiring an independent ticket of their own, which is exactly what the proponents of the referendum sought to avoid.

'The idea seemed so good when it was first proposed that it was adopted in several other states in the hope that it would give voters an opportunity to vote wet or dry without having to desert their party to do so. Here was a way, everybody thought, for wet candidates to hold dry votes or dry candidates to hold wet votes. No politician likes an issue that cuts across party lines, and here was a beautiful scheme to hold parties together in spite of such an issue. (Concluded on page 29)

THE attitude of many of New York's citizens toward the prohibition referendum is well illustrated by the resolution adopted by the Citizen's Committee of One Thousand, which numbers among its members such persons as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Bishop William T. Manning, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. John R. Mott, Louis Marshall, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Homer S. Cumming and Rear Admiral William S. Sims. The resolution reads in part:

WHEREAS:

The meaning and intent of said question is obscure, deceptive and confusing.

Any action on said question by the voters will be futile.

Said question provides for asking Congress to take an action, which, if taken, would be unconstitutional and illegal.

The submission of said referendum question is not an attempt, legally and in an orderly and constitutional manner, to change existing national law . . .

BE IT RESOLVED:

That the attitude of this committee is that this referendum is not entitled to the sincere and respectful consideration and action of the law-abiding voters of New York State: that it deserves their rebuke as being deceptive, insincere and subversive of representative and constitutional government . . .

Steam Shovels Still in Evidence as the Sesqui Nears Its End

Work Proceeds Apace for Taxpayers Foot the Bill

AN EXHIBITION of political bag-holding rivaling anything in municipal history is about to be staged in Philadelphia. It should start with the conclusion of the Sesqui-Centennial on December 1, but at this writing only a prophet could say when it will end. The performers will be the taxpayers of Philadelphia, and the audience will consist of the millions of citizens elsewhere who did not attend the Sesqui-Centennial because they suspected its motives and did not believe its promoters.

Foundations for the new exhibition were laid at various times during the present year, when by personal subscription and through the city treasury the people of Philadelphia contributed upward of $20,000,000 to the Sesqui-Centennial. But the crowning touch was added when elected representatives of the taxpayers agreed, by unanimous vote, that the city council 'will by loans or otherwise provide at as early a date as possible the necessary and reasonable amounts required to liquidate the cost of building and improvements in, upon and about the exposition grounds.'

To understand what this means it is necessary to explain that the costs in question were contracted for by a private corporation known as the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association. The mayor of Philadelphia is president of this association, one of his directors is vice-president, and all of his directors as well as the president of the city council are members of the association's board of directors and its executive committee. They are members, however, by vote of the association's members, just as stockholders in any other corporation elect their officers. They are not in the association as official representatives of the city.

Acting as corporation executives, these men and their associates have run up a deficit of $3,700,000 in the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. Then, in the capacity of elected representatives of the taxpayers, they have voted to put up this sum and whatever else may be necessary to liquidate any improvements the private corporation may make on the exposition grounds. And no provision whatever has been made for official supervision of this expenditure.

—Wide World Photo.

In defending court actions the Sesqui lawyers were compelled to admit that the money from the Sunday crowds was the main object.

That is the outside story of the Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition. Everybody in Philadelphia knows it. The inside story is not quite so apparent. It is known only to persons who have taken the trouble to visit the Sesqui site, look around and put two and two together. It is quite clear to thousands of visitors from other cities and states that have gone away laughing at the steam shovels working on the swamps,

—Ledger Photo Servi

The Sesqui failed pr marily because t news got out that i promoters were tr ing to make mon out of patriotis The historic aspe of the show is su ordinated to t commercial.

but the peopl who will hold th bag seem to b unaware that it empty.

Mayor W. Freelan Kendrick, of Philade phia, promised Presider Coolidge with a great blare publicity that the Sesqui-Cente nial Exhibition would be finished b July 4. *It is still unfinished at this wri ing—early in September. The stea shovels are evidence to this effect.* One them is operating in a tremendous fie at the northwest corner of the Sesq site. The western end of this field identified on the official Sesqui-Ce tennial map as the 'arena.' Actuall at this writing, it is a swamp. Th eastern end of the field has been fille in, and large forces of men and tean are at work grading it.

The Sesqui-Centennial site occupi a thousand acres. Some of this lan is owned by the city and is known League Island Park. Most of it, hov ever, is still privately owned. It held by the city under lease for th life of the exhibition, with the provi that owners shall not be assessed f the value of improvements. Now happens that a thousand acres is decidedly large space, and in spite the $20,000,000 and more already sun

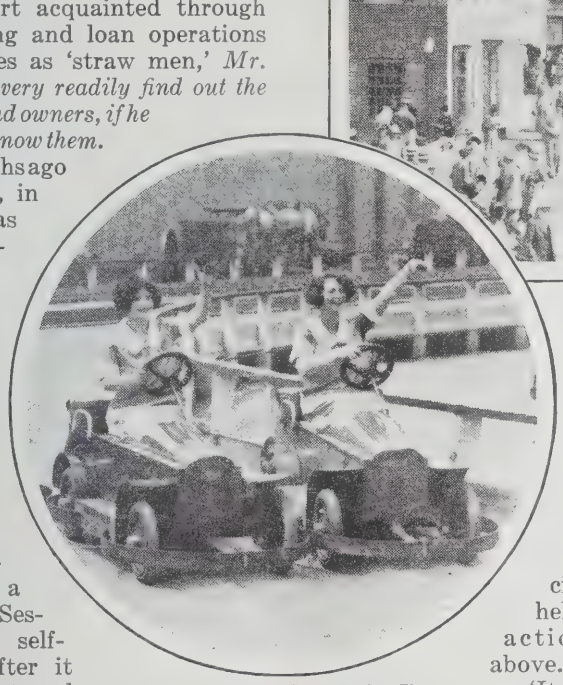
The Sesqui-Centennial Exhibition Association—a private corporation—is continuing to spend large sums on steam shovels and workmen because the taxpayers are footing the bill.

n the project, vast reas of this space are ill unoccupied. The stances between uildings is so great at a special type of ectric sight-seeing r was developed by e Philadelphia Rap- Transit Company.

The inside story of e Sesqui-Centennial veals itself in the uery: Why are the ty officials of Phila- lphia, acting as ex- utives of a private rporation, continu- g to fill in and other- ise improve land at cannot possibly used? The answer obvious. The squi-Centennial Exhibition Associa- on is continuing to spend large sums steam shovels and workmen be- use the taxpayers of Philadelphia are oting the bill. The purpose of this penditure, of course, is patriotic—all e directors have said so.

Another query naturally arises at is point. Who are the landowners ho will profit by the return of im- oved property in exchange for swamp? happens that Albert M. Greenfield, puted to be the largest real-estate eculator in Philadelphia, is an associate the mayor and other city officials on e directorate and the executive com- ittee of the Sesqui Association. As a al-estate expert acquainted through ars of building and loan operations ith such figures as 'straw men,' *Mr. reenfield could very readily find out the mes of these land owners, if he es not already know them.*

Several months ago e city officials, in eir capacity as rporation ex- cutives, an- ounced that 2,000,000 ould be equired to pport the esqui over e dull peri- d. The mon- was voted y the city offi- als with the as- rance that in a w weeks the Ses- ui would be self- pporting. After it ad all been spent, and fter the association ad run up another def- it, a council of war as held. It was de- ded that the only way t was to tell the pub- c all the bad news.



—Brown Brothers Photo.

Before the Sesqui amusements were thrown open on Sundays it was always the custom of the police to prevent professional baseball. But the police could not close the ball parks while permitting the jazz parks at the Sesqui to remain open. A bitter legal row over the open Sunday is still in the courts. The attorney-general of Pennsylvania is now trying to compel the city authorities to obey the law.

Announcement then was made that a deficit of $3,700,000 existed. It was explained that when $2,000,000 was asked, a great deal more was needed, but the directors hoped it would come in at the gate. It was also announced that a total of $5,000,000 probably would be needed to complete all the work undertaken. And a special session of the city council was held to take the action outlined above.

'It is unfortunate,' said Councilman Clarence K. Crossan, 'that the council was not in closer touch with the building activities of the Sesqui last spring. This need of money is surprising, especially as it comes so soon after the director general of the exposition assured us when he came to ask a $2,000,000 appropriation that no more money would be needed.

'The exposition has suffered severely because of the constantly increasing scope of the project, which made its completion by the scheduled opening date humanly impossible.'

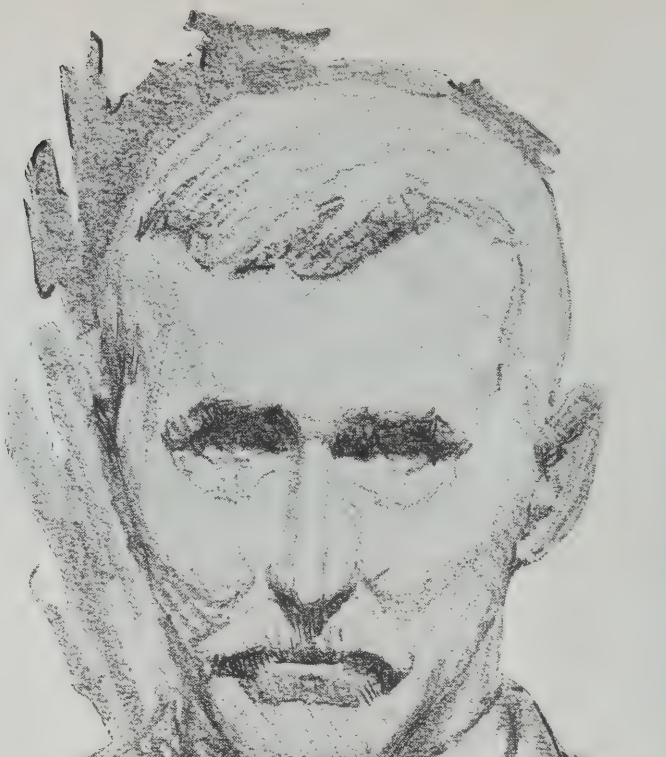
Having let this cat out of the bag, Mr. Crossan proceeded to vote for the resolution. The 'increasing scope' to which he referred is a rather significant item in the history of the Sesqui. Originally the scope was even larger, and Colonel David C. Collier, who made the San Diego Exposition a success, was brought in as director general.

–Brown Brothers Photo.

It is probable that the Sesqui will have closed before Philadelphia taxpayers begin to appreciate the burden that has been placed upon them.

But Colonel Collier couldn't get along with the mayor's personal friend, William S. Abrahams, who was director of concessions. The scope was reduced to a point where Colonel Collier couldn't see anything left to exhibit; so he resigned.

But the moment Collier was out the exposition began to expand again —with the mayor in personal charge and assuming all responsibility. It kept on expanding all summer as acre after acre of swamp was filled in—at public expense. It kept on expanding even after many exhibitors who had paid for space in the vast buildings looked over the project and decided not to exhibit. Large areas of vacant space still exist in (*Concluded on page 21*)



Illustrated by
PAUL HONORE

'Coin' Harvey—
Prophet of Monte Ne

Who Would Build a Pyramid in the Ozarks to Tell Posterity Why Our Civilization Has Failed

By CHAS. J. FINGER

AS A boy, listening to teachers, I had a private opinion that the minor prophets were men of a rueful and melancholy cast whose only pleasure lay in disillusionment; which opinion stayed with me until, one day, someone said that there were prophets very much like physicians, who, diagnosing a case, insisted that a certain course of conduct would exacerbate the disease, or kill the patient. At that, a light fell on me, and a minor prophet named Hosea suddenly took on very human and modern attributes as a genuine patriot, instead of a sort of crank given to reproaches, to exhortations and threats. Indeed, in predicting evil because of the selfishness of the rulers of his day, he appealed to me as one stirring up sluggish consciences, and restoring faith in the potency of cherished ideals.

From that moment I understood something of the emotional fervor of the minor prophets. There was another, Amos. Looking into the matter, I seemed to see him as one altogether sane instead of a fanatic making wild onslaughts upon established institutions, what with his foretelling the obliteration of a kingdom because of its blindness, and his predicting grief and disaster in the way of slavery, and subjugation if people refused to fight the fight for social sanity. Since then, I have been interested in prophets, the more because once, when in an executive capacity, dreaming hectic dreams of ambition and full of the delight of triumph and success, I encountered a prophet who was an expert accountant. And he, who had a certain trick of forcing you to know that two and two made four, and not, as you might have hoped, nine—he, I say, predicted certain disasters as a result of overburdening a corporation with bonded indebtedness, which predictions came true, and with dire results.

Mark you, minor prophets still walk the earth. Who shall say that Jules Verne was not somewhat of a forecaster? And what of H. G. Wells? And what of Coxey, though in his day he was denounced as a mere notoriety hunter doing things disturbing and disquieting to people? And what of the prophet of Monte Ne, a latter-day Amos, in the Ozark country, a man of some wealth and position looking upon himself seriously as one with a heaven-given message who has penetrated the inner secret of things economic? William Hope Harvey is his name. And, be it understood, he has done things, tremendous things by way of vigorous affirmation of his ideal. Nor is it any idle stretch of fancy when I say that he believes himself to have touched hands with the gods; scaled Mount Olympus. I turn to his first book, *Coin's Financial School*, to find this on the title-page:

'I thank thee O, Father, Lor of Heaven and Earth, becaus thou hast hid these things fro the wise and prudent, and ha revealed them unto babes.'

Now one who considers him self in that kind of light mus be perfectly confident that he i in possession of a high an splendid secret, or else is very cheat and a charlatan c charlatans, which last Harve certainly is not. And a ma who believes himself in pos session of a high and splendi secret, and who sees gloriou visions, which you may ca wild or not, as you choose, i very apt to do extraordinar things. So, commencing at thos things visible and concrete there is this which I would wis to show truthfully an exactly as you might se for yourself.

But I do not write c the appearance and per sonality of the man, wh is a plain ordinary citize who pays his debts, on kindly disposed, self-pos sessed in manner, of a kin to stand toil and endurance and discipline; the sort t go resolutely about hi affairs quite unconcerne if misunderstood and un appreciated. His age i seventy-five, and when called upon him last Satu day he had just undergon an operation to reliev some trouble in his foo caused while steering boat on his lake.

Monte Ne is set in cup in the hills not fa from the town of Roger in Arkansas. But suppos you approach the place a I did first. Suppose you walk down th mountain side from the town of Jaspe one of the few county seats in thi country untouched by railroad c interurban. You pass through narro valleys and clefts in the mountains you are where great crags rise straigh and bare; you are sometimes in a worl of stone that rises ridge on ridge lik waves of the sea. You meet countr folk of a kind rare enough nowaday people grave of manner doing thei business quietly, working and livin hard, taming the wilderness in a da when most people forget that there is a edge of civilization; forget that ther are still, on the nation's canvas, hunter and trappers and wild and solitar figures; Kit Carsons and Daniel Boones

)uckboards and pack horses and places where are fearless and indomitable nen.

In good time, walking across country as I did, you come to a place where you stand on a high ridge, at your feet a broad valley through which winds the White River like a silver ribbon, the flanks of the mountain richly wooded, here and there geometric patterns because of cornfields, the blue depths of far hills, the serenity of orchards, nearer heights all forest-clad, houses in the folds of ridges, and pastures of a sort to set you singing with joy.

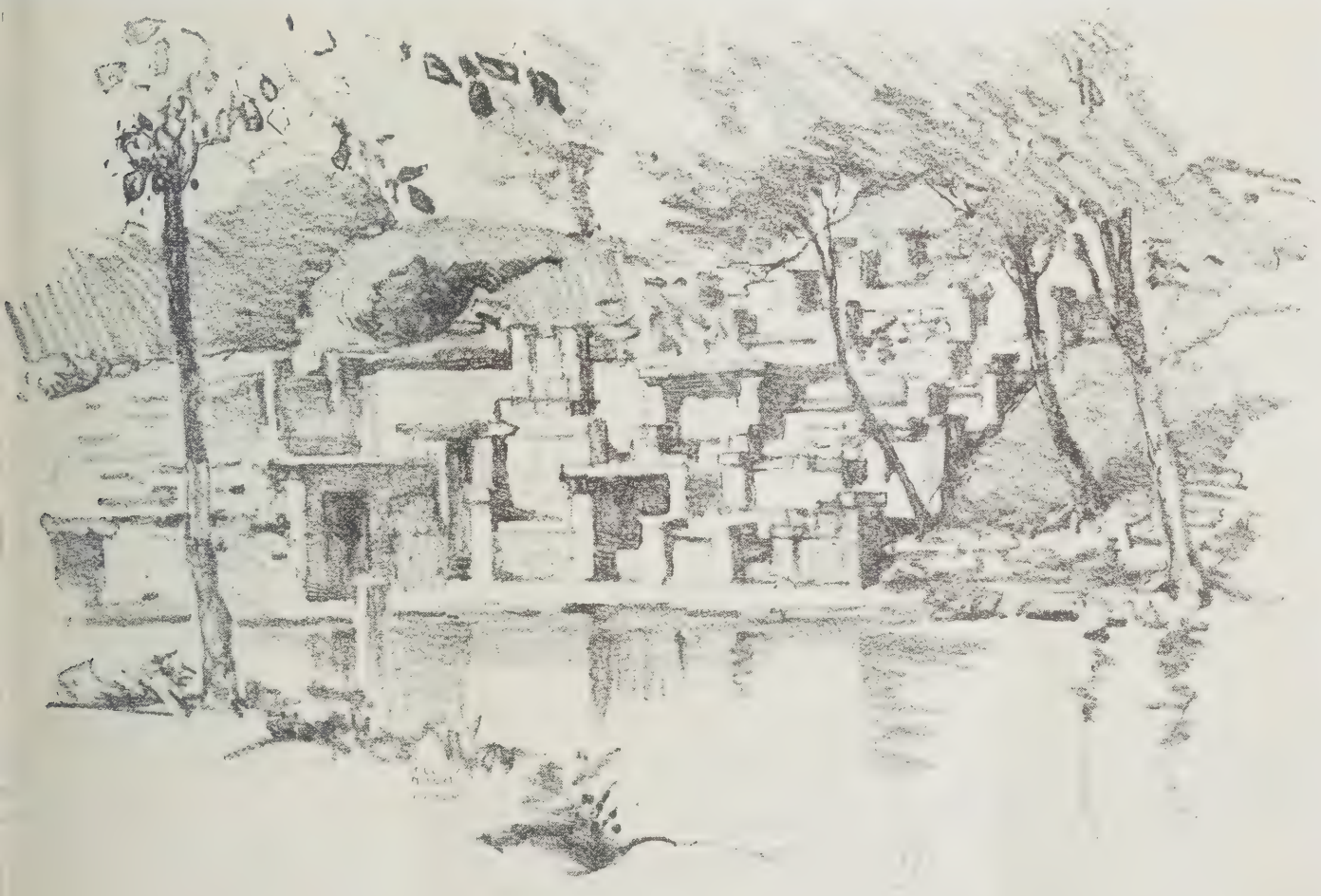
WHEN first I stood there, wondering at the beauty of the place, wondering still more who had cleared a space on the hilltop and made a rock platform on the promontory so that the shining valley might be seen, I put a question to a lad who sat there. He made answer thus: 'Who done it? Who but Mr. Harvey! He done everything hereabouts.' The lad said that in a tone of amused surprise as though all the world should have known that only one man could be so impelled. He added, presently: 'He likes to come here and jes' sit and look.' So it was simply evident that in the prophet of Monte Ne was a man whose sense of the beautiful had not been atrophied.

Now if you go a certain way from that promontory platform, passing along a tree-covered road, you find yourself after three miles or so in a great amphitheater, through which runs a stream. By that stream is what seems to be an ancient ruin, at first glance, with high fragments of walls, with great doorways and window spaces through which you look to see what appears to be a courtyard in which tall sycamores grow. You might take it for a castle the glory of which has faded, until your eye took in other things; blocks of stones squared by masons, but lying as if hastily flung down; stone rubble piles which are mounds almost grass covered; glimpses of roofless halls; passages and great fireplaces. What it seems to be, then, is a temple forsaken in the building, one of stimulating beauty, though unfinished. And in it you have another Harvey gesture, which I choose to call a vigorous affirmation of an ideal.

BUT there is more. You pass over a bridge; you follow the banks of the stream of cool-green water; you see a cement-built bridge of ambitious design on the right, another to the left; you see something shining white through loopholes of foliage. Then, at a turn, you come in sight of a lake with a wonder on its further bank, more wonderful because of the reflected glory of it in the pool. For the slope of the hill has been terraced and built upon, in a style of architecture new, yet somehow strangely familiar. Familiar because of characteristic things here and there reminiscent of Rome perhaps, or of Montrose, or of something bringing to mind a part of Edinburgh castle. Part of the structure is finished, a wall wing here, a stone seat there.

OTHERWHERES you have glimpses of stairways of stone, of galleries, of parapets, of vaults, of openings the purport of which you cannot guess.

With eye and mind tamed to seize upon salient features you see other things; a thousand-foot boring to solid rock, excavation holes, an elaborate system of subterranean drainage and other evidences of foresight. For a pyramid is in the building, but not a pyramid setting forth the virtues and praises of any modern Ptolemy Epiphanes. It is more of a gigantic Rosetta Stone, a key for some Letronne of the far future, who on entering will find the means to reconstruct a picture of this civilization of ours at a time when it shall have utterly and completely passed away. Because, you must understand, the prophet (Continued on page 24)



For the slope of the hill has been terraced and built upon, in a style of architecture new, yet somehow strangely familiar

Painless Taxation—

The Refuge of Quack Politicians

There Is Only One Way to Effect Tax Reduction: *Reduce Expenditures*

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

I CHANCED to be dining with the governor of a southern state about a month after he had taken office. His legislature was in session and he was worried. Governors are always worried when their legislators are gathered in the state capitol—they do have a way of going wild, for they do not meet often enough nor long enough to get running smoothly. They never get beyond the first five hundred miles. A bunch of young country lawyers all wanting to go home as Daniel Websters or Henry Clays is not easily seasoned.

The governor knew his job—he had been in both politics and business for years. But he was worried.

'Of course I do not want to say anything about my predecessor,' he said to me, 'but I will say he was too clever a financier for this world. I am beginning to think that he was not really trying when he ran against me—that he wished on me the honor of being governor of this sovereign state. He was a friend of the people and he borrowed money by the barrel for schools and roads. Certainly he was popular. I think we have enough schools and colleges and universities in this state to house the whole population.

'He not only borrowed but he reduced the tax rate. He made the budget balance by including all possible future revenues as moneys in hand. It was a trick budget but you do not have to be much of an orator to persuade a legislature that taxes can be low.

'Now this is what I am up against: I have to find the real facts of our financial situation and then I have to tell them to the legislature and the people. That is not hard—although I have been working day and night for several weeks just trying to find the true figures. But this is hard: Those figures say that our taxes will have to be tripled. The taxes will have to go to a point where they will constitute a general hardship.

'I have talked to the party leaders and they are all for keeping the tax off the people and putting it on the corporations. We are taxing the railroads to the limit now and taxing corporations means taxing the X Tobacco Company, which is the only big corporation we have. It pays big excise taxes and this the political men know, and they think it also could pay a big state tax. They will not realize that the consumer of the tobacco and not the company pays the excise tax.

'Put a big tax on that company and it will move out of the state—taking with it a large payroll. But if the boys go home with a heavy tax levy, they know they will never come back here again. They will be friends of the "interests" and not of the people.'

The governor gave the legislature the facts, but he had to compromise on the taxation. He raised the taxes on the corporation to just the point where it would be cheaper for it to stay than to move, he raised the taxes on the people with a gloved hand, and he borrowed more money. He took the practical course toward getting a state that had spent more than it could afford out of a hole.

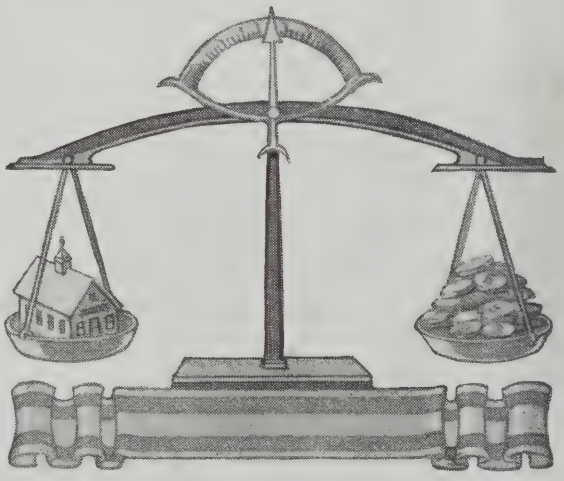
Hundreds of other communities are doing likewise. One of the favorite devices is to advertise low taxes and industrial advantages and then change the tax laws after some companies have been snared. For of course a political body cannot make a contract not to change its tax rate. Most of the railroads were lured across states by grants of land and promises of small taxes. Now that the roads are built and cannot get out, they are being taxed. Ten years ago they paid less than half a million a day in taxes; now they pay over a million a day.

Tax forms about eight per cent of the freight rate. The taxes paid by the railroads have for several years exceeded their dividends and thus they cannot raise money by the sale of stock.

They have to borrow every penny for improvements—which means they are being forced to erect pyramids of loans which will some day topple over.

This whole business of shifting taxes is about over—there are not enough shifters. And there is a growing realization that painless taxes are dangerous taxes. New York several years ago passed a law exempting new dwelling construction from taxes over a period of years and up to a certain cost. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to meet the housing emergency, began the erection of a large number of apartments to rent at eight dollars a month room—which for New York City is a low rental. The controller of the company testi

(Concluded on page 20)



WE HAVE been trying to tax the other fellow. I know one school district which has thirty-six pupils, but also it has in it a great public utility plant which generates and sends electricity all over the state. That district just spent $56,000 for a gymnasium for those thirty-six pupils. It is a nice gym—excepting that only the district officers know that it is a gym, for it is fitted up as a community house or club. But it had to be a gymnasium—there was no provision in the law to permit issuing bonds for a community house!

The people do not care what they spend—the public utility pays two-thirds of the taxes. This little community shifts its taxes—but the amount is not large enough to bother the utility company.

The Greatest Need of the U. S. Navy

An Adequate Merchant Marine

By
CURTIS D. WILBUR

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Below—*Part of the Pacific fleet, which recently was on review in maneuvers off the West Coast.*

FIVE years ago representatives from the great nations assembled in the city of Washington nd evolved the first con-ete plan in the world's story for the limitation naval armament. Such n achievement was born s a result of mutual de-re for peace and under-anding, and of a sincere fort on the part of re-ponsible governments to ssen the burden of taxa-on upon their people by reventing competitive ar-ıament.

The Washington Con-rence was a decided up-ard step in the progress our civilization.

The year following the onference, the Navy eague of the United States ponsored the first Navy ay.

Their purpose in in-ugurating Navy Day was give the American people n opportunity to become etter acquainted with their Navy nd its personnel—its manifold achieve-ıents, glorious history and traditions, nd its needs.

The result of the Navy Day bservance has been that, probably, ur people are more familiar today ith their Navy and its problems than t any time since the early days of the epublic, when the larger part of the population lived near the coast and great numbers were seafaring people.

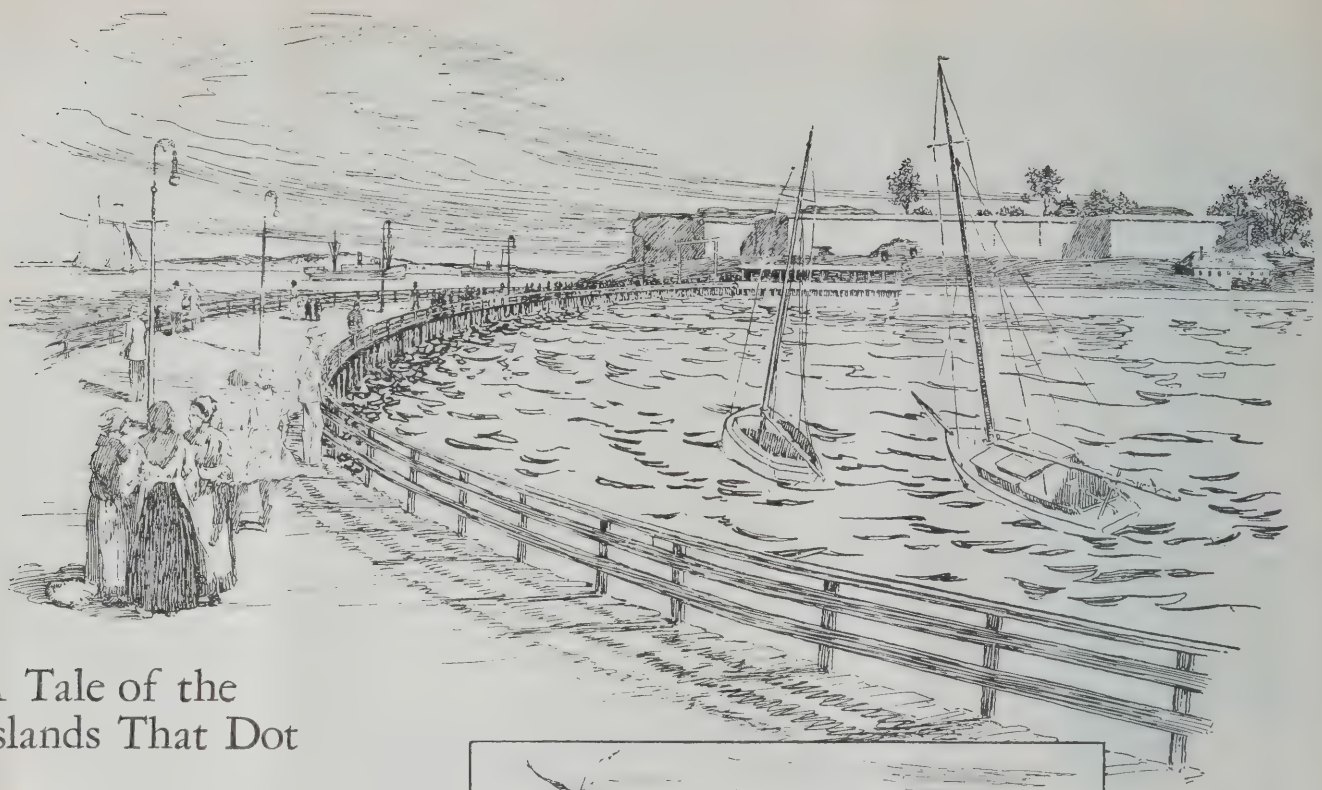
October 27 was selected as Navy Day because it marks the anniversary of the birth of President Roosevelt, who strongly supported the perpetuation of our country's institutions and to the maintenance and advance of American sea power. Navy Day, 1926, has for its especial object that of emphasizing the importance to national prosperity and national security of an adequate American merchant marine.

There are three elements in the sea power of any nation—the navy, naval bases, and the merchant marine. The first and second elements are in part fixed by the Washington agreement. We cannot build capital ships nor aircraft carriers except as allowed by these treaties, nor can we change the *status quo* of our Far Eastern bases under these treaties. The third element in American sea power is commercial, and no country engaged in fostering a merchant marine can justly be accused of military or naval aggression. Our merchant marine is of great importance to our national welfare. Our legislative and executive bodies are committed to the policy of insuring at all times the uninterrupted flow of America's excess products of farm and factory to the markets of the world.

For a period of fifteen years during the Napoleonic Wars infant America was the greatest over-sea carrying nation of the world, and from 1795 to 1810 the United States Merchant Marine carried about 90 per cent of the world's over-sea commerce. The devastation of the War of 1812 and of our early wars and our early embargo acts, combined with the effects of the Civil War, depleted our merchant marine so that after one hundred years American ships were carrying but a small percentage of the world's commerce.

The Boer War even failed to stir the country to a full appreciation of the necessity of having at all times an adequate merchant marine; although at this time an American industrial depression occurred because England's great ocean carriers were diverted from their usual transatlantic routes to transport men and supplies to the army in South Africa.

Three years after the opening of the World War we were *(Concluded on page 22)*



A Tale of the Islands That Dot

BOSTON HARBOR

By MAY B. WHITING

Drawings by PAUL FRANKLIN SEAVEY

On Castle Island. Insert—'Nix's Mate.'

EVERY landlubber and sailorman in Boston knows Castle Island, its green slopes with the old gray fortress in the center, and its seaward vistas. A bridge across the flats connects it with the mainland, and if you step lively you can walk around the path by the shore in fifteen minutes. But for one to whom the sea means all that life has missed of romance, it takes at least an hour.

Because of its position at the very threshold of the city, Castle Island was early fortified. In 1633 a fort with mud walls was erected and Johnson in his *Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour* says that it was 'of very good use to awe any insolent persons, who, putting confidence in their ships, offer injury to the people.' Indeed, this humble fortress exacted the same etiquette as if it housed a prince, and the proud vessels that came sailing in were often loath to do it homage.

One day there arrived three ships from Ipswich, England, bearing more than three hundred passengers, and the last one in showed no signs of coming to anchor when it was hailed by the Castle boat, so the gunner prepared to fire a shot across her bows. But his touchhole was wet, and the ship going at greater speed than he reckoned with the wind and the tide, his shot took effect in the shrouds and killed a passenger, 'an honest gentleman.' An inquest was held and the governor sent two magistrates down the harbor to officiate. After viewing the body and solemnly weighing the evidence, they brought in a verdict that the victim had come to his death 'by the Providence of God.'

Richard Morris was lieutenant of the Castle at the time, but he refused to fly the English colors bearing the red cross, which, like Endicott, he considered heathenish. He was also bold enough to espouse the rights of Mistress Anne Hutchinson, who scandalized the ministers by having an opinion of her own on religious matters, and he was disarmed and finally banished from the colony. The mud walls of the fort tumbled down, too, perhaps, as the historian says, because there was too much burnt oyster shell in them for lime, and the Castle fell on evil days. In June, 1643, the town was startled by the appearance of a fine ship of 140 tons bearing down the harbor. It was la Tour coming from his stronghold in Maine to solicit help against his enemies.

La Tour was peaceable enough. His men were allowed to exercise on the drilling field and he was given opportunity to confer with captains and merchants. But the ministers of the neighboring congregations were shocked at such liberty, and for some (Concluded on page 23)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE people see in piecemeal what they desire and need, and think that they will attain it piecemeal. But as all matters of social consequence are related it sometimes happens that the thing not sought comes as a necessary forerunner of the rest, or the thing definitely sought comes in by a different door than was opened for it.

There have been a number of such surprises even in the short story of this nation. And the examples that may be chosen are instructive of the way that events arrive. Once in this country the doctrine of States Rights divided the nation. It was supported on one side and denied on the other with a partisan vigor not since approached. Indeed, it was at the heart of the war which divided the States for a time. And though it was said to be wrong, it was nevertheless right. The party that lost was still right in its defeat. There was a wrong emphasis, there was a wrong intention as to the use of the Right once it had been established by violence, there was a wrong separation of it from kindred and dependent political truths, but it maintained itself in the thought of the nation because it had essential right at the heart of it.

We now see that States Rights was not the pillar on which the Nation could be reared, just as Federal right had no existence except the States, exercising their right, gave and defined it. And we have lived to see, sixty years after the close of the military struggle, the chief of the Federal party state the doctrine of States Rights as part of the truth of our national solidarity. It came, but it came in its proper place and with its proper weight.

There was also, years ago, a great agitation in this country for a new financial method of building roads. Roads were to be built for the sake of illustrating a new method of finance and to provide labor for a then unemployed people. The ideas that roads were of value to the nation, that they could be financed without creating interest-bearing debt of crushing proportions, that they could usefully employ idle labor in the land, were true ideas. But great undertakings are never entered upon to demonstrate something apart from themselves. They must come in their time, for a pressing need, they must come in their own right, even though it be only dirt roads.

Well, the roads came. But how? Because the automobile came. No one foresaw the automobile. At the very moment the agitation was at its highest, there was being worked out in obscurity the mechanism which would put the whole road question on a new basis, and force roads through the very necessity for them. There still remains the question of finance which will also, in its time, find its solution.

Today we have a farming problem. It is being handled on the supposition that things will always remain as they are. There are suggestions of subsidizing the farmer with public funds. There are suggestions of making the whole matter turn on methods of marketing. There are suggestions of restricting the crops and using artificial tariff methods to keep an unnatural price level. All these plans are founded on the assumption that things are going to remain as they are, that the conditions of the world as they affect farming are fixed.

GREAT undertakings must mature in their time to supply some pressing need. The roads came because modern transportation demanded them. Farming is being handled on the supposition that things must remain as they are; but agriculture is now becoming the base of the new chemical era. The farms will be linked up with great industries, and a greater importation and production than we have dreamed of will be necessary. So also with finance. All that is good in money will be used for the enlargement of human opportunity, not for the furthering of selfish aims. The objectives that are being separately sought will simultaneously arrive.

What is happening? In a few years, instead of finding means to stop the flow of grain into our country, we shall be calling upon the world for greater importations. The present solutions of marketing plans and financial aids will be swept away as the stagecoach disappeared before the railways. Agriculture is now becoming the base of the new chemical era. What we have thus far done with coal tar, we shall soon be doing with cellulose. The farms will be linked up with great industries, and a greater production and importation than we have dreamed will be necessary.

There will be a solution of the money problem, too, though perhaps no one now sees just how it will come. But it must come. The very pressure of real wealth on the signs of wealth will burst the signs into something bigger and more useful. Whatever is good in Money as it is will be extended into something better.

The new idea, when it arrives, will break the restrictions, and enter by a door that perhaps few have dreamed existed. The enemy of money is wealth, and wealth is gaining the ascendancy over money every day. It has steadily shoved money into the background, and with it the money control of the nation's wealth.

The objectives that are being separately sought, the end of war, the conquest of poverty, the abolition of disease, the enlargement of human opportunity in every sphere, will arrive together.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

Kenyon on Official Etiquette

THE decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing the federal District Court of Wyoming in the suit to cancel the Sinclair lease on Teapot Dome, is heartening. The lower court held that no fraud had been proved. The upper court reverses this opinion and orders the trial court to cancel the lease. All three of the sitting judges concur, Judge William S. Kenyon writing the sixty-five-page opinion. Without equivocation the court holds that fraud and deceit run through the whole transaction. No charge of corruption is made by the court against any public official except Albert B. Fall. The contention of the Government that Fall received a pecuniary consideration for the execution of the lease on the part of the United States is sustained. The court says:

> 'The entire transaction is tainted with favoritism, collusion and corruption, defeating the proper and lawful functions of government. Nothing is so essential to the perpetuity of representative government as fidelity of public officials.'

The loss of half a billion dollars' worth of property by the Government is important but not vital. We lost many times that amount in the World War and survived the experience. The decision of the court restoring the property to the Government is of far less consequence to America than the high legal and moral standards set for future dealings by Government officials.

The decision of the lower court was discouraging. It denied the government an extension of time within which to produce witnesses who had run away and refused to reopen the case for the taking of their testimony after they had returned to the United States.

But the upper court clears all this away. Legal hair-splittings and cunning concealments are ignored. The circuit judges reason almost like ordinary laymen. The case is decided upon the broad, sensible lines of the law of conspiracy, according to which conspiracy is inferred from all the surrounding facts and circumstances, without demanding impossible direct proofs of it.

Official conduct in America is measured by a new yardstick in this decision. Good faith must be present in such transactions and evidence of wrongdoing cannot run like a scarlet thread through it without vitiating the entire matter. Democracy cannot survive unless officials are honest. That public office be regarded as a trusteeship must be the rule.

Such broad-visioned patriotism on the part of judges speaking from the bench goes far toward confirming thinking men in their belief that the bulwark of our liberties rests with our courts. While such tribunals exist, America will 'muddle through.' The new sixty-five-page book, *Kenyon on Official Etiquette*, is heartily commended to the prayerful attention of all public officials!

Our New Diplomacy

AN INTERESTING departure from America's traditional policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of European nations apparently has been undertaken by John B. Stetson, Jr., United States minister to Poland. Mr. Stetson's enterprising action came in connection with the overthrow of the Bartel government, when the Polish Diet refused to sanction the government's budget. Bartel resigned—but he resigned *after* a hurried visit had been made him by Mr. Stetson. A Warsaw dispatch to the New York *World* describes the circumstances:

> More unexpected even than the resignation—in view of the time and occasion—was the unprecedented visit of the American minister, John B. Stetson, Jr., and French Ambassador Larouche to Premier Bartel in the midst of the crisis . . . Well-informed circles here, while expressing surprise at this apparent foreign intervention in a Polish domestic crisis, admit that France's treaty relations with Poland and America's financial interest in the country through recent investments here might easily account for such action.

This is interesting. It is so interesting, in fact, that Americans would like to know more. News from Poland in recent months has been of such a hazy character that citizens of this country are eager for more complete information. They would like to know, for instance, whether the 'financial interest' refers to the reported $100,000,000 loan made Poland by the Bankers Trust Company of New York. They would like to know more of the tobacco monopoly which accompanied the transaction. They would like to know something official

about the 'American commission' under Professor E. W. Kemmerer, which visited Poland as soon as the deal was consummated to 'reorganize' that nation's finances. They would like to know more about the charges laid against this commission and the Bank of Poland by the Nationalistic Socialists, who, according to the New York *Times*, 'accused them (Kemmerer et al.) of giving in to foreign capitalists.'

And above all the American people would like to know more about this new American diplomacy. They are wondering whether Mr. Stetson's action marks the dawn of a new era, wherein American ambassadors will tread gingerly along in the footsteps of America's international bankers.

Speaking of Jazz

THE strangest of all arguments in favor of jazz is that of its widespread popularity. Was not the belief in witches widespread and popular? Was not the belief in dried spiders as a cure for headache popular? Was not the belief in the flatness of the earth widespread and popular? Have not all human fashions been widespread and popular? Fashion implies change. Human experience is that man goes to music for rest, for solace, for quiet. But jazz is excitement, and no man, except a madman, is or wants to be permanently excited. The radio program makers are satisfied that real music is what the people want, so real music is being broadcast. The very mushroom growth of jazz is enough to predict its ephemerality.

New Light on the Dawes Plan

THERE are, it seems, certain things yet to be explained about the operation of the much-lauded Dawes Plan. One of these is the little matter of international bankers' loans, always more or less of mystery because of the manner in which they are arranged. J. H. Keynes, the famous British economist, discusses these loans—and their effect—in a remarkably frank article in *The Nation & Athenaeum*. Between September 1, 1924, and June 30, 1926, he points out, German issues on the international loan market amounted in round figures to £175,500,000—of which the Dawes Loan provided £42,000,000 and various American loans, £110,000,000. But during this same period Germany paid in reparations only about £100,000,000. Even allowing for adjustments and deductions, Mr. Keynes concludes that Germany's net foreign loans were about equal to the Dawes payments.

'In this case,' he declares, 'practically the whole amount of reparations so far have been provided by the foreign lender, and mainly by the United States.' But this indication of the immensity of the bankers' loans is only one feature. Virtually all the transactions—reparations and inter-allied debts—Keynes says, are being conducted mainly on paper. He continues:

'The sums written on paper mount up, of course, at compound interest. Germany is paying on the average about 7½ per cent net for her foreign loans. Thus the interest on the debts incurred in the last two years comes to about £10,000,000 per annum. How long can the game go on? The answer lies with the American investor.

'There has lately been a revival of discussion about the cancellation of inter-allied debts . . . But the moment when cancellation will become a living topic, an unavoidable burning issue of practical politics, will be when the circular flow of paper is impeded and the artificial equilibrium is broken. It will be for the American investor in due course of time to give the word—and for the American public to find the solution.'

This is plain talk from a man who knows what he is talking about. The crisis is approaching when the nations of Europe will be unable to pay both the private loans and the debts owed the United States Government. Then will be the time for the American investor—*the international banker*—to give the word. Then will be the time for the American taxpayer to step forward and shoulder the entire burden of inter-allied debts, so that the international banker may collect *his* money—and interest—in full!

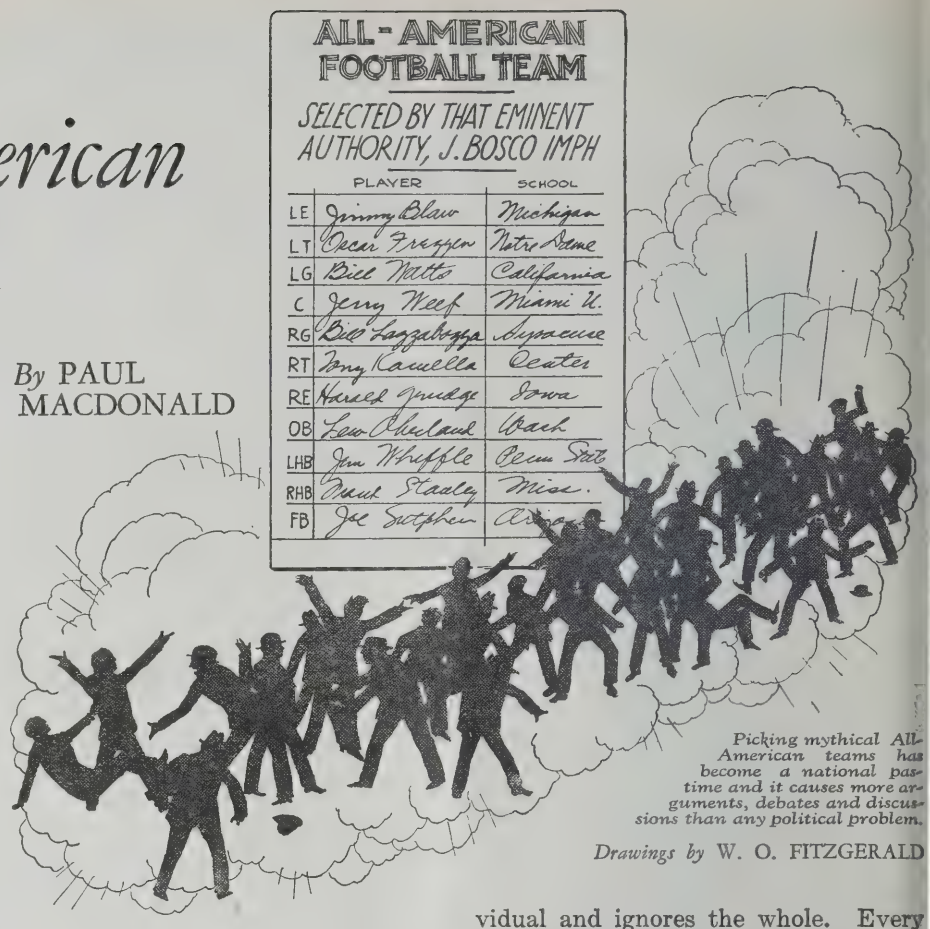
The Unknown Great

WHEN you come to think of it there are men, and many of them, who did things of value, but whose names are lost in the mists of antiquity, if indeed they were ever known. What of the forgotten Florentine who was the first European to engrave on wood? And who invented the needle? Or who first taught men to use a wheel? Or who first thought of making an ice house? Who built the first chimney? Who laid the first wooden floor? Who invented glass? Who first braved the laughter of society by being the first to use a fork? Who was the unpopular citizen who, for health's sake, put through the law requiring every one going out of town in a horse-drawn vehicle to take with him a load of garbage? Those and others of the unknown great surely shaped things to definite ends, though they fashioned neither epics nor dramatic tragedies.

Our Greatest Football Fable

The All-American TEAM

By PAUL MACDONALD


ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM
SELECTED BY THAT EMINENT AUTHORITY, J. BOSCO IMPH
PLAYER
SCHOOL
LE Jimmy Blair Michigan
LT Oscar Freppon Notre Dame
LG Bill Watts California
C Jerry Meek Miami U.
RG Bill Lazzabegga Syracuse
RT Jay Kamella Cenler
RE Harold Grudge Iowa
QB Lew Rheland Coach
LHB Jim Whiffle Penn State
RHB Ernie Stanley Miss.
FB Joe Sutphen Ariz.

Picking mythical All-American teams has become a national pastime and it causes more arguments, debates and discussions than any political problem.

Drawings by W. O. FITZGERALD

PICKING mythical All-American teams has become a national pastime. It is the great indoor sport of the late autumn and early winter seasons. It causes more arguments, debates and dissensions than any political problem. It has, since the miraculous development of football, gathered astounding volume.

The late Walter Camp started it. Mr. Camp, years and years ago, wanted to create interest in the sport that he, more than any other individual, was instrumental in developing. Football was not hitting the popular chord as hard as its sponsors hoped and Mr. Camp conceived the idea of selecting at the close of each season eleven players who, in his opinion, were the best at their positions.

Football developed and the annual All-America selections of Mr. Camp played their part valiantly in this development. Five years ago Mr. Camp concluded that they had served their purpose and talked of abandoning the habit, but by that time Mr. Camp's mythical team had become a sort of national institution and he discovered himself to be the slave of his creation.

WHILE the authorities in control of football had never given official sanction to Mr. Camp's selections they were nationally regarded as the decision of the supreme court of the sport. To be selected by Mr. Camp was the secret ambition of every football player of any prominence and skill.

Since Mr. Camp's teams aroused national interest he had, naturally, many imitators. *Collier's Weekly* for years and years printed Mr. Camp's teams and his analysis of players and résumé of the season's play. And when football was adopted by the public at large, other publications, weeklies and monthlies, began printing mythical teams. While Mr. Camp's selections were always labeled the All-America, his imitators advertised theirs as All-American teams. The newspapers took up the fad and the press of the nation became deluged with All-American selections by coaches, players, officials, sports writers and general observers.

When Mr. Camp died it was thought by some that the habit would pass, but instead Mr. Camp's death stimulated the fad. In 1925 there were more selections and at least a dozen men and groups of men vainly clutching for the mantle that fell from the shoulders of Mr. Camp.

Those who have a genuine interest in the welfare of football sought for years to eliminate the mythical teams. They point out that while the selections mean nothing in deciding a dispute of the individual superiority of one football player over another they do manage to do a great deal of harm to the game for the simple and obvious reason that they raise the individual above the team. Now, there is no popular sport that so depends upon team play. Here perfect coördination in both the individual and the team is necessary for success. Football demands self-sacrifice. It requires unselfishness. The individual becomes submerged into the whole. Effort in football is successful only when it is united. A runner advancing the ball has the coördinated help of his ten team-mates and it is really the ten that gain the ground while he carries the ball.

This virtue of football has been expounded for years by its sponsors. It is for this reason that the game is considered a valuable part of the collegiate layout. It teaches valuable lessons to the youths who play it and these lessons make for better citizens. The high points of football play serve well for sermons on character building.

The mythical team idea is contrary to these principles. It extols the individual and ignores the whole. Every football player realizes that his success has been made possible by the united effort of ten other men on the field.

How much the success of the individual depends on the whole was never better illustrated than in the case of Harold (Red) Grange of the University of Illinois. Grange was one of the greatest of all broken field runners, probably the greatest. Robert C. Zuppke, coach of Illinois, realized his possibilities. Zuppke began building for Grange. To let Grange exercise his individual talents he had to be brought to the other side of the scrimmage line and helped through the secondary defense zone of opposing teams. To get him past that scrimmage line Zuppke developed one of the best blocking teams the Middle West has seen. When Grange's signal was called, the Illinois team blocked; and it was so well schooled in blocking that it succeeded in carrying Grange past the secondary zone of every opposing eleven that Illinois met in 1923 and 1924.

MOST of the regulars that had boosted Grange to fame were missing from the Illinois lineup last year. Zuppke had green material. The blocking that his previous teams executed was lacking. And Grange was stopped as a result. During the first half of the 1925 season Grange proved an ordinary back. Opposing linemen and opposing backs, blocked out of Grange's

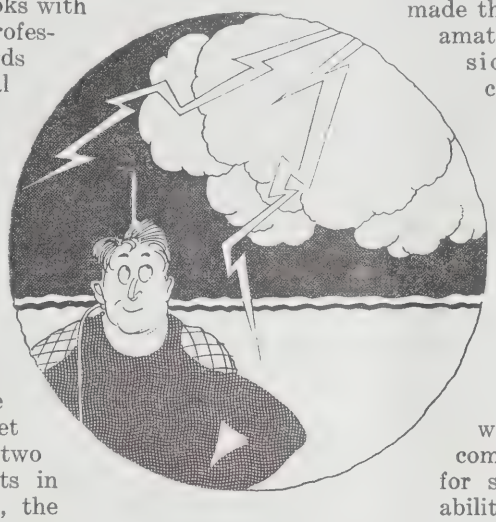
path for two years, were getting past the Illinois interference and throwing him, often for losses. Later in the season, when Zuppke had developed better blocking, Grange did better.

Grange then entered the professional field. But as a professional Grange could not perform the remarkable ball-carrying feats that he had shown while wearing the orange and blue of Illinois. Some tried to explain this with the assertion that Grange found much harder opposition on the professional fields than he had encountered in his college games but this was somewhat beside the point. If the opposition was harder then surely Grange had the benefit, also, of superior aid, for his team was one of the best in the professional ranks.

THE reason for his failure lay in lack of coöperation. Where the collegian plays for glory and the love of alma mater the professional plays for money. Since Grange was receiving from 30 to 50 times as much a game as his team-mates were getting it was only natural that they should balk on exerting themselves to make Grange successful. The harder they worked the more money he got, since he received a percentage of the gate receipts. They, while working harder, got nothing extra for themselves. At Illinois ten men threw everything they had in physical and nervous resources into the game to make Grange succeed. His success was their success and the success of their university. All was for the common cause. That is college football. All for the individual is professional football. In the professional ranks it is a case of every man more or less for himself.

The sponsors of football need only the case of Grange to drive home their point. He illustrates every angle of it. He proves, more than any player, just how much of the individual success in football is supplied by the coördinated efforts of eleven men. He also proves the evil results of putting too much emphasis on the individual, a habit that the naming of All-American elevens has developed.

The college man, and especially the collegian whose passion for football runs high, looks with horror upon the professionals. He regards them as commercial pirates who are preying upon his creation. After the collegian built up a sport the commercial amusement promoters stepped in and capitalized it. He created and developed the game and when he had set it up as one of the two most popular sports in the United States, the amusement promoter came along and started to exploit that sport, and to translate it into cash and profits for his own pockets.



To be selected by Walter Camp was the secret ambition of every football player of any prominence and skill.

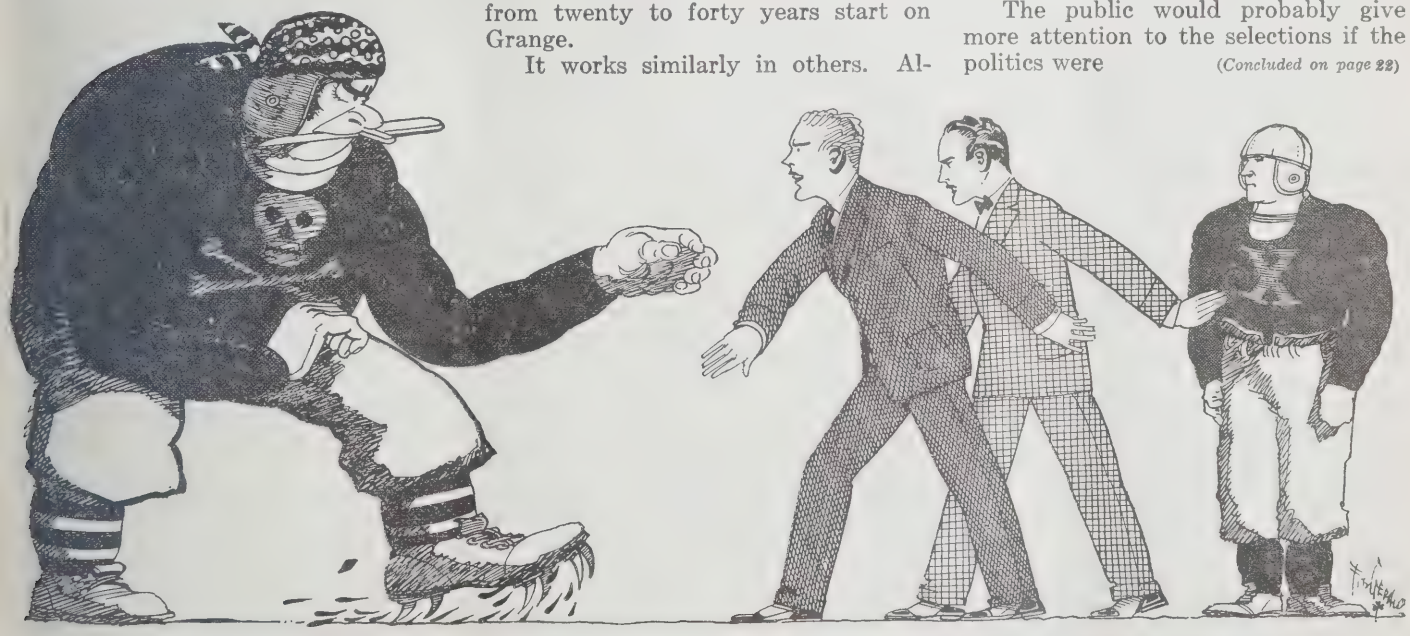
Here is where the All-American idea worked into the hands of the promoters. The All-American scheme takes units of the whole and sets them above the field. Grange is an example. Grange received more publicity during his three years at Illinois than any football player had ever had in the newspapers. His name became better known than the name of any single player in all football history. It became a name better known than that of any team, with the possible exception of a dozen that had anywhere from twenty to forty years start on Grange.

It works similarly in others. Although none of remaining players (and there are several thousand of them) received anywhere near the publicity that Grange got, among them were quite a number that found their names in the headlines regularly. The big newspaper and magazine play was for the individual and after the newspapers and magazines built up the players in public esteem and made them sports idols as amateurs, the professional promoters cashed in on this publicity.

This persistent All-American habit wrecks the competitive value of football while it feeds the professional football promoters. Instead of working for the whole, players become inclined to work for self. A player of ability, desirous of being placed on one of the mythical teams, works for himself, rather than for the team. He advances his own ability in preference to using that ability in the advancement of the common cause.

Outside of the All-America selections of the late Mr. Camp, no real value has ever been attached to any of the hundreds of others. They are interesting, as reading matter, but they mean nothing to the public. They are never significant of anything. They do nothing for the good of the game and a great deal to harm the game by causing ill feeling among many players that are ignored. Jealousies result in dissension and the sport suffers.

The public would probably give more attention to the selections if the politics were (*Concluded on page 22*)



The college man looks with horror upon the professionals, regarding them as commercial pirates who are preying upon his creation.

The 'Jeannette' in the pack.

Death Writes Finis to
The Tragic Story of

THE *JEANNETTE* EXPEDITION

PART II

By BURT M. McCONNELL

THE retreat of the shipwrecked De Long expedition over the jagged ice fields of the Arctic Ocean to the Siberian mainland is the most stupendous undertaking in Arctic history. Every mile gained meant seven miles traveled by men and nine miles by dog teams. De Long himself, in selecting roads and closing up the rear, traveled three times over the trail night and morning.

After a month of this gruelling work, De Long climbed a hummock twenty feet above the water level one day, and saw land and water approximately fifteen miles away. The next day the surgeon of the expedition picked up a live butterfly. De Long must have felt as Columbus did at his first glimpse of land birds near the coast of North America. Just at the time when the rough ice had worn out their boot soles, one of the men killed a walrus, and its tough hide was divided up among them. A few days later one of the men killed a polar bear. The fresh meat was also a pleasant change for the men and dogs.

On July 29, De Long and his party landed on the island which he had seen, and named it Bennett Island. They found it to be of volcanic origin, with a large vein of bituminous coal. There was also an extinct volcano, and two large glaciers. One hundred feet above sea level and five hundred feet up the slope, they found considerable driftwood, probably carried there in the course of years by the gradual upheaval of the land.

De Long now ascertained their position to be 76° 38′ N. Their journey had barely begun, yet only half of their sixty days' provisions remained. The members of the party, with the exception of one man, however, were in good health.

After resting on the island for several days, and being delayed for a short time by a westerly gale, the party embarked in the three boats, and on the first day made five miles. The first cutter, in charge of Captain De Long, held twelve men; the second cutter, in charge of Lieutenant Chipp, carried nine; and Chief Engineer Melville also carried nine in the whaleboat. Before leaving the island, De Long felt obliged to have ten of their poorest dogs shot because of the amount of food they consumed, and after they got under way four more strayed off, so that there were only eight dogs remaining.

On August 7, they again made five miles, and as the ice was gradually loosening up and there was a real danger that they might become separated, Captain De Long gave Engineer Melville, in command of the whaleboat, instructions to endeavor to keep close to his (De Long's) boat, but that if Melville became separated, to make his way south until he should strike the north coast of Siberia, follow it as far as the Lena River, and ascend the river to the first Russian settlement. The boats were so heavily loaded that the slightest motion caused the water to wash in over the gunwales, so it was decided to lighten them materially by shooting all but two of the remaining dogs.

The party now averaged about seven miles a day through the loose ice, sometimes being compelled to haul up the boats and drag them over a floe half a mile wide to the water beyond. By August 22, when they came within sight of the New Siberian Islands, they ran out of both coffee and

tobacco, so they substituted tea for coffee and smoked coffee grounds or coffee grounds and tea leaves mixed. On the 30th they landed, and felt for the first time in two years good firm ground beneath their feet. But they were under way early the next morning, and sailed to the southwestward all that day and all that night.

During this time the second cutter became separated from the first cutter and the whaleboat, in the darkness.

To make matters worse, the ice closed in about them, effectually barring further progress. But the next afternoon the second cutter came within half a mile of them, and De Long seized this opportunity to give Lieutenant Chipp a written memorandum similar to the one he had furnished Melville, instructing him, in case they should become separated again, to make the best of his way to the nearest settlement on the Lena River. They were at that time about ten miles from the nearest land, with a fresh southeast gale blowing. This gale, alternating at times with a blinding snowstorm, continued unabated for four days. Late in the evening of September 6, the three boats again got under way, the first cutter outsailing the second despite a double-reefed sail. Everybody was cold, wet, and miserable. On coming to a tiny island a few miles from the mainland, a hunting party was sent ashore and soon brought in a deer. De Long camped immediately, for here was food, fuel, and fresh water.

When they started the next morning, it was before a fresh easterly wind. At nine that night De Long lost sight of the whaleboat ahead, and at ten lost sight of the second cutter astern. By that time the wind had freshened to a gale, and the sea was running so high that it was impossible to slacken speed.

The crews of each boat were compelled to bale for their lives.

The next day there was a heavy northeast gale until six at night, when it moderated. In the tremendous sea the first cutter shipped a good deal of water, but managed to ride out the gale. All contact, of course, had been lost with both the whaleboat and the second cutter. The whaleboat, compelled to crowd on sail to keep from being overwhelmed by the waves, disappeared in the darkness. She flew before the wind until well toward the end of the next day, when she ran into a haven in the Lena Delta, and made her way to the nearest settlement. The natives gave the party food and shelter, and directed Engineer (later Rear Admiral) Melville to Verkhoyansk.

Lieutenant Chipp, with his little band of eight in the smaller and slower cutter, was swept far to the east of De Long and his party and, in the raging gale and high seas, his cutter was swamped. Not one of the Chipp party ever reached shore.

Captain De Long, in the first cutter, was running so close before the wind, in order not to outrun Lieutenant Chipp, that the sail gybed, tore out the mast, and both sail and mast fell over the side. The cutter shipped so much water before a sea anchor could be made and matters straightened out, that another big wave would have swamped the boat. But De Long and his men were spared—for the moment.

It was now the middle of September, and ice was beginning to form overnight. The explorers saw land to the southward, and tried to reach it, but the ice held them. Yet, when they stepped out to drag the cutter, the ice broke. By poling, dragging, and rowing they managed, after four days of arduous toil, to approach within a mile and a half of shore, where the cutter ran aground.

After waiting in vain for the tide to rise, and endeavoring unsuccessfully to find deeper water, it was decided to unload the vessel and wade ashore. When daylight came, (Continued on page 26)

Friday October 21
131st day. Knack was found dead about midnight between the Doctor and myself—
Lee died about noon—
Read prayers for sick when he found he was going.
Saturday October 22nd
132d day. Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Knack out on the ice. The Doctor, Collins and I carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eye closed up.
Sunday October 23d
133d day. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested all day and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of the Divine Service. Suffering in [illegible] – No food yet.
[illegible]nday October 24th
[illegible]d night.

Tuesday October 25th
135th day.
Wednesday October 26th
136th day.
Thursday October 27th
137th day. Iveson broken down
Friday October 28th
138th day. Iveson died during early morning.
Saturday Oct 29.
139th day. Dressler died during night
Sunday Oct 30—
140th day. Boyd & Gortz died during night— Dr Collins dying

Oval—Cairn Tomb, in the Lena Delta, where De Long and his party became entangled in the labyrinth of river mouths. Inset—John W. Zanesshower, Lieutenant, United States Navy, a survivor of the Jeannette Expedition. Facsimiles of two pages from De Long's pathetic record are included in this group.

The Dances *of* Olden Times

Being a Discourse on the Grace *That Once Marked the* Ballroom

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

MUCH interest is manifest today in the revival of the old-time dances. They bring a return to the grace and dignity which are characteristic of the minuet, the gavotte and other old favorites—dances which will bring with them some of the stately grandeurs of colonial days. Of these the minuet is the most attractive. Like many of the popular dances of olden times, it first appeared in France, having been introduced into Paris about the year 1650. So popular did it become that it was soon adopted by the French nobility, and kings and queens took pleasure in its dignified but graceful movements. For more than a century and a half this was the leading dance in all the great capitals of Europe. There is no dance which has the sentiment and poetry of the exquisite minuet—'Dance of Little Steps.' The very name suggests rhythm, courtly etiquette, grace of motion, elegance of costume!

Top—Forward and back. Center—Pas Marche Step—also used in turning partners. Lower left—A poise of the dance. Lower right—Resting after the dance.

There were many kinds of minuets, and their movements were so intricate that instruction books on the science of choregraphy were issued, with diagrams and notes explaining the required steps and figures. It is singular to note that the oldest book on the minuet, printed in 1713, was written by a monk, Thornot Arkeau. Dancing masters reaped large harvests in giving lessons to aspiring pupils. Any one who could not dance th minuet was not consid ered eligible for the bes society of the 17th an 18th Centuries.

The greatest men too it up, as is shown b Lord Chesterfield urgin his son not to neglect th instructions of the fa mous Marcel, calling th art 'a most statesman like accomplishment.'

During the reign c the minuet the custo came into favor c naming the ope ing dance given great balls in honor some famous person event. This occurre after the minuet was i troduced into Americ and was the reason was taught under many different names.

This dance was n the only one used state occasions, for far back as the 16 Century the 'Pavan was a favorite court dance. So authorities claim that the name w taken from Padua, where the dan originated, while others claim it w derived directly from the Latin wo *pavo*, meaning peacock. The latt theory is more probable, for the dan consisted of strutting about the flo to display the fine clothes worn by t dancers.

Above—*The Star Movement—Four ladies cross right hands, give left hand to partner and promenade around to place.*

Oval—*Virginia Reel—Showing the execution of the first call 'Head lady and foot gentlman forward and back.'*

Another of the old-world dances which was often seen in the ball-rooms of France and of England was the gavotte. Dauphiné was the home of this dance and it was from the Gavots, as the peasants of Gap were called, that it took its name. Its first appearance at the royal court was in the 16th Century. At that time entertainments were frequently held for the amusement of the king and his friends, at which peasants from the various provinces danced in their national costumes. It was through this that the gavotte first became known.

When the gay, rollicking gavotte was adopted by Marie Antoinette as a society dance, it was greatly modified and became a slow, stately measure, somewhat similar to the minuet. It was due to her patronage that the gavotte gained attention at the French Court and in all the European capitals.

No more enthusiastic or graceful dancer ever paced or tripped the minuet than this unfortunate queen.

Curtsying—The bow and curtsy is quite effective in the dance. In the original minuet bow and curtsy is used only at the beginning and close of the number.

Says Lacroix: 'The Porcherons and Courtille dancing places retained their renown until the Revolution and Marie Antoinette was taken there more than once by her brother-in-law, the Comte d'Artois, her incognito being respected by the visitors who happened to recognize her. The Queen often said that she had never enjoyed herself so much as on the night of Shrove Tuesday when she was present at the course which brought the ball to a close, a wild fandarole in which the dancers, joining hands, whirled around the room at full speed.'

As the more stately old dances began to lose something of their popularity they were replaced by the quadrille. This was originally known as la contredanse and is supposed to have come from Normandy to England with William the Conqueror. In the year 1600 this dance was well known all over Europe, but gradually lost prestige, but reappeared in 1745. At that time it was presented in a

popular opera-ballet and the society leaders of Paris were so fascinated by it that in a very short time it passed from the stage to the ballroom.

A little later the name, 'la contredanse,' was dropped and the dance became the quadrille, which is literal French for a little square. It became a favorite with the dancers of England and the Continent. The dance of that period was, of course, much different from our modern quadrille, but nevertheless it was a step away from the dignified and courtly dances which had prevailed up to that time.

Though the Continent was the home of many of the popular dances of olden times, there are a few at least that had their origin elsewhere. For example, the various contra-dances which figured in so large a majority of the balls and merrymakings during the 18th Century and early years of the 19th, were first danced in England. There the name 'contra-dance,' referring to the position of the dancers, was corrupted into 'country dance,' and it was this term that was generally adopted.

There were many country dances, all of which were based on practically the same form, although each had its own characteristic step. One instruction book written by Nathaniel Kynaston offered 'Twenty-four New Country Dances for the Year 1711,' while a more ambitious author published a work in seven volumes entitled 'Compleat Country Dancing Master; containing about 1200 Dances.'

Even in staid New England the merry contra-dances were to be found and such favorites as 'High Betty Martin,' 'Old Father George,' 'Petty Coates' and 'Miss Foster's Delight' figured in many splendid ballrooms and at such jolly affairs as husking bees and barn raisings.

The Sir Roger de Coverley is a good example of these old country dances. This was one of the most popular of all the figures of the period and dates back to the year 1685. As the contra-dances grew in favor, the Sir Roger de Coverley was adopted by the inner circle of London society, and it was frequently danced at Almack's, an exclusive resort.

The first of the American colonies to adopt this dance was Virginia and there it was rechristened the 'Virginia Reel.' As such it became known throughout the country.

Among the old-time dances that have been revived is the cotillion. This dance was invented by French peasants. They usually wore short garments while dancing it. From this custom the figure took its name, 'Cotillion' literally meaning a short skirt. Colonial hostesses adopted this unique dance and Newport was the scene of many a gay cotillion.

The names of most of the popular dances have a very interesting origin. The lancers is a variety of the quadrille, improvised by a company of lancers for their own amusement while seated in their saddles. The polka is a Polish dance and its name comes from the Bohemian word, *Pulka*, meaning half, and refers to the half step which occurs in this lively dance, of which the more graceful schottische is a variation. The Mazurka is the national dance of Poland.

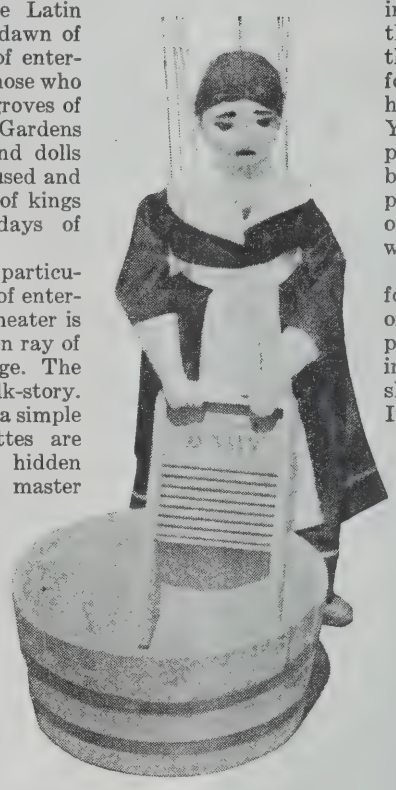
In Greek and Roman mythology the fascination of the dance, in its varied manifestations, has been fully acknowledged. Dancing at its best is an art, quite as much as music and poetry.

The Lure *of the* Puppet

Marionettes Date from the Dawn of Civilization

THE origin of the marionettes, so popular with the Latin world, goes back to the dawn of civilization. This form of entertainment was known to those who frequented the fragrant groves of Nippur and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Puppets and dolls made of baked earth amused and entertained the children of kings in Egypt before the days of Tut-ankh-amen.

Today the Italians are particularly partial to this form of entertainment. Usually the theater is darkened save for a golden ray of light which floods the stage. The play may be an Sicilian folk-story. A hidden accordion plays a simple melody. The marionettes are operated by means of hidden strings by the puppet master above the stage. The emotional audience often gives way to its feelings. Giulio Romano, the corner bootblack, sobs and sways in emotion as the villain clasps the lovely heroine in his arms, and chortles with delight when the hero shoves his papier maché knife through the villain's throat.



One of the marionettes created by a group of persons in Los Angeles, California.

At bottom of page—Enchanting puppets used in the presentation of Russian folk tales.

In America Tony Sarg, writer and artist, is the foremost puppet master. If one would see the marionettes perform in their best manner he should see those operated by Sarg. There is nothing secret about their operation. In fact, Sarg appears on the stage among his creations. The showman appears gigantic, a veritable Colossus, on the stage alongside the tiny figures which in contrast assume the size of human beings. One would think that the appearance of a human among the puppets would dwarf them, but the opposite is true. Mr. McIsaac, in his splendid book, *The Tony Sarg Marionet Book*, recounts that this illusion was at first as much of a surprise to Sarg as it was to his audience. When he appeared on the stage with marionettes for the first time in response to a vociferous encore from his delighted audience, he led a charming marionette in the cast of the 'Green Suit.' It was at the closing of the initial performance at the Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York. The dolls are built proportionate to the scenic background and this explains why Sarg seemed ten or twelve feet high and to weigh six hundred pounds.

Punch, the abbreviated form of Punchinello, is one of the most popular of the puppets and the chief figure in the 'Punch and Judy' show. This show is of Italian origin and so old that its history is lost in obscurity. F. Galiani adopts the theory which derives it from the name of Puccio d'Aniello, a vintager of Acerra near Naples, who, having by his wit and grotesque appearance vanquished some strolling comedians in their own sphere, was induced to join the troop, and whose place, by reason of his popularity, was supplied after his death by a masked actor who imitated his dress and manner.

Puppet shows were common among the Greeks, from whom the Romans received them. Xenophon, Aristotle, Gellius, Horace and others mention them. In the American Italian colonies the dialog is largely extemporized. The favorite themes have to do with the legends of the court of Charlemagne.

In the French plays also, one is aware of characters and plots which are centuries old, and of methods which, in another sense, cannot age. The French simpleton and glutton, and the French angry housewife are among the most popular characters. The stories are for the most part simpler than fairy tales.

A dog defends his master from attack; the attacker returns and kills the dog; the master bewails the death of his faithful ally and the gendarme arrests the killer.

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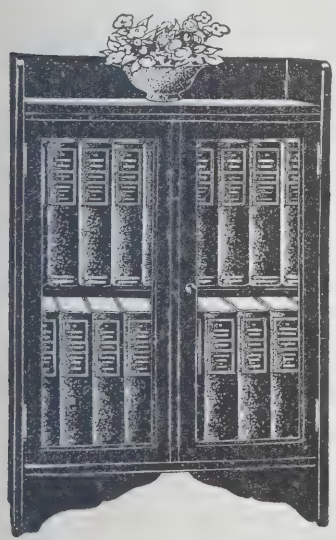

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The Refuge of Quack Politicians

(Concluded from page 6)

fied that without the tax exemption the rents would have been at least ten dollars a room—and the company is asking only a banking return and not a real estate return on its money. Mr. Stabler's statement showed a lot of people who thought they paid no taxes just what taxes meant in their lives, and also it showed a lot of people who did pay taxes what it meant in their bills to carry a lot of 'tax free' property.

Taxes are as non-partisan as a dollar bill—but to that fact not all the politicians have awakened.

The politicians got the wrong dope. The votes are not, as has been supposed, with the people who do not pay taxes. The man with property can no longer be treated as a lemon to be squeezed. The total presidential vote in 1924 was just under thirty millions. For the year 1923 more than seven and a half million income tax returns were made—which is half the vote cast for Coolidge, within about a million of the vote cast for Davis, and much larger than the vote cast for La Follette. But that is merely a starter.

WE HAVE nearly eighteen million automobiles—and every one of those cars pays a tax. We have ten and a half million families who own homes—every one of those homes pays a tax. Counting two votes to a family, which is reasonable, we have a home-owning vote of at least twenty-one millions. Of course many home owners also have automobiles and pay income taxes, and we have no way of weeding out the duplications, but taking the total of the income taxpayers, the automobile owners, and the home owners and cutting the total in halves for duplications still gives the taxpayers a clear majority vote. Cut the roll down by two-thirds and you still have a vote that cannot be trifled with. Taxes have become visible. They are going to stay visible.

The fuss over the nuisance taxes which led to their quick repeal was not at all due to the cost of their collection or to the fact that they were nuisances. The sole trouble with that series of taxes was that so many people had to pay them. The tariff on imports is a tax, whether it be levied for protective or purely for revenue purposes, and in the price of certain goods it may constitute a very heavy tax.

If imported goods were sold with price tags marked, say, '$15.00 plus $7.50 protective duty,' we simply would not have a tariff on imports, and both the protectionist and the free trade spellbinder could permanently go fishing. The primary and controlling difficulty with any tax is paying it. While there are no end of theories about taxation and its eventual effect on prices and the standard of living, and all of them are exceedingly well worked out, the student of taxation who weighs each theory at its worth will find when he is through that he is at exactly the point where he started. For all the theories boil down to this: What you take away isn't there any more—but it may be somewhere else.

But if our tax situation is so serious, why is the country apparently so prosperous? Simply because our industrial ingenuity, combined with our large supply of credit, has kept us ahead of taxes in enough lines of industry to preserve the level of prosperity.

ONE hears a deal about the cost of distribution, and the cost is high—most articles double in price between the maker and the consumer. Some of this disproportionate expense is due to too much handling; very little is due to extra profits being added, for the middlemen are not earning any profits worth mentioning. The factor which is never mentioned is taxes; taxes certainly represent twenty-five per cent of the cost of most of the commodities we buy.

That is why the workman pays more than his share of taxes—nearly all his earnings go for rent and commodities. The rich man can spend only a tiny fraction of his income for living. There is more than a possibility that the prevalence of installment buying may be due to taxation absorbing the surplus which high wages ought to have generated.

If prices and wages should drop, then the burden of our present taxation would be crushing. Europe will eventually get out of its financial mess by repudiating, in fact if not in word, internal debts—none of the European countries can possibly raise enough taxes to pay what they owe. This will force a lower scale of world prices which cannot fail to affect us.

But already taxes have begun to hurt. Hundreds of farms in Missouri have been sold for tax liens—the farms were confiscated to build roads. Some townships

and school districts are in default on their bonds. Farms all over the West are suffering; it is not unusual to find a tax of five dollars an acre on a farm which rents for only seven or eight dollars an acre.

On farms in Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa the business receipts in 1913, less all expenses excepting taxes, averaged $1,147 a farm. Taxes averaged $112 a farm, or 9.8 per cent of the net. Prices rose faster than taxes which averaged only 6.7 per cent in 1918. But in 1921 prices were down and taxes were climbing; the net income dropped to $771 and the taxes went up to $253 per farm, or 33 per cent of the net. Expressed in terms of commodities, it took twice as many hogs or beef cattle, or two and a half times as much corn to pay the taxes as it did before—and the farms could not double their production.

On dairy farms in Chenango County, New York, the receipts, less business expenses, in 1921 amounted to $795 a farm. Land taxes took $161, or 20 per cent, leaving $634 for the farmer's labor and the investment on an average of $12,943. On a selected number of farms in Idaho and Washington, taxes are taking one-quarter of the net receipts. In one county of Indiana taxes on a three-year average took 56 per cent of the rent. For the three years 1921-23, the sales of wheat from American farms would about pay the tax.

FARM taxes are everywhere delinquent, but foreclosures have been held off largely because the counties themselves would have to buy in. Taking 1917 as normal, one section of Kansas shows a sevenfold increase in tax delinquencies. Men who know the situation tell me that if any concerted attempt were made to collect farm taxes we should have a panic. And the politicians who are talking of farm relief are the same men who helped put on the taxes!

All of this would seem to assume that tax money paid just disappears—explodes into space like a bomb. Which is not true.

A part of taxes goes for plainly productive purposes. The roads are productive and so are the schools and the sanitary and water systems. The police and the whole machinery of law, while not productive in themselves, safeguard human rights and therefore make life easier. The army and navy expenditures are in the way of insurance funds. Of course there is a limit to this productivity.

If the public services are poorly managed—and they usually are—then all the moneys spent above what might be called the utility line are wasted. No one knows how to locate that line—an individual cannot locate the line in his own affairs without knowing his income. But we follow the opposite course in public affairs.

We do not want to do without anything that we have, and in our blind way we ask that whatever taxes are imposed be painless. We like to fool ourselves on taxes. We like the ostrich system. That is why we have so many concealed taxes—so many that we do not even know what they are, let alone what they cost us.

There is just one way out of the mess—get taxes out of partisan politics. For many years the country was upset by changes in the tariff laws—business stopped while the Congress wrangled. We can repeat that in taxes. Or we can put taxes on a common-sense revenue basis. If the Congress leads, the states will follow. And this is up to the voters.

The fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in an early issue.

Sesqui Nears the End

(*Concluded from page 3*)

many of the large buildings, notably in the great 'palace of liberal arts and manufactures,' just inside the main entrance.

So much attention was devoted to expansion, as a matter of fact, that one is inclined to believe there was little energy left for management. The Czecho-Slovakian building has been completed for two months at this writing. It is still locked up and empty. The official Argentine and Spanish buildings are just being started. The widely advertised statue to 'steel' is nothing more or less than an advertisement for one steel company.

A bitter legal row over the open Sunday is still in the courts. City officials tried to pass the buck for this up to the state government, and the attorney-general of Pennsylvania is now trying to compel the city authorities to obey the law prohibiting commercial amusements on Sunday. Prosecution by church forces of Sesqui officials in the magistrate's courts led to small fines —so small that the Philadelphia American League Baseball Club decided to try the open Sunday. Before the Sesqui amusements were thrown open on Sundays it was always the custom of police to prevent professional Sunday baseball. But the police could not close the ball parks while permitting the jazz rides and other amusements at the Sesqui to remain open.

All sorts of subterfuges were resorted to in an effort to get around the law. Amusements on the Gladway were thrown open to the public free of charge—but admission was charged as usual at the main gate. Later it came out that the Sesqui management was paying $10,000 to the concessionaires to operate on Sunday. The purpose of operating them was to attract the crowd. The purpose of attracting the crowd was to get the money. In all the preliminary explanations it was said the purpose of keeping open on Sunday was to give everybody opportunity to see the inspiring educational exhibits. It was a patriotic purpose. *But in defending court actions the Sesqui lawyers were compelled to admit that the money from the Sunday crowds was the main object.*

It is being said now by the mourners who failed to capitalize patriotism that the Sesqui has proved that the day of expositions is ended. Virtually everything in the educational and industrial exhibits may be seen in any large city, and some of the exhibits are commonplace even in small towns. The amusements are those of any pleasure park, with a few new quirks here and there. But the Sesqui failed primarily because the news got out that its promoters were trying to make money out of patriotism. The historic aspect of the show is subordinated to the commercial.

No other exhibition in history ever had a more auspicious start. The Sesqui was opened while Philadelphia was crowded with 250,000 Shriners. The Shriners paid admission to see gangs of men at work. Then they went home and described the swamps and the ash dumps and the mosquitoes, to say nothing of the floods after heavy rains and the sieve-like roofs of the 'palaces.'

While they were about it the Shriners got enough of Sesqui history to ascertain that a desperate battle of real-estate options had been fought over it from the beginning. It was this that delayed the beginning of construction work. Speculators made the first site chosen—along the Parkway and in Fairmount Park—altogether too expensive. It was this greedy battle also that caused a half-dozen changes in administration.

Some rather desperate efforts to head off justified criticism were made. The mayor announced one day that he intended to protest against alleged 'unfavorable statements' concerning the Sesqui by a member of the President's Cabinet. One of the women's organizations proposed a spotter system to check up on policemen who were reported to be telling the truth to visitors about the exhibition. The project did not make much of a hit with policemen when the last $2,000,000 was 'borrowed' from their payroll appropriation.

It is probable that the Sesqui will have closed before Philadelphia taxpayers begin to appreciate the burden that has been placed on them. Rumors of a rise in the tax rate have been circulating for some time. Council members are insisting this will not be necessary. The president of the city council, Charles B. Hall, has proposed a deal with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company in city-built subways. By increasing its payments on a city-owned elevated enough to pay for the bonds and thus release the indebtedness, the P. R. T. would get a reduced lease for the Broad Street subway now nearing completion.

October

OCTOBER shows up richly in the diary of progress and of history, also of economics, of music and of art. For historians there is the execution of André, October 2, 1780, with a mass of unwritten history to be told as compiled from the unpublished material in the Clements Library at Ann Arbor; the first Colonial Congress which met October 7, 1765, in New York; the Battle of Tours, when Charles Martel stopped the Saracens, October 10, 732, without which the civilized world might have been Moslem; the landing of Columbus, October 12, 1492; the Battle of Hastings, October 16, 1066, when the Norman tide started to flow over England; Burgoyne's surrender, October 17, 1777; the Battle of Salamis, when the Greeks defeated the Persians, October 20, 480 B. C.; the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, when Nelson died fighting; the mastery of Pizarro in Peru confirmed, October 27, 1544.

So there is room aplenty for speculation as to what might have happened if something which did not happen had chanced to happen—thus, perhaps the whole of this North America would be under British rule had Washington surrendered to Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, instead of victory going the other way—Napoleon mastering the British in the Mediterranean—Sun worshipers imposing themselves upon Greek culture—the Mohammedans ruling Europe, and so on.

But to return to the list of events, William Morris, poet, artist, reformer, designer, printer, died October 3, 1896; Southey, the poet, died October 4, 1774; Tennyson died October 5, 1892; Oliver W. Holmes died October 7, 1894, and Poe, in 1849; Stephenson, of the steam engine, died October 12, 1859; Robert E. Lee, Confederate general, and Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, died on October 13, the first named in 1870, the second in 1601; Gounod, the composer, died October 16, 1893, and Verdi was born October 9, 1814; John Adams was born October 19, 1735, and Swift died on the same date, in 1745; Babbage, the calculator and father of the adding machine, died October 20, 1817; on the twenty-second Spohr, the violinist, was born in 1859, and Liszt, the pianist, died in 1811; October 24, Daniel Webster died in 1852, and Macaulay was born in 1800; Hogarth, the artist and satirist, died October 26, 1764; and Henry George, economist and proposer of a tax on land values as most just and equitable of all modes of taxation, died October 29, 1897. Nor should the death of Cartwright, inventor of the loom, be forgotten, as of October 30, 1823

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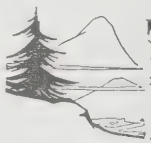

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An Adequate Merchant Marine

(Concluded from page 7)

drawn into the maelstrom which was rapidly involving the entire world. The immediate cause of our entrance into the war was an unlawful attack upon our over-sea commerce in goods and passengers, upon which the prosperity of the nation depended.

Transportation from every section of the country to the coast was rapid, effective and assured. Once at the port terminals our troops and supplies, which the Allies needed, had to wait for over-sea transportation.

In a more hopeful world where concerted and sincere efforts are being made to limit naval armaments, the merchant ship assumes an even more important aspect than heretofore in the problem of national defense. Under a program of lessening naval armaments, if war cannot be avoided in this way, the hastily armed merchant ship will play an important part in the naval warfare of the future, so that the adaptability of such ships for armament is regulated by the treaty to prevent an unfair advantage or an undue preponderance in naval strength.

WE NEED an adequate merchant marine under the American flag to insure the uninterrupted continuation of our splendid domestic transport facilities to the markets of the world in time of peace. It is the bridge which must be constructed and maintained from the American farmer and manufacturer to their customers over the seas. We should not so greatly depend upon foreign transportation to bridge this gap.

In seeking the markets of the world there is keen competition. Our margin of prosperity should not be dependent upon conditions over which we have no control, when foreign carriers are diverted from our trade routes.

We need an adequate American merchant marine to supplement our splendid first line of defense. We should never again see our great naval fleet on a world cruise supplied by alien vessels; their supply should be under our own flag. Every great maritime power looks to its merchant marine as its naval reserve.

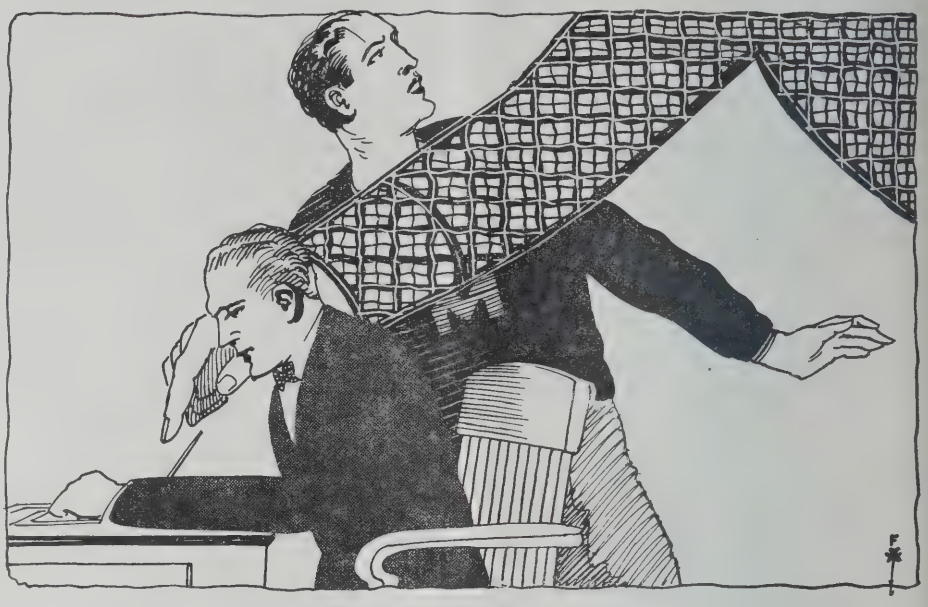
Every great maritime nation fosters, nourishes and protects its merchant marine either by direct subsidy, mail contracts, subventions, preferential duties, stock subscriptions or in some other adequate manner. We have superior terminal facilities and great harbors. Our domestic system of handling cargoes at our terminals is a decided tribute to our mechanical genius. During the late war America replaced her flag upon the high seas at an enormous expenditure of money and labor and it should be kept there.

To carry half the foreign trade of the United States in American bottoms is the purpose of the American people as declared by Congress. In June, 1926, the Senate of the United States passed a resolution requesting the Shipping Board to prepare and submit to the Senate not later than January 1, 1927, comprehensive plans for building up and maintaining an adequate merchant marine for commerce and national security.

We can therefore look with a renewed confidence to the future of the American Merchant Marine.

The All-American Team

(Concluded from page 13)



Most of the teams picked by football officials are governed by political motives.

entirely removed. Not that it makes any material or specific difference to any but the players, but eliminate the 'underground' maneuvers and the thing would be more interesting even if not authentic. The several hundred men that make these selections have, with but few exceptions, an end in view. Rather than set down the names of the best men for the various positions they aim to select those men whose selection will please certain communities or certain friends of the man making the selection.

Most of the teams picked by football officials are governed by political motives. The official wants assignments and football is such a peculiar game that an official (except in rare instances such as the Western Conference) has to depend upon the good will of coaches for his work. If a coach does does not like an official then he will see to it that the official will not be assigned to any of his games. Now, to have a player named on a mythical team is a testimonial to the ability of the coach of the team to which the player belongs. So the average official when selecting an all-star team naturally sees to it that he honors players on those teams for which he officiates or teams that he would like to officiate for.

SIMILAR wires are pulled by coaches making selections. The coach has to maintain friendly relations with certain schools. There are other schools with which he would like to form relations. The rest have no material bearing on his career.

With so many good teams and so many good players it is a simple matter to do some broad shading to attain the desired end. Clearwater College may have the best guard in its section. Saltwater College, in the same territory, may have only mediocre guards. The coach making the selections never played against Clearwater College and never expects to get a game with Clearwater but he is angling for a game with Saltwater College for the following season and so he picks one of the mediocre Saltwater guards in preference to the much better guard of Clearwater, a bitter rival of Saltwater.

The public that reads the coach's selections will forget all about them in a day or so but not Clearwater. The mistake will be remembered there. The coach is not concerned about this condition. He knows that selections are a matter of opinion and opinion is never infallible, at least where it concerns the comparative merits of individuals in football. Anyway, he will probably get on Saltwater's schedule and that, after all, was the main purpose of his choice in guards.

A TEAM may have the best pair of guards in the country or the best pair of ends, or tackles, or the finest set of backs, but only one of them will be picked. The other positions will be filled with players inferior to the one omitted but it is against an unwritten rule of All-American picking to have two ends, or two guards, or tackles or backs from the same team. Other teams must be honored as well.

And then, what man is there that can say definitely as to whether the bulk of players named on a first All-American eleven are really better than a few dozen others? It is generally conceded that two or three players are supreme in their positions, but that is only two or three. What about the others? In 1925 Oosterbaan, the Michigan end, Ed Weir, the Nebraska tackle, and Oberlander, Dartmouth halfback, were selected on practically every mythical team picked. They were the outstanding players of the year. Eight other positions were awarded to various players. Some of the best were not mentioned in All-Americans that received national circulation. While a comparative few were honored the bulk of them were ignored and the result was unpleasant. It does not help the player, the team, nor the game. There is nothing constructive about it, nothing satisfying. It can be nothing more than destructive from any of several angles.

Boston Harbor

(*Concluded from page 8*)

time the favorite subject for the Thursday lecture was intercourse with idolaters, with references to Josias and Jehosaphat and Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. No doubt Boston watched the French vessel depart with a sigh of relief.

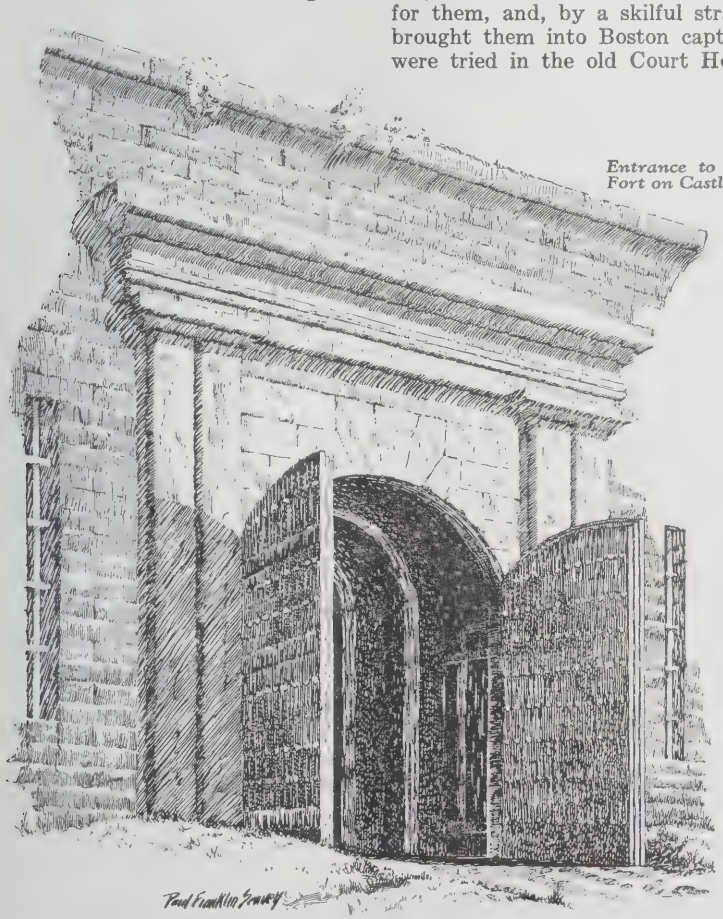
Warned by this experience, the General Court set about renewing their fortifications, and this time the walls were made of pine trees and earth, and Davenport was put in command. It must have gone against the grain for him to float the red cross from his fortress, for he had been one of Endicott's helpers when the emblem was cut from the flag in Salem in 1624, as Hawthorne vividly describes, and he had named a daughter Truecross in memory of the event.

But the earth walls were scarcely more satisfactory than those of mud, and before long they were replaced by brick and timber. For twenty years Roger Clapp was in command and he managed to inspire the General Court with a real interest in the Castle so that sixty men were garrisoned in it. There was a living room below, a lodging room above, and above that a gun room with six Saker guns and six lesser guns. But in 1672 it burned and for once the Court was prompt. Having considered the 'awful hand of God in the destruction of the Castle by fjer,' they decided to build a larger one and Colonel Wolfgang Roemer was put in charge.

There seems to have been some jealousy between Roemer and the Captain of the Castle, for Sewall writes in his diary, 'Today Roemer is treated at the Castle. Captain Fairwether asked me not to go so I went to the Roxbury lecture.' About a year later he tells of visiting the Castle to compose differences between the Captain and Roemer, and he goes on to tell how he exhorted the young men not to observe Roemer's intemperance of language, but rather his skill in building. At last the new Castle was completed, and a slab with a Latin inscription was set over the door to tell everyone about it. The General Court was much pleased and held a little official junketing party down the harbor to admire the structure.

All through provincial days the colonists seemed to take a great deal of pleasure from the islands, while today a busy city hardly knows that they are there. Just north of Castle Island is Governor's Island which was granted to Winthrop as a retreat. Here he planted the first apple and pear trees in New England, and many an old Massachusetts orchard has its origin in the Governor's nurslings. Winthrop also had pasture for his sheep on Nix's Mate, which then was quite an island, although today it is only a low-lying heap of stone topped by a white obelisk to warn shipping.

There is gruesome history connected with Nix's Mate. In July, 1726, the pirate Fly and his companions were hanged here. Fly's body was put in irons on a gibbet and those of his associates were buried beneath the gallows. Fly had been bos'n on a scow bound for Guinea on a slaving voyage, and, with a few like-minded fellows, he had seized the ship, killed the officers, and gone pirating. But one Atkindson, whose vessel they had taken as a prize, proved too much for them, and, by a skilful stratagem, he brought them into Boston captive. They were tried in the old Court House before the Admiralty Court of which Judge Sewall was a member, and promptly sentenced to be hanged.



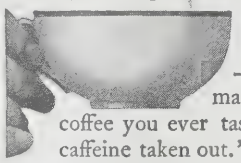
Entrance to the Old Fort on Castle Island.

And then 'great pains were taken to dispose them for a return to God.' Cotton Mather visited them in prison and left with them 'several books of piety.' But Fly remained obdurate, refusing to attend service in North Church where a consoling sermon was preached from the text, 'They Dy even without Wisdom.'

The *Boston News Letter* describes the execution and Cotton Mather published an account of the whole affair under the title, *Remarkable Relation of a Cockatrice Crushed in the Egg.*

But the islands of Boston Harbor have their bits of romance to brighten their sterner story. During the Siege of Boston, Noddle's Island, which is now East Boston and the airport, was a refuge for twenty young ladies, one of whom was the sweetheart of William Tudor, an officer in the American army. This young man used to go from Cambridge, where he was stationed, to Chelsea, tie his clothing in a bundle on the top of his head, and swim to Noddle's Island. No doubt the Hellespont is more picturesque than East Boston Channel, but we never read that Leander kept his clothes dry. It is pleasant to know that when the war was over young Tudor and his sweetheart married and lived happily ever after.

REAL COFFEE
Without Caffeine!



"Drink real coffee —full-flavored, aromatic coffee—the finest coffee you ever tasted—but with the caffeine taken out."

No one is denied the joy of coffee, in enlightened homes today! For coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted couldn't harm a child—nor keep anybody awake. It has no effect whatever on heart, nerves, or kindeys.

For coffee at its best, try Kaffee Hag. Your grocer has it; or clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG 10¢
1534 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).
Name.....
Address.....

'Coin' Harvey, Prophet of Monte Ne

(Continued from page 5)

Harvey holds that all this of which we are proud and boastful must vanish, not perhaps swept away by any violent revolution, but rather decayed, self-destroyed, wasted because of our petty whimsies, and our selfishness, and our greed. It is Coin Harvey's last gesture.

SO THERE are the three symbolic things. First, evidence of a keen perception of that which is beautiful, hence a protest against what is corroding and barren and unworthy. Second, the unfinished temple in which, it was hoped, men would have banded themselves together in no timid way, their purpose the shouldering of burdens and the matching of themselves and their fellows in unflinching combat against the evils which threaten civilization. Third, the pyramid which is a kind of monument to man's weakness and shortsightedness, also a record and account of the failure and death of a civilization. Or putting it another way, one may look upon the road between the promontory and the pyramid as a kind of inverted Pilgrim's Progress. First a vision of possibility and a rejoicing in the fairness of the world. Next a realization that a worm is at the heart of the bud, therefore a calling upon man to extirpate the wounding, disabling thing. Last, the coming of the fear that the social organism was too deeply tainted for recovery, therefore the tombstone. In three words, Trust, Hope, Despair.

Projecting ourselves into the far future and seeing with the prophet's eye, this is what we would have. A continent abandoned, forest-grown again, vine-tangled and unhealthily luxuriant. Over it roam nomadic tribes, savage-faced, fierce, brutally ignorant. Of flimsy things on which we pride ourselves, railroads, buildings, airplanes, machines, museums, churches, libraries, nothing is left, for all were of perishable stuff. Perhaps there are fragments; pieces of china, some glass, here and there a thing of gold, something else enameled. But cities have long since passed away and the very memory of them is gone from the mind of man. Books and papers, all those records we so busily make, have long before become dust and been blown away. Of the vast and complex organization of society as we know it, not a sign remains. There has been complete and utter disintegration.

In Palenque is a broken gateway by which we gain a hint of a lost people, but of this civilization of ours not so much as that remains. Of all our thousand cities not a record will stand as the monolith at Tiahuanaco stands. Mountains will have worn down. The Mississippi will have formed a new land out in the Gulf. Other nations will have arisen in lands which we now look upon as barbaric. And in them will have arisen a people wiser, less selfish, braver to accept experience than any now living.

Presently voyagers from other lands will explore this continent, wondering at the emptiness of it, speculating as to why so vast a territory should be unoccupied. Perhaps there would be found a faint tradition of a lost race. Perhaps the discovery of some insignificant trifle, a broken cup or a shining fragment of glass, would lead to a suspicion, then a trail. Then, one day, in that corner of the world which geologists say is the oldest part of this continent, the discovery of a curious structure would be made. So would follow excavation work.

THE pyramid would be laid bare. The sealed chambers would be entered. And there, for the use of posterity, remote posterity, would be found a record of these, our own days. Whereupon the tale would run over the world and men would wonder at the drawing aside of the veil. They would stand amazed and stupefied to learn of a people with institutes, colleges and societies, which offered a wide and varied scheme of education, but without a systematic religion. They would learn of a people flinging zeal, genius, labor, freely into causes, yet failing to grasp the fundamental principles of economic salvation. They would learn, through the records in the pyramid, of nations overwhelmed with monstrous debts and humiliated by financial disasters, therefore torn by faction, ringing with recriminations, waiting each day for war. They would come to know of a generous people of great aspirations engaging in the most bloody of wars. They would read with astonishment of a people conscious that things were wrong, yet trusting to a broken reed which they called National Destiny and the Spirit of the Age.

And seeking further, hunting for causes, they would come to the prophecy of the pyramid-building prophet, that the evil thing was the thirst for wealth, greed, money-making: *Usury*, in a word.

For there is Coin Harvey's message, the denunciation of usury. Because the world is in debt, because the world must pay so much per cent, because interest on mortgages take precedence of other obligations, because the money lender is king, because the interest-bearing debts of four leading nations of Europe amount to more than $253,000,000,000 more than their total wealth, and because of allied things hanging upon these, this civilization of ours must come to disastrous end. Because of national debts there are monstrous outgrowths of war-like ambition and imperial pride. Because of bonded indebtedness there is the spirit of domination, of national selfishness, of revolutionary violence. Because of debt and usury there must be industrial slavery.

That there are in abundance men of genius, of devotion, of loftiness of aim, is true. That there are persistent strivings toward social and moral improvement is not to be denied. But, while the destructive demon of

You come to a place where you stand on a high ridge, at your feet a broad valley through which winds the White River like a silver ribbon.

Usury remains untouched, so long must the forces of evil crush out hopes and neutralize the best efforts. Thus saith the prophet of Monte Ne, the man who once saw the vision of a glorified earth.

But, some will say, leaping at conclusions, all of that theorizing about the danger of piled-up interest payments is nothing but the idle dream of a man with bucolic temperament. It is like the philosophizing of a Thoreau, or a Richard Jefferies, or a saint removed from the world. It is all an impossible vision of one who knows nothing of commercial life and the activities of city life. It will never do to think more of the matter, except with an amused interest. But those conclusions would be erroneous. For Harvey, in his day, has been an active man among active men, politically and otherwise. *Who's Who* lists him as lawyer and author, the docket shows him to have been something very much the right-hand man of William Jennings Bryan, if not indeed the manufacturer of Bryan's thunder. Some predicted for Harvey a career in Washington, D. C. Others spoke of him once as presidential timber.

The truth is that Harvey's philosophy grew, not out of life in the country, but life in cities. It came to fruition in those troublesome times in the 1890's when the pressure of distress and disappointed hopes led to something very much like national hysteria. For the money-lender and the speculator had sowed their evil crop and the ugly harvest was being reaped. All the wild schemes and unsound enterprises of Fisk and Gould and Tweed and their high finance gang had effect. In New York City alone the civic debt incurred in two years amounted to $100,000,000, and other cities were following suit. There had been tinkering with the tariff by way of patching up things, with consequent disturbance of prices. There had been strikes; martial law proclaimed in Illinois and other states; presidential messages regarding the hoarding of gold; presidential bond bills for the relief of the Treasury; rejection of them by Congress; state loans; agitation for and against free silver, the former growing out of Harvey's efforts; a silver convention of seventeen states west of the Mississippi to increase the use of silver, proposed and machined by Harvey; the formation of a bimetallic union, engineered by Harvey; a sound money convention at Memphis, and much more of the sort.

It might be taken for a castle the glory of which has faded, a temple forsaken in the building.

MEANWHILE, legislators often seemed to see nothing before them except to invent new taxes; but to pay new taxes in addition to the old meant pressure elsewhere, and that pressure reacted in Knights of Labor, and in combinations forcibly to increase wages whether employers could afford to increase or not; hence lockouts as well as strikes. Almost it seemed as if only money-lenders and pensioners and swindlers and government sinecurists and those who lived by their wits were the prosperous ones, while everyday men were on financial rocks. And because of piled-up interest, there were disasters in the transportation world.

That may seem far-fetched until it is remembered that money drawn from operation for interest payments meant either inferior labor or poor maintenance. Poor maintenance meant bad roadbeds and inferior equipment, and those together made for a casualty list. And everywhere were falling prices, unemployment and discouragement because of the slump.

THEN came a book on economics which sold by the million. It bore a message of hope as Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* had a few years before. The book was called *Coin's Financial School*, and William Hope Harvey was its author. How that grew into the 16-to-1 campaign is history, for Bryan made its thesis an issue. What does concern us is the fundamental idea behind the book, which was a great truth, freshly stated, but old as the Old Testament writers. It was this, a thing as certain as the multiplication table. *A debt-burdened nation cannot continue to exist, much less hope to thrive*, a saying so simple and so undeniably true as almost to be platitudinous.

Harvey was a latter-day Amos, a Savonarola, a Knox, warning people against covetousness, telling them that a man's life consisted not in the abundance of things possessed. He was like the old Buddhist reminding men that he who greedily seeks wealth is like the child who eats honey with a knife, for scarcely was the sweetness tasted than the tongue was cut. He was like a new Mahomet crying in a desert that wealth was given to be liberally bestowed but not avariciously hoarded. As to the solid thing, which caught the popular fancy where his ethics did not, it was this hard fact: that the debts of the world, public and private, have grown so great that the annual interest exceeds the total money volume of the world.

So there is the gist of 'Coin' Harvey in three words, Down with Usury. He saw a debt-burdened world, a world with the money-lender encouraging people to sell themselves into economic slavery, with, presently, a nation credit-crazy. He predicted the putting aside of the old-fashioned virtues of industry and economy and thrift. He foresaw a nation given to luxury, the luxury that destroyed Rome and a dozen other civilizations. He sought a nation strong and lion-like because composed of efficient, industrious men and women. There is the message in a nutshell.

So after the turmoil he went down to the Ozarks, and there he commenced to build that Temple of Civilization of which I have written, a place where, amidst hills and trees and thickets and greenery, wise men might plan the regeneration of a nation. But his dream was too big, and there was wild giggling, like that of the crackling of thorns under a pot. When he built a railroad to the temple, the giggling became cackling. Yet the man went on, until domestic afflictions came, and discouraging circumstances brought a strain. So the building stopped. For all that he still wrote, talked, printed, asserted his message vehemently, held most tenaciously to his beliefs. Then, in the evening of his life it seemed to him that hope was dead.

IN HIS book, *Paul's School of Statesmanship*, there is still a flash of the old-time simple, uncomplicated, uncalculating being determined to achieve a noble conquest, but there is an overlying something, a disappointment, a despondency. He writes: '. . . it is a fair presumption that it is now too late to save this civilization. In an era of political, mental and moral dementia, it is now plunging to its ruin. There is only a slight hope that Reason, Truth and Justice will be sufficiently restored to the minds of men to save it.' Hence the pyramid, 'to inform and admonish of the cause of the death of this civilization.'

The *Jeannette* Expedition

(*Continued from page 15*)

September 17, they hauled the boat through water, mud, and floating ice cakes to within half a mile of shore. From this point they carried their stores and equipment to the beach. Until far into the night they worked, wading back and forth in the icy water between the boat and land. They were now reduced to five and a half days' rations of pemmican and tea. The nearest settlement, as far as they knew, was almost a hundred miles distant.

Now began the trek that was to end in death for all but two members of the De Long party. Already used up and undernourished, with heavy loads, the men hobbled along, breaking through thin ice everywhere, occasionally up to their knees. At night they would wake up frequently, shivering with the cold. One of them, almost totally disabled, held back the others, so that their average was hardly four miles a day. On one occasion two of the hunters saw a herd of seven or eight deer, but were unable to get a shot. Meanwhile, Erickson, the disabled one, grew steadily weaker. On September 21, at a point approximately eighty-seven miles from the nearest probable settlement, they found they had but two days' rations.

—Brown Bros. Photo.

A striking view of the 'Roosevelt,' frozen in the ice at a point farther north than any ship is known to have reached. This was under Admiral Peary's command.

At this point, De Long came upon two huts and decided to send forward a couple of his best walkers to get relief. There, at least, the greater number would have heat and shelter. But the plans were changed unexpectedly late that night, when the Eskimo hunter returned with the encouraging news that he had killed two reindeer. De Long thereupon decided to remain in the hut a day or two to let his followers recuperate and to allow the hunters to bring in more deer. But they were unsuccessful, and at the end of two days, when but approximately fifty pounds of meat remained, De Long set out again and the party accomplished five more miles. On the second day they made twelve miles. Fox traps and abandoned huts were seen, but no human beings.

On September 26 but one day's rations remained. After a cold and comfortless night, and when but one meal remained, Nindemann, one of the sailors, and Alexy, the Eskimo hunter, brought in a fine buck. Here were rations for three days. They were saved again! At noon, strengthened by a substantial meal, each man shouldered about fifteen pounds of meat in addition to his ordinary load, and they set out.

They kept plodding to the southward, although De Long did not recognize the topography from his sixty-year-old chart. At length they came to a spot where one river ran to the southwest and another to the southeast, the narrower one at least a quarter of a mile wide. There were no materials at hand for building a raft, so De Long went into camp, in the hope that the river would freeze over during the night.

Finally, when but two days' rations remained, the party proceeded to ford the main river. They made twelve miles that day and ten the next. At noon on October 3 they consumed their last bit of pemmican. Nothing remained but their one dog. De Long therefore ordered him killed and dressed, but he and the surgeon did not partake of the stew that furnished their evening meal. Cold, wet, with a raw northwest wind blowing, the party spent a wretched, dreary night. Erickson became delirious, and his groans and rambling talk rang out on the still night air. By morning he was quite unconscious; they lashed him on a makeshift sled and dragged him forward with the party.

After a walk of two hours, they came upon a hut, where they built a fire and for the first time in four days warmed themselves through and through. Erickson died the next morning. There was nothing to do but bury him in the river, for the ground was frozen and they had no tools.

De Long and his men were so weak and emaciated by this time that it was with difficulty that they sewed Erickson's body up in a flap of the tent, covered him with De Long's flag, carried the body down to the river, and lowered it through a hole in the ice. The next morning they ate the last of their dog meat and used up the last of their tea. Slowly and feebly they pushed on over the barren ground, making three miles in three hours; but when four of them broke through the ice in trying to cross the river, De Long halted the party and had a fire built. Late in the afternoon the Eskimo hunter returned with one ptarmigan, with which they made soup—for thirteen hungry men.

Breakfast the next morning consisted of an ounce of alcohol in a pint of hot water.

This, however, seemed to keep off the craving for food. Finally, on October 9, when they had reached the end of their resources, De Long sent two of the seamen, Nindemann and Noros, ahead for relief, with orders to keep to the west bank of the river until they should reach a settlement. The party followed laboriously. They were fortunate enough to shoot three ptarmigan, of which they made soup, but the next morning found them with nothing to eat but scraps of their deerskin clothing and footgear. Again they broke through the ice in trying to cross a creek, and it was necessary to build a fire and dry their clothing. 'All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful,' wrote De Long in his diary that day. For the next two days their rations consisted of a spoonful of liquor in a cup of hot water at breakfast time, which exhausted the supply. Their dinners consisted of tea made of Arctic willow shoots.

For two days De Long and the survivors were cramped in a hole in the bank of the river, unable to move, while a blizzard howled about them. They were too weak to move against the wind and snow, yet they realized that staying there meant starvation. On October 14, soup made from one ptarmigan, some sweet oil, and willow tea constituted their entire food supply. The next day they had willow tea and two old boots. Here two of their men broke down and De Long was compelled to halt and camp. One of these was their dependable Eskimo hunter, Alexy, who died two days later. They were now too weak to do other than lay him on the ice of the river and cover him over with slabs of ice and snow.

Four days later, during which time they had no food whatever, two others died, leaving but nine in the party. Their bodies were carried around the corner of their temporary haven—an empty grain raft—and laid on the frozen ground. On October 14, when Nindemann and Noros had been

gone two weeks, De Long noted in his diary that everybody was pretty weak and that they had had a hard night.

On the next two days he merely noted the number of days since the sinking of the *Jeannette*—the 135th and 136th days. On October 27, in addition, there was this notation: 'Iveson broken down.' Then followed: 'October 28th, 138th day. Iveson died during the early morning. October 29th, 139th day. Dressler died during night. October 30th, 140th day. Boyd and Gortz died during night. Mr. Collins dying.'

This is the last entry in the most pathetic record of any Arctic expedition, except perhaps Greely's. There were but three men left when the entry was made—De Long, the surgeon, and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook.

No one, of course, will ever know the extreme hardship which De Long and his men endured after they became separated from the second cutter and the whaleboat, and the difficulties which they overcame. So weak were they after their terrible exposure in the boat that they could not raise their feet to break through the young ice when wading to the shore, but were compelled to push through it as they plodded feebly along. When finally they got ashore, they found the surface of the ground spongy and wet when the weather was mild, and when snow fell the walking was equally difficult. The men slipped at every step, thus doubling their exertions. The chart which they had laid down only eighty mouths to the Lena Delta, but two hundred and ten were counted by those who traversed the coast in the searches that followed the fateful voyage of the *Jeannette*. In fact, the courses are never the same in two years, and it was this fact that caused De Long and his party to move more and more to the eastward and to become entangled in the labyrinth.

It was not until Nindemann and Noros had traveled nearly one hundred and twenty miles that they fell in with Siberian natives. On the morning of their departure drifting snow filled the air. Sometimes they were compelled to wade across streams, and when they halted at night, the wind was still so high that they were unable to light a fire. So they dug a hole in a snowdrift and there they lay the night through, wet to their waists and compelled to knock their feet together every few minutes to keep them from freezing. The next day, October 11, they pushed on southward, with nothing but some Arctic willow tea and part of a boot sole to sustain them. Toward evening they came to a hut, where they built a fire and dried their clothes. They were kept indoors on the twelfth by a southwest gale, and on the thirteenth they again pushed forward, often breaking through the ice; but on the fourteenth they could not see their way through the driving snow, so they turned back to a little hut and stayed there for twenty-four hours. Their food all this time consisted of strips cut from their sealskin trousers, and washed down with some Arctic willow tea.

—*International Newsreel.*

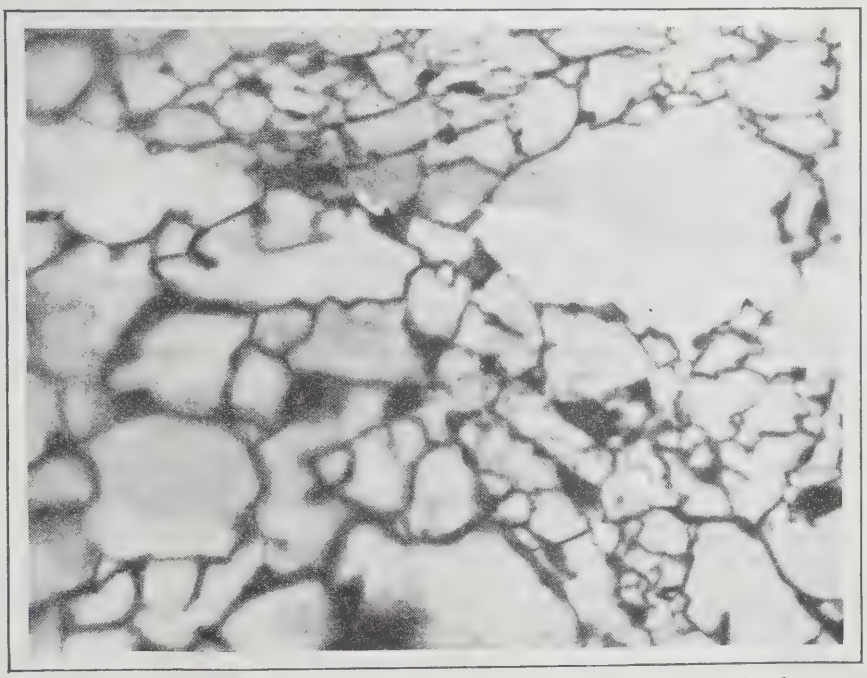
Alaska's rugged glaciers viewed from a United States Navy airplane engaged in mapping the region.

In this fashion they staggered southward, usually sleeping in a hole cut into a snowbank wherever night happened to find them, and pushing on the next morning. They were so exhausted now that they could scarcely move for more than five minutes at a time. On the nineteenth they found some mouldy fish, but this made them ill and compelled them to stay in a hut for three days.

It was here that a Siberian native found them, but they were unable to make themselves understood, and finally the native drove off with his reindeer. That evening, however, he brought back two other natives, together with food and clothing. Still unable to make themselves understood, Nindemann and Noros were taken to a native camp about fifteen miles away in the mountains, and the next morning, still unable to explain to the natives the desperate plight of their party, the two seamen were taken to the nearest Russian settlement. This was a two days' journey. Here two more days were spent in a fruitless attempt to make themselves understood.

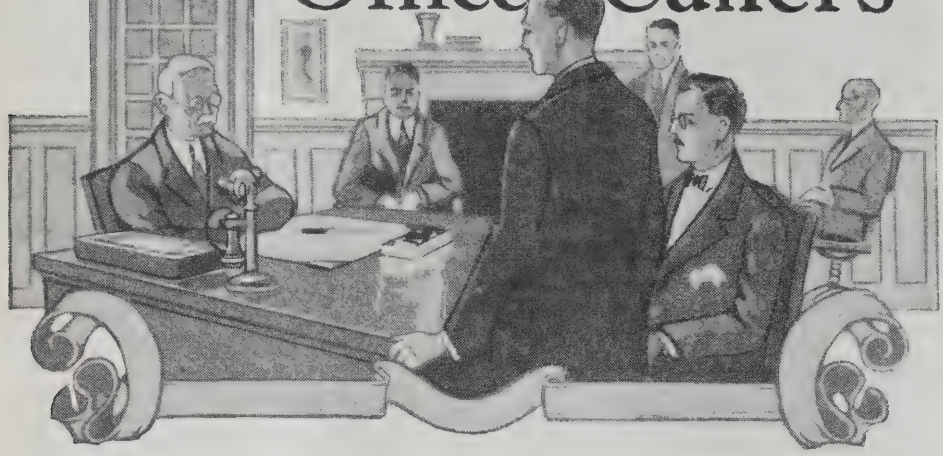
The natives finally brought in a Russian exile, but the Russian could not understand either English or German. But he took a note which Noros had written, and left at midnight, returning in the morning and requesting them to follow him shortly to Bulun. Here they found the commandant of the settlement and stayed with him that night. One of them wrote a telegram to the American minister at St. Petersburg, and the commandant left them, saying he would take the paper to the 'Captain.' Here they stayed for three days, when, on November second, Engineer Melville walked in upon them. Melville had been unable to secure a native to guide him through the intricate passages of the Lena Delta. He was frostbitten so badly that he could not walk. In twenty-three days his party traveled about 650 miles. Without knowing it, they passed close to the spot where the explorers for whom they were looking lay dead. Weather conditions rendering further search impossible, Melville took the survivors to Yakutsk, and the majority of the men were sent back overland to the United States.

Thus another Arctic expedition met disaster and defeat, disappointment and death, where it had expected to win honor and renown by overcoming the barrier of ice and snow that blocked the way to the great secret of the North.



When Commander Byrd flew in his airplane over the weird region shown in the above picture, his guiding instruments indicated that he was right over the North Pole. Here the explorer dropped the American flag in honor of the discovery. The white portions represent immense pieces of floating ice. The darker portions represent water.

Chats *with* Office Callers



The Traveler from Egypt said that it had occurred to him that we would be interested in visa fees charged abroad, owing to a recent article on the subject which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. He produced a tariff of fees which he said he had picked up at the Greek Consulate at Cairo, Egypt.

Referring to this tariff, he said:

'You will note that Americans are assessed a fee of 202 piasters, which is approximately three times the highest tariff applying to Austrians and Germans. Two hundred and two piasters comes to nearly ten dollars in American money. The Austrian and the German each pays 77 piasters, while the Belgian and the Englishman each pays 48.

'It is a fact,' continued the traveler, 'that Americans pay out more in visa fees on this basis than all other nationalities combined, and efforts toward reduction of this great expenditure are certainly to be commended. I am merely one of several thousands who could cite instances of this petty robbery.'

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The Student was in a philosophic mood. 'Try the memory test on what you read in the newspapers,' he said. 'You—the outer man—read and read, while your other—the inner—man pitches the junk overboard and stores away in hidden compartments the odd, the valuable and the interesting. So, searching the memory shelves, I find in my own mind these, read about in the past month: In Budapest the police discovered a traffic in children, sold by half-starved parents. The little ones were bought by farmers and factory owners, the prices running from $15 to as low as $2 a child, according to age and physical condition. Sir James Colquhoun Irvine, of the University of St. Andrews, warned his audience at Williamstown that chemical warfare would be a potential factor in the future, and would result in a scrapping of the whole present machinery of war. The ancient city of Shechem has been unearthed, with the discovery of the temple of Baal announced. Thus there stuck in my mind one thing significant of the past, one of the probable future, and one of the present, in Europe.

'I did not read about the channel swimmers, nor the prize fight, nor the graft trial. There was no need to. Energetic persons on cars and in houses and in streets were eager to enlighten me and to quicken my dull perception into life. But a minor poem, by a poet so minor that he does not give his name, stuck in my mind, and the title should be "September."

'There is no rapture in the hedge,
Lacking the wild rose and the may;
The trees have lost the keener edge
Of greenness and grow tame and gray.
The birds have ceased to sing; the dream
Has vanished and become the doubt;
For Earth, having announced the theme,
Is busy with the working out.
So there are stirrings of regret
E'en in the time of mellowing;
Alas! did ever summer yet
Fulfil the promise of the spring?

❦ ❦ ❦

'As a boy I always stood in awe of the stern, earnest person,' said ***the Local Doctor*** as he sat back in his chair. 'But the old theory that the underslung jaw and prominent chin denote strength of character has been exploded. At the International Orthodontic Congress Dr. W. Stanley Wilkinson, of Melbourne, Australia, explained that a man so distinguished was merely one of those fortunate individuals whose mother insisted on his keeping his thumb out of his mouth when he was a baby. It seems that this thumb-sucking during the first six months of a child's life has a direct inhibiting action on the normal forward growth of the lower jaw. So when you see one of those sturdy chaps with a bulldog jaw, remember he owes a big debt to a thoughtful mother.'

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A Writer of Short Stories said that the most hopeful sign in present-day literature was the opportunity offered. 'Not in the standard magazines, necessarily, but elsewhere. For there are magazines in ever-increasing numbers, some rather obscure to be sure, but of praiseworthy merit which stand ready to give the young author or poet an audience. ***Another Broke In*** as the short-story writer continued to talk. He had seen a picture show, a story of an imaginary Wild West, in which a supposed Texan at a wedding attended church dressed in long boots, wearing an enormous Stetson; and, by way of giving point to his remarks, drew a bowie knife. In a gentlemanly and unostentatious way he roped the villain groom as the clergyman was about to pronounce the two man and wife, for, like Chaucer's *Poor Persoun*

'He waited on no pomp ne reverence,
Nor made him ne spiced conscience.'

The discussion on the triumph of ineptitude over ability in the commoner screen pictures occupied us, and we never returned to the subject of literature.

But ***The Critic*** did get in something about books for boys, and how so many of them were not a hair's breadth higher in literary tone than the *Jack Harkaway* stuff of thirty years ago, except that those of the old time were sold for a dime, while the new cost two dollars and were cloth bound.

What we did get on to, and stay on for some time, was motion pictures.

'Producers lack imagination,' declared one man. 'They hang to the filming of novels, distorting them too often; and they hang to so-called historical subjects, dragging in all kinds of impossibilities and anachronisms.'

'In Conrad's *Victory*, for example, the subtlety was lost,' said the writer.

'But suggest something,' said another.

'Well,' the first man went on, 'if you are going to ask me, I'd say that the moving picture was admirably suited for thrillers.'

'You have them in the Wild West things,' put in the author.

'No. Not that stuff. It's played out. It is the same old thing—hairbreadth escapes, wild riding, rescue of girls, villains, people eavesdropping. But there's a whole world of startling stuff in the tale of terror.'

He went on to list some of them: *Vathek* and the gloomy palace of Eblis with its tall columns and gloomy towers, and caves with reptiles with human faces, people running about with burning hearts, the caliph and his courtiers—and there's the tale of Cannobie Dick who was led by a mysterious stranger into a mountain, and in the mountain were knights, and horses, and a wonderful horn which no man dared to blow. But Dick did, and the rest of the tale is a thriller if ever there was one.

'Or what of Marryat's *Phantom Ship*, with its one-eyed pilot; the werewolf, and all that kind of thing, with the ship sometimes a mist, sometimes substantial as a house. Every moment is a crisis in it, and surprises come like pistol shots.

'And that horror, *The Monk*, by Lewis. The wandering Jew and the bleeding nun; and skull-headed women, and ghosts, and unhappy lovers, and coffins. There are horrors enough in it. I'll guarantee to lacerate nerves if people like that kind of thing.

'I tell you, the moving picture is made for that kind of stuff—gliding shadows, vanishing phantoms, invisible people, skeletons, corpses, moldering floors through which victims fall, massive doors which open at a word, headless people, armed ruffians, brigands with cat-like whiskers, lonely knights on desolate moors. I remember one, a wild story all about statues holding aloft massive swords; then, as the victim enters, stone legs advance, swords fall, and—. Good, healthy, blood-curdling horrors they were. And only the molly-coddling fellows went in for the sickly sentimentality you see on the screen today.'

New York's Little Joke on New York

(*Concluded from page 1*)

'Well, it hasn't worked.'

And that is the really sad part of the whole affair. The clever little joke turned out to be a joker. The beautiful scheme flopped. *It didn't work because the drys decided to ignore the referendum to concentrate on the candidates.* Could anything have been more unfair to a hard-working, hard-thinking politician than that? Witness this plaintive plea from the state platform of the Republican Party:

'The referendum gives *all* the opportunity to express themselves. We urge a full expression at the polls on this matter.'

What could be nicer than the wording of this? And yet the drys are so unreasonable as to emit a raucous horselaugh. Their expressing, they declare, will be *on candidates.*

This works genuine hardship on the selfsame candidates. Those who had expected to balance delicately atop the referendum pole until they could discern which way the wind was blowing, find themselves suddenly up in the air with their support gone. Those who, like Senator Wadsworth, have performed the remarkable gymnastic feat of backflopping from the dry to the wet column find themselves in a still more embarrassing position. They discover, now it is too late, that instead of firing their ammunition at a dummy referendum, the drys are firing it at *them.*

The referendum itself is one of the most obfuscate bits of legislation ever slipped across the boards in a supposedly sovereign commonwealth. It is not a law. It does not pass upon any law. If voted 'yes' unanimously it would have the effect of no law. It is, indeed, scarcely more official in texture than the straw ballots which swept the wet newspapers of the country into such a fine frenzy of enthusiasm a few months back. It has no more direct bearing upon the national prohibition law than the King of Siam's dental bill has on the internal debt of Cuba.

Webster's Dictionary defines *referendum:* 'The referring of measures already passed upon by the legislative body to the body of voters *for approval or rejection;* also the *right* so to pass on laws, or the vote by which this is done.'

There is no element of approval or rejection of the Volstead Law in this case. The voters of New York State cannot, all by their lonesome, approve or reject the Constitution of the United States or any of the national laws passed under that Constitution. Nor does the element of their *right* to do this enter in. Even the most ardent referendist does not contend this much.

But granting all this, protest the wets, the referendum will record the sentiment of the people in the greatest state in the Union! Oh, will it? Let's take a peek at the referendum and decide that little matter for ourselves. What manner of document is it? One would naturally suppose that, inasmuch as this is to record the sentiment of the people on prohibition, its wording would be so clear as to avoid the slightest possibility of misunderstanding. There is only one open-and-shut question in the whole liquor controversy:

'Do you want the return of the saloon?'

This is short. It is concise. It is clear. There is no chance for confusion. It is easily understood. It would take up little space on the ballot. And in spite of the many subterfuges wafted up by the wets to becloud the issue, the return of the saloon is the sole alternative to prohibition. Therefore one would naturally, as we said before, expect that some such question as this would be that of the referendum.

But would the wets hear of this? No! A thousand times no! *Here* is the referendum as finally evolved by one of the most astute lawyers in the nation, a man noted for his anti-prohibition leanings:

Should the Congress of the United States modify the Federal Act to enforce the 18th Amendment so that the same shall not prohibit the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation of beverages which are not in fact intoxicating, as determined in the laws of the respective states?'

ISN'T that a beauty? No wonder the wets were pleased when a wet legislature, led by a wet governor, ordered it on the ballot. Bless their hearts, they couldn't lose. The dice were loaded.

Read it over again. Analyze it phrase by phrase. What's your first reaction? Why, that a cruel stepfather Congress has taken away from its little children not only hard likker but harmless and delectable *beverages which are not in fact intoxicating.* The sly old villain. Encourage him in his underhanded plot? I should say not!

A few years ago a stage joke was going the rounds of the vaudeville houses. It

concerned a Mexican who was extolling the virtues of his homeland to the disadvantage of America. Stripped of dialect, it went something like this:

'Here in your country a lot of men you don't know and don't want to know make your laws for you. And you have to obey them. But my country: there it is different. There everybody makes his own laws; and everybody is happy.'

That's New York—if we are to believe the referendum proponents. The rest of the country can have prohibition if it so desires; but as for New York—*New York makes its own laws!*

A century and a half ago the thirteen colonies, freed from British rule, welded themselves into a *nation* through adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Through this Constitution they delegated the sole power of enacting *national* laws to Congress, specifically declaring that these laws should bind all the states and all the people. Now comes New York, through its thirsty legislature, with a proposal that these laws shall be effective only *as determined in the laws of the respective states.* Let Congress pass all the laws it wants—as long as New York can 'determine' them. *New York* shall say what *New York* shall drink; not some hick Congressman from South Dakota or South Carolina.

Let's carry this logic a bit further. Suppose the referendum applied to some Amendment to the Constitution other than the 18th. Suppose it referred to the 16th, which authorizes Congress to impose the federal income tax. Probably then it would read:

'Should the Congress modify the Federal Act relative to the national income tax so that the Government shall collect only such amounts *as determined in the laws of the respective states?'*

Or possibly they would apply the referendum to the 8th Amendment, nullifying it so that 'cruel and unusual punishment shall not be inflicted, *except as determined in the laws of the respective states.'*

Surely if a single state can assume to itself the powers of Congress in one instance, it is only logical to suppose that it can do so in countless cases. But logic and ultimate conclusions aren't bothering the referendum proponents right now. What is bothering them is the drys' recalcitrant attitude.

The vote will be 'yes.' That is foregone. Even those experts who nonchalantly predicted Dempsey's victory can come out of their hiding places to voice that forecast. The Democratic platform urges a 'yes' vote. The party leaders urge a 'yes' vote. The Republican platform urges the voters to follow their conscience. More than half of New York State's population is concentrated in New York City, where fewer than three out of ten persons are of native American descent. It can be predicted with perfect safety that New York City, under the combined guidance of Tammany Hall and Senator Wadsworth, will roll up a large 'yes' vote.

But will it mean anything? Up-state New York, where the population is largely of native stock, is regarded as preponderantly dry. Even before prohibition, fully 58.8 per cent of the actual territory of New York State was dry under local option laws. Of the municipal districts in the state, 600 out of 900 were dry.

The politicians have a real problem on their hands. Some way, any way, the referendum must be saved. It must be turned into a Big Wet Victory. And the drys won't play. How to do it—there's the rub. For the referendum has taken on the color of one of those funny little Spanish elections where only those of one side—the *ins*—vote!

I Read in the Papers

A new drive for the subvention of American shipping is destined to be made in the near future, probably at the short session of Congress. Close observers declare that the widely proclaimed effort of the Shipping Board to sell the American merchant fleet is only a precursor to this end. While members of the board are publicly optimistic over the possibilities of sale, privately they are said to be convinced that this is virtually impossible.

Ship Subsidy Drive Due in Congress

On the last day of the last session the Senate adopted a resolution offered by Senator Jones (author of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920) calling on the Shipping Board to report not later than January 1, 1927, a plan for the future development of this nation's merchant marine.

Two lines of action are suggested for maintaining the American flag on the seas. While these have not come officially from the Shipping Board, it is declared that they represent the views of its members. Both involve federal aid. The first is that Congress, through substantial appropriations, continue to support the effort to maintain the merchant marine. The other is that some form of ship subsidy be devised to induce private interests to operate.

Some observers profess to see politics in the board's recent actions offering the ships for sale. In the meantime Washington politicians are busily at work to impress upon the public the necessity for a subsidy.

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The one thing certain about the next war is that it will be fought on a credit basis —Portland *Oregonian*.

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The wild canary is a sad-colored bird, of a greenish-grayish-brownish color, a native of the Canary Islands, distinguished only by the ardor of its song. No doubt the Spaniards, who were great navigators in the 16th Century, brought some of the birds home with them; and they would naturally take them to Spanish Flanders, where they cheered the Flemish weaver at his loom. When the Flemish weavers fled to East Anglia from the fury of Antwerp they took their canaries with them, and England was enriched at the same time with the arts of the weaver and the bird-fancier.

Canaries, Wild and Tame

There were three main lines of development—in plumage, shape, and song. Weavers, like gentlemen, prefer blonds. The canary became yellow, orange, and white, under careful selection. Some varieties grew in size; others became hooped or bowed, and still others grew feathers on their feet and plumes on their heads. It is sad to relate that their morals degenerated as their appearance improved, for whereas the male bird in its natural state is a faithful husband of one wife, the caged canary has become polygamous, and has often a harem of four or five. As for song, the trainer can inspire their ecstasies by rubbing a cork upon the surface of a glass bottle, and make such musicians of them that they never seem to tire of their trills and arpeggios.

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The Stone Age husband fattened his ego on the submission of his women folk; a submission which the present Lucy Stone Age husband dreams of but no longer dares to claim.—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

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England has a new game to follow the cross-word puzzle, an ingenious one. The player starts with a single letter, adds another for the second word, another for the third, and so on, but shifting the letters to form new words, sometimes with curious results in the juxtapositions. Thus, by the addition of a letter, 'reason' becomes 'senator,' as it should—but by another addition, 'senator' becomes 'treasons.' So there is subtle interpretation for the cynics. Here is an example; a prize winner in the *Observer:*

Here's a New Game from England

O
SO
SON
NOSE
SNORE
REASON
SENATOR
TREASONS
ASSERTION
SERRATIONS
REASSERTION
RESERVATIONS
CONSERVATORIES.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

All perfect slang is of a cunning brevity, and it should taste sweet and keen, like a nut. If it does it will make its way yet into the holy of holies where 'literary' English dwells in state. For this queenly figure has the natural sagacity of every successful ruling caste. She does not build the wall too high, and she makes good the natural losses of her establishment by opening a postern now and then and letting in the pick of the lusty upstarts of the period. No possible assemblage of academic duennas can put the kibosh upon her when she is thus prudently minded. 'Me for it,' she will say, and turn the key, and take 'blurb' to her bosom.—The Manchester *Guardian.*

Slang to Be Good Must Be Brief

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The English Channel has been beaten so many times this year that it has probably begun to lie down.—Johnstown *Democrat.*

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The civilization of the future may simulate that of the past in one respect, according to the prophecy of W. S. Currier, head of the United States Weather Bureau at Toledo—men may again live underground. They may drive on underground roads, live in underground homes and work in underground offices as the result of development of the science of ventilation, he predicts. That will be the only way, he believes, to escape the vagaries of bad weather and to solve the congestion problem in the large cities. Clean air could easily be supplied the underground dwellers.

Humans May Live Underground

Man was originally driven underground in prehistoric times by wild beasts. Entire cities of troglodytes still exist in Africa, where the inhabitants are peaceful, happy and apparently healthy.

'Men juggle temperature and humidity around like so many balls and create lake breezes by powerful fan machinery,' Currier says, 'but I doubt that they can manufacture weather for the great outdoors. Of course, wonders have been accomplished within buildings, but artificially created rain, man-produced sunshine, or snow at command is a challenge that is ridiculous.

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What our great party needs in this grave crisis is a cash register with a good muffler on it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

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Many newspaper readers have wondered how so much 'movie publicity blah' finds its way into the newspapers. They have heard countless explanations, but none perhaps quite so concise or comprehensive as that inadvertently given by the press agent of a large new theater in a Middle Western city. The press agent accompanied a 250-word story on his 'astonishing' new production, with the following cryptic message:

One Way to Get Into a Theater

'The story below is offered you gratis from the new M——— Theater. If you will mail a marked copy to the undersigned, press courtesy tickets will be gladly mailed to you for the M——— Theater. IMPORTANT NOTE: In order to obtain these passes, it is necessary that a copy of your paper with this story be mailed to the undersigned.'

Briefly Told

ENGLISHMEN ARE SAID to owe their indigestion to the habit of tea drinking.

ONLY TWO STATES—Colorado and Wyoming—have unbroken straight line boundaries on all sides.

AN OKLAHOMA DISTRICT ATTORNEY has announced that hereafter, because of the soft-heartedness evinced by juries, he intends to have the corpse of the victim present at murder trials as a 'silent witness.'

THE ELEPHANT IS THE only living representative of the prehistoric mastodon and mammoth.

A BANK IN PORTLAND, Maine, has installed a periscope as a defense against bandits and burglars. A small peephole imbedded in bronze on the street level enables the police to see into the bank vaults at any time.

GOLD IS CONTAINED IN all sea water, but in such small quantities that no process has yet been devised for recovering it profitably.

A RANCHER, LOOKING FOR A strayed horse in a remote mountain valley in British Columbia, came face to face with a grizzly. He seized a nearby club and in the battle that ensued succeeded in killing the bear.

THERE ARE MORE THAN one million wild horses still in this country, principally in the Western states.

AMERICANS PAY $500,000,000 yearly for quack medicines.

FORT MONTGOMERY, a United States military post in Northern New York, was partially constructed before it was discovered it was on Canadian soil. The British obligingly moved the boundary line, taking in exchange a portion of Aroostook County, Maine.

A NEWSPAPER DISPATCH from Paris states there are 40,000 germs in a kiss.

ABOUT 98 PER CENT of China's inhabitants are illiterate.

OFFICIALS IN A MIDDLE Western state are considering a law which will require that the finger print of a man accompany his signature on official documents.

HARPOONED WHALES HAVE been known to battle for two days.

VACCINATION, ANESTHESIA and antiseptic surgery are supposed to have been practised by the Hindoos centuries ago.

FASHION'S LATEST FAD calls for the wearing of rubber earrings painted in bright colors.

IN BRUSSELS IF YOU are a millionaire you are married on Tuesday; a pauper, on Saturday morning; if neither rich nor poor, on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock.

THE CULINARY FORCE OF A Chicago hotel was obliged to use 1,100 pounds of eggs and mushrooms in making an omelet for a party of vegetarians.

THE GAULS MADE SOAP 2,000 years ago from goat's fat and the ashes of beech trees.

TEA IS CHEWED LIKE tobacco in Siam

A TALL THIN MAN REQUIRES more food than a short fat one, even though both are of the same weight, according to a Japanese physician. He declares that the amount of food needed depends upon the total area, not the weight of the body.

FOR THE THEFT OF thirty-five lip sticks a New York man was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

THE METHOD OF VOTING used by the Greeks for some 2,500 years consisted of having an urn to represent each candidate. The voter tossed in a white pebble if he wished to vote for the candidate and a black one if he wished to vote against him.

A FROG HAS ADOPTED A FAMILY of orphan robins near Llanbriens, Wales. She spends her days busily searching for flies and worms for her foster children.

PINEAPPLES HAVE BEEN known to reach the weight of seventeen pounds

IN ITS QUADRICENTENNIAL celebration the royal band of Sweden reproduced the first concert given for Gustav I in 1527, with the same music, instruments, costumes and decorations. The first band consisted of an organist, drummer and four trumpeters.

A NEAR RIOT WAS CAUSED among the women on a Toledo car when a man came aboard carrying a steel cage containing a number of white mice.

CHEMISTS DECLARE THAT the discovery of potash deposits in Pecos County, Texas, will free American agriculture from dependence on Europe for this product.

THE MAXIM SILENCER, ORIGINALLY conceived to muffle the explosion of firearms, is being adapted to industry. Eight railroads are using it on oil-electric locomotives.

THE AVERAGE AGE OF a tree is 200 to 300 years, although some varieties live 2,000 years.

MANY OF THE TREE TRUNKS in the petrified forest in Northern Arizona exceed one hundred feet in length. During decomposition the cells of the wood were replaced by material from the sandstone in the surrounding land. Chalcedony, opals, and agates are found, while many trees approach the condition of jasper and onyx.

A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD hen has just hatched a brood of fourteen chicks at Heppershall, England.

FUR SEALS ARE AMONG the greatest rovers in the world, animals marked in the Arctic having been found in the Antarctic. They always return, however, to familiar beaches at breeding time.

MORE THAN 70,000 AFRICAN elephants are killed each year for the ivory in their tusks.

IN SOME PARTS OF FRANCE, the country people, upon the approach of a thunderstorm, adorn their hats with sprays of hawthorn leaves in the belief that, thus protected, they bear a charm against the harmful effects of lightning.

HAVING NO PRISONERS TO care for, citizens of Lavaca County, Texas, are using their jail as a storage warehouse for cotton.

MUCH OF THE POWDER USED in the War of 1812 contained saltpeter taken from the Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. Wheel tracks of ox-drawn vehicles are still plainly visible in the cave.

EATING THE POWDERED BONES OF ancestors is one of the strange customs of an Indian tribe in the wilds of Brazil.

THE STRIKING OF BELLS on board ship dates from the time of the half-hour sandglass. The bell was struck each time the glass was turned.

PHONOGRAPHS ARE EXTENSIVELY used in a London school where parrots are taught to talk.

THE JEWISH POPULATION OF the world is estimated at 18,080,000. The United States, with 4,400,000, leads all other countries, and New York City, with 2,000,000 Jews, is the largest Jewish city in the world.

NOTES COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the future solution of present problems.

Prepare yourself for the heralding of a Big Wet Victory. It's on the books for November 2. On that date New York will vote on its so-called prohibition referendum. There can be only one result; the cards are stacked and the conclusion foregone. *But it won't mean anything.* The widely celebrated referendum is a dud. It's as innocuous as near-beer. (p. 1)

Two men journeyed not long ago to a home in the Ozark Mountains. One was Charles J. Finger, well-known author. The other was Paul Honore, equally well known as the illustrator of Finger's works. But Honore has other claims to distinction. He has long been in the forefront of American artists. His murals in churches and public buildings have brought him national notice. As an artist he is noted not only for his technical skill, but for the beauty of his finished product . . . But to return to the man that Finger and Honore sought. That man was William Hope Harvey, Prophet of Monte Ne. (p. 4)

Paul Honore.

Some time in the dim future, thousands of years from now, a new race may tramp the land now called America. Its leaders will search for clues to the men who once dwelled here, for relics of their civilization. They will wonder of the vanished people, of their accomplishments, of their failures. And, wondering, they may come upon a pyramid. (p. 4)

THIS pyramid is the dream of 'Coin' Harvey. Thirty years ago his writings swayed a nation, affected a great presidential election. Harvey, the prophet, warned his people against the dangers of usury. But prosperity followed want, and his warnings were forgotten. Now, in the twilight of life, Harvey is building a pyramid in the heart of the Ozarks. Our civilization, he believes, is doomed. And he would leave a record for those who come after . . . (p. 4)

May Whiting writes, and Paul Seavey illustrates, a charming story on the historic islands of Boston Harbor. It is a tale of old heroes, and of old pirates, and old fortifications. (p. 8)

Henry P. Zirkgraf, Cleveland, Ohio: I have had plenty of time to study the merits of your magazine and have done so. I take this opportunity to inform you that I am unalterably opposed to any paper so stupid as to support a law which attempts reform by legislation. A law that is a cancer at the heart of the Constitution and an insult to the self-respecting citizens of these United States. I have weighed the merits of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and found it wanting. Please discontinue my subscription.

The Reverend C. C. Lambert, Summersville, West Virginia: I want as best I may, in a word or two, to express my appreciation of the stand of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the matter of prohibition. The anarchistic temper of a lot of our papers and leading men is shameful, and it does my soul good to get my hands on a paper which has convictions worth while and the courage to express them as you do. Best wishes and long life to your magazine.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Subscriber Lambert and Ex-Subscriber Zirkgraf are referred to page one of this issue.]

L. F. Fox, Grand Junction, Colorado: I just read 'Socialism Through the Eyes of the Churchman.' I don't believe Mr. Kennedy knows very much about Christianity and I know he doesn't know *anything* about socialism. I am surprised that you would put such trash in your valuable paper.

When William the Conqueror went from Normandy to England he took with him, among other things, a dance then known as la contredanse—later the quadrille. For a time it was submerged in the obscurity of the Middle Ages, reappearing about 1745 in all . . . but let Mary Harrod Northend tell the story of the old-time dances. She does so delightfully. Miss Northend is recognized as an outstanding authority on Colonial subjects. She has written a number of books. Incidentally, she is a kinswoman of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (p. 16)

Mary Harrod Northend.

TIME was when the American flag—on American merchant ships—dotted the seven seas. Those were the days when the merchant fleet was chief aid to the United States Navy. But those days are gone. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur tells why a strong merchant fleet is again needed. (p. 7)

One thing must be said for the promoters of the Sesqui-Centennial: They are persistent. Steam shovels are still in evidence on the Exposition grounds (at the time of this writing); workmen are busily engaged in filling in swamp land and grading it. What if there is slight possibility of the land being utilized for the Sesqui. It will benefit *somebody*, won't it? And aren't the taxpayers footing the bill? (p. 2)

Along toward the end of the present season we'll be reading a score or more selections for the mythical All-American Football Team; and according to Paul MacDonald (the *nom de plume* of one of the best-known sports writers in the country) the *myth* is the greatest part of it. Most of the teams are chosen under the you-scratch-my-back-I'll scratch-yours system. And not one of the experts to make a selection has seen one-tenth of the college players in action. (p. 12)

There's another myth that enters prominently into American life—the myth of painless taxation. The aim of most politicians is to place the tax on the other fellow; and while this may be good politics, it is mighty bad national policy. Samuel Crowther, noted business writer, gives a clear and understandable insight into some of the more obtuse taxation problems. (p. 6)

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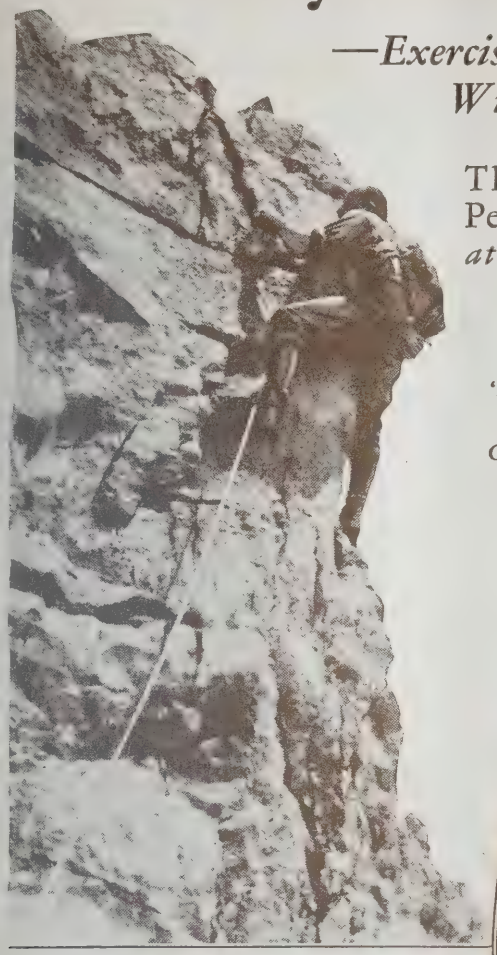
Thrill-Seeking Persons Snapped *at* Interesting Moments

'How do you like to go
up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the
pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!'
—Herbert Photo.



The Swiss Alps afford a favorite outlet for the energies of ambitious mountain-climbers. The game is doubly exciting when the climber discovers he can neither go up nor down. The cliff hugger above appears to be in such a predicament.
—General Photographic Agency.

Thirteen feet above ground—the world's champion pole vaulter. Wonder what he thinks when he starts to come down? *—Herbert Photo.*

Tennis as played by two daring individuals. The trouble is, a ball can't be retrieved once it rolls out of bounds.—International Newsreel.

He aspires to be an aviator, so in this ingenious device he is getting an inkling of what it means to loop the loop and do other airplane stunts. *—Press Illustrating Service.*

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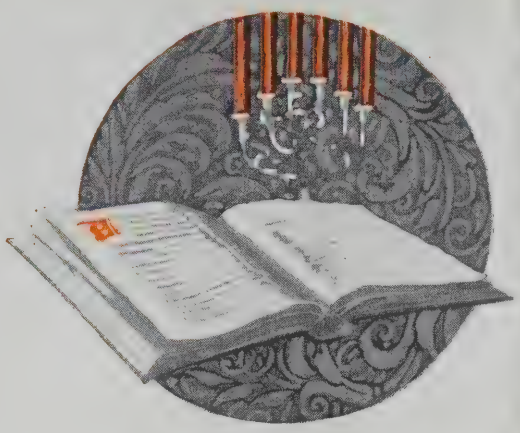

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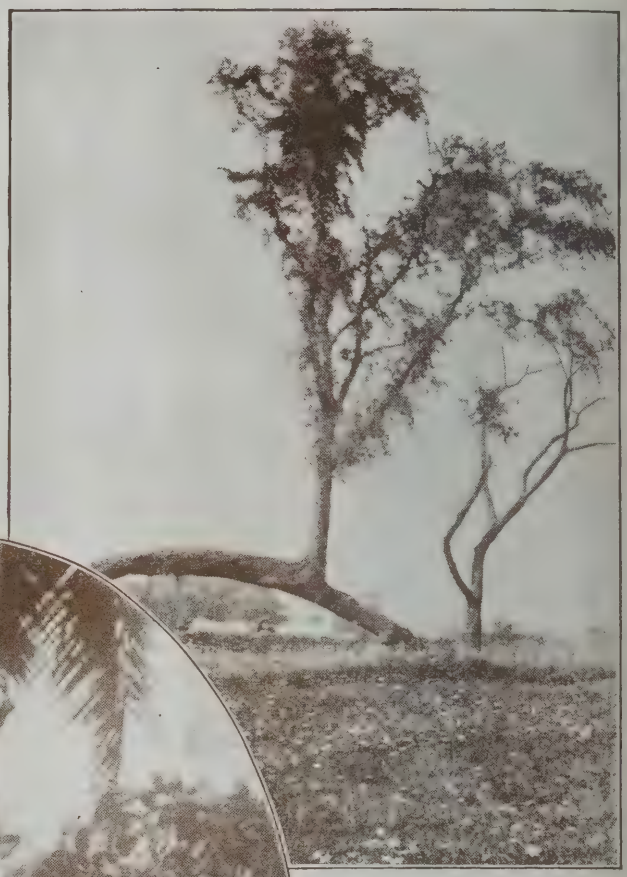
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

A TREE Hunt

Above— *Here's a hay-growing tree—but no! we'll be truthful and admit that the hay was placed in the tree by Mexican farmers, for drying.*

—Geo. F. Paul Photo.



Above—A *freak of nature, not in the best health, but shows signs of living on many years.* *—Wide World Photo.*

Oval—*For usefulness, the coconut tree polls a big vote. Filipinos making a meal of its sap.*

—Keystone View.

Inset—*Lone cypress standing staunchly against the elements atop a high rock cliff, overlooking Monterey Point, California.*

Have a drink from the willow tree? Many wonder how this phenomenon on the National Highway in Virginia was produced. The story is that years ago willow wood was used in making a pump stock over a flowing well, and the willow continued to grow, with this result.

—Keystone View.

Inset—*Many years ago when this tree was small, it found a fissure in a big rock, and here's what eventually happened.* *—International Newsreel.*

Below—*Even sturdy oaks bend under age. The biblically famous Abraham's Oak, at Hebron, Palestine, must now be supported by props.*

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

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New England Spindles Go to Dixie

The Textile Industry Has Made Enormous Strides in the South

By DIRK P. De YOUNG

IN 1880, the South produced 5,761,252 bales of cotton, of which only 221,337 were made up into cloth in Southern mills, while about 1,573,997 bales of that year's crop were consumed in Northern mills.

In 1925, the cotton-growing states used 4,167,596 bales of their staple in their own mills, whereas New England —the great center of the industry in the United States for many generations— consumed only 1,638,774. Furthermore, without wishing to convey the impression that Fall River and other cotton-spinning communities of New England are now like Goldsmith's deserted village, it should be noted that during the last ten years the South has increased its spindles four to one, as compared to the North.

A spindle, by way of explanation, is the unit of measurement in the industry—the elemental step in the manufacturing process.

These are remarkable figures, all taken from Government sources, and others will be given to show what is going on in one of the country's greatest industries. But they should all be taken with a grain of salt. Statistics and Government reports frequently need seasoning.

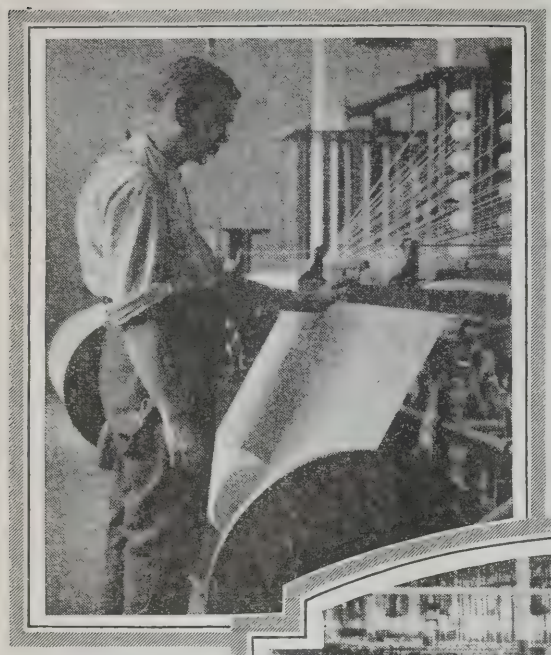
Without a doubt, the cotton-spinning industry has witnessed a change. New England, once supreme in this line, has yielded some of her prestige to the cotton-growing states. But it is still a great factor in the industry in more ways than one—first as a producer of cloth on its own soil, and second as a capitalist financing Southern mills. With all this southward trek of the cotton-spinning industry—from 1909 to 1919—the official figures indicate that more than half a billion dollars have been invested in Northern mills during that period, as against a little less than that in Southern mills, with money for the latter coming from coffers of thrifty Yankees.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.
Detail picture of cotton as it appears when ready for picking. Right—Bale of cotton, a standard of measurement and the form in which this commodity is shipped.

Thus, as Europe seems to have suffered little from the emigrants which make up our population of 115,000,000, New England still keeps up her cotton industry in spite of rapidly increased spindles in the cotton-growing states and reports of labor troubles, often magnified. Of the 111 mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, operating one-fifth of the spindles of the North, not one has moved South, and there has been no strike of any consequence there since 1904. The great expansion of the cotton-spinning industry in the South, it appears on closer examination of the official figures, has therefore not been a movement of mills, as is superficially thought, but the industrialization of the South itself, in which such expansion represents increased cotton-goods production in the United States as a whole, with the South taking the lead for various good and sufficient reasons.

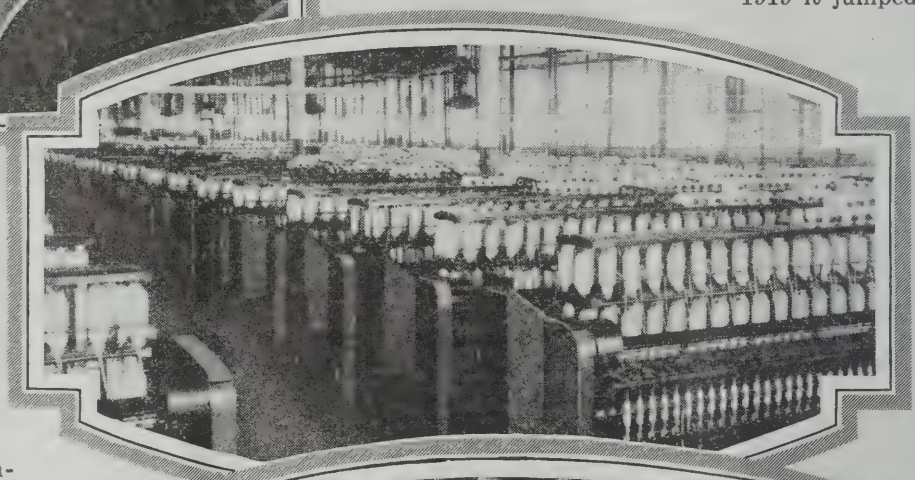
It should be noted here that even though the South consumes 2,528,822 more bales of raw cotton than the North, the aggregate value of its finished products is about the same. Moreover, in the matter of yardage, the 1923 Government reports show that the Southern mills spun only 4,767,000,000 square yards from the 4,192,985 bales they consumed, whereas the New England States got 3,144,000,000 square yards of cloth from the 2,049,580 bales they used. All of which tends to show that the latter section is making the finer fabrics, concentrating more on quality, while the former, speaking generally, runs more to cheaper or so-called competitive cloths.

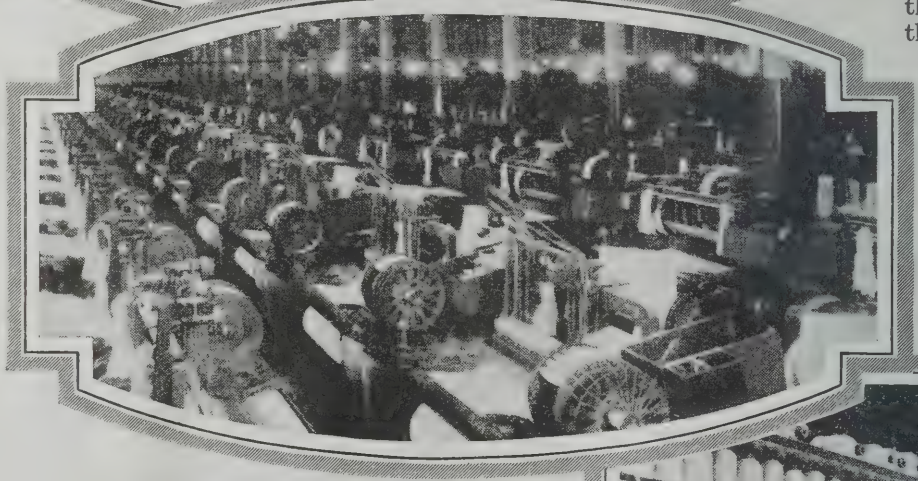
Until 1810, the South led New England in manufacturing, although



—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Above—Spooling cotton in a Southern mill. Right—Modern spinning frames in a big Southern cotton mill.





Above—Looms which have taken the operation of weaving out of human hands. Right—Operator at spinning machine in Southern mill.

cotton spinning, due to New England's climate, with other industrial advantages, was left pretty much to the Yankees. But the invention of the cotton gin, with negro labor, turned the whole attention of the South to agriculture—the large cotton plantations mostly—with manufacturing relegated to the background.

Then came the Civil War, with the South depressed for two decades following. Capital was lacking for the expansion of manufacturing industry and until 1880 or later most of the residents of the Piedmont section of the South, where this great cotton-spinning industry now flourishes, ate corn bread and blackstrap molasses three times a day.

Outside of occasional employment in the chewing-tobacco factories of that region, about a million and a half of pure-blooded Anglo-Saxon mountaineers were subsisting on a few scrawny acres planted to cotton, corn, and beans. This mountaineer stock, almost free of foreign blood, is the same type as those who made the textile mills of New England famous.

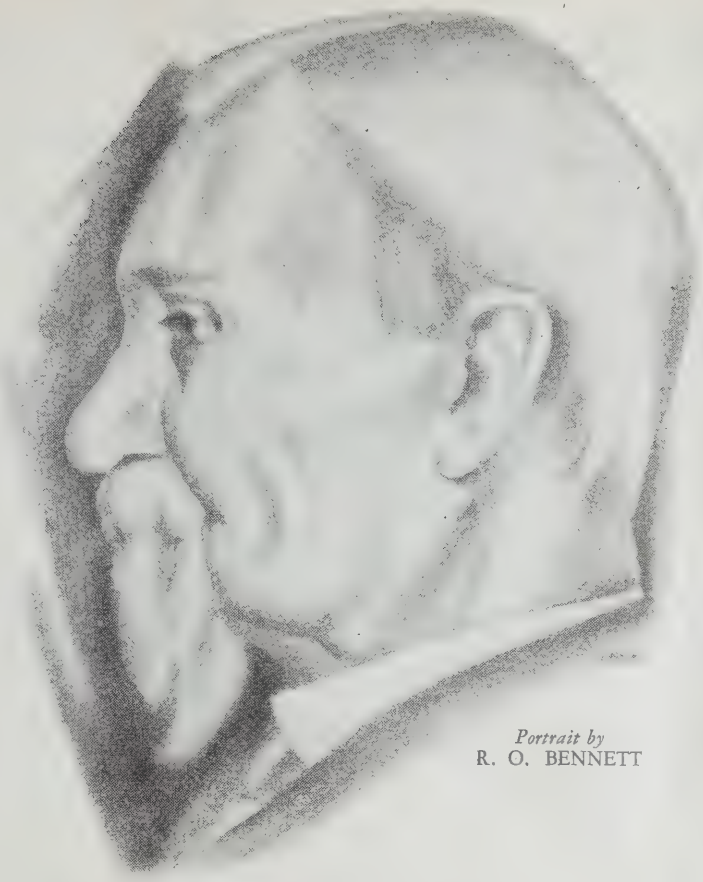
As the cotton-growing states gradually recovered from the effects of the war, the means of restarting the mills were forthcoming and with it business men who assumed leadership. Into these first mills, established less than fifty years ago, the savings of the community generally went, while from that nucleus as the initial investment, operating funds were built up from whatever source they could be acquired, until of late New England capital running into the hundreds of millions is now behind them.

For perhaps a quarter of a century, the operators in New England took no notice of this growing textile industry in the South. Now, however, they feel it so keenly that they have had to adjust themselves to the southward trend. This has been done, to a considerable extent, by constructing mills of their own in the South to take care of their increasing trade. Certain kinds of work can still be done in New England to better advantage than in the cotton-growing states, while many of the operatives of the North bring generations of background to their work. So, as said before, it is largely in the making of competitive cloths that the trek of the industry is southward. New England is still leading in the finer fabrics.

Tremendously rich in the natural resources for a textile industry—power, raw materials, and stable population—the mountain and plateau regions of the South have advanced with the stride of seven-league boots, in the past fifteen or twenty years. The capital invested in Southern mills in 1909 was only $351,000,000, while in 1919 it jumped to $812,000,000 and is probably more than a billion today, representing an investment equal to that in the New England mills, where the industry is as old as the nation.

New England, the birthplace of our textile industry, thrived under high protection and no serious competition with other sections of the country. Until the beginning of the present century the operatives there were of native or English stock, intelligent, skilled workmen, all speaking a common tongue. At the same time, with-

(Concluded on page 25)



Portrait by
R. O. BENNETT

Science Describes the Interior *of the* Earth

By J. V. NASH

Dr. T. C. Chamberlin, Dean of American Scientists, relinquished the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, which he had held since 1887, to become, in 1892, the head of the Department of Geology at the newly established University of Chicago, where he could be free to devote his entire time to his scientific work. In addition, he has been director of the Wisconsin Geological Survey, commissioner of the Illinois Geological Survey, and consulting geologist of the United States Geological Survey. In 1894 he was geologist to the Peary Relief Expedition and made an important study of the glaciers of Greenland. He holds almost innumerable degrees, memberships in scientific societies, and awards. As long ago as 1878 he received a medal from the Paris Exposition of that year in recognition of his geological publications. For years he has been the most prominent geologist in the United States.

THE interior of the earth is no longer a realm of darkness and mere speculation. Three lines of specific evidence now penetrate it. While their full report is not yet at command, important light has already been shed on the tectonic or architectural state of the interior.

'The earth is a heterogeneous elastic solid, inclosed in a heated jacket which it has been for ages forming about itself from worn and weathered surface material reshaped and bound together by exudations from within. The "floating crust" is a misinterpretation. The continents stand on solid (elastico-static) foundations. The earth is better organized and stronger today than ever before, and the reorganizing processes show no signs of exhaustion.'

Such is the latest announcement of Dr. Chamberlin, who for half a century or more has been diagnosing old Mother Earth.

At the age of more than eighty-two years, the veteran geologist has just completed an important series of investigations on the structure of the earth, and the foregoing is a summary of his conclusions. Although past the age-score mark, and now a professor emeritus, Dr. Chamberlin is continuing his inquiries at the University of Chicago regarding the earth's structure.

Dr. Chamberlin is author with Professor F. R. Moulton, of the now famous planetesimal hypothesis of the origin of the earth and other planets. I asked Dr. Chamberlin to tell something of his part in this important discovery. He explained how for many years he had been testing the Laplacian and other hypotheses which sought to explain the birth of worlds, and had found them unsatisfactory.

'These men,' he said, 'had been working down from the heavens to the earth. I looked upon the features of the earth as hereditary traits and wanted to trace them back and find out whence they came and how they came. That is the geological method.' Professor Moulton, he continued, was at this time a young instructor, specializing in celestial mechanics and mathematics.

One day, while crossing the campus, Dr. Chamberlin met young Moulton, and in the course of a conversation threw out a suggestion on a certain phase of planetary movements. 'He dropped his head,' Dr. Chamberlin went on, reminiscently, 'thought a moment, and said: "Why, to be sure. Why didn't I think of it? I think I can test that in other lines." So he started the application of what is called the *moment of momentum* to some fundamental problems. He began to inquire into whether the Laplacian hypothesis would stand tests in that line, and he reached very decided results.

'That was the beginning of our coöperative work, and perhaps I may be pardoned for saying that it was a rather unusual combination in that field. Moulton, you see, was strong on celestial mechanics and on mathematics, whereas I was a naturalist, working from the earth up. Moulton understood the other side perfectly, and could test things by the principles of mechanics.

In reply to the inquiry as to how he had happened to become a geologist, he looked back with his mind's eye across the years and replied:

'I began simply as an educator, without any thought of scientific investigation. I was a high school principal at Delavan, Wisconsin, from 1866 to 1868. I taught the old classical course of the strictest sort. There was very little science in it, and I was personally strongly inclined to the philosophies. But after two years of experience as a public school-teacher and principal, I became convinced that the course of study was too narrow, limited, and dry, really to meet the needs of the ordinary pupil.

'So during those two years I gave little talks on various subjects—geology, astronomy, history, and things of that sort—to broaden out the course. I also started some little excursions out to see something of nature. I was untrained in these lines, but as a boy on the farm in the pioneer days when nature was still almost unmodified I had an unusual opportunity to see nature as it was, as a boy sees it.

'In doing this supplementary work for the pupils, I myself became interested in the sciences. I foresaw the coming wave of scientific development. So I stopped teaching for a year, and went to the University of Michigan to study the sciences. I covered the full range of the leading sciences. I had tickets of admission to the dissecting rooms, and similar advantages.

(*Concluded on page 19*)

Putting *Sense* Into Taxation

A Plea for *Raising Revenue* Without *Destroying Prosperity*

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE noon whistle blew. The visitor, looking at his watch, asked the factory superintendent:

'Is that the right time?'

'Sure it is; it's observatory time. Do you see that big clock across the street in the jeweler's window? That's one of those telegraph clocks. It's always right, and we go by it.'

The next day the visitor happened to be in the jeweler's shop. He compared his watch with the jeweler's clock and asked, absently:

'Is your clock right?'

'To the dot,' replied the jeweler. 'It hasn't varied half a minute in a couple of years. That factory across the street gets the time direct from Washington, and when the noon whistle blows I look at my clock and it's always right, or at the most just a fraction of a minute off.'

That is the way with a good many authoritative statements when tracked to their lairs—particularly when we get into the high realms of government finance. We spend what we can raise by taxation and borrowing, but also we tax and borrow according to what we spend. It is just like the old game of fixing wages on the cost of living. Wages and the cost of living are results of the efficiency and directness of production and distribution. If we regulate our taxes by our expenditures and our expenditures by our taxes, then no matter how learned we may look, we are merely setting the factory whistle by the jewelry clock and the jewelry clock by the factory whistle. That is, we never know what time it really is in our public finance.

The first real tax question is: *What do we want and how much do we want to pay for it?* The second question is: *Who should do the paying?*

And right here we run up against a fact which is not commonly emphasized. We should not—continuing expenditures in their present volume—have much bother about tax rates if it were not for the exemptions.

We legally exempt between one-fifth and one-sixth of the entire wealth of the nation from taxation and that is only a fraction of the actual total exemption. Tax-exempt bonds are only a trifling part of this exemption.

It is in the states and their subdivisions that the exemptions, legal and otherwise, come into full flower. Some of the legal exemptions are obvious; it would be mere bookkeeping for a state to tax its own property. Also it is a general rule that charitable, educational, and religious institutions be not taxed—at least on other than their investment property.

There seems to be no good reason why an endowed orphan asylum should not be taxed on its real estate, while the workman up the street supporting his wife and children and at the same time buying his house is taxed. It would be a fine thing for the country if church property were taxed, because then from every pulpit in the country we should have sermons on taxation!

The ratio of legally exempt real estate to taxpaying real estate runs from 7 per cent in Missouri to 124 per cent in Wyoming, but in Wyoming this is accounted for by the large area of public lands. New York exempts over $4,000 million, or 24 per cent, Massachusetts exempts 18 per cent, and Pennsylvania the same percentage. Illinois exempts only 9 per cent, Ohio and Michigan 10 per cent, and New Jersey 12 per cent.

The fair and frank taxation of realty is getting almost no attention, in spite of the fact that it is the main support of local government. In the case of a rented property the burden of this tax is sometimes on the tenant and at other times on the landlord. When there is a shortage of houses, the full burden falls on the tenant. When there is a surplus, the payment is divided according to the surplus—that is, when there is a glut of houses and apartments, landlords will take almost any rentals they can get. They then operate at a loss and this loss finds its way back into the sales value of the property.

The price of a property bought for rental is based on the capitalization of the rental. The realty tax can make or break a community almost overnight and upset business and living conditions more effectively and more rapidly than any other tax. It is possible to take a big slice off the value of a property by increasing the rate of taxation.

So many factors enter into the incidence of taxation—that is, into who really gets hit—and so many of these factors depend on the emotions and conditions of the moment, that only the pigeonhole type of mind will dogmatize. We do know, however, that too heavy a tax will either be evaded or will exhaust its source.

The policeman may take an apple every day from the fruit stand, but if he decides to take a bushel every day, the Italian gentleman will either forcibly resist or will remove his stand. The policeman's protection is worth an apple a day but it is not worth a bushel a day.

We go on the tax theory that what we do not know does not hurt us. In other words, if the policeman sneaks an apple every time he passes and the Italian does not see him, it is of no matter even if he does pull out a bushel a day. But our taxes are now so large that they cannot be taken surreptitiously.

The only painless tax not yet tried is the sales tax. This magic tax about which we heard so (Continued on page 22)

WE TALK about tax reauction. There is only one way to effect tax reduction, and that is by reducing the amount that the state spends. We must either pay the piper or not hire him. How much government do you want and how much do you want to pay for it? Are you getting your money's worth? And are you paying for government with a minimum or with a maximum of inconvenience? Then why search for the painless tax at all, since the best we can get is a poor substitute? Since we cannot know exactly what taxation does to us, why not do the next best thing—know what we directly pay, and abolish all painless taxes? Why search for what cannot be?

Abraham Lincoln's Vein of Poesy

A Trait Which Furnishes Rare Insight Into His Character

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Drawing by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

HUMAN nature is complex. We shall not fully understand any man by inquiring what were his major interests and stopping with these. Every man combines in his personality elements diverse and antithetic, blended either harmoniously or discordantly. Every man is the sum of all his qualities. We can never assume that we know any man until we have completed our induction of his proclivities, and made inventory of his traits and impulses both dominant and subordinate.

Abraham Lincoln was a lover of poetry, and at one time cherished aspirations to be a poet. This is not the most important fact to be known about him, but is a fact not negligible in the summing up of his character.

Poetry is the oldest form of literature. The oldest books of history, by no means excluding the historical books of the Old Testament, have embedded in them scraps of poetry and song still older. Children are poets by nature. Only by persevering cultivation of adult stupidity do we make ourselves as commonplace as we ultimately become. To say that Abraham Lincoln in his youth aspired to be a poet is to make a gratifying discovery of his essential normality. It will do us good to discover also how he learned poetry and what kinds of poetry he cared for.

What was the first poetry Lincoln knew? The few books of his boyhood contained no poetry, save only as he found it in the poetical portions of the Old Testament, and he did not know that the *Psalms* and *Proverbs* were poetry. *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Aesop's Fables*, the *Arabian Nights*, Parson Weems' *Life of Washington* and whatever history of the United States the boy Lincoln possessed were none of them in verse. He did not learn poetry, or what he thought was poetry, from books.

The first poetry he heard was in the form of old ballads, sung to him by his mother. This included *Barbara Allen*, in which the hero died of a broken heart by reason of the cruel rejection he suffered at the hands of the heroine; and *Fair Eleanor*, which she probably pronounced 'Ellender,' whose tragic tale was an early form of the triangle. The Brown Girl she had lands and gold, Fair Eleanor she had none, so the lover acted on the advice dictated by worldly wisdom, and married the Brown Girl. Fair Eleanor went to the wedding, which was a perilous adventure, and she made unpleasant remarks about the complexion of the Brown Girl:

'Is this your bride?' Fair Eleanor said,
'She seemeth me plagued brown;
And you might have had as fair a bride
As ever the sun shone on!'

Gentlemen prefer blondes, we are told, and this preference would appear to have been of long standing. The hero would have preferred Fair Eleanor, except for the undeniable advantage of the Brown Girl's land and gold. The Brown Girl did not enjoy Fair Eleanor's contemptuous remark, and so stabbed her fair rival. The hero promptly drew his sword, cut off the Brown Girl's head, 'and slung it agin the wall.' Then just before he thrust his sword into his own vitals, he turned to his mother, who had advised him to jilt Fair Eleanor and marry the Brown Girl, and he gave these final directions:

'Oh, Mother, dear Mother, come dig my grave,
And dig it wide and deep,
And bury Fair Eleanor in my arms,
And the Brown Girl at my feet.'

That was a satisfactory way to dispose of a triangle. When there was no *tertium quid* there still could be a dramatic ending. Though it was Barbara Allen and not her lover who was cruel, gallantry had its place in the ending of the ballad. The two lovers were buried beside the church. Out of her breast grew a red, red rose, and out of his grew a briar, and they grew beside the old church wall, and they climbed to the top of the spire, and there they twined in a true-lover's knot, for all true lovers to admire.

Never in all her life did Nancy Hanks Lincoln see a church-house with a spire, any more than she saw a lord and lady or a turbaned Turk who scorned the world, who strutted around with whiskers curled, content in the admiration of the ladies of his harem, but she sang about all these things, and Abraham Lincoln learned his first poetry in that fashion.

But also he quickly learned hymns. Once a month his parents took him to church, and sometimes they conveyed him to a big baptizing, and he heard poetry there in the hymns. The congregation rode to church up the creek or down, stopping at the houses of their neighbors as they went, and gathering what grew to be something of a procession.

They assembled under the beech trees, the men talking about 'craps' and politics, while the women were comparing babies and telling each other what was good for whooping cough and itch, until the preacher arrived. He hitched his horse to a swinging limb, took his saddlebags across his arm, and went inside the log temple followed by two straggling groups, the men on one side and the women on the other.

On the rude pulpit were the preacher's Bible and hymn book, and a bucket of water with a gourd dipper. Not only did the preacher drink freely, but any member of the congregation rose whenever he wished a drink, and got it and returned to his seat on a puncheon slab. The preacher had the only hymn book, if indeed he had one. (*Continued on page 20*)

Losing the Game Is as *Important* as *Winning* It

By
GILMOUR DOBIE

HEAD FOOTBALL COACH, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

The newspaper editor would be short-lived if he omitted football or baseball from his sporting pages.

Gilmour Dobie, head football coach at Cornell University, has been called the 'Miracle Man of Football' because of his unique record for turning out championship elevens. He first came into the gridiron limelight at the University of Washington where year after year he turned out teams which had practically perfect seasons, repeatedly defeating such schools as California and Oregon. Dobie left Washington in 1915, and after a year with the University of Detroit became head football coach at the United States Naval Academy. From Annapolis he went to Cornell, and because of his success there has been given a ten-year contract, with eight seasons left to coach. His team each year is rated as one of the best in the country.

I AM frequently asked by lovers of football—and by broad-minded educators who recognize the place of clean competitive athletics in the development of young men—as to the danger resulting from the lofty position created for the gridiron hero of today. Also, in the tremendous importance given this sport on the average American campus.

Everything seems to be turned toward the production of a winning team. The alumni regard that as the most valuable aid they can render their alma mater. The heaviest investment athletically is in the stadium, and in the football establishment which of course includes the coaches.

The general public patronizes clashes between traditional foes literally by the tens of thousands, whereas games of equal importance in other lines of athletics do not awaken interest or draw similarly big gates. Columns of newspaper publicity are given the sport and its participants—greater and more consistently than for any other. The heroes of the game receive more widespread discussion than any public man of the day unless it be the nation's President.

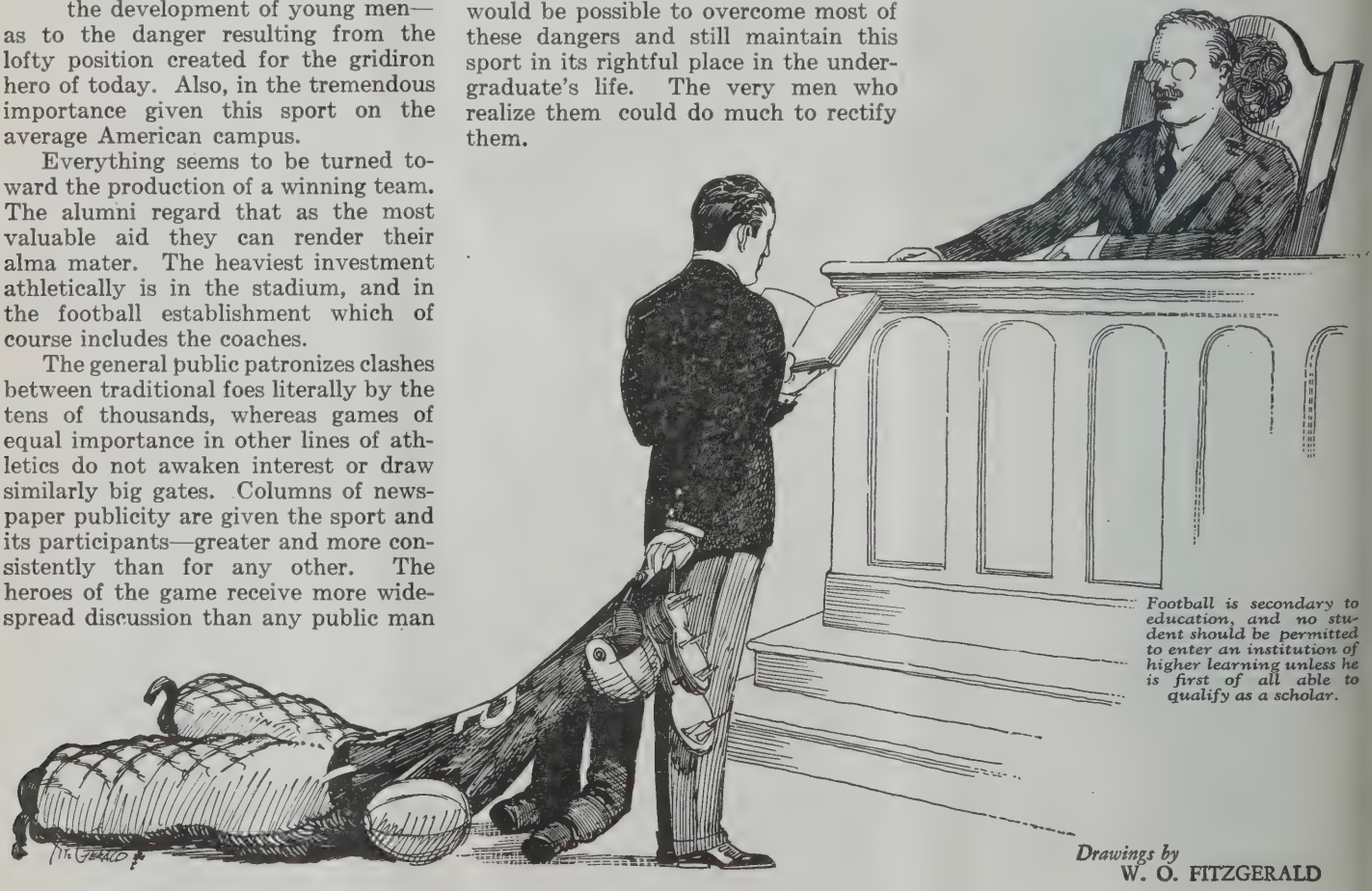
All of which has caused earnest-thinking men, looking ahead into the future, to debate seriously whether the time has not come to correct this condition by abolishing or curtailing intercollegiate football.

They point to the invasion of the field this year by professional teams as one danger sign. They use 'Red' Grange and George Wilson as illustrations of what they believe to be the logical sequence of American college football. They point to the great stadiums being erected over the United States, to the high salaries paid the coaches, and the scouting done by the alumni in securing stellar players for their own schools—at times paying for their education.

We all recognize that there is justice in these contentions. But we should not hold football as a sport responsible for them. In my opinion it would be possible to overcome most of these dangers and still maintain this sport in its rightful place in the undergraduate's life. The very men who realize them could do much to rectify them.

In the first place, too much attention is given to the importance of winning games. Naturally, I believe in winning. I believe every man in every team who goes on the football field should trot out with a determination to win if he can legitimately. But not every team *can* win. Nor can the same team *always* win. If a team goes out and gives its best, but loses to a superior eleven, it should receive the honor it deserves for having given all it had. No student or alumni body, no faculty or townsman, could expect more. Make the test of the team one of good, clean sportsmanship and fighting spirit—and let that same test apply to the school. In other words, be just as great in defeat as in victory.

The great danger I see in the undue importance given the game is in its overshadowing the true purpose of a college education. This can be overcome by making stricter eligibility standards, and then enforcing them. The school which lowers its bars to admit football men who are inferior students does a grave injury to the cause of football. Football is secondary to education and no student should be permitted to enter an institution of



Football is secondary to education, and no student should be permitted to enter an institution of higher learning unless he is first of all able to qualify as a scholar.

Drawings by
W. O. FITZGERALD

It is generally recognized that football carries the other lines of sport in colleges.

igher learning unless he is first of all ole to qualify as a scholar. In addi- on, he should not be permitted to lay more than three years of inter- ollegiate football, regardless of where r under what banner. That is suffi- ent for his development.

I do not agree with those who con- der 'Red' Grange, George Wilson, or ıe other former stars now professional, s typical of the many great players who ave carved their names in the Hall of ame. They represent but a small raction of the leaders developed by ıe game. There are plenty of examples ı the other side of the ledger. One George Pfann, Cornell's great all- merican back of only a few years go, is today a Rhodes scholar.

Personally I do not fear the invasion professional football. I do not believe can ever supersede the intercollegiate ame of today. The spectators attend ıe latter partly to feel the enthusiasm the undergraduates. They become oung again in the thrill of the kick-off. hey could not renew themselves in the ectacle of two professional teams be- ıuse the rivalries of the schools find an ho in their own hearts.

I do not fear that undergraduate ars will seek that field in the future ay more than do baseball stars seek ıe big leagues. A certain percentage ıay do so, but not among those who e in college primarily to obtain an ducation. The reams of publicity ven a football star should not be lamed on the sport.

Looking at it from the editor's view- oint, he would be short-lived if he mitted football or baseball news from is sporting pages. And so would his rculation.

I do not believe we should be armed at the large sums realized from otball nor from the investment made it by the students. Of course it is nerally recognized that football car- es the other lines of sport and without s revenues they would have to be ecidedly curtailed. But aside from at, why shouldn't the college wel- come the flow of money from its patrons to this sport? If necessary to construct even larger fields for their accommoda- tion, why not do so? So long as revenues justify, why not give the public the accommodations to which they are en- titled?

The great interest in football today is a product and part of modern civiliza- tion. The higher schools reach into many corners of the land and touch many homes. On every corner lot, young America is finding in football its most enjoyable fall sport. The game no longer requires weight and brawn alone. Quick judgment and a keen mind are just as important.

I believe that the faculty which in- sists on scholarship first of all from its students will not suffer from overem- phasized football. The danger lies in permitting the desire to win games to lead us to seek good football material first and good students second. The football manager, the coach, the student body or the alumni do not control the entrance requirements. Insist on scholarship, and athletics will take their proper place in college life.

They could not renew themselves to the spectacle of two professional teams.

The Propaganda Factory

By
GEORGE BARRETT DE MORE

IN EVERY modern brokerage office, besides the quotation tickers which print the fluctuations in stocks and bonds, there are news tickers—some- what after the fashion of electrically operated typewriters—which print news affecting the market 'too hot,' to use a newspaper phrase, to await the turning out of a news sheet and its distribution.

The news which broker and stock operator consider so important is gathered by financial reporters who are valued by their employers in ratio to their acquaintance with the street; upon this depends their ability to ferret out news. For unless the financial man has an axe to grind he is pretty sure to keep his lips tight together.

A young reporter who had pre- viously worked only on daily news- papers in New York and the West was taken on by one of these financial news agencies. He was accosted by an ac- quaintance in a café in the financial district as to what he was doing.

'Over at the propaganda factory,' was his reply, and the other understood.

Here is a paragraph written by a broker who spent over thirty years in Wall Street. It was the result of ob- servations made during a day long since past, but it shows clearly that it is practically impossible to have financial news in its entirety based on facts:

'One of the strangest of anomalies of speculation is the facility with which men are induced to take large risks on false information and manufactured "points" (tips). Considering the readi- ness with which a numerous class of "outside" operators buy or sell on sensa- tional rumors, it is not surprising that the professional operators should keep the market well supplied with such de- coys; and it is not easy to say which most deserves condemnation—the heed- less credulity of the dupes, or the de- liberate lies of the canard-makers.

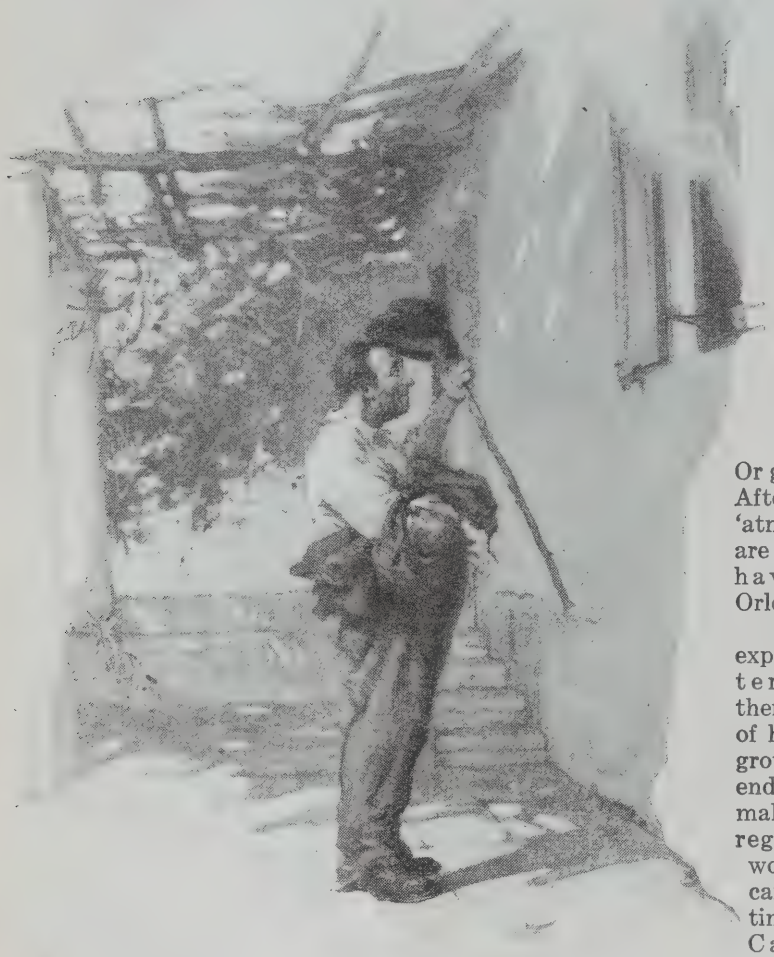
'The object of many of the Wall Street news agencies is a useful one; but the public has a right to expect that when they subscribe for information upon which immense transactions may be undertaken, the utmost caution, scru- tiny and fidelity should be exercised in the procurement and publication of the news. Anything that falls short of this is something worse than bad service and bad faith with subscribers; it is dishonest and mischievous. And yet it cannot be denied that too much of the so-called news that reaches the public through these instrumentalities must come under the condemnation of propaganda.'

The *Kitchen Side* of New Orleans,

The City That Remembers Cooking

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

Illustration by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN



Do tramps know more about us than our acquaintances? They come to our back doors, and these show what we really are.

IF YOU want to see the real differences in people you must see their homes, and know their standards of living. It doesn't ever do to 'place' casual acquaintances in impersonal surroundings. Ready-made clothes can make us all alike outwardly, but externals matter little. It is the internals that count—even to the food we eat!

Tourists come to New Orleans by the thousand. They see St. Charles Avenue, Canal Street, and then 'do' Frenchtown. They go to the Cabildo, St. Louis Cathedral, the Presbytere. They see Jackson Square and the Pontalba buildings, and listen to the tales of the professional guide. Then of course a few studios and the Haunted House. They buy an antique or two from Royal Street, visit St. Roch's, the Chalmette Monument, and the cemeteries. (Those cemeteries are filled with the most gruesome and the most amusing stories one can hear, so don't forget them!) They may even take the boat trip around the harbor, and eat at Antoine's or Galatoire's. Or go to the Patio. After reveling in 'atmosphere' they are through. They have seen New Orleans.

These surface expeditions are interesting, and there is a wealth of historical background, both legend and fact, that makes even these regulation visits worth while. You can't spend any time in the Vieux Carre without hearing of Jean LaFitte and the Barataria Pirates, without getting back to Patti, and Lafcadio Hearn. A queer trio to choose at random—but then, that is the way things are mixed in New Orleans!

But I've been wondering if tramps do not know more about us than our acquaintances do! They come to our back doors, and it is our back doors that show what we really are. Many homes that are the same from the living room are utterly unlike in the kitchen. Period furniture does not mean dinner on time! If the kitchen scales were the determinant, many a family would be weighed and found wanting!

Tramps do not bother with sightseeing. But they know their way to the back door, even when it leads through a little alleyway. They know that the bare-looking houses built right on the street have beautiful courtyards at the back. They can tell you of palm trees, bananas and oleanders, of hand-hewn doorways, high double-arched galleries and old fan-shaped windows. They see the flagged courts, with sweet olive, crepe myrtle, pomegranate, aspidistra, yuccas, lantana and shrimpflowers. Rosa Montana flames on the old walls and Spanish jars and pitchers would lure Maxfield Parrish. They know the old wall fountains and well heads, the wall lanterns, and mossy stone benches that tempt a tired tramp!

They can tell you that places that are old-fashioned, even shabby, from the outside, boast furniture worth a young fortune, with antiques still rising in price. Families that might be considered poor by Northern standards have servants as a matter of course, and maintain the kitchens of the past. A tramp knows!

The furniture in many of these old homes offers a decided contrast to the early American of the New England States, of Pennsylvania, or Virginia. Here there are many French pieces, and French influence in the designs of Louisiana cabinetmakers.

The tramps may not see the difference in the carving of the furniture—but they'll know that New Orleans knows how to carve meat. Even the humble daube and spaghetti is a feast.

And the enticing smells that greet you as you approach the back door! Coffee roasting, as coffee should be. A little chicory added to make it just right. Where else do people still roast their own coffee?

Someone said the other day that Americans do not like odors connected with food. We have a scent modesty which forbids garlic, onions, or anything smelly! If you have that complex New Orleans kitchens and foods will not intrigue you. While you are in New Orleans you will prefer eating on the uptown side of Canal Street. For besides onions and garlic, downtown New Orleans uses thyme, bayleaf, spices of all kinds, basil and filet. If you want your food really seasoned try some of the downtown New Orleans restaurants! You may not believe that East is East and West is West, but when it comes to uptown and downtown New Orleans you know that 'Never the twain shall meet!'

Filet is the powdered dry leaves of sassafras. The Indians used it, so it isn't a strictly French seasoning. It is used for thickening the gumbo that is one of the favorite dishes.

Okra, crabs, shrimps, oysters, tomatoes, these and often more go into that gumbo. From the time your New Orleans cook starts to brown her flour until the gumbo is (Concluded on page 21)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE time required to make a living is steadily decreasing. This in spite of the fact that the elements that compose what we call a living are steadily increasing in quantity and quality. Less than a century ago, a living for the working people did not amount to much, but it required fifteen or sixteen hours of labor every day to obtain it. So we see the rewards of labor steadily increasing while the hours of labor are steadily decreasing.

The decrease will continue. When the twelve-hour day was succeeded by the ten-hour day, it was prophesied that industry would suffer. Then by slow stages the scale sank to nine hours, until at the present time it is a widely accepted standard that eight hours should form a day's labor-time, and even this in many industries has coupled with it the Saturday half-holiday.

The influences which are responsible for the movement thus far have been haphazard and sporadic. At first it was sheer humanitarianism that entered the arena. People of sense and feeling protested in the name of humanity against the cruel affliction of excessive working hours for mere pittances of pay. They could offer no reason for their protest except that of humanity; they had no argument beyond the ordinary one that this was no way to treat dependent human beings. Thus, whatever improvement came was made in a blind sort of way. There was no sound basis in economics that could then be urged in its favor. Indeed, the whole attitude of industry was that *time off* was *time lost.* Business was ruled by the shortsighted opinion that the only relation which the employe had to the economics of society was as a worker. Keep him at work! Deny him leisure! Time off was counted time wasted, and there were even good people who opposed holidays on the ground that the working people did not make good use of them.

Probably they did not. The right use of leisure must be learned by experience. And there was no proper leisure in the old times. There was only idleness. There is all the difference in the world between idleness and leisure. One is the waste of energy; the other is the use of it in free time apart from the active necessary duties of earning a living.

Merely to make a bare living, that is, provide the things which may be consumed while they are being created, such as food and clothing, requires very little time. The mere living is earned very early in the working day. That part of the business is over and done before the morning has well begun. We go far wrong when we say that it requires all the work that we do to earn our living. In these days we require so many more things than a living, that a living has become the smallest part of what we earn. A very small proportion of the work most of us perform would suffice to maintain us. But there are a thousand other things that enter into the matter now—all the necessities, conveniences, advantages and opportunities of civilization. While our industries are turning these out in quantity for the use and development and enjoyment of the world, the individual worker is providing his own share of these things.

THE type of individual who can work with a will is the type that can also play with a will, and in his play he will be using the accumulated production of his labor. That is the foundation which sound economics has built beneath leisure. It is good business, just as good wages is good business. If good wages make good customers, leisure gives those same customers time and inclination to use what they have made. The way is then cleared for more. And the valuable by-product of it all, in terms of human benefit, is a more widely varied and a more enriched experience.

Now, it is just here that the new basis for leisure is discovered. Food for the day, if earned in the day, is consumed by the work of the day. But when can the people consume or use all the other things that now go to embellish their life? We have no leisure class in this country. All the business of the wealthy would not support a single industry. Our buying class is our working class, and our working class must also become our 'leisure class,' if our immense production is to be balanced by consumption. Besides, it is only just and human and progressive and educational that the people should use what they produce.

That, then, is the new basis for leisure. Instead of hurting business, it helps it. We seem to forget that business is one-half use. If we always produced and never used, there could be no continuous business. But when we apportion the time between production and use, we are acting in accordance with the economic law.

The burden of adjusting these functions so that they mutually support each other falls upon management. There is no charity involved. Leisure, like everything else, must be earned. No one has control of enough of anything in this world to give a constant supply of it to anyone; we must all produce it together. And this means a type of workman who knows the value of both leisure and labor. A man who knows how to employ his free hours well will also know how to employ his working hours to best advantage. The two cannot very well be mixed, but the type of individual who can work with a will is the type that can also play with a will, and in his play he will be using the accumulated production of his labor.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

A New Trend in Education

A UNIVERSITY cannot be made a political football and continue to serve a useful purpose. The experiment in Washington where Governor Hartley has forced the removal of Dr. Henry Suzzallo as president of the state university is bound to prove costly—either to the university or to the governor. Whatever the original merits of the controversy, it has coalesced into a single fundamental question: Shall one man have the power summarily to dismiss the head of a great educational institution. If he has, the breakdown of the nation's public education system is only a matter of time.

Rightly or wrongly, Governor Hartley has arrogated to himself that power. He has set himself up as the sole dictator of the educational facilities of a large commonwealth. He has acted contrary to the advice of his legislature and the prominent men of his state. His action in removing Dr. Suzzallo was personal; it was done by his appointees at his behest. And its effect not only upon the University of Washington but upon the other institutions of higher learning in that state is sure to be far from salutary. Months ago it was known that Dr. Suzzallo had to go. He was slated, apparently, from the moment Hartley took office. Certain members of the university's Board of Trustees stood in the way. They were removed. The governor's power to do this, under existing laws, was upheld by court decree. From that moment it was a certainty that Dr. Suzzallo was marked for the axe.

The university president was removed at a star chamber session of the trustees without a hearing, without opportunity to defend himself, without even adequate public explanation of the reasons for the action. Had he been guilty of the gravest misdemeanors, he would have been entitled to at least a fair trial. But as the record stands the most serious charge against him appears to be the fact that he urged financial support for the university when the governor sought curtailment. And in this the legislature—representing the people of the state—upheld Dr. Suzzallo and not the governor.

During his twelve years of service Dr. Suzzallo had built the University of Washington into one of the outstanding universities of the country. His work received nation-wide recognition. Not long ago he was offered the presidency of the University of Pittsburgh at double the salary he was receiving, but he declined because he wanted to complete the work he had undertaken at Washington. Now that work has been terminated, not by the people of the state—his real employers—but by one man. As head of a great state institution Dr. Suzzallo was responsible to the citizens of the state, to the taxpayers who support the college. His work, apparently, was highly satisfactory to them. But it has suddenly been cut off by a lone state official. One-man government has no place in America, particularly in the nation's great educational system.

No Complaint

MAL DAUGHERTY essayed a dance for the first time in his life, a sort of jig-time Charleston. Harry M. Daugherty smiled a broad, bland smile. After deliberating for nearly sixty-six hours the jury had disagreed—seven to five, according to newspaper reports—for conviction.

For more than a month the jurors had listened to the interesting story of the transfer of $7,000,000 American Metal Company stock, seized during the war, to one Richard Merton, German metals magnate. They had heard Merton tell of a jolly New York dinner where the deal was consummated, a dinner attended by the late John T. King, Connecticut politician, by the late Jesse Smith, Daugherty intimate, by Thomas W. Miller, Alien Property Custodian. They heard Merton tell of turning over to King a block of bonds ($441,000) for his 'help and speed' in putting the transaction through. They heard Government witnesses trace many of these bonds, by number, to Messrs. Miller and Smith. They heard of a check sent by Mr. King to the bank presided over by Mal Daugherty. They heard Mal Daugherty testify that Brother Harry had burned the bank records covering this transaction 'in his shack.' They heard Judge Mack instruct them on conspiracy, on bribery. And then five of them stood out staunchly for sixty-six hours for Harry Daugherty's acquittal.

'I have no complaints to make,' declared Mr. Daugherty after the jury had been discharged. There was one other noteworthy utterance. 'I will not be able to tell for a month,' said United States District Attorney Buckner, *'whether I'll bring them to trial again or not.'*

A Campaign Without Green Apples

PROBABLY the most remarkable feature of the campaign which comes to an end Tuesday has been the utter lack of national party issues. In this it has been unlike any other campaign of recent years. Politicians have striven valiantly to stir up both issues and party enthusiasm, but they have met with scant success. The campaign, nationally, has been a model of tranquillity. It has been as calm as a midsummer idyll. Whatever disturbance has existed has been purely local.

The World Court—as an issue—was settled definitely at the primaries. So many pro-Court Senators were rejected *by their own parties* as to leave little doubt on the attitude of the American people toward adherence to the Court. And the attempt of the wets to make an issue out of prohibition has fizzled dismally. Even the dummy referendums, set up as targets for the drys to waste their ammunition on, have fluked. The wets' failure has been so complete that competent political observers believe this year will mark the end of such attempts on a wide scale. Grant the abortive efforts of the wets the dignity of an 'issue,' and they could not be accounted a party issue, for they cut sharply across party lines.

So the country has been treated to the unusual spectacle of a national campaign conducted without national party issues. Leaders of one party have let it be known that prosperity is the issue. But prosperity is not an issue; it is the inversion of all issues. Issues spring from depression, not from prosperity. An issue is a pain in the body politic. It is an indication of an unhealthy condition. Issues provide political medicine men the opportunity to spring forward with pet panaceas for curing all ills. But this year the ills are missing; the lack of issues gives evidence of a happy country. The Republican and the Democratic parties are as alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

Unlucky the politician who cannot find an issue, but lucky the nation!

The Return of Roscoe Arbuckle

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE is back in the movies. His exile is ended; he is welcomed once again into the Hollywood fold. But his likeness will not be flashed upon the screen, his name will not appear in bright theater lights, nor will it be seen in heavy newspaper type. For he is back as director, not as actor, and under an assumed name. Only the initiated will know, when they see future films credited to 'William Goodrich,' that Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Arbuckle are the same person.

A few years ago Arbuckle pictures were barred in nearly every state in the Union. Then came the famous 'Christmas pardon,' by which Will H. Hays attempted to pave the way for Arbuckle's return to favor. But the reaction was so intensely condemnatory that the project was indefinitely postponed. Now Arbuckle is back; but he is back as 'William Goodrich,' not as Roscoe Arbuckle. His friends insist that he deserves a chance to make good, that he is truly repentant, that the public is willing to forgive and forget.

Possibly all this is so, but if it is, why should he not make good under his own colors? Why should this new 'return' be cloaked under anonymity? To many the name Arbuckle is anathema. In justice to them as well as to Arbuckle, his return to the screen should be made under his own name—so the public can have fair opportunity to decide whether they want to see pictures with which he has been connected.

Hist! 'Tis a Dangerous Night!

A MOONLIT orchard. Darkened shadows under the trees. Weird noises. Mysterious rappings on windows. The glowing, grimacing face of a jack-o'-lantern bobbing crazily as it vanishes in the woodland. A scurrying cloud—or is it a witch riding a broomstick?—flits across the moon, and a great barred owl hoots from the graveyard. It's Halloween!

Centuries ago the Druids performed mysterious rites on this night of nights. Bonfires were lighted to frighten away the ghosts and hobgoblins which were most apt, on this of all evenings, to frighten poor humans half out of their wits. In the green land of Erin, Saman, lord of death, called together the souls that had perished during the twelvemonth and had been condemned to inhabit the bodies of animals, and these rode abroad to spread terror in the hearts of the wicked. Down through the centuries has come the festival of Halloween, and down through the future centuries will it go. For Halloween is linked as strongly to the future as it is to the past. Is it not the night when troths are a-plighted and destinies are fixed? We have it on the word of no less a one than Robert Burns:

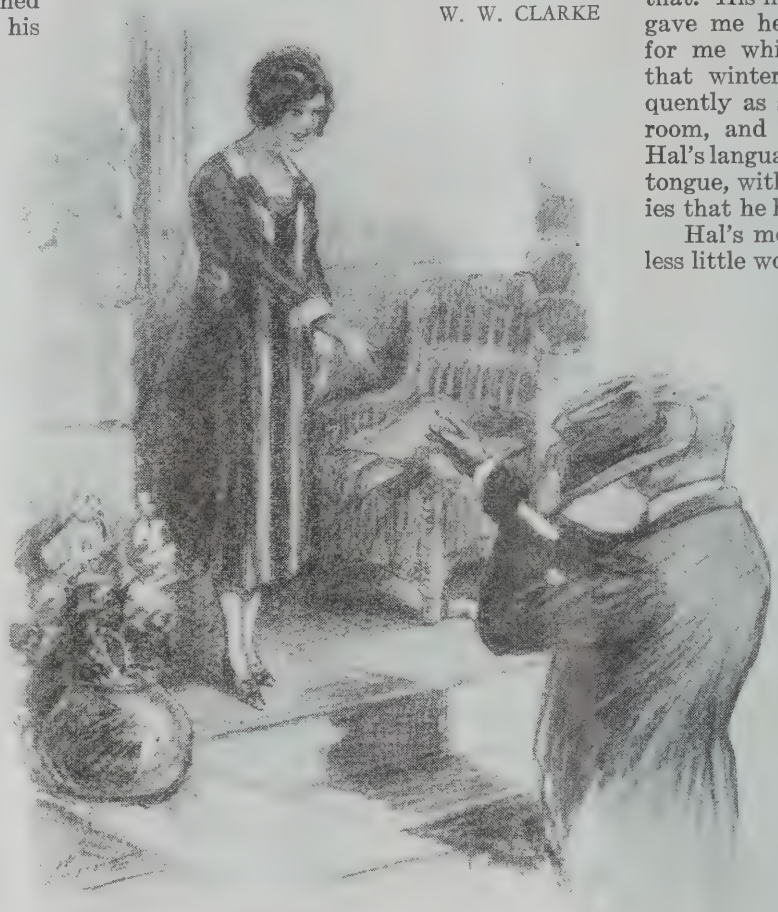
> And mony lads' and lasses' fates
> Are there that night decided.

Cynics may scoff at the march of the hobgoblins or the stirring of the sprites, but sensible persons will not. There are too many evil spirits astir. An' the gobble-uns'll git you, ef you don't watch out.

HAL—*A Story of Regeneration*

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE



Myra had grown older and the steady gaze of her eyes was tinged with a hint of wistfulness.

THE chances are you have seen Hal oftener than I have. You must have watched with admiration his courtly grace in the ballroom, his contagious smile, his frozen mask of determination when the big fight begins.

But you have never heard Hal talk. Unless speaking movies are perfected, he will never be able to take the lead in a photoplay based on his own dramatic life.

I saw Hal again only the other night. As I watched his deft portrayal of a millionaire's spoiled son, another picture thrust itself between the screen and my eyes. It was of Hal as I first encountered him, that afternoon several years ago when he cut my hair in a Hollywood barber shop.

His figure stood out in that garish room like a living statue amid a crowd of marionettes. His broad, low forehead, his Grecian nose, his dark blue eyes, that row of perfect teeth glinting in his irrepressible smile, his firm round chin, and the faint wave in his hair—I took them all in as I was led to his chair.

'Can you do it in fifteen minutes, shave, shampoo and all?' I asked.

Hal turned from the mirrored cabinet, snipping his scissors in his hand, and glanced at my bushy hair with a speculative smile. There is an odd charm in his every movement, as there is in the fleeting changes of his expression. But then he spoke.

'Y'aint askin' much, I'll say. Wotcha doin', ketchin' a train?' Such were the sounds that issued from that finely modeled mouth. 'Sure I'll do 't for yuh, this wunst, but don't holler though if I knick yuh. Jus' set still and let me operate.'

I felt as though a gleaming crystal ball had collapsed under my eyes into an ugly pile of clinkers. Hal's language sounded all the more slovenly because of the coarseness of his intonations. I decided to let the conversation die then and there. But Hal was only getting started.

'Who's the fella done yer hair last?' inquired my Greek god. 'Bum job, I'll say. Y'always wanna have yer hair cut by the same guy. Takes two 'r three cuttin's to get it to lay jus' right. Tell yuh what, phone the joint here a half hour before comin' over, 'n ask for Hal. That's me. I'll be ready for yuh.'

I apologized for the irregularity of my habits in tonsorial matters. I told Hal I couldn't very well have the same barber every week because I seldom stayed that long in the same town.

'Aincha got no home?' he queried.

And that led me to describe my widower's household, and how I sometimes got my own meals and did the dishes myself. 'I find it hard to get help,' I explained, 'because I keep the apartment here open only occasionally. I can't always find a woman who is free to come in when I need her.'

Hal was snipping away with tireless vigor.

'Y'oughta line up my old woman,' he said. 'She does washin' and gets meals. One good cook she is, too, I'll tell the world.'

I came to agree with Hal about that. His mother was a good cook. He gave me her address and she worked for me while I stayed in Hollywood that winter. I talked with her frequently as she fussed about the living room, and I discovered the origin of Hal's language. He spoke his mother's tongue, with copious grimy embroideries that he had picked up in the streets.

Hal's mother was a fluttery, toothless little woman, with wrinkled-leather features that had undoubtedly once been pretty. Her husband, she told me, had been a college man from the East—a chemist who met her in the lunchroom where she waited on table in her younger days. He had deserted her for another woman, a few years after their marriage, and Hal had had to go to work as soon as he was old enough. He started as a day laborer with the street car company, but later learned the barber's trade. He had always lived at home with his mother, and shared part of his income with her.

'Spends the rest of it jazzin' around with a gang o' roughnecks,' she explained. 'But he's doin' well, Judge, my boy is, what with his tips 'n' all. He's a bought a coop an' takes me to the movies in it sometimes nights. Funny thing, one thing that boy's crazy about; 'taint women, it's the movies.'

I was away traveling for nearly a year. When I returned home, Hal was in jail. His mother, still more fluttery than ever between her sobs, told me the story.

'He begun goin' to the dogs—musta been soon after you left. There's a girl in it somewheres. The police raided a gamblin' place. They was plain-clothes men. Hal was there and he shot one of them in the shoulder. He thought they was bandits, when they first jumped in on the crowd.'

I got Hal out on bail, and hired him as my chauffeur. He was sullen and silent. The old smile was gone. I tried to keep our relationship on the basis of friendship instead of acting the employer; Hal accepted it that way, but wouldn't talk with me. He dressed better than I did.

One night we dined together at a road house where I knew he had often danced. As I hoped, the associations of the place had brought out part of his story before the evening was over. But I reconstruct it here chiefly from what I learned afterward from his mother and from the girl.

From the outset it was one of those impossible romances that seem trivial or preposterous to relate, yet may bite deep. Bobbed hair was gaining vogue then; Fate should have sent the girl to some beauty parlor, but with her it was one of those reckless, street-corner decisions, and by the time she was in Hal's chair they were both lost. I can understand it because I know how Hal worked. He talked a blue streak with his male customers, but to the occasional women he rarely said a word. There was a strange refinement about him, a shy reticence with women, that stifled the turgid flow of his usual monolog. The girl could hardly have failed to be thrilled by his extraordinary good looks. But when, above his incorrigible smile, his eyes pleaded with her for a moment not to have those rich black tresses shorn, she must have felt the flattering warmth of a barely suggested personal intimacy.

She parried his thought with a gay little laugh.

'We're all doing it. Aren't you in the business? A boyish bob, please.'

The whole situation was the more dangerous because of its casual vagueness. But she saw reproach in his eyes.

A few months later he trimmed her hair again. That was her fault, not Fate's. But knowing the amazing charm of Hal's personality, when he was silent, I couldn't blame her. A tingling current of faintly daring intimacy sprang up between them—all with only a few matter-of-fact words spoken on her side and none on his.

BUT later he saw her dancing, at the road house where I was now getting my first hint of the tragedy. Hal had been completely fascinated by just two silent meetings. It was inevitable that, when their eyes met across the room, he should approach her table as the music started again, and that she should welcome that dance. Hal is an entrancing dancer. That was the first time they had ever talked together. It was the first time they learned each other's names.

The next night, hypnotized and utterly ignorant of the impression he had made, he presumed to call, uninvited. She taught school and lived with her father and a sister who kept house in a little bungalow. It was the sister who came to the door, and Hal waited on the porch while she went inside to announce him.

'Oh,' exclaimed the girl within, 'that awful boor. My dear, he's impossible! I met him last night. He's a dream of a dancer, but he talks like a dirty newsboy. I was mortified to death last night. Tell him I'm out, or ill, or something. I can't see him.'

The living room windows were open. Hal heard it all. He was gone before the bearer of the message returned. To understand it all you would have to know both Hal and the girl as I came to know them. Hers was a charm of which I think she was quite unconscious, and that made it the more intriguing. She had soft, glossy black hair, winsomely bobbed now, and a piquant oval face with olive skin through which a dusky blush showed faintly. Her slender figure seemed vibrant with magnetic energy.

She could not fail to rouse in any man an interest that the steady frankness of her large brown eyes promptly disarmed. Her vivacity expressed—I felt this when I had become acquainted with her—a potential passion that could be reckless, single and maternal.

She was the first woman Hal had ever met who represented something finer than the tawdry world of the manicure girls. I imagine his childlike soul felt for a moment as if it had been brushed by gossamer wings from some inaccessible fairyland.

Hal's reaction was inevitable. In violent disgust with the formless aspirations that had raised him to this Calvary, he tightened his armor around him. He went instantly and utterly to the bad. He deliberately sought the mud as a balm for his bruise. He took up a serious course of hard drinking. He gambled, lost his *(Concluded on page 27)*

I tried to keep our relationship on the basis of friendship, but he was sullen and silent.

Plants assist to make this sun room so inviting that it is often used as a family living room.

Plants *for the* Window Garden

Making Homes Beautiful *in the* Winter Time

By FLORENCE TAFT EATON

THERE is now no time to lose in looking after our house plants. If attended to immediately the potted plants will have a chance to recuperate and 'brace up' before they are brought into the house and arranged in their permanent winter quarters. There isn't the least need of the window garden appearing like a sanitarium for plant invalids—too often the case—if we begin operations early enough to give the plants time leisurely to take the successive steps leading from garden to window shelves or stands—a journey that must be a bit gradual and broken by occasional stops.

However, one needn't necessarily go entirely without plants merely because earlier work wasn't possible. Good 'dirt' is an essential. It therefore pays to be particular about it and to take time and thought in preparing it. A liberal amount of earth for all our plants should be provided by mixing one part of good loam from a fertile part of the garden with as much more fine dark humus from the bottom of a well-rotted compost heap. To this we add a little old manure if procurable, a small amount of wood ashes, and a bit of sand if it still seems too heavy; leaf mould from the woods or humus from the edges of the barnyard will serve if one has no compost heap—inconceivable, however, if one runs a garden!

All this we mix thoroughly and run through the ash sifter into a big box. We try to have a little left over to store in the cellar for our house-started seeds next spring. Next get the pots ready and collect all the broken ones for drainage; break them up and put an inch or so in the bottom of each pot.

It is a good idea to leave this broken crock in the bottom of its particular pot when we put them away for the summer after setting the plants in the garden; this saves much trouble.

It is an inference that every plant and flower lover has an abundance of 'slips' started in a shady part of the garden with window gardening in mind. Take up your desired number of these as carefully as possible without disturbing the roots; water, 'firm' well, and set in a shady place. If you fear frosts, set in the shed. Do not use too large pots for either slips or plants; they bloom much more freely and quickly if the roots are somewhat confined. If you are taking up older, larger plants, proceed a bit differently. Cut around them carefully, crumble off some of the superfluous earth (having reference to size of pot), put a little earth on top of the drainage, set the plant in, and holding it in your left hand, sift the prepared earth around with the right; slowly pour in water, add more earth, 'firm' carefully, and let a drip from the nozzle of the hose trickle on the surface until settled and solid; set in the shade.

Plants carefully taken up in this way will hardly wilt. It is well if they have been previously pruned with reference to their removal to the pots; if not, you can do sparse pruning now; but it is better, if not earlier pruned, to take up those of about the right size, as it takes some time for the plant to recover itself and get into ornamental shape after pruning.

After staying in the shade a day or two, with abundant watering, bring onto a shady corner of the piazza if the weather continues warm enough, and next into their winter quarters, shading a part of the day until well established.

If one has a regular plant or sun room one can, of course, acquire a greater number and variety of specimens. Large plants—arbutilons, orange and lemon trees, big azaleas, and the like—are successfully housed and grown. In regard to orange and lemon trees, I have a friend who grows them in her dining room—really not a very large

room—with great success. They blossom regularly and abundantly, and during their quite long blooming time their ravishing perfume is of 'Araby the blest.' She includes a camellia with these really tropical specimens. This also flowers freely every year and is so unique and beautiful a house plant as to attract great admiration.

The old-fashioned *Daphne odorata*, beloved of our grandmothers, is most attractive as a sun-room inhabitant. I used to spare room in my regular plant window for mine until it became so large that I gave it away with great regret! They grow slowly, however, and one can keep one some years before it becomes too large for convenience. This blossoms once a winter, every branch tipped with a cluster of entrancingly sweet pink and white waxy blossoms resembling the trailing arbutus; but the buds come to maturity so slowly and the blossoms last so long that the flowering time extends well over two months. It is sometimes rather hard to find these daphnes at nurseries; beg a 'slip' from some dear old country grandmother who still cherishes hers.

It is rather interesting, if one has a special plant or sun room, to experiment with novelties or less familiar specimens. I have in mind a fig tree occupying a corner in one sun room; this is of good size, drops its leaves every summer when set outdoors, but rushes to full, luxuriant foliage again with lightning rapidity when brought into winter quarters and given water and sunlight, and is very ornamental.

A sweet olive (*Olea fragrans*) is a delightful house plant. Its dark green glossy leaves growing in whorls, at the base of which spring delicate wreaths of tiny white flowers of most exquisite fruity fragrance, makes it an ornamental as well as beloved possession. One's whole room is perfumed by its delicate but delicious odor—permanent, because it is never without bloom. A lemon verbena must surely be included in any collection of plants where room can be spared. Its claim to our affection lies in the fragrance of its leaves—so delicious as to insure its inclusion if possible.

The same sun room includes a very interesting plant called the 'Crown of Thorns'—I could never learn or find another name! This showed lovely cherry-red, white-eyed, clustered blossoms once a year, and its foliage and habit of growth—including the 'thorns'—were unique and attractive. Any sun or plant room should include plenty of large ferns, which may occupy shady corners, and an abundance of different vines—always particularly attractive. Some sun rooms are planned to allow the growing of permanent vines directly in the earth, small sections of the tiling or floor being omitted for this purpose; this gives a very lovely effect. One called *Ficus Ripens* is the best and prettiest I know for such use.

English ivy, in hanging baskets or pots, is, I think, the most beautiful permanent pot vine. Sponge off the leaves occasionally—I remember how I disliked, when a child, having this job allotted me at housecleaning time—as should be done to all large thick-leaved plants. *Tradescantia* is a lovely one-season vine, also the delicate 'German Ivy,' which often, toward spring, develops showers of tiny bright golden blossoms.

What sort of plants shall we start in the regular window garden or plant stand for general winter house decoration if we haven't a regular plant room and can spare a sunny window or two only for our house plants? Geraniums, first and foremost. These are easily grown, are pest-free, and blossom for the 'just and the unjust.' There is great difference in the flowering habit of geraniums and free-blooming varieties should be carefully chosen. The double salmon ones are very beautiful and are also free bloomers. *Beaute Poitevine* and *Mme. Landry* are most desirable; semi-double, blooming in tremendous trusses, and of a lovely salmon-pink color. The *Dryden*—a brilliant cherry shading to a white eye—blossoms incredibly freely and gaily. I like to include a white geranium or two, or a double white petunia, which has more or less the same effect, with bright colored blossoms; *La Favorite*—double—is the best white geranium.

The *Pelargoniums* are the most showy and ornamental of all the geraniums, but have a shorter blooming time, and are a little harder to grow.

The various scented-leaved geraniums charm (Continued on page 25)

Simulating a botanical garden with house plants. Oval—*Window group.*

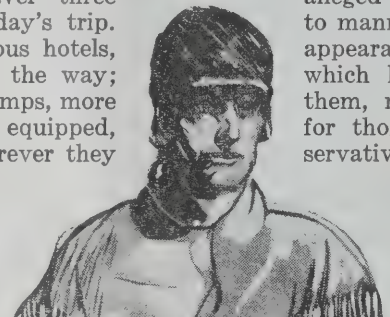
The Building *of an* Empire

When Scots *Pushed* Southward *and* Westward *into the* American Wildernes

By J. G. de ROULHAC HAMILTON

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

ALL the year round, but particularly in the early fall, the roads south are filled with all sorts of people driving all sorts of cars. Their main routes lie in, or not far from, Tidewater. Over concrete or asphalt roads they pass, crossing the Potomac, the James, the Roanoke, and the Pee Dee by superb modern bridges without even slackening speed. Sometimes they travel three hundred miles in a day's trip. Some sleep in luxurious hotels, now easily found on the way; others in municipal camps, more or less completely equipped, others, still, rest wherever they happen to find themselves. But all the journey is thoroughly modern and up-to-date.



In this mighty rolling host are to be found all sorts of people. There are would-be settlers, eager to secure land, to develop natural resources, to grow up with the country; there are land speculators, seekers for quick and easy fortunes; there are adventurers, restless spirits whose knowledge never includes any definite information as to their ultimate destination, but extends only to the certainty that they are on their way.

The whole country has marveled at the movement. Opinions as to its causes, its significance, and its probable results have differed widely, but there is at most unanimous agreement that nothing like it has ever happened before in America.

Yet it is not the first great 'trek' southward in American history. The other one, more romantic and, in its results, more spectacular than this one could possibly be, began two centuries earlier and continued for half a century without a break. In it participated every type of emigrant to be found in this one—and they all came without thought of returning.

The querulous complaints of certain Southern communities over the alleged undesirability, in respect to manners, morals, habits, and appearance of the motley horde which has poured down upon them, might well be mistaken for those uttered by the conservative Quakers of Pennsylvania as a greeting to those earlier travelers as they reached America. They are not entirely inadequate to express the opinions of the Indians upon whom it fell to play the part of hosts in the South at that time, and, anticipating certain later fire-eaters, to 'welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves.'

Of course there are differences. Not in swift-moving motor cars did these earlier nomads journey. Slow-moving wagons, drawn by horses or oxen, were *de luxe* accommodations of the road; horseback meant solid, prosperous comfort. Many walked the whole weary way. There were no inns, no accommodations for the traveler; only the nightly camp in the wilderness, exposed to the savage and the wild beast. Neither over magnificent roads and bridges, through smooth and level Tidewater Virginia did the earlier visitors come. They followed the rough trail of the Indian and the buffalo often cutting a way for the wagons—along a great highway made by nature, a great sluice between the mountains, through which poured the surplus population of the North on its march to free lands, a sluice which now became one of the great highways of history.

And not alone is it associated with them. The Indians had known it long and the buffaloes even longer. It was the pathway of the Tuscaroras as they fled North to join their brethren of the Five Nations. Stamped with the peace of the eternal hills which shelter it, it is indetachably associated in the mind of Americans with the tramp of marching men and the clash of arms. This highway is the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

The great Valley of Virginia, into which these questing spirits now penetrated, lies between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies. Its total length from the Potomac at Harper's Ferry to the Tennessee line is more than three hundred miles, and its average width between twenty and thirty miles. About midway, the valley is cut across by the James River, flowing eastward; farther southwest, by the New River, flowing west. Forty miles north of the James rises the Shenandoah which flows between the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge almost one hundred miles into the Potomac.

The earlier migration played a fundamental part in the development of the Republic and upon it depended an important section of later American history. Scotch-Irish as the migration predominantly was, they did not begin it, but at first followed another determined, though less militantly aggressive, people, the Germans, who, though overshadowed by those who followed, remained an important factor in the movement until the end of its first stage. Both races came to America chiefly by way of Pennsylvania, both

settled in the same localities there, and both moved south for the same primary reason—the desire for cheaper and better land.

Both followed the same route and settled side by side in the virgin wilderness of Virginia and the Carolinas. Both were deeply religious, both glorified education, both eagerly loved liberty, civil and religious. But here the parallel ends. The Germans, peaceful, home-loving people, having found the promised land, in the main, settled down to enjoy it. The restless, eager, aggressive Scotch-Irish pressed on ever farther into the wilderness, and as explorers, trail-makers, settlers, conquerors, opened to the outside world the hitherto mysterious and dreaded West.

THE first Germans came to Pennsylvania in the latter part of the 17th Century, but the real migration came after 1710. Thereafter, in increasing numbers they crowded in, coming chiefly from the Rhine countries and Switzerland. Settling first about Philadelphia, they spread to Montgomery, Lancaster, and Berks counties, and then pushed westward, crossing the Susquehanna and settling York, Cumberland, and Adams counties. Thence they turned southward through Kittochtinney, a beautiful valley lying between the Susquehanna River and the Tuscarora Mountains, which served as a great natural thoroughfare toward Maryland.

They were an interesting group of people, and where they have retained their identity have remained so ever since. Their language—Pennsylvänisch-Deutsch—was a combination of dialects of the Palatinate, Würtemberg, and other Rhine countries, mixed with English words of common usage. Among them were to be found many religious groups, the ones of most importance being the Lutherans, the German Reformed Church, and the United Brethren, or, as they are commonly known, the Moravians.

The Scotch-Irish, so-called, were the descendants of the Lowland Scotch who had been settled since about 1610 in the Irish counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Londonderry, Tyrone, Monaghan, Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan, comprising the province of Ulster. Expatriation, so far from causing the loss of native characteristics, rather increased and strengthened them.

Prosperous, and enjoying political and religious freedom for almost a century, there came at last both religious and economic oppression, and with the beginning of the 18th Century they turned their eyes toward America. Once more they moved, and for eighty-five years they poured out in a never-ceasing flood to the New World. Once in Pennsylvania, they settled chiefly near Philadelphia, and in Bucks, Chester, Lancaster, York, and Cumberland counties, though they spread elsewhere, tending, however, in the same direction and to the same localities as the Germans.

Their coming caused no striking enthusiasm among the peace-loving Pennsylvania Quakers. They saw in the newcomers 'a pernicious and pugnacious people,' and as their numbers increased, their coming assumed the aspect and proportions of a calamity. James Logan, the secretary of the province, himself a Scottish Quaker, wrote, 'It looks as if Ireland is to send all its inhabitants hither, for last week not less than six ships arrived, and every day, two or three also. The common fear is that if they continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the Province. It is strange that they thus crowd where they are not wanted . . . The Indians themselves are alarmed at the swarms of strangers, and we are afraid of a breach between them—for the Irish are very rough to them.' He added that the settlement of five families from Ireland caused more trouble than fifty of any other people. 'Before we were broke in upon, ancient Friends and first settlers lived happily, but now the case is quite altered.'

THE Scotch-Irish, already beginning to move toward their ultimate conclusion that the only good Indian was a dead one, in an 'audacious and disorderly manner' took up any vacant land that attracted them, alleging that 'it was against the laws of God and nature, that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labor on and to raise their bread.' Hence in the eyes of the Quakers they were squatters and to the Indians hostile invaders. To the somewhat natural, if inhospitable, question, which nearly always greeted them, as to their excuse for being there, they replied that settlers had been invited and that they had accepted the invitation.

In the course of time the available refreshments of the Pennsylvania hosts, as well as their welcome, was exhausted by these 'hearty' Scotch-Irish, and no more free or cheap land of good quality was to be had. Like the Germans, the Scotch-Irish were too poor to buy the better land and so, breaking like a great wave on the mountains to the west, they, too, turned southward, following the great natural highway so long used by the Indians and wild animals that it had become more than a mere trail.

The dominant motive of migration, as with the Germans, was desire for better and cheaper land and a warmer climate where cattle would not require feeding in winter, but among the Scotch-Irish were the restless stirring of a conquering race; the love of freedom which found in the wild places of America a paradise hitherto undreamed of, where a man might, if he chose, live apart from his

fellows, offended by neither the sight of their smoke nor the sound of the barking of their dogs.

Germans and Scotch-Irish traveled alike except that the Germans were usually better provided with the goods of this world and hence enjoyed greater comfort. Both took all they owned. The more prosperous drove Pennsylvania wagons, drawn by two or four horses, in which were packed all their goods and chattel and in which rode the women and children. The men walked or rode on horseback, driving before them such cattle as they owned. Some had no wagons and traveled on horseback or walked with a pack horse carrying bedding, a few simple farming implements, cooking utensils, a bag of corn, and the Bible. Some, lacking even a pack horse, walked all the way, carrying their entire property.

The dress of the emigrants was that of the frontier. The men, almost universally, wore the linsey hunting shirt, a loose long-sleeved frock, reaching to the middle of the thighs, open in front and so wide as to fall over a foot or more when belted. This was often ornamented with colored cloth or thread. The blouse of the shirt when belted served as a sort of pouch in which were carried food, ammunition bags, flint and steel, and such other articles as the traveler wanted always with him. An ax or hatchet was suspended on his right side and a strong, sharp hunting knife on the left. An undershirt of cloth was usually worn. Deerskin breeches, leggings, moccasins, and a fur cap completed the costume. The women wore homespun, linsey dresses and sunbonnets, with heavy coats for cold weather.

The emigrants usually left Pennsylvania in the early fall, after the harvest was over, reaching Virginia or North Carolina before hard winter set in. Many, having been deceived as to the climate, like later winter visitors to the South, were aggrieved at cold weather and often, for lack of due precaution, suffered acutely. The Germans were particularly resentful because they failed to find a place where cattle could be left in pasture all winter.

Both races were industrious and thrifty, neither afraid nor ashamed of work. Almost all were farmers but they were artisans as well, making almost everything they needed. Both, but particularly the Germans, dabbled in the fur trade, sometimes very profitably. The Germans were the more industrious and economical; the Scotch-Irish more ambitious and grasping. The latter, more alert mentally, tended more to radicalism of thought and action; the Germans, phlegmatic in temper, were conservative. On the whole the two races got on admirably. With common tastes and interests they grew soon to appreciate each other in spite of differences of language, traditions, and habits.

In 1726 several German families from Pennsylvania settled on the Shenandoah River not far from Swift Run Gap. They attracted but little attention but the news of their pleasant location and their prosperity drifted back to Pennsylvania and others followed. Ten years after this settlement, Scotch-Irish came in to locate on Joist Hite's grant, and when it proved defective, under the leadership of John Lewis they pushed on into the wilderness where no grants had been made to annoy them and there were but few Indians to molest them.

The Shenandoah Valley, then as now, was of notable beauty. Much of it was prairie, with timber fringing the rivers and the numerous smaller watercourses. The settlers were thus spared that heartbreaking task of the pioneer—the clearing of the land of forest. The land, a veritable garden-spot, lay ready for the plow and the sower, and the two land-loving races who now entered it began to settle down. Game in abundance—deer, bear, turkey, squirrels, and rabbits—supplied them with food until the crops were grown and domestic animals had increased. They looked for a watercourse and a spring, and these once found, they built cabins and barns (one could almost detect a German farm at first sight by comparing the barn with the home) and with tireless industry set to work to make the land bloom and bear.

For thirty years the tide of settlement and migration poured into and through the valley, in wave after wave, conquering mountains, forests, and streams. Some settled down but others, and the greater number, pushed on into North Carolina, seeking always cheap and good land, a warmer climate, or fresh adventure. The valley, rapidly becoming a garden-spot, remained a great highway.

By 1735 the Scotch-Irish were seeping into North Carolina where presently they began to meet another stream of their own people, and also the Highland Scotch, who had come in by Cape Fear or by Charleston. For forty years, 1735-1775, the migration continued. Gabriel Johnston, Matthew Rowan, and Arthur Dobbs, governors of North Carolina from 1734 to 1765, and all three Scotch, gave to them every encouragement. They scattered all over the Piedmont region of the province, but the center of their early settlement was on the banks of the Catawba River.

There is every probability that a few Germans preceded the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish to North Carolina. In any event they now came in together. The center of German settlement was on the lands lying east and west of the Yadkin River. By 1740 a steady stream of them was coming in and the number increased steadily for more than a decade. The two races substantially settled the present counties of Anson, Granville, Orange, Rowan, Guilford, Mecklenburg, Caswell, Burke, Lincoln, Catawba, Randolph, Iredell, Surry, Stokes, Davie, Cabarrus, Davidson, Gaston, Alamance, and Forsyth.

In one year, it was estimated, more than a thousand German and Scotch-Irish families entered the colony from Pennsylvania by way of Virginia. Between 1746 and 1756 Anson, Orange, and Rowan increased their population thirty-fold and within a period of sixteen years, six new counties were formed. Having little money and very few slaves, they took up small tracts of land which they could cultivate themselves and they thus set upon North Carolina the stamp of the farm rather than that of the plantation.

The route of travel and settlement, 'The Great Road from the Yadkin River through Virginia to Philadelphia,' ran from the Yadkin to the Dan, thence northward to the valley and down the valley to Winchester and then through York and Lancaster to Philadelphia, 435 miles in all. To Lancaster and York counties North Carolina owes more population than to any other single part of the world, and Virginia's debt is almost as great.

Down the 'Great Road' came the Moravians from Bethlehem in 1753, after Bishop Spangenberg had 'spied out the land,' of which he wrote, 'I regard it as a corner which the Lord has reserved for the Brethren.' They founded Bathabara, Bethanis, and later Salem, which is still the southern home of the Moravians.

By 1750 the Germans in small numbers, and the Scotch-Irish more numerously, had entered upper South Carolina, where York, Chester, and Lancaster counties still proclaim the origin of their early population, and had even penetrated to Georgia. Filling Western Virginia and Piedmont, North Carolina, they turned westward and conquering the once-dreaded mountains, they cut trails and then roads into the valleys of the Watauga, the Holston, the French Broad, and the Clinch whence they moved on in their restless, relentless march which was to end in the conquest and occupation of an empire.

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The writer has packed this account full of fresh and intimate anecdotes. There's lively fun in the tale of 'Teddy' racing sixty miles across the Rockies on an impish pony; of the time he stopped his special train for an hour to have breakfast in true cowboy style along the way; and of how he sought solitary peace in Yosemite Valley for three whole days so that even the Washington government couldn't communicate with him.

Science Describes Interior of Earth

(*Concluded from page 3*)

'Then for four years I taught the natural sciences in the Whitewater Normal School, in Wisconsin. I taught all the leading sciences—human physiology, botany, zoölogy, chemistry, physics, geology, and astronomy. I took those up by turn as I could, because I could not do thorough work in all of them at any time.

'I then saw that the field was too large. It was necessary to concentrate, and I chose geology and was instrumental in commencing the Wisconsin Geological Survey of 79 and subsequent years. I became an assistant and later director of it.

'There was where I really started in science. My predilection was for paleontology, but my field—Eastern Wisconsin—was very heavily covered with glacial formations, and as a matter of necessity I had to give much attention, if not foremost attention, to that.

'This gave me a trend in that direction, and naturally there arose in my mind the question of the cause of so extraordinary a thing as the great ice invasions. I tried various theories that were then current, but they didn't work very well. At the close of the Wisconsin work, I became head of the Glacial Division of the United States Geological Survey, a natural sequel to my work in Wisconsin.'

DR. CHAMBERLIN here entered into a brief discussion of his epoch-making discoveries as to the causes of the great ice ages. It was these discoveries that led on to his investigations into the deeper problem of the origin and growth of the earth itself. The discovery of the planetesimal hypothesis, in turn, threw new light on the processes now going on in the earth, and on how the continents and oceans were formed. 'In other words,' he pointed out, 'the planetesimal theory leads to a very different concept of the way the continents rose and the way the earth has behaved ever since.

'I have worked this out more definitely and sharply in my last article, which has just appeared in the *Journal of Geology*, than ever before. In that article I reached very specifically the conclusion that the idea of a floating crust and a molten globe, and all that sort of thing, is a misinterpretation of the facts; that in reality the earth is solid, has always been solid, has grown up as a mass of little solid particles, and that these have worked upon one another, and that there is internal reorganization going on all the time. That is the explanation of earth movements and earthquakes, and this gives us a very different concept of the fundamentals of geology.'

When I inquired the nature of his future work, he sketched it in outline: 'You know the geographies have told us that if we draw a line around the earth, most of the land will be found on one side, and nearly all the water on the other. That is to say, the earth is one-sided in a very strange way, and the division is not parallel with the axis, for it crosses it diagonally. Now, if there is a strange thing placed before me, I don't start with a theory and come forward; I start with the thing and work back to the cause. That is what I am working on—the formation of the core of the earth, and the reason why one end of the core was big and light, the other dense and heavy.

'The great problem is the difference in the hemispheres, the shaping of the continents, and the fact that the North Pole is sunken while the South Pole protrudes. The working out of this problem is what lies before me in the future. I want to get it into scientific form, and finally into a little better shape for teaching. Then I shall be ready to quit.

'I never dreamed of getting to the point where I am now in my investigations,' he reflected. 'One thing has simply led to another. I want to find the bottom of things. The philosophical tendency is strong in me. I am not content to know that a thing is so; I want to know why.'

Is the universe a mere machine? Dr. Chamberlin doesn't think so. 'I think it is not simply a stiff, rigorous organism. I can't help thinking of myself as having a certain amount of liberty. I don't think like a machine; at any rate, I think I don't. Individuality, personality, responsibility, and all that, is something that is so strongly ingrained in me that I can't get rid of it.

'Just how life and volition and thought got into the geological system is the biggest problem to solve. I am a sort of Ishmaelite. I am not with the mechanists or determinists, nor, on the other hand, am I with the idealists—I am very far from that. In other words, I try to take the situation as it is.'

Dr. Chamberlin was asked whether his outlook for the world's future was optimistic. 'It is among my theological dogmas,' he smiled, 'that the optimist and the pessimist are both fools, but that the optimist is the more comfortable fool of the two, and on the whole, I am an optimist. Of course, I don't believe that the whole thing is going all right; but on the other hand, I don't think the whole thing is going all wrong.'

Dr. Chamberlin spoke with enthusiasm of the applications of science to farming and industry. 'Oh, yes, on the whole,' he concluded, 'I think we are just entering the blossoming stage of earth history, and we have lots of time—we have lots of time to work it out. It isn't any decree of the Lord that we are going to go to smash. We have the chance; if we take advantage of it, we shall profit, and if we don't we shall go to ruin as we ought to.'

What is ***behind*** *the McFadden Bill?*
What interests are sponsoring it, and what do they hope to get out of it?

American citizens want to know, for the banking system of the nation is at stake. They will want to learn the actual facts surrounding the bill. It without doubt will be the most important subject Congress will take up in the approaching session. Some of the provisions of the bill will startle conscientious Americans. Few persons realize the far-flung effect the measure will have if it is enacted into a law.

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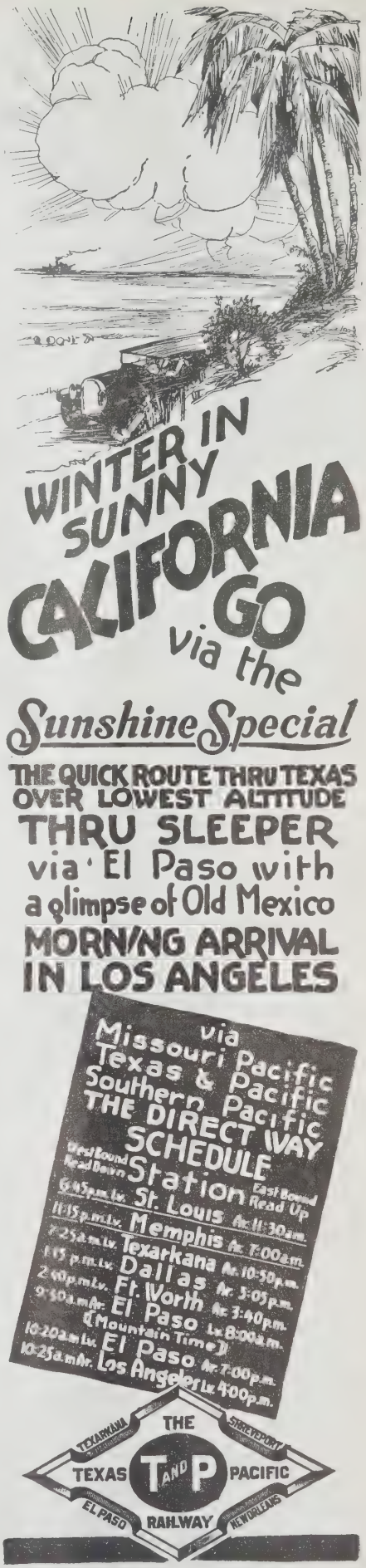

WINTER IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA GO via the
Sunshine Special
THE QUICK ROUTE THRU TEXAS OVER LOWEST ALTITUDE
THRU SLEEPER via El Paso with a glimpse of Old Mexico
MORNING ARRIVAL IN LOS ANGELES
via Missouri Pacific Texas & Pacific Southern Pacific
THE DIRECT WAY
SCHEDULE
Westbound Read Down
Station
Eastbound Read Up
6:45 p.m. lv. St. Louis ar. 11:30 a.m.
11:15 p.m. lv. Memphis ar. 7:00 a.m.
7:25 a.m. lv. Texarkana ar. 10:50 p.m.
1:15 p.m. lv. Dallas ar. 3:05 p.m.
2:40 p.m. lv. Ft. Worth ar. 1:40 p.m.
9:30 a.m. ar. El Paso lv. 8:00 a.m.
(Mountain Time)
10:20 a.m. lv. El Paso ar. 7:00 p.m.
10:25 a.m. ar. Los Angeles lv. 4:00 p.m.
TEXARKANA
THE
SHREVEPORT
TEXAS AND PACIFIC
EL PASO
RAILWAY
NEW ORLEANS

Abraham Lincoln's Vein of Poesy

(*Continued from page 5*)

He would announce his first hymn in this fashion:

'We will sing that good old hyme (He pronounced it in that way)—

' "The time is swiftly passing on,
And I must surely die;
My body to the dust return,
And thar forgotten lie."

'Solemn thought, brethren. Thank some brother to pitch and kerry the tune, and all the brethren jine in.'

No brother would volunteer to pitch and kerry the tune (the preacher pronounced it 'chune') if the preacher was known to be a singer. So the preacher would pitch the tune himself, and line it two lines at a time, the congregation following in alternation with him as he chanted it on the keynote. It was a useful kind of leading where there were no books.

These hymns in long, short and common meter were the most important source of Lincoln's knowledge of poetry in his youth. He extended it somewhat in the 'play-party' in motion songs, which were considered less sinful than dancing, the kissing that accompanied the sale of forfeits not being considered and in fact not being immoral.

NOT till Lincoln got to New Salem did he learn much if anything from the classic authors, though there were some poetical selections in his school reader. In New Salem he met Jack Kelso, and fished with him. Jack was a strolling elocutionist, and his recited poetry was of large value to Lincoln, for he learned poetry from hearing it rather than reading it.

Here Lincoln learned something of Burns and Byron. Those who remembered his quotation of Burns, could recall two poems, 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' one a poem of rollicking mirth and the other a keen satire. These are what we might have expected him to like. We know that he learned to love Shakespeare, and often carried a copy of his poems with him on the circuit. In after years he owned a copy of Pope, and we might have expected him to have quoted some of his sententious couplets, but I do not recall his having done so.

We know from a letter of his to Andrew Johnston in 1846 that he had not then read Poe's *Raven* and we do not know that he ever read Poe. Early in 1860 James Grant Wilson presented to him a copy of the poems of Fitz Greene Halleck, and Lincoln, acknowledging the gift May 2, just two weeks before the convention that nominated him for the Presidency, expressed enthusiastic admiration for Halleck's 'beautiful lines.' He said: 'Many a month has passed since I met with anything more admirable.' He especially admired Alnwick Castle, Marco Bozaris and Red Jacket. These were, indeed, some of Halleck's best poems. But Lincoln was particularly moved by Halleck's lines in honor of Burns. Lincoln wrote to Wilson:

'It is wonderful that you should have seen and known a sister of Robert Burns. You must tell me something about her when we meet again.'

It does not surprise us to know that he loved Gray's 'Elegy,' a single line of which he said told his whole life story:

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

At New Salem Lincoln came also into a knowledge of more kinds of music than those with which he had been familiar. He was not a singer, but he was an alert listener to music and enjoyed it.

Among traditions concerning Lincoln's attempt at song is one that he and the Rutledge family were accustomed to sing, the song called *Legacy* from the *Missouri Harmony*. The tradition is somewhat uncertain because this song was not in the first edition of the *Missouri Harmony*, and the copy which the Rutledge family has dates from after the time when Lincoln was in New Salem. The tune was that which college students use to the words:

If I were a Cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo
I would eat a missionary
Hat and coat and hymn book too.

The *Missouri Harmony* was a book of hymns with an appendix of secular songs. *Legacy* was one of the latter and appeared in the supplement to the book. This mournful drinking song ran thus:

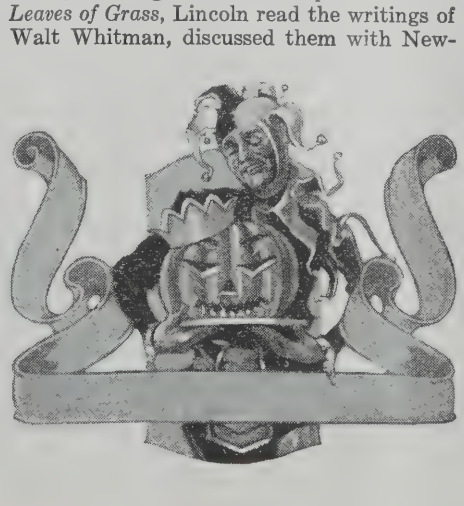
When in death I shall calm recline,
Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear.
Tell her it lived on smiles and wine,
Of brightest hue while it lingered here.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relict from morn till night.

This preposterous drinking song, which proposed to comfort a heartbroken maiden by bathing her in wine, aroused Lincoln's sense of the ludicrous.

Except for such knowledge of and love for the blank verse of Shakespeare's plays as Lincoln is known to have possessed, all the poetry that he is known to have loved was lyric, much of it elegiac, and all of it had both rhyme and meter. We can hardly suppose that anything else appealed to him as poetry.

THE recent story that at some time in the fifties, not long after the first publication of *Leaves of Grass*, Lincoln read the writings of Walt Whitman, discussed them with Newton Bateman who is alleged to have



approved, while Lincoln defended th
reading the poems aloud in the law off
appears to come to us on good authori
but if it had been true we could hardly h
failed to learn of it earlier and from ot
sources. We need not discuss what Linc
would have thought of the morals of Wh
man's writings, but he would certainly
have thought of this literature as poet

ON THE last Sunday of Lincoln's life,
he was returning from City Point
Washington on the steamer, he read Shak
peare. Senator Charles Sumner, who w
present, recorded that he read aloud fr
Macbeth these lines:

Duncan is in his gra
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel
poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

So significant did these lines appe
a few days later to those who remember
the incident, that they could not refrain fr
adding:

This Duncan
Hath bourne his faculties so meek, hath be
So clear in his great office, that his virtu
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu
against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.

We do not know that Lincoln ev
committed to memory or cared for a sing
poem of love. We do not know that he car
for poems of natural beauty. The poems
preferred, like the hymns to which he w
accustomed, were melancholy. Nearly
the tunes to which those hymns were su
were in the minor mode. Nearly all
them moved to the theme that life was su
piciously carnal and death was a prop
theme for religion.

His favorite poem was 'Oh why shou
the spirit of mortal be proud?' Lincoln
early biographers called it 'Immortality' b
that was not its name, nor would that nam
have been in any way appropriate. Th
title is *Mortality*, and the poem has no oth
theme than the brevity and futility of lif
The poem was written by William Kno
a young Scotsman, who was born in 180
and died in Edinburgh in 1836. In a lett
to Andrew Johnston in 1846, Lincoln said h
did not know the author:

'I would give all I am worth, and go i
debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as
think that is. I met it in a straggling for
in a newspaper last summer, and I remembe
to have seen it once before, about fiftee
years ago, and this is all I know of it.'

This would indicate that he first saw i
about 1831, and that it took its deep hold o
him in 1845.

These dates are of special interest be
cause they do not appear to support th
commonly accepted story that Ann Rutledg
taught this poem to Lincoln, or that h
turned to it with an especial tenderne
growing out of her death. She died Augus
25, 1835.

William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law part

ner, says that it was Dr. Jason Duncan, of New Salem, who first showed the poem to Lincoln, about September, 1833. This may be true, but it gives us no suggestion of a connection with the Ann Rutledge incident.

This poem Lincoln committed to memory. His first public use of it appears to have been in his eulogy of President Zachary Taylor, delivered in Chicago, July 25, 1850. He made several copies of it from time to time and gave them to his friends, and he often recited it. Like some of his boyhood hymns, notably 'How tedious and tasteless the hours,' it was a despairing poem in three-four time. Thus did the melancholy of the pioneer fling crêpe in the face of the waltz.

Not because it was a great poem are this composition and its author remembered, but because Lincoln loved it, it is preserved and will continue to live. Sir Walter Scott, at the height of his fame, tried to secure recognition for William Knox and had very limited success; but Lincoln, who never knew the name of Knox, caused his name to be discovered and has made it live, with the melancholy verses entitled *Mortality*.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant, a mother attended and loved:
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by.
And the memory of all those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower of the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told;

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink:
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The City That Remembers Cooking

(*Concluded from page 8*)

poured over the rice it keeps taking in new ingredients. Every grain of the rice stands separate and dry, for there is none of your gummy rice in New Orleans. Rice is real food here.

All sea foods are used in many forms. Strangers are often hesitant about trying crawfish, especially when they see that crawfish are usually served frappéed, and they look rather difficult to handle.

There are the large lake shrimps and the small river shrimps. New Orleans considers the river shrimp much more delicate in flavor, but they are a half-day's job to prepare.

Gumbo, court-bouillon, fried shrimps with tartar sauce, Pompano Papillotte (cooked in a paper bag) with potatoes soufflé—try all these. Those potatoes look like little balloons, and they are served in a bread basket. They fascinate me, for I haven't yet been able to understand how they make them hollow inside. They say it is a matter of the cooking temperature of the fat—they are started at slow heat, removed and dried, and put back at blue heat. But I don't know! It looks rather miraculous, and I've never summoned courage to try it.

Try jambalaya, and even the standard red beans and rice. You'll not find them the same anyplace else.

Oysters Rockefeller, baked and served in a pan of salt, with a marvelous green sauce. Bouillabaisse, which some consider the climax in cookery, with its ingenious mixture of red snapper, redfish and other sea foods.

And above all, the coffee.

Coffee before you are out of bed in the mornings, coffee as many times a day as you want it, coffee late at night down at the old French Market—and you'll sleep just the same.

After all, the grocery boy's basket has more inside information about people than any newspaper!

New Orleans? Mardi Gras? The City That Care Forgot? See all those. But learn too *The City That Remembers Cooking!*

See the courtyards, but see the kitchens too. Patios are beautiful, but there is charm in pots!

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Putting Sense Into Taxation

(*Continued from page 4*)

much a few years ago may take any of three forms: (1) A general turnover tax at the rate of, say, one per cent, which would apply to every kind of sale; (2) the same tax limited to the sale of commodities; and (3) the tax limited to the final sale.

The general turnover tax has few friends because, although very simple to state, its effects would be revolutionary. We are continually working for a faster rate of turnover in business. This tax would penalize that progress and also it would place at a disadvantage the business which did not control its product from source to consumer. That business is already at a disadvantage and is due eventually to pass out, yet to compel instant consolidation by economic force would disrupt the country. And also to tax every kind of transfer at a uniform rate would be ruinously unfair. Taxing only commodities will have the same effect as a general turnover tax, excepting that its scope would be more limited.

THE final sale tax is open to the same objection as the commodity and turnover taxes, while if the commodities most frequently used were exempted the tax would not yield enough money to make it worth while. The sales tax would press hardest upon the people of small incomes and more especially the commodity form, because about two-thirds of the commodities of the country are bought by the people whose incomes are less than three thousand dollars.

Years ago a gentleman named Adam Smith grew famous not only by linking the popular Smith family with the Creation but also by writing a book on political economy which hardly anyone reads, but with which everyone setting up as intelligent either agrees or disagrees. He laid down four canons of taxation: (1) That taxes should be equal; (2) that they should be certain; (3) that they should be convenient; and (4) that they should be economical in their collection.

These canons are completely out of date. They always have been out of date. They have been out of date since the dawn of democracy—there is not a vote in a barrel of them. We are far too busy in these days to bother with abstractions or approximations. We want perfection. We know what we want and we want it quickly. We want the perfect tax, or, failing in that, we will take the almost perfect tax.

These are our canons:

(1) The perfect tax will provide ample funds for everybody and everything—and nobody will have to pay it.

(2) The almost perfect tax will likewise provide all funds for all hearts' desires—and the other fellow will do all the paying.

We have an irreducible minimum of expenditure—the debt service. We have to pay the interest on the money we have borrowed and also provide sinking funds for its retirement. All the other services will sometime have to be reviewed; first, to determine if they are necessary at all; and, second, to determine the minimum expenditure for adequate service.

These points would seem evident:

(1) Lay the taxes where they will do the least harm.

(2) Make them as simple and cheap in collection as possible, and in this consider the expense both to the Government and to the taxpayer.

(3) Make taxes not only highly visible but also universal so that everyone will pay a tax—and know he is paying it.

(4) Make taxes certain, that they may be provided against.

The two taxes that stand out as best fulfilling all these requirements are the real estate tax and the personal income tax.

The real estate tax we know. That is its great advantage, and when the assessments are fair, it is a fair tax. The personal income tax also has a great advantage, although we do not know it very well and have not as yet learned how to administer it. Its special advantage is that it can be graded according to ability to pay and, because it is imposed after the money is earned, it cannot well be added into the price of goods, and therefore within limits does not break up the normal progress of life.

There are a multitude of other taxes which we are beginning to accept as necessary just because we have had them for a long time in some form or other. It might be well to investigate their economy. The taxation of public service corporations and railroads has gradually increased until in 1922 the steam railroads paid 82 per cent of their net income and the street and electric railways 81 per cent.

This taxation, so far as the companies are concerned, is not concealed, but as far as the public is concerned the taxes show up in higher rates and poorer service. Corporations generally are supposed to be fair game for taxation.

The United States Steel Corporation in 1923 paid $55,000,000 in taxes and $54,000,000 in dividends. In 1924 it paid $45,000,000 in taxes and $60,000,000 in dividends. The various tax units therefore came in practically on an equality with the stockholders—who had paid their money and made the corporation possible. In both these years the taxes were in excess of ten per cent of the wages.

In 1923 the insurance companies, which are nearly all mutualized—that is, they are in effect coöperative societies—paid, over and above their real estate taxes, around $59,000,000 in odds and ends of taxes imposed by various authorities, and of this less than four per cent was devoted to service to policyholders through insurance departments or the like.

A corporation or any business must treat its taxes as a fixed charge and budget for them, and therefore they become a charge on production or distribution. They are bound to pyramid and this pyramiding may raise the price of the goods sold, or decrease wages, or decrease profits, or be divided, according to circumstances, among these three items. A higher efficiency may apparently absorb the tax but actually the absorption will be at the expense of one or all of the items. The tax hides, but it is there.

THE income tax is highly unpopular, and well it might be, because up to date it has been politically conceived and politically executed. The politicians have been afraid of the income tax. It is a tax of high visibility—anyone caught saying he likes to pay his income tax would be admitted to an insane asylum without further evidence.

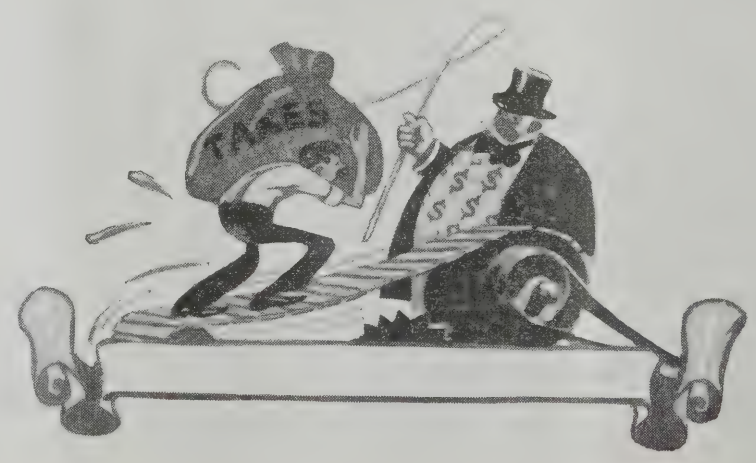
And so the thought has been not to make the tax fair but to raise the exemptions to a point where a clear majority of voters might be tax-free. The struggle has been to keep the exemptions ahead of the increasing wealth of the voters!

Do we want taxation conceived in terms of votes? Or do we want fair taxation? These would seem to be the elements of a fair income tax:

(1) The tax should go with citizenship. Very small returns are expensive to audit, but the payment of a head or poll tax with a return that was only an affidavit would cover this.

(2) The point of exemption for filing a return and paying a graduated tax should be determined not by the number of voters who can be released but by the expense of audit. This expense can be determined by cost accounting but not by oratory.

(3) The items deductible as expense should be made clear in the tax bill itself and not left to the more or less arbitrary determination of a Treasury ruling and should be made with regard to thrift and future income. For instance, traveling salesmen are penalized because they do not keep accounts which it is practically impossible for them to keep. Life insurance premiums are not regarded as an expense, although life insurance is the great American safeguard against poverty.



(4) The simplification of the form of returns and the adoption of some form of short return by which a taxpayer may simply report his gross income and, taking no exemptions or deductions, pay, say, 75 per cent of the rate provided by law.

(5) Distinguish clearly between what has been called 'earned' and 'unearned' income. *A professional man or a man who works for wages or salary uses up his capital—that is, his body and his brain—in the earning of his income.* What he has to report as earnings also include a part of his principal, whereas a man deriving his income from invested capital uses none of this principal. This distinction has not yet been written into any tax bill in other than the most perfunctory manner.

(6) The reduction of surtaxes to a point where they will not be confiscatory and will not drive money out of industry or curb individual enterprise. This is another point where we have to decide between taxation as a method of raising money and taxation as a method of nationalizing wealth.

(7) The administration of the tax with view to the expense to the taxpayer and not as a contest between the Government and the taxpayer.

If you think of taxes solely as a means of raising revenue, then it follows that they ought to be laid with a view to promoting prosperity, or at least not hindering it—which in turn means the greatest good for the greatest number—that is, frank, open, honest taxation. If you think taxes should be imposed as a penalty, then prosperity is of no consequence. If it is wrong to be rich, then wealth should quickly be taxed out of existence. The reason our taxation is so entirely unsatisfactory is that it is neither fish nor fowl—our laws have wobbled between these two principles.

A Traveler in India

WE WERE crossing a wide river, the Sonne, an important tributary of the Ganges. Groups of native people were weeping on the sand, while others, prostrating themselves on the shore, faced the sunrise and worshiped. The heathen, in his blindness, bows down to wood and stone; but he also in many instances is a worshiper of the sun.

The sleeping cars of trains in India accommodate sixteen passengers and two servants each. The servants have a narrow compartment fitted out with an upper and lower bench which may be, and are, used as a berth, and each servant cares for eight passengers.

The traveler in India is supposed to furnish his own bedding, but the American tourist may rent his outfit, or it is rented for him by the company under whose auspices he visits India. The outfit consists of a cold-all with a thin mattress and a quilt, a small, hard pillow, two sheets and three or four towels. In an American party, husbands and wives are separated, four men being assigned to one compartment and their wives to the adjoining one, as far as can be made to work out mathematically.

Each compartment has its own toilet, which is adequate if the water holds out, but the little bathtub is a sort of joke. It serves, however, as a place to set the box of ice which may be bought and carried along.

An Outline *of* Best Books

Suggested by

THOMAS L. MASSON

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In accordance with and supplementary to the article which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of September 18, 1926.

Thomas L. Masson.

(To save space, authors and book titles are listed indiscriminately, but generally the best work of each author follows in brackets. Where authors' names alone are given, consult your local library for titles.——The old, classic or standard books are separated from the TODAY books by a dash(—). ——The following key letters attached to titles, in each case, will explain the general nature of the book: C: Comes in a cheap edition, such as Everyman's Library or Modern Library, or else in prices under $2.50. L: Long —either over 150,000 words in one vol. or in several vols. P: Pocket edition, or one so compact as to take but little space. S: Source book. By this is meant a book so fundamental that it is necessary to read it in order to understand the later literature on that subject and which, quite likely, it originated. These great source books, however, are not always strictly accurate in the modern sense, as the thought in them may have since been modified or re-created.——It goes without saying that the books listed here cover only a very small fraction of the whole; neither must it be thought that in all instances they are necessarily the best on that subject. But they are the ones I have personally read and studied and can vouch for.)

T. L. M.

HISTORY—Herodotus [s c], Thucydides [Peloponnesian War c s p], Gibbon [Rome l c s p], Green [England—2 ed. long and short], de Tocqueville, Parkman [American History s l], Rhodes [American History l], Bryce [*American Commonwealth*] —Mark Sullivan [*Our Times*].

GOVERNMENT—Plato [Republic s], Marx [Capital s], Machiavelli [Prince s], Adam Smith [*Wealth of Nations* s], Henry George [*Progress and Poverty* c], Buckle [*History of Civilization in England* s l], Bagehot [*English Constitution* c], Bryce [*American Commonwealth*]—Woodrow Wilson [*The New Democracy* l], A. J. Beveridge, Walter Lippman, N. H. D. Croly, J. Harvey Robinson.

BIOGRAPHY—Plutarch, l p, Boswell [Johnson l], Voltaire [Charles II c], Benjamin Franklin [Autobiography], S. Harrison [*Calendar of Great Men*]—A. J. Beveridge [*Life of John Marshall* l s], G. R. B. Charnwood [*Abraham Lincoln* c], Theodore Roosevelt [Autobiography s c], Gamaliel Bradford, Henry Adams [Education of], E. W. Bok.

LITERATURE—H. A. Taine [English Literature c], G. E. B. Saintsbury [English Literature c], John A. Macy [American Literature c].

POETRY—Shakespeare c p [I vol. Oxford], Burns c p, Shelley c p, Whitman c, Poe c, Longfellow c—Louis Untermeyer [Anthologies c. Also, Forms of Poetry]. Also Oxford Books of English Verse, Palgrave [Golden Treasury p].

RELIGION—Bible, s p c l, Hasting's Dictionary [1 vol. $8]—*Outline of Christianity* in five vols., l, Hume [*Living Religions* p], G. K. Chesterton [*Everlasting Life* c], Browne [*This Believing World* c], Evelyn Underhill, W. R. Inge, Rufus M. Jones.

PSYCHOLOGY—William James l—T. V. Moore [Dynamic Psychology c], J. B. Watson [Behaviorism c], [note: these two books represent opposite points of view], William McDougall, A. G. Tansley, W. B. Pillsbury [*Essentials of Psychology* c].

PSYCHOANALYSIS—Sigmund Freud [General Introduction l]—A. A. Brill [*Modern Conceptions* c].

PHILOSOPHY—Plato [Dialog s p], Kant [Critique l s], Robert Hume, John Locke, Herbert Spencer, Georg Hegel, René Descartes, and others—Will Durant [*The Story of Philosophy* l].

SCIENCE—Darwin s, Newton s, LaPlace—Bertrand Russell, Sir Oliver Lodge, J. Arthur Thomson [*Outline of Science* in 4 vols. l], R. A. Millikan [Electron p].

BIOLOGY—J. Arthur Thomson, Vernon Kellogg p.

DRAMA—Bernard Shaw [Prefaces to his plays], Stark Young [*Theater Practice* c], Montrose J. Moses [Anthology of plays l], George J. Nathan, Alex Woollcott.

ART—Ruskin [*Modern Painters* s p l]—Royal Cortissoz [*American Artists* c. Also *Personalities in Art* c], E. V. Lucas, Charles D. Abbott, Walter Pach.

MUSIC—L. L. Melitz [*Opera Guide* c], Ernest Newman [*Musical Motley* c], Walter J. Damrosch [*My Musical Life* c], A. T. Dawson [*Musical Education in America* c].

HUMOR—Mark Twain [works l], Thomas Masson [Masterpieces of Humor l].

TRAVEL—C. M. Doughty [*Wanderings in Arabia* s l], Rider's New York City Guide p. Washington Guide p. Baedeker's Guides p [Consult Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York, for best guide books].

ESSAYS—Thomas Babington Macaulay [Essays c]—Christopher Morley [his two anthologies c].

ENGLISH—Henry W. Fowler [*Modern English Usage* and *The King's English* p], Krapp [*English Language in America*, 2 vols. l], Mencken [*The American Language* l], Roget [*Thesaurus* p].

REFERENCE—Americana Encyclopedia [shortest and best, except Everyman's], Bartlett's c [*Quotations*], Murray [*Manual of Mythology* c], Who's Who l, Year Books, United States Catalog l [Contains complete book titles—in print].

BEST BOOK REVIEWS—London *Times* Literary Supplement [Weekly], *International Book Review* [Monthly], *The Saturday Review*, New York [Weekly], New York *Times* Literary Supplement [Sunday].

The First Advertisement *in* English

It Was Caxton Who Printed It, to Draw Attention to a Book

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE itinerant umbrella mender who rings a bell announcing his approach and the hucksters who still 'hawk' their wares about the city streets are survivals of the most ancient and most direct form of advertising. With the invention of writing the written word posted in the market place, or public place, took away the necessity of the sale by the town-crier method. With the invention of printing that medium became the popular one until at present printing and advertising are almost synonymous terms.

The first to appreciate the new power of the press for business purposes were the printers themselves. The first printers were also necessarily the publishers and booksellers, frequently even the authors of their books.

The first printed advertisements consist of notices of books published by the booksellers of Germany, of Italy, of France, and of England. Such a notice consisted of a single sheet, a broadside, designed to be tacked on the door of a church or the gateway of a city or in some similar public place. In the nature of the case such documents were not carefully preserved and the fact that a fairly large number have survived to the present day is largely due to accidental rather than deliberate preservation.

The first printer of England, William Caxton, printed in 1480 a book giving the rules for the government of priests in the diocese of Salisbury. The book would not appear to be a tale of adventure, stirring the enthusiasm of anyone who heard the title, and yet William Caxton deemed it of sufficient general interest to warrant an advertisement, for public display. This specimen of the great printer's art has been preserved in two copies. One is found today in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the other in the great John Ryland's Library of Manchester.

Caxton makes a point of the fact that the book is of the same type as the advertisement, 'enprynted after the forme of this present lettre'; that the book 'ben wel and truly correct'; and also where the book is to be had, at Westminster in the Almonry, by the Red Pole. All of this is good 'advertising stuff.'

In the second line a strange word appears, 'pyes.' For many years philologists disputed about the origin of this strange word, until quite recently a master-printer noted that the first line was about two letters shorter than the second line and that evidently two letters were accidentally dropped from that line. Any worker of cross-word puzzles will immediately recognize the two letters which would fill in these blanks to make a good English word ending 'pies,' and denoting 'specimens' or 'samples,' and appearing in a word like 'copyright.'

One reason for the activity of the printers in displaying their wares to a wider public was the fact that printers found quantity production as the only solution of the financial expenditure in setting up the type for a book. Written books were necessarily extremely expensive, and education by the written instrument was confined to a small group. The printed book put education in the reach of the masses, but the masses were not so quick to realize this fact as the printers. Note that Caxton calls particular attention to the fact that the book is 'good chepe' and practically all printers made a great point of the low price, as well as of correctness.

The first newspaper advertisement in English appeared in the *Perfect Occurrences of Every Daie, journall in Parliament, and other Moderate Intelligence,* for April, 1647. This advertisement reads as follows:

'A Book applauded by the Clergy of England, caled *The Divine Right of Church Government,* Collected by sundry eminent Ministers of the Citie of London; Corrected and Augmented in many places with a briefe Reply to certain *Queries* against the Ministery of England; Is printed and published for *Joseph Hunscot* and *George Calvert,* and are to be sold at the Stationer's Hall, and at the Golden Fleece in the Old Chaunge.'

The second newspaper advertisement in English appears in the *Mercurius Elencticus* of October 4, 1648, in which two other religious books are recommended·

'The Reader is desired to peruse a ſer-mon Entituled *A Looking Glass for Levell*s, Preached at St. Peter's, Paules Wh[arf], on Sunday, Sept. 24th, 1648, by [Ja] Knell, Mr. of Arts. Another Tract ca[lled] *A Reflex upon our Reformers with a pro[per] for the Parliament.*'

Advertisements were commonly made by posting up printed notices. A cent[ral] exchange appeared in London, 'the of[fice] of Publick Advice,' about 1660, print[ing] a page of advertisements, probably ev[ery] week. In 1689 this advertising medium co-sisted of some sixteen pages.

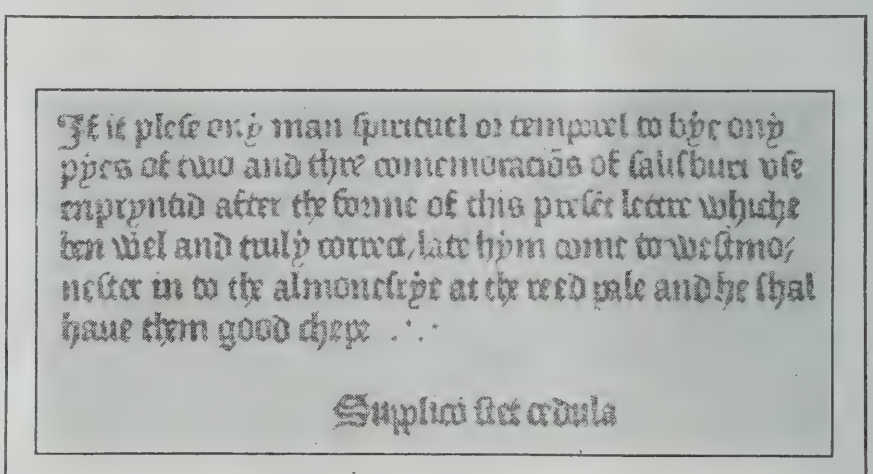
Books and patent medicines were [the] first subjects in England, followed by [one] which was advertised in September, 16[58] in the *Mercurius Politicus.*

'That excellent and by all Physitia[ns] approved China Drink, called by [the] Chineans Tcha, by other nations T[ea] alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness He[ad], a cophee-house in Sweetings Rents, by [the] Royal Exchange, London.'

Such were the beginnings of advertising in the very early days of printing. In the early 18th Century some Engli[sh] newspapers began to devote large portio[ns] of the front page [to] advertisements. T[he] American newspap[ers] in their earliest [be]ginnings ran adv[er]tisements as part [of] their regular busine[ss]. With the advent [of] the daily paper [in] Philadelphia, lar[ge] sections of the pape[r] were devoted to a[d]vertising so that t[he] news seemed to o[c]cupy only a secon[d] place. That practi[ce] continues in Phil[a]delphia to the prese[nt] day, nor is it confine[d] to newspapers.

Complaints again[st] advertising are no ne[w] affair. Addison in th[e] *Tatler,* in 1710, cha[r]acterized the art [of] advertising as 'findi[ng] out a proper metho[d] to catch the reader's eye, without which [a] good thing may pass unobserved or be lo[st] among commissions of bankrupt.' Th[e] advertiser is to 'mention the "univers[al] esteem," or "general reputation" of thing[s] that were never heard of.' Even more caust[ic] remarks were made by the great D[r.] Johnson who was much disturbed th[at] through the advertisements the butch[er] and baker should appear in the same pap[er] and be perpetuated in history together wi[th] the royal rulers of the earth.

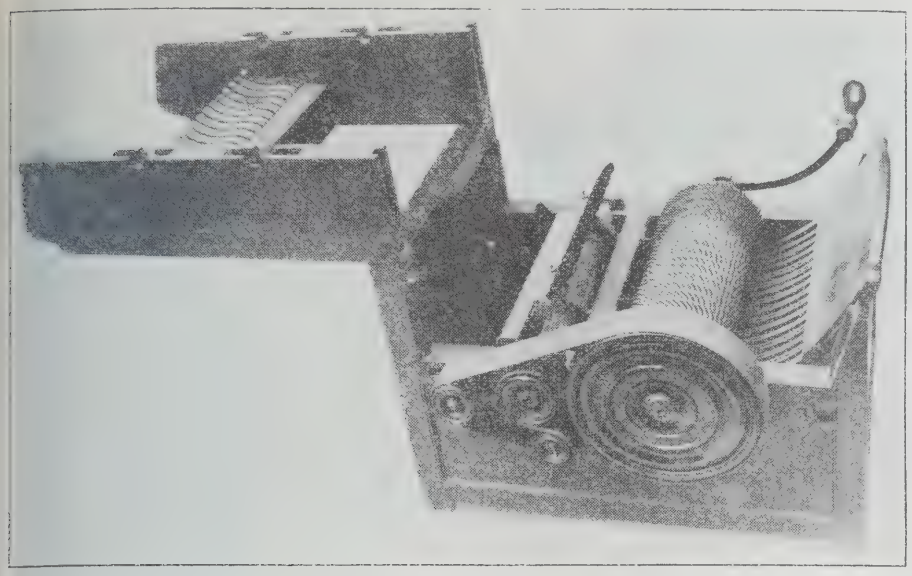
Today advertising has reached such a point that in a number of journals the mo[st] highly paid articles are contained in th[e] advertisements. Psychologists and scie[n]tists are employed to make the advertis[e]ment most compelling.



William Caxton's advertisement of a book giving the rules for the government of priests in the diocese of Salisbury, which appeared in the year 1480. The last line in Latin reads, 'Please leave this notice up.'

New England Spindles Go to Dixie

(*Concluded from page 2*)



The cotton gin helped make cotton growing more important than manufacturing in the South.

ut serious sectional competition, wages ere generally more easily adjusted by imply adding increased payrolls to the onsumer's bill. The textile manufacturer hen assumed the public attitude of 'Take ur goods or leave them, but you must ave them anyway.'

As this was going on in the North, the ompetition of upcoming mills in the South ade its appearance. Meanwhile New ngland's population was rapidly changing. oday, more than sixty per cent of her eople are of foreign-born stock, with as igh as sixty-six per cent in Massachusetts, eadquarters of the Northern textile in-ustry.

In Boston, New Haven, Providence, lartford, New Bedford, Fall River, Lowell, nd other cities of New England, only bout one-third of the inhabitants are of ative American ancestry, while in the extile centers of the South not more than wo per cent of the population is foreign-orn. And throughout the South, as a hole, where the most marvelous industrial rogress is on today, the foreign-born white opulation is but 2.7 per cent of the people, hereas it is 18.1 per cent for the rest of the ountry.

With this foreign population in New ngland have come labor unions, a higher ercentage of agitators, and a sort of a abylonian mixture of tongues, which have ot added any to the concord or expedition f operation. The finest textile hands, by he way, have generally originated in Eng-and, whence few of the present New Eng-and immigrants come. Of course, many of he old hands, with several generations of extile skill, are still at work in these mills, hich no doubt has much to do with the roduction of the finer fabrics there.

Cheaper power and nearness of the raw aterials for the Southern mills have put ew England out of competition with the otton-growing states in the coarser cloths. ith cheaper labor, cheaper raw materials, nd cheaper power, and still other ad-antages in the South, the Northern oper-tor has to overcome his handicap by giving ore attention to designs and adaptability. Instead of manufacturing cloth just as potatoes are grown and selling it in the same way potatoes are sold, they are now featuring certain fabrics and specializing more on goods that do not meet with the Southern competition.

Southern labor, willing, homogeneous, with its background of Anglo-Saxon skill, inured to hardship and satisfied with smaller wages than the New England operative, is the greatest contributing factor in the rapid rise of the textile industry in the South—that and the hydroelectrical power development of the hill sections, such as states within the great mountain range.

Western North Carolina, with the most of these mountaineers as a reservoir of labor supply, and with more natural power development than any of the others, leads the cotton-growing states in the textile industry, although it does not rank first by any means in the production of the raw staple itself. According to the 1925 figures, it consumed 1,334,794 bales of raw cotton, as compared to South Carolina, its nearest competitor, 1,029,797, while it operates about 700,000 more spindles than the latter.

Half of the textile industry of the South is confined to these two states, with the center of the Southern industry located at Charlotte, North Carolina, on the Piedmont Plateau, where the three prime factors in this remarkable industrial expansion—labor, power, and raw materials—are most abundant.

In the South, skill increased rapidly, with other favoring advantages, including a better climate in which to live at less cost, thus constantly favoring the mill operator in the cotton-growing states, while the row of his New England competitor became harder and harder to hoe. With so many natural advantages in favor of the former, the adverse human element has been a great problem for the latter to overcome. And the result has been a shift of much of the New England textile industry to the South—a shift in which New England capital and New England management brains have joined hands with the mountaineer workman in the Piedmont area. There still remains much of an industry in the North, however, which for various technical reasons, such as climate, nearness to consumer market, and other manufacturing facilities only acquired through long operation in one center, is thoroughly entrenched.

One drawback of Southern labor, authorities claim, is the tendency to change from mill to mill with practically no provocation. To offset this roving disposition, the mills established in the South have been obliged to erect and maintain entire communities, to house and supply their workers. This was because they were brought down from the mountains where the mills could not be located.

Plants for the Window Garden

(*Continued from page 15*)

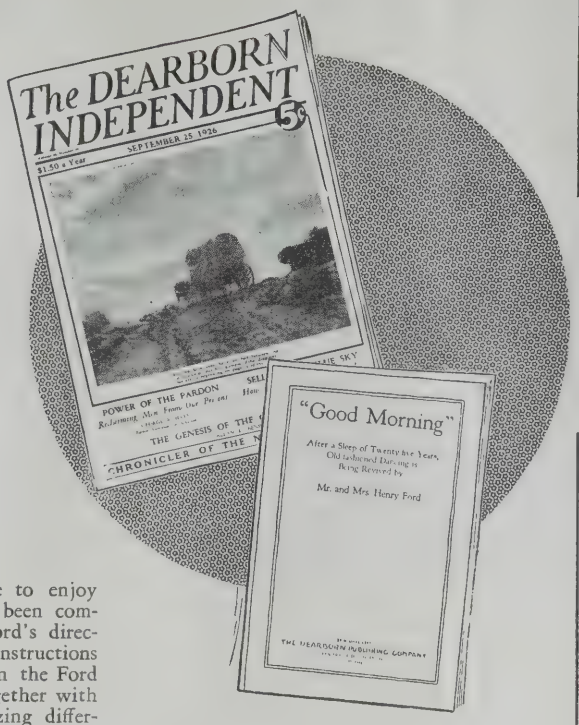
me—the 'skeleton,' the loved 'rose,' the 'peppermint'—really smelling exactly like that pungent mint. Last year we had a gift of two tiny-leaved scented geraniums—name unknown—of a vine-like habit of growth, which in the spring developed a shower of small, exquisite single pink blossoms along the branches. Single leaves or sprigs of these scented varieties are lovely to use in finger glasses—as are also small sprigs of the pink-flowered semperflorens begonias, which we value highly for window gardens and always include. A pot of this in full flower, set in a basket or some other artistic container, makes a lovely dining-room table center. It is a good idea to grow extra ones for this purpose, shifting into full sunlight occasionally, as the blossoms pale in the shade. It is well to plant a package of mixed seed in the spring and select for winter salvage those which prove most lovely and free-blooming. Or, in the pleasant freemasonry of flower lovers, beg 'slips'—easily rooted—of some of proved worth from a friend. The Lorraine type, and the various large, ornamental-leaved, seasonal-flowering begonias make lovely house plants, if one has room for their inclusion.

Petunias make charming house plants. They are very easily rooted by keeping chubby slips in a tumbler of water for a few days, when roots will sprout freely; pot at once, and pinch out centers to induce branching. Or take up seedlings of desired size from the garden, pinch back, and they will begin to thicken up, grow, and blossom almost immediately. The *Rosy Morn, Royal Purple*, and the *Lady of the Lake* (double white) are the best.

But of all easily slipped plants for winter growth, nasturtiums take the palm! We value these highly for house plants, either to wreathe the windows or to twine on a frame. Formerly we raised them from seed—a good enough method—but we have discovered that the best way is to break off slips, selecting stocky, shrubby offshoots of favorite varieties, and stick them directly into a pot of prepared earth; a good-sized pot will grow four or five successfully. These never even wilt, and grow and blossom without even a day's vacation. I suppose that roots appear at the proper time, but the slips do not seem to need them to carry on their ordinary activities!

Long sprays of flowering nasturtiums

LEARN *to* DANCE *and Keep Young*


The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
5¢
SEPTEMBER 15 1926
POWER OF THE PARDON
THE GENESIS OF THE
CHRONICLER OF THE
"Good Morning"
After a Sleep of Twenty-five Years, Old-fashioned Dancing is Being Revived by
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Old American dances as revived by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford have created widespread interest.

To render it possible for everyone to enjoy these beautiful dances there has been compiled and published, under Mr. Ford's direction, complete information and instructions on each of the dances as taught in the Ford School of Dancing at Dearborn, together with calls, music and pictures visualizing different steps.

"Good Morning"

is the title of this interesting book. It contains 169 pages, carefully printed in clear type, and durably bound in attractive paper covers.

It also explains the origin and etiquette of the dances; style and deportment, and how to arrange and conduct a successful dance.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are now given an opportunity to obtain a copy of this popular book free. It regularly sells for 75c a copy, but for a limited time we are offering a copy of *"Good Morning"* in return for obtaining a new subscriber for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Thousands of men and women are just waiting to be asked to subscribe to this great publication. Many of them are your own friends and neighbors. All you have to do is to secure one new subscription and forward it on the coupon below. We will immediately send you a copy of *"Good Morning"* with our compliments.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To The Dearborn Publishing Co.,
Dearborn, Mich.

I inclose $1.50 to cover subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *for*

Name.....

Street or R. D......

City..... *State*.....

Send my copy of *"Good Morning"* to me at the following address:

Name.....

Street or R. D......

City..... *State*.....

may be picked just before frost, placed in a large vase, twined around a picture or two if you wish, and will bud, blossom, leaf, and grow incredibly, without a break. The only 'out' about growing nasturtiums in this way is that the old leaves turn yellow very rapidly, and must be carefully removed daily to keep the arrangement from looking shabby.

A real plant-lover will always succeed in taking heliotropes from the ground for winter blooming. Cut around the plant in sections—if you begin early enough—a few days apart; lift very carefully into the proper-sized pot arranged with drainage and a little earth, add water and earth alternately, 'firm,' spray very gently until the earth is solid, set in the shed for a few days, and even if the plant drops its leaves a bit, new ones will immediately appear. I have seen splendid heliotropes in full winter bloom, salvaged from the garden in this way.

We like to take up a few annuals to bloom through the early sparse season, before the old stand-bys come into full blossom. French marigolds are among the best annuals for this purpose. Select a symmetrical, good-sized plant in full bud and bloom, take it up carefully as directed for heliotropes, and it will never wilt, and will blossom gaily for a month or more. African marigolds, if you can find a well-shaped specimen of proper size, will blossom gorgeously in the same way. Balsams are lovely, especially the double pink variety, which resembles the smaller azaleas; and a selection of German asters in full bud and bloom, taken up in single pots and grouped, make as gorgeous a beauty spot in your living room as you can imagine. These, however, are rather ephemeral.

Pots of seedlings of phlox Drummondi, mignonette, sweet alyssum, candytuft, and such plants, are lovely in the window garden, if they get plenty of sun. Sometimes you can find and salvage self-sown seedlings. These are all beautiful during their blooming season, but must, of course, be discarded when their beauty begins to wane. A friend of mine always tucks in a few morning-glory seeds in various pots, which later on show dainty colored bells.

But the very loveliest annual for the window garden is the *schizanthus*—'Poor man's orchid.' This grows well, develops its fern-like leaves in abundance and sends out showers of the daintiest, most enchanting orchid-like blossoms imaginable. The bright lavendar is the prettiest. *Streptosolon*—pure sky-blue—is a most charming house plant. This grows in a vine-like fashion and produces countless single blossoms, resembling violets in shape and color. There is an orange-colored variety producing its flowers in luxuriant clusters that is very ornamental. Both are attractive to the green aphis, and must be carefully watched.

Azaleas make lovely house plants and may be saved from year to year. Sink pots in the shade, and give plenty of water through the summer, as well as during their blooming season.

Plants should be given sunny windows if possible. We enjoy having them in the dining room. Their cheerful greeting starts the day well, and the whole family takes an interest in their constantly developing buds and blossoms. Shelves are better than stands. Try to resist the temptation to take up too many plants. A few well-developed specimens are infinitely more attractive than many crowded, ill-shaped ones.

Hal—A Story of Regeneration

(*Concluded from page 13*)

jo, took to hanging about the race tracks, spent a squalid week in Tia Juana, and finally found his level in a ring of petty bootleggers. He was drunk the night he led with such reckless but misguided zeal to protect the gambling tables in Mike's pool room from the supposed holdup which proved to be a plain-clothes police raid.

WHEN his case came up for trial, I was a character witness for him, and he was let off with six months. He came out harder and more sullen than ever. It was almost as though he had discovered within his own soul the craving for a finer life that was denied him by all his past experience—that had been ruthlessly closed to him in his one impulsive step toward it. Feeling instinctively superior to his environment, yet hopeless of escaping it, he began with ingenious perversity to adapt himself outwardly to it, and to hack to pieces the impulse within.

The revulsion was manifested by quite trivial as well as serious things. His language became coarser than ever; he neglected his hitherto irreproachable personal appearance. He drove a taxi, daytimes, went out with his petty bootlegging, and drove my car when I wanted him in the evenings, but wearing now a nondescript chauffeur's uniform. He wore a large, stiff cap with shiny leather peak, pulled down over his eyes. He acted the chauffeur with the subservience of an English menial. It was, incidentally, that talent for the dramatic coming out in him.

One day I went to the principal of the school nearby, and told her that I was studying the effects of malnutrition on the physical and mental powers of the children. She introduced me to several of her teachers. And so I met Myra Lane, who was so startly interested, on the practical side, in the subject of my quite unauthorized investigation that she gave me much of her time, and a friendly acquaintanceship sprang up between us. I watched her at work in her classroom, talked with her frequently in her home, used her as a pipe line for the information I needed about typical cases of juvenile deficiency, malnutrition and backward pupils.

She had promised me reports on a certain group of children, and one evening I asked Hal to drive me to her home. He suddenly began fumbling with the gear shift when I gave him the address, but said nothing. I had about given him up at this time, he had grown so sullen, and had so submerged himself in his chauffeur's uniform.

I TOOK Myra and her sister Emily for a drive that evening; Hal, sitting unobtrusively in the dark at the driver's wheel, must have overheard all of the girls' clear, sprightly talk. Both Emily and Myra were an inspiration to me with their college background and intellectual vivacity. To Hal their talk must have illumined the gulf between him and the world he could not enter. That night he left me with his handsome face set in still harder lines of sullenness.

A week later I picked the girls up for another evening drive. Myra talked confidently, confidentially, on the public school failings that were preoccupying us both. And suddenly, in a mood of indiscretion, she began to illustrate it with the story of an experience that had been rankling in her soul for months.

Then for the first time I realized the situation and knew what was coming. And Hal's face, faintly illuminated by the glow from the instrument board light and reflected back to me in the mirror above the windshield, gave me a sudden glimpse of bleak despair. I broke in on Myra's story with a rude change of topic, but of course it was too late.

Hal had never told me the girl's name; his mother had never known it. On each of these two evening drives, Myra, always absorbed in the interest or experience of the moment, had paid no more attention to the nondescript chauffeur in the darkness of the front seat than she had to the seat itself. He was only a part of the car to her. But I can imagine how Hal had felt, hearing the throbbing flow of her sweet voice, her easy play with ideas, her hints of what was to him a wealth of culture in her environment.

THAT night as we returned to her home he did a preposterous thing. He was both rubbing salt into his wound and giving free rein to his incorrigible sense of the dramatic. In fact, I take it that his play-acting urge had reinforced from the start his mood of wallowing in the mire. As soon as he had stopped the car, he leaped out, opened the rear door, and stood stiffly like a hotel doorman beside it as Myra stepped out.

'Thank you, madam,' he murmured, in his best imitation of the servant who knows his place.

Their eyes met in the light from the street arc, and as I took her arm at that moment I felt Myra's uncontrollable trembling. The story she had started in the car must have flashed through her mind. She was speechless for a moment, then started to say something, but Hal slammed the door and stepped forward to raise the hood and examine the engine. Myra bade me goodnight on the porch with a stricken voice.

It was unpardonable on Hal's part; and I could see that it had dramatized for Myra an emotion that had long been simmering uncontrollably within that unaccountable woman's soul of hers.

I was leaving shortly on an extended lecture tour. I gave Hal a letter of introduction to a friend of mine, a director in one of the studios; and I wrote the same man a long private letter.

It was two years before I settled down again and resumed some of the associations of that odd affair. Myra had me to dinner at her bungalow shortly after my return. She had grown older and more subdued. The vagrant sprightliness was gone. There was a premature sedateness in the carriage of her head—the old alluring toss of her bobbed black tresses had disappeared, and in the steady gaze of those warm brown eyes the disarming frankness was tinged with a hint of wistfulness.

Later I asked her to dinner at a hotel, and we put in the rest of the evening at the movies. It was just another society melodrama that bored us both—until she saw his figure on the screen. Her repressed exclamation coincided with my own recognition of Hal, playing a minor part, but playing it with inimitable grace and sincerity.

By tacit agreement we sat silent through the second showing, and I am sure that every faintest change of his expression, every movement of his figure was indelibly fixed in her mind as we left.

SHE was in love now—in love with a shadow on the screen, with a memory, with an impossible dream. No doubt there was a peculiar egotism about it—the same sort of egotism that makes some women of Myra's type cling to love for a husband who abuses and deserts them. And no doubt in both these manifestations, the basis is an extension of unconquerable maternal love. I am sure this was true in Myra's case.

The climax came unexpectedly soon and with an unforeseeable twist.

I had been announced to speak one night at a community forum in the school auditorium. Myra was in the hall; and while the chairman was still introducing me I saw Hal smiling at me from one of the back rows. All the while that I talked I was afraid of what might happen, and concerned as to how I might keep them apart; for I could see nothing but tragedy in renewed proximity. A man may find at last his destined rôle in life, but that does not mean his mannerisms or character will change. Yet I could not keep my eyes off his glowing features, in which the old Hal of before the degraded days seemed to live again. I saw that the personal letter to my friend had done wonders; I had no belief that it could have wrought miracles.

After the talk I was surrounded of course by the usual crowd of friends, known and unknown, from the audience. Myra and her sister were among them. The group gradually dispersed, and I went over to the girls with the intention of escorting them home.

A quiet voice at my elbow and slightly behind Myra spoke—a known yet unfamiliar voice.

'Judge, your message struck home; the people around me I know were impressed. May I congratulate you?' And then, 'Miss Lane, *your* message once struck home too. Much of the past is quite dead for me. I hope it can be for you, too. May I apologize, and forget?'

I CAN'T reproduce the tension of that moment; I should rather not call to mind Myra's face, pale for once, nor the startled, bewildered look in her eyes. Hal had said just the right thing, and just enough.

I call at another bungalow when I am in Hollywood now. And when I occasionally see Hal upon the screen, in well-directed films, I think of the director's genius not in terms of photoplay production, but of another sort of leadership altogether. I know of a great educator, a great leader of boys, who missed his profession.

Chats *with* Office Callers

'This is the 20th Century,' declared ***the Inventor*** as he strode into the office. 'Why not live in it?

'Our forefathers sat out on the wide prairie away from civilization, narrowed in mind and enjoyment by the horizon their eyes beheld, wizened in spirit and soul by the hardships enforced by the ignorance of environment, knowing little of what the world was doing.

'We today may live on the same farm, view the same prairie, may even have the same viewpoints if we are willing. But this is the 20th Century. Why not live in it? My grandfather, age twenty-one, with his wife, age eighteen, left New York in an ox-cart and in three months reached the frontier in Illinois where he settled and stayed. That was travel for those days, and adventure. Few knew then how the rest of the world lived and cared less. This ignorance led to misunderstandings and hatreds. It led to distrust of strangers. Travel is bringing understanding and a world brotherhood, a happiness of the knowledge of the great things of life. This is the 20th Century. Why not live in it?'

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The Man Who Tramps for His Health is a bit of a philosopher. 'The most tragic thing I know,' said he, 'is the retired farmer. In former days, say twenty years ago, when a farmer was ready to retire he turned his place over to his children, while he went to the nearest town, usually the county seat, to live out his life. He settled in the outskirts, bought an acre or so, kept a cow and chickens and exercised enough to retain his health. The children on the farm made good, and when he tired of town he could visit them. In this way he rounded out his life as did his hard-working wife.

'Nowadays when the farmer gets along in years he finds his children have for the most part left the farm and have settled in the larger cities. They succeed usually and make many times what they would have, had they remained next to the soil. The farmer grows old, sells his farm and severs his connection with the soil. He does not move to the small town but goes to the city and rents an apartment. He brings his farm appetite with him and satisfies it by stuffing. He gets no exercise and soon assumes the attitude of a house dog. Unheard-of ailments attack him and soon he passes away. His widow, to occupy her mind, starts a boarding house and thus occupied carries on a bit longer, but you will find few long-lived farmers in the city.'

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'Down in Texas, Captain Tom Hickman, of the Texas Rangers, has been busy again,' said ***the Man From the Ozarks.*** 'His latest deed is the shooting of a couple of bandits at Clarkeville, as they left a robbed bank, carrying $33,000 loot. It is the same Tom Hickman the light-hearted who laid the Yancey Storey outfit by the heels, though the doing so took the coolest of cool courage under fire, and the act was one of a kind to have called forth headlines and "Extrys," had it been done on the front in war time. A dozen or more valiant deeds stand to Hickman's credit.

'But, by some queer quirk, publicity men eagerly instruct a confiding public in the ways and personality of the criminal, but almost never have a word to say of the officer of the law, except in a secondary and remote way. Which is, at bottom, a catering to the primitive idea that there is an inherent affinity between criminality and heroism. It is a catering to sensational excitement, or morbid curiosity. For the criminal has always been the hero of the ignorant. And he knows it too. Hence all that posing in silver and Genoese velvet of a Jack Sheppard; and the foppery of a Vaux; and the diamond hat of a Haram Pasha. Mark this too. The tale of the doings of a criminal stirs up half-dormant instincts in ill-balanced natures, and in those of emotional instability. It must have been forced upon the attention of every thinking man that on the commission of a crime, imitators spring up.

'So why not try things the other way round? Why not say a word about the officer of the law doing what he has to do in efficient workaday way? Take this same Tom Hickman, certainly one gallant and courageous. You have in him no posing hero, but an unassuming man of singular modesty; one planning with swiftness of brain, acting with instant correspond of eye and hand, going about alone with nonchalance, among the friends relatives of those he has captured. Me him socially you would take him for a g good-humored scholar perhaps; at rate for a complacent and contented very courteous, very tolerant, very pathetic. Had a criminal gone, as Hick did, to England to ride in the rodeo whe gained the praise of Cunninghame Gra for his horsemanship, the newspapers o country would have blazoned his nam scarlet letters.

'Why not a word for the man of ho now and then?'

❦ ❦ ❦

Letters, letters and letters; also men varied types and many moods—earnest distressed men, men who talk with an a half-mystical confidence, men who plans with which to settle and unsettle nation, men who prophesy, men plaus and men incoherent, men with charm others wildly overbearing; men who w carry logic to tremendous extremes pro that because taxation is increasing, the must come when every citizen is the s of the state. So, one way and anot amid a mass of strange stuff, one ge side light on current human interests.

Thus, one ***Man From Chicago*** that the strike of musicians, though s and sharp, showed that a motion pict without music is as flat and uninteresting a potato without salt. 'I watched an a ence in a movie show, no humdrum scr story either but one full of emotional aff of modern life, and there was hardly interest manifested.'

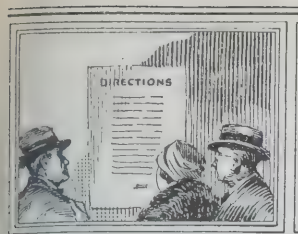
Another spoke of oil. He was fr Amarillo. 'I see that the Coolidge bo estimates that the world has an oil sup sufficient for six years, so urges a search new fields, also some measure of oil conser tion. The first is taking care of itself. for the second, I foresee limited use, or least an avoidance of waste, brought ab by taxation of natural resources. I own acres of oil-bearing land, but it never seem right that I should have and hold sort of inverted pyramid, a chunk of world stretching to the earth's center. so things go. No one man should be allow to rob this treasure chest, the world. Own ship of a piece of land should be limited occupancy, somehow. What is in the ea should be used for the benefit of all. how to do it is the question.'

❦ ❦ ❦

For the best part of an afternoon we talk about best-sellers, and ***the Man W Writes for the Literary Secti*** of the New York *Herald Tribune* cited f gotten things:

Mr. Barnes of New York.
Mystery of a Hansom Cab.
Looking Backward.
The Woman Who Did.
Dream Life.
Prisoner of Zenda.
The Christian.
Aylwin.

He reeled off other names, now in dece retirement but once hailed as privileged live in the clouds. 'There is one book, good seller of twenty-odd years ago, wh still sells well. It is L. Emmett Hol *Care and Feeding of Children.*'



Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Which state in this country has the least illiteracy?

ANSWER: Iowa holds first place in low percentage of illiteracy. Only 1.08 per cent of Iowans over the age of ten years are illiterate.

QUESTION: How far can a Congressman go in 'extending' his remarks in the *Congressional Record?*

ANSWER: In an annotation under section 904 of Rule XXXV of the 'Rules of the House of Representatives' it is stated: 'The practice of inserting in the *Congressional Record* speeches not actually delivered on the floor has grown up by consent of the House as the membership has increased and it has become difficult at times for every Member to express at length on the floor his reasons for his attitude on public questions. The House quite generally stipulates, granting leave to print, that it shall be exercised without unreasonable freedom. General leave to print may be granted only by the House, although in Committee of the Whole a Member, by unanimous consent, is sometimes given leave to extend his remarks. When a Member under leave to print places in the *Record* that which would not have been in order if uttered on the floor, the House may exclude the speech in whole or in part.' Thus, where a Member, under leave to print, made charges against another Member, the House ordered the speech stricken out. The principle that a Member shall not be called to order for words spoken in debate if business has intervened does not apply to a case where leave to print has been violated. Where a Member gets leave to insert one matter he may not print another. Where a Member abused a leave to print on the last day of a session, the House at the next session condemned the abuse and declared the matter not a legitimate part of the official debates. An abuse of the leave to print gives rise to a question of privilege, and a resolution to expunge from the *Record* in such a case is considered as of privilege. An inquiry by the House as to an alleged abuse of the leave to print does not necessarily entitle the Member implicated to the floor on a question of personal privilege.

QUESTION: When was the Bureau of the Budget created and under what department does it come?

ANSWER: It was created by the act approved June 10, 1921. It is in the Treasury Department but not under the jurisdiction or direction of that department. The Bureau is under the immediate direction of the President. Under rules and regulations prescribed by the President, the bureau prepares for him the annual budget and such supplemental or deficiency estimates as the President may recommend from time to time to Congress.

QUESTION: When and where was the National Anti-Slavery Society formed?

ANSWER: Philadelphia, in 1833.

QUESTION: What did the payments for maintenance and operation of the general departments of the state governments of the forty-eight states for the fiscal period closing January 31, 1926, amount to?

ANSWER: The total amount was $1,036,478,035 or $9.20 per capita.

QUESTION: What is the purchasing power of the agricultural industry?

ANSWER: The purchasing power of the agricultural industry is annually nearly ten billion dollars for goods and services produced by others. It purchases about six billion dollars' worth of manufactured products annually, or about a tenth of the value of the manufactured goods produced.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: By whom and where is the rate of 'International Exchange' fixed?

ANSWER: Generally speaking, the larger New York banks determine the rate of exchange. In countries whose financial systems are what international bankers term 'stabilized,' the rate is usually arrived at on the basis of demand determined by the condition of trade, the rate fluctuating as the balance of trade is for or against. In 'unstabilized' countries, the bankers deal on a speculative basis, trying to guess or determine what the particular medium of exchange is going to do. They sometimes guess and they sometimes determine.

QUESTION: What is the Federal Council of Churches?

ANSWER: The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was established in 1908 by the official action of twenty-nine Protestant denominations in the United States to represent them and to act for them in matters of common interest. The work of the Federal Council is carried on through several commissions, interdenominational in membership.

QUESTION: Has the Congressional Library any system or method by which the average citizen throughout the country can make use of it?

ANSWER: No; unless such citizen go to Washington and there use the library. The library would probably answer any reasonable question that did not involve too much research. There is, however, a coöperating system with other libraries by which students and scholars, through the local coöperating library, can obtain the use of rare books and manuscripts. But no attempt is made in this service to furnish books commonly available to the coöperating libraries.

QUESTION: What are the purposes and functions of the Federal Bureau of Standards?

ANSWER: According to the Department of Commerce:

'Custody, development and construction of standards of measurement, quality, performance or practice, comparison of standards used by scientific or other institutions.

'Determination of physical constants and properties of materials.

'The testing of materials and establishment of standards and processes in coöperation with commercial firms or organizations.

'Researches covering industrial materials and processes.

'The collection and dissemination of information concerning building codes and planning and construction of houses.

'Establishment of simplified commercial practices through coöperative business organizations.

'The bureau publishes eight series of scientific and technical publications, reporting the results of its researches and giving technical data fundamental to science and industry.

'The director has supervision of the preparation of technical specifications through the Federal Specifications Board.'

QUESTION: What is the smallest island owned by the United States?

ANSWER: Samoa. It has an area of 57.9 square miles.

QUESTION: On what date did the U. S. Navy seaplane NC-4 hop off for its flight across the Atlantic Ocean?

ANSWER: May 16, 1919.

QUESTION: What is the value of the real estate in the United States?

ANSWER: Estimated at approximately $230,000,000,000.

I Read in the Papers

A headline shouting. And by it we are told that in India a treasure is guarded by a Holy Cobra. Of course no one takes that kind of thing seriously, nowadays—nor did the man who wrote it think that anyone would. But it relieves tedium for commuters, and men waiting for supper, and that's something. The pity is that an idea for a rattling good tale of adventure should be thrown away by the man who wrote it. He had a good thing and did not know the value of it. O. Henry, or Jack London, would have built it into a three-thousand-word story instead of letting it die in an hysterical yell. But there's the difference between genius and ineptitude. Some people would not know A Good Thing if it went down Main street riding a blue rhinoceros, with a steam calliope in the rear and seventy heralds announcing the parade.

A Good Story Wasted

ǂ ǂ ǂ

A golf ball is that small indented object which remains on the tee while a perspiring citizen fans it vigorously with a large club.—Detroit *News*.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

Example of the melodramatic: Columns of print about a woman who shot a jaguar in Brazil. But a boy might do the same with a .22 Remington. The jaguar is no such fierce beast as romanticists would have us believe. It is a great cat with all the shyness of the feline, and its fearfulness lies in its roar. If you doubt, read W. H. Hudson, and R. B. C. Graham, and Waterton, and Humboldt, and others who know the wild life of South America. The beast's reputation for evil, like the reputation of men, is greatly in excess of its merit.

Melodrama From Brazil

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Senator Glass is writing a book about Colonel House; a sort of Glass-House affair.—Philadelphia *Record*.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

There are these odds and ends, wise men talking foolishly and common men saying things with flashes of wisdom; some posing, some just saying things to be noticed; some playing Bombastes Furioso, and so forth. To wit: A Doctor Ernest Gardner recommends the flesh of the octopus for human consumption, saying that it is 'rich and delicate,' and a Professor Charles Shaw tells us that the men of the future will never laugh, because their immense store of knowledge will prevent them from being surprised.

Odds and Ends of Wisdom

Another learned man, looking into the future, Professor Gregory it is, tells us that by the year A. D. 3,000, there will not be standing room for the earth's population outside the polar regions. But another, very wise indeed, assures us that at the rate that the world's population is decreasing, within a measurable distance of time this earth will be left to wild animals.

And a letter from a correspondent published in a local newspaper has this: 'If men were as keen for order as they are for their own selfish pleasure, we could pull down all the prisons and turn the law courts into schools.'

Then there is a queer piece of unsophistication quoted in a book review of Teignmouth's *The Smugglers*. It is a kind of Spoon River tombstone inscription, at Hunstanton, where a smuggler lies buried. It runs:

I am not dead but sleepeth here,
And when the Trumpet sound I will appear.
Four balls through me Pearced there way.
Hard it was. I'd no time to pray.
This Stone that here you do see
My comerades erected for the sake of me.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

Athletes at Sing Sing are not so much interested in dramatics as they are in the suggested cross-country run.—New York *Evening Post*.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

A wiseacre builds a column of print on this for a theme: *The successful executive is the man who puts his feet up on the desk and thinks.* And, saying what he has to say, he beats about the bush, repeats himself, iterates and reiterates, revealing his unfamiliarity with the ways of executives by his prolixity. That kind of thing sounds witty, but there's nothing to it. The successful executive, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, does his thinking on his feet. You'll find him, not in a chapel of ease, but where things are wrong, or might go wrong, or might be bettered in the going.

How Wiseacres Would Run Business

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

And that wild and glorious vision of a gre plant running without anything goi wrong is the pipe dream of a theori There is always something wrong, or abo to go wrong, in the best of businesses. you don't believe it, ask any executiv But you'll not be able to ask him, for he be too busy to talk. Besides, men imita With a desk-roosting executive, you have loafing foremen, somnolent machinis and heads of departments with fema stenographers doing the dictating.

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Cows will give more milk if allowed to drink all the water they want. Then another way is to feed the water to the milk.—Portland *Express*.

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We fought the war to end war, but t papers are full of war whispers and hint So let the first at the front be the arm chair strategists and the hounders-on the dogs of war. Truculent jingoes shou be next on the list, with no 'influence' prevent.

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About the only person that can really make a living out of these guessing contests is the man in the weather bureau.—El Paso *Times*.

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As to reputations, why indict youth as is the fashion nowadays? The trick old. You find Pepys doing it; and Holinshe and Sewall; and a most any other write given to reminiscence One might think tha whim and passion an idleness and stupi ity and drunkenness and irresponsibilit were new sins never before known to mar kind, to read some of the present-da calamity mongers. But a sane and health sense of proportion might show that most the gaiety complained of is nothing mor than the natural light-heartedness of youth Or if youth is given to every shade of guil if it contributes an extraordinary quot to the world's evil, if it is wrongdoin personified, as some would have us believe then, obviously, the blame belongs to th generation that trained it in its ways That is something you cannot rebut. Th truth is that this pretense of being shocke is, at bottom, a kind of vanity, a sort o self-conscious superiority. It is a showin off. Or else the adults of today stultif themselves in refusing to give the youn credit for common sense. But one day w are frantically denouncing the new genera tion as one outstepping the laws of decenc and civility—another moment we ar standing with hands uplifted in horror a the license and immorality of the past We are always oscillating violently. If w could see ourselves we would laugh at th irony of it all, had we any sense of humor

This Matter of Wild Youth

ǂ ǂ ǂ

A year ago who would have wagered that Los Angeles would get its greatest sensation not from the screen but from the pulpit?—Toronto *Star*.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

Dempsey and Tunney, as seen in Philadelphia, are public benefactors. Says the secretary of the chamber of commerce, no mean authority:

'Philadelphia has suffered in the past by the reputation it has had of being slow and provincial. We feel that the city has gained enormously from the fight because it has shown to thousands that it is not only a pleasant and hospitable city, but that it is alive and enterprising and forging ahead as rapidly as any city in America.'

Briefly Told

COLLEGE STUDENT HAS DEVISED a scheme r using the automatic windshield wiper his automobile for breaking in a new pipe

OLET-SCENTED SEAWEED in the lakes of the anyishiak peninsula in the Caspian Sea rfumes the air for miles.

UCCESSFUL TRANSPLANTATION of a toe to ke the place of a finger has been acmplished by a New York surgeon.

EN BURIED IN SNOW CAN hear every word tered by persons on the outside, but their n loudest shouts are inaudible.

1880 ABOUT 90 PER cent of the people the United States lived on farms. Toy only about 28 per cent do, in spite of e increased food demand.

IE FORTRESS OF SAINTS PETER and Paul Leningrad, long famous as a prison, is be converted into an historical museum.

THERE ARE APPROXIMATELY 8,000,000 pianos out of tune in America.

DIO IS SAID TO HAVE introduced 3,000 re words into the English language.

HERE ARE NEARLY 10,000 automobile nps in this country, of which 66 per cent e in or near a city or town.

CCIDENT PREVENTION IS NOW offered as a gular college course at New York Univsity.

AVANA, CUBA, HAS THE ideal police force the world, according to August Vollmer, merican police expert.

A OAKEN GIBBET FROM which men were nged in public for sheep stealing as late the year 1500 is preserved over the main trance of a bank at Ruthin, Wales.

OSSIPING WIVES OF Custrin, Belgium, are led by husbands who invoke the revival an old medieval law to keep their wives hand.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, noted British yachtsman and sportsman, once was the driver of a mule-drawn street car on a suburban line in New Orleans.

A NEW AIR RIFLE capable of shooting 2,200 yards and piercing a steel plate three-tentieths of an inch thick has been invented.

THE GUTENBERG BIBLE of St. Paul's Monastery in Carinthia has been sold for 0,000.

MORE THAN 5,500,000 radio sets are in use in the United States.

THE FIRST TWIN BEDS known to history were used by the great-grandparents of King Tut-ankh-amen's wife. They were made of plywood and the mattresses were stuffed with feathers.

SINCE 1871, THE United States Government has expended $460,000,000 for the support, education, and civilization of the Indians.

IN SIBERIA WHERE streams freeze solid, fish are actually quarried out for sale and when thawed out are found to be alive.

SULPHUR HAS BEEN FOUND to be a most effective means of destroying the cotton hopper, an insect pest which in the past has done great damage to the cotton crops of the South.

COMPARISON OF HUMAN BLOOD with the blood of the living varieties of ape indicates that man and the monkey-like gibbon are closely related.

THE STONE HOUSES in Mammoth Cave were built almost a century ago by sufferers from tuberculosis who believed living in the cave would cure them.

THE PER CAPITA consumption of meat in America last year was 154.3 pounds, the greatest ever recorded.

A FORTUNE OF $150,000, which has been lying in chancery in England for almost a century, has just been divided between two brothers and a sister.

THE UNITED STATES Department of Agriculture states that wood fuel utilization methods practised by Europeans are not practicable in the United States, for the reason that the time spent by Americans in picking up chips, branches, et cetera, is worth much more than the fuel obtained.

A NEW TWO-CENT postage stamp is being issued by the Post Office Department to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the battle of White Plains.

MOUNTAINEERS WHO SEND their children to Mountain Home College of Evening Shade, Arkansas, often pay a portion of their tuition in buckets of sorghum molasses, slabs of home-cured, hickory-smoked bacon, ham, butter and eggs.

CONTRARY TO GENERAL opinion, American Indians are no longer a vanishing race. Their numbers in the United States are increasing.

THERE ARE 67,438 Indian children enrolled in schools in the United States

REFUSAL TO INCREASE the beer supply caused a mutiny of the Dutch army at Assen in which one life was lost and a number of men wounded.

THERE ARE MORE THAN four million bicycles in use in Japan.

AN EDUCATIONAL campaign is being conducted in the Philippines which has for its object the wiping out of illiteracy in five years.

APPROXIMATELY 120 DAYS a year in Brazil are not working days, being either Sundays or holidays.

PICKLED COCKSCOMBS are eaten in certain sections of poorer London

BEACON LIGHTS to guide airplanes on mail routes are proving a boon to stockmen who have been worried by the depredations of coyotes and wolves. The animals keep a long distance off.

CHINA IS THE leading market abroad for American electric fans, absorbing about one-fifth of the total yearly exports from this country.

SAMUEL PEPYS' HOME in Brampton, Huntingdonshire, is to be taken over by the Samuel Pepys Club and saved from ruin.

PHOENICIANS DRIVEN TO the shores of Syria built their fires on the sand, using blocks of natron instead of rocks to support their kettles. The natron blocks melted and flowed over the hot sand. Carbonate of soda from the natron fused with the sand and glass resulted.

THE YAQUIS OF MEXICO are the last unsubdued tribe of Indians in North America.

KITES WERE FLOWN before the Fourth Century B. C., probably in connection with religious ceremonies.

CAMELS ARE REPLACING horses in the arid regions of Northern Australia.

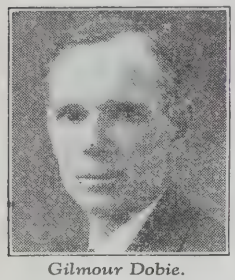
SUPERTAXES OF TEN per cent on theater tickets, fifteen per cent on families occupying more than ten rooms and fifty lire ($1.85) on automobile owners are being levied in Rome to aid in the fight against tuberculosis.

NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the fundamental economic fact that leisure is essential if the fruits of production are to be consumed.

Here is a football coach who says that too much importance is attached to the winning of games, and not enough to the losing of them. (p. 6)

Gilmour Dobie is recognized as one of the greatest coaches in the country. For years his teams had a record of unbroken victories. He has met with extraordinary success at the University of Washington, at the United States Naval Academy, at Cornell. What he says about football is important: The great danger in the game is in its overshadowing the true purpose of a college education . . . Insist on scholarship and athletics will take their place in college life . . . There is no reason why the large sums realized from football as long as these revenues are spent for better accommodations for the public . . . (p. 6)



Gilmour Dobie.

There are only two basic questions in taxation: *What do we want and how much do we want to pay for it?* And: *Who should do the paying?* (p. 4)

The politician's tendency is toward reckless expenditure and feckless taxation. He operates on the theory that what the public doesn't know won't hurt it. If he can place the tax on the other fellow he is satisfied. But that is a plan that cannot last long. Revenue must be raised without destroying prosperity. Samuel Crowther speaks plainly in the concluding article of his series on taxation. But he brings forward constructive ideas. Read this article; *and then watch Congress and your state legislature when they convene in a few months to pass further tax laws.* (p. 4)

Dixie used to devote all her time to raising cotton; now she spins it. Development of the textile industry in the South has been one of the notable achievements of the past generation. And the growth has been accomplished without serious harm to the industry in New England. The one section supplements the work of the other. Dirk P. De Young, well-known newspaperman, has made a comprehensive study of the situation. (p. 1)

A correction: Through an inadvertence, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT recently published a short article stating that the body of President Zachary Taylor was lying in a neglected tomb in the old family burying ground near Louisville, Kentucky. With appropriate ceremonies, the body was removed from the small mausoleum (in which it had lain for seventy-six years) on May 6, of this year, and now rests in a large marble tomb erected by the Government. The body of President Taylor's wife was also placed in the new tomb.

From Mrs. G. F. Pearson, Springfield, Massachusetts: Your advertisement of a permanent file interests me. I have difficulty keeping our DEARBORN INDEPENDENT until our family have read it. Our friends are always asking for it.

From M. L. Moore, Corsicana, Texas: I am a constant reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and think that it is the best periodical published in the world today . . . It should be in the home of everyone in the United States.

C. C. Watson, editor, Monette, Arkansas: The style of your paper is taking and it has a wonderful field, because it is not like the others.

From C. H. Bird, Bethlehem, Connecticut: Why not call off your World Court man? His mind must be diseased.

This is the time of year to bring the ou doors indoors. Potted plants in the house give an air of freshness, of cheerfulness thro out the winter. But the window garden should not have the appearance of a sanitarium for plant invalids. It should be glowing and vivid and alive. Florence Taft Eaton has a delightful article telling how the transfer from the outdoor to the indoor garden can be made without injury to the plants. Mrs. Eaton is noted her stories on gardening, cookery and dome science. Her home is in Concord, Mas chusetts. (p. 14)

Florence Taft Eaton

Another important indoor feature i cooking. New Orleans is a city that l made cooking one of the fine arts. There kitchen is the shrine of the home, a shr whence float delicious odors to herald approach of delicious foods. Mary Wi Shuey lives in New Orleans and she kno New Orleans kitchens. In this article does the seemingly impossible; she tra poses the delights of the kitchens to pap (p. 8)

A frontier youth once cherish ambitions to be a poet. He faile and became instead the natio greatest President. Lincoln's lo of poetry was a tremendous fac in his life; it helps to explain oth wise puzzling traits in his charact Dr. William E. Barton (the o standing Lincoln authority of o generation) weaves a whimsi story. (p. 5)

The earth is stronger than ev This is the cheering reassurance Dr. T. C. Chamberlin, dean American scientists and one of t world's outstanding geologists. (p.

Empires are not born; they a made. The tale of the empire buil ing in the South and the West America is of epic proportions. G. de Roulhac Hamilton writes the time when Scots pushed the way inland from the seaboar thrusting the frontier before the as they went. (p. 16)

Louis C. Karpinski (professor the University of Michigan an noted writer on historical topic has an interesting article on th first advertisement printed in Eng lish (p. 24) . . . Judge Henr Neil writes a true story which is a absorbing as fiction. (p. 12)

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Have You a 'PET' in Your Home?

These Photographs Present Varied Suggestions, Although No Guaranteed Advice Is Offered for 'Breaking-in' the Creatures. That Part Rests With the Trainer—and the 'Pet'!

The world may yet hear of an Ostrich Derby! In Southern California a race track has been laid out and a number of the big birds put in training. And as for speed—well, please observe the 'build' of the legs on the racer above and form your own conclusions. The driver of an ostrich was recently arrested for speeding in Los Angeles streets—exceeding 30 miles an hour, and the bird wasn't even trying! —*Wide World Photo.*

Above—*Just a mere infant! At the tender age of three weeks, darling hippo is taking its first swim in the pond at the London Zoo.* —*Herbert Photo.*

Oval—*They're peevish and certainly their looks don't belie their mood. In fact, they were even refusing food when this picture was made. Possibly this was due to their overhearing the names by which they are known in the scientific world—'Giant Monitor Varames Komodensis.' That monicker would roil any self-respecting lizard. These creatures hail from the Islands of Komodo, Dutch East Indies, and are new residents at the American Museum. They are of a family which is said to date back many thousands of years.*

—*International Newsreel.*

Zebra thought baby's frock a needless infringement of style, and made some manifestation of jealousy. —*Herbert Photo.*

When a feller's hungry, give him a bite to eat! Yellowstone Park. —*National Park Service Photo.*

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TO LIVE is more than to make a living ~ Progress requires that each man make his own living by lending himself to the general plan ~ If all he gets out of it is his living, he is like the man who goes on cleaning out the gutter while the king's pageant sweeps by ~ More than half of life is to know the times ~ in which we live ~

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27, Number 3

November 6, 1926

Five Cents a Copy

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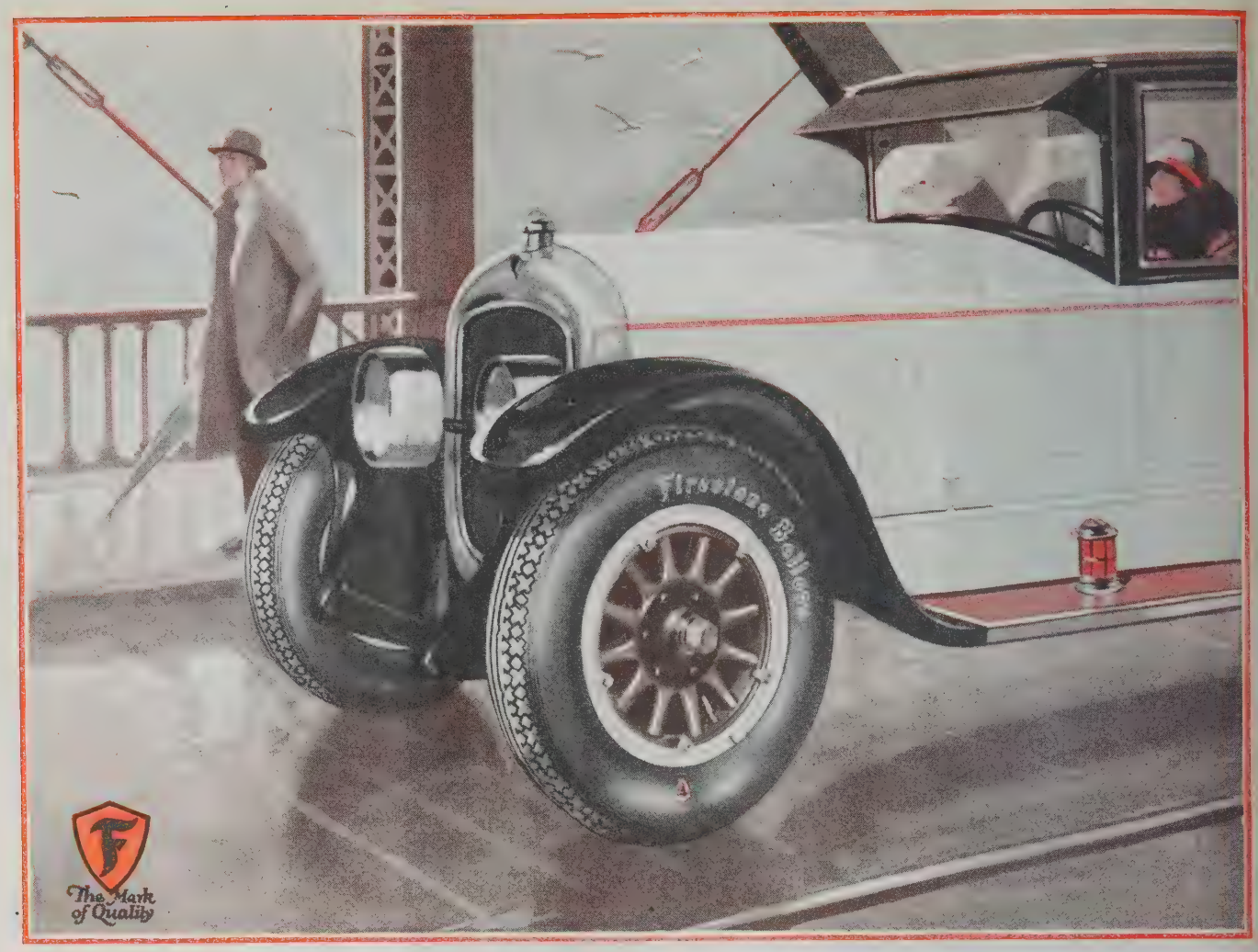
A NEW ENGLAND HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



To Be on the Safe Side— She Insists on Firestone Tires

Woman has always keenly felt her share of responsibility for the safety of those she holds dear. Woman, today, is true to that heritage —and with use of the motor car her cares extend beyond the home, demanding every precaution for safety in motoring.

Experience shows that tire equipment is a decided safeguard—and that Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons are specially built for safety and sure response.

Gum-Dipping, the extra Firestone process, gives the extra strength for extra flexing strain. The wide, resilient tread with its scientifically designed "safety angles" holds the car from swerving or skidding; so broad and yielding that it makes a "bridge" over ruts and uneven places.

The woman driver finds that confidence in Firestone Tire performance sets her mind at rest. She trusts the tires to respond quickly in an emergency, to hold true and to deliver long, economical mileage. The Firestone dealer will be glad to advise.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

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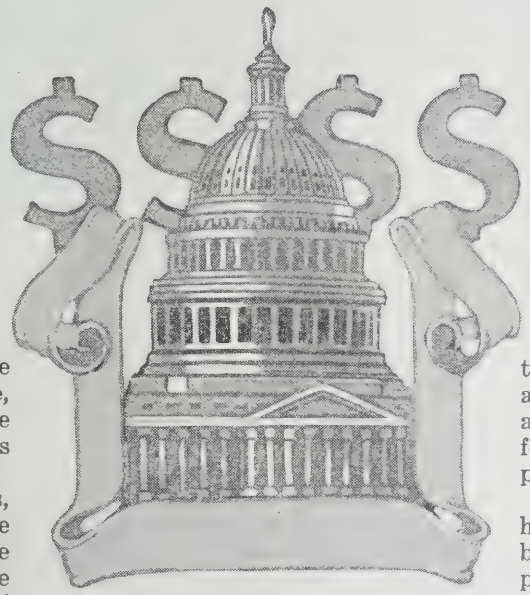
Peering Behind the McFadden Bill

A Measure Which Would Perpetuate the Federal Reserve System

By WESTERN STARR

THERE is a widespread belief among men who have knowledge of world movements in the broader fields of industry and international politics that there is something like an actual conspiracy among the world's financial magnates to create a financial super-government, to control the social and economic future of mankind. Conspiracy or not, there is little doubt that there now is power in the hands of financiers that, if it be not soon controlled, will enable them, at their own time and choice, effectively to control the world. There is no doubt that, even now, finance has more than half enslaved the world.

The method of this enslavement is, in part, through the usurpation of the sovereign power of the state to issue money; in part, by the perversion of the purpose of money from a medium of exchange to the creation of interest-bearing debt. But the real evil is that, in the present money system, we have an expansible and contractible 'concertina' instead of a currency. Considering the question of a conspiracy, we have vague reports of recent days that the chief financial powers of the world were 'in conference' on the Riviera, the playground of Europe, in August. 'Among those present' were Hjalmar Schlacht, the head of the Reich's Bank of Berlin, Montague Norman, head of the Bank of England, Benjamin Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and ex officio head of the Federal Reserve Bank Board. We are also informed that the representatives of the world's leading banks are accustomed to hold periodical conferences. Considering these indications, there is reasonable ground for a study of legislation pending in Congress relating to our financial program, and its possible bearing on the part American finance may be expected to play in the future, as a factor in world finance. To present all the evidential facts afforded by the record and tending



to support the belief in the conspiracy suggested, would require volumes. Yet a brief statement of certain facts, with a rational interpretation, should indicate the necessity for a thorough exposition of the whole subject of our financial system, before further commitment to a policy fraught with incalculable peril to our individual and national welfare.

The existing system of American banking is the outgrowth of a long and painful experience—an experience reaching back to the Revolutionary War—when, in 1781 and 1782, the Bank of North America was established as an agency to finance the thirteen colonies in their war for independence. Since that time, no single public question has absorbed so great a share of attention as the 'money question,' and even now there hangs over it a sort of semi-religious mystery—a superstition that only a few are fitted to speak with authority on the subject. Yet there is in it no mystery whatever, except such as ignorance and misinformation create in any field of thought or science.

In Jackson's time, the whole range of public finance was covered by minds as able, inspired by as pure a patriotism, as our country has ever known. During the war between the states, when the greenback was made to do the work the bankers of the nation had refused to do; when the national banks were created; during the greenback campaigns of the 'seventies,' later, in the silver agitation, followed by the discussions of the 'nineties,' down to the acute struggles over the Vreeland-Aldrich Bill of 1904-5, the so-called 'Assett currency' bill: During this whole 145 years, the money question has been a live source of debate and controversy. On no subject is there a larger body of literature, a richer mine for the student of our history or the philosophy of our institutions.

At every contact throughout our history, the issue on this question has been as to where the power to issue the people's money shall be lodged. The Constitution imposes the duty of issuing money and regulating the value thereof upon Congress as a legislative act and function. The bankers of the land have contended for this power from the beginning. Under the Federal Reserve Bank system, Congress has delegated to the banks this legislative power to issue the people's money and to regulate its value and has made the Government a guarantor of the Federal-Reserve-Bank-system paper notes.

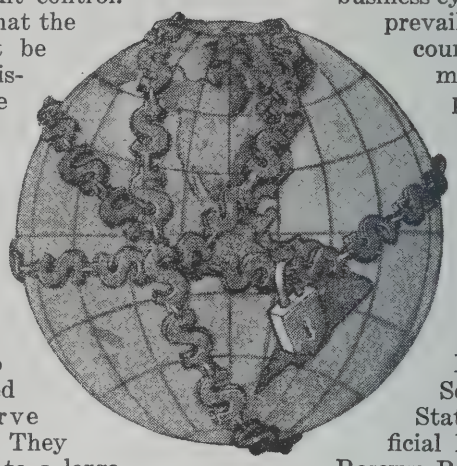
It is proper, here, to consider the heart of the whole problem, and the source of that frantic zeal with which the friends of the Federal Reserve Bank system contend for still further powers and a guaranty of unlimited peaceful possession of their extended powers.

Possessing the power to exercise the sovereign function of the Government to issue money, these banks issue, or withdraw, money (their notes) and credit, by lowering or raising discounts in such volume and at such times as suits their discretion and private purposes. These banks are all private concerns, as declared by Mr. Strong, Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City, in a statement before the Agricultural Commission.

But the power to issue their notes as money is valuable to these banks, much more by reason of the further power it gives to issue and control the volume of bank credit—or money of account—which is the sole stock in trade of the banks. Possessing this power the banks, considered as a system, a unit, are able to control the amount of money and the volume of credit that is in use at any time; and thereby to affect the market prices of all things, either service or commodity, that are offered for exchange. It is quite clear that the more abundant money is, the cheaper it is in the market; it takes more money to buy things than when money is scarce. And the same principle applies to credit as to money or shoes, potatoes, stocks, bonds, securities, or anything else that is bought or sold on the market.

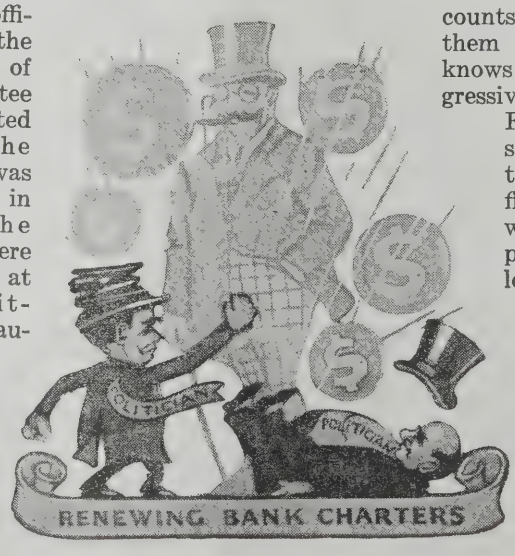
It can be seen that unless and until the bank system came into possession of this power to control the issue of the people's money—that is, if the Government had retained its power to carry out the mandate of the Constitution to issue money—the bank system would have no monopoly; would have no power to control the movement of prices in the open market, by opening or closing the floodgates of money and credit 'at their discretion.' This is the main prize at stake in the money controversy. There are other trifles as well, but these will be considered later.

With the foregoing as a clearance, consider the present condition of the field. Congress adjourned on July 3, leaving hundreds of bills without action. Among these the so-called McFadden Bill was the most important, if we consider its purposes and the probable consequences of its enactment into law. This bill is a proposed amendment of the Federal Reserve Bank Act of 1913, that created the Federal Reserve Bank system, that began operations in November, 1914. This Federal Reserve Bank Act was the outcome of a persistent drive by certain bank interests to secure legal sanctions for practices that had been denounced by the official report of the Pujo Committee of 1912. This committee had been appointed to investigate the charge that there was a money trust in operation in the United States. There were 'hearings,' at which many witnesses, experts, authorities, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, transportation men and others, testified at length. A voluminous report was submitted, in which the committee said in substance that, in all the essential elements of a trust, there was a money trust that dominated the business activities of the United States. This, in 1912. The subject became a feature of the volcanic political campaign of that year. The result of that campaign demonstrated the hostility of the people to the 'trust' principle, in banking and credit control.



It was obvious that the trust practice must be abandoned, or so disguised as to elude public resentment. The Pujo report pointed out by name the men and banks it deemed responsible for the money trust. Trust practice in credit control was not new to the men who framed the Federal Reserve Bank Act of 1913. They were the same men to a large extent who had framed the Aldrich-Vreeland Act of ten years before. They had practised credit control so effectively and so disastrously to every interest except their own, that the hounds of public opinion were following close upon their tracks and forced them to seek sanctuary under a statute of legitimacy—the Federal Reserve Bank Act.

In May, 1920, on the eighteenth day of that month, at a secret meeting of the Federal Reserve Board and its council, in the City of Washington, it was decided, in their 'discretion,' and over the protest of certain members, to 'raise discounts.' This had the effect of destroying the credit structure of the nation that had been built up during six years of the most intense industrial and economic pressure to increase production. The world knows the result. In 1924, their discretion suggested the necessity of lowering discounts; they lowered them and the world knows that the Progressive Movement, La-Follette and all he stood for, was, for the time being, flooded out by a wave of artificial prosperity that followed. Was this the result intended by this exercise of 'discretion'?



Another of the results intended is indicated by certain suggestions from the official head of the Federal Reser system, Mr. Mellon, who is reported saying, in the May *Nation's Busine* (house organ of the United Stat Chamber of Commerce): 'A politic attack' against the Federal Reser system must be expected, 'when t time comes for renewal of its charter and 'its effectiveness will largely d pend upon the particular phase of t business cycle which happens prevail at the time. If t country is then in t midst of a wave prosperity, the o position will b slight.' There a other significan suggestions in M Mellon's state ment as reporte in the *Nation' Business*, to be co sidered later. Bu Mr. Mellon is, a Secretary of the Unite States Treasury, the o ficial head of the Federa Reserve Board, and, therefor of the Federal Reserve Bank system It is something of a question whethe Mr. Mellon runs the system, or th system, through Mr. Mellon, runs th Treasury; but either way, Mr. Mello knows from past experience that, be tween himself and his board, the should be able to develop a wave o 'prosperity' just when and to the exten necessary to put over the so much de sired renewals.

There are two highly important features of this McFadden Bill: one o these is the charter renewals of the Federal Reserve Bank. As is known, the present charters expire in 1934. It is one purpose of this bill—which is an amendment to the Federal Reserve Bank Act—to extend these charters.

Aside from the apparently unnecessary haste in anticipating the expiration of the charters by eight years, it is important to consider the modest demand for what is in effect a perpetual charter—a so-called 'indeterminate' charter. Senator Pepper, in charge of the bill on the floor of the Senate (*Congressional Record*, April 28, 1926, page 8265), said, in answer to a direct question: 'Does it (the Federal Reserve Board) approve the provision giving the indeterminate charter?'

Senator Pepper: 'That has been proposed a number of times by the Federal Reserve Board and is favored by the board in the form in which it is embodied in this bill.'

Another feature of the bill which calls for remark, as illuminating the intentions and ultimate purposes of the Federal Reserve Board and Bank system, is the provision authorizing banks in the system to deal in 'investment securities.' This will be discussed in a subsequent issue.

Richard Matthews Hallett aboard a vessel with ice-covered decks in wintry weather.

A Rolling Stone

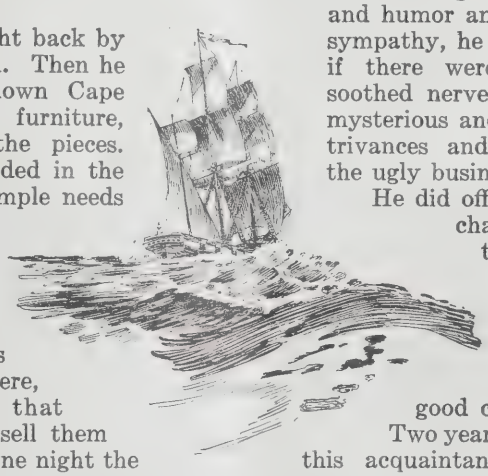
Who Became an Author

By JANET MABIE

TO HAVE heard first about Richard Matthews Hallett from his father admirable preparation meeting a man who urted his career by aming the seven seas and two hemiheres. This voyaging would make n write fiction if it were in him. Even ough they meet infrequently now chard Matthews Hallett's father is a lp and an inspiration to him. He lls him, with a deep note of affection his voice, 'Old Andrews Hallett—e great old fellow.' And it is only cessary, on the other hand, to know drews Hallett a very short time to scover what a help his huge son is to n.

Some years ago Andrews Hallett nt to a hospital on Cape Cod for eatment which he now calls repair rk. When he was well he discovered did not want to leave the hospital. stead, he said to the resident physian with high good humor, he would d something to do there. 'I'll earn y board and keep, as a matter of ct, for I guess maybe there are some little things I can do to help here.'

There were two half-finished rooms under the eaves of the hospital barn. He took up what he called his roost there. 'Out of everybody's way but my own,' he explained as he crammed the rooms with books and fragments brought back by his globe-trotting son. Then he acquired, up and down Cape Cod, some antique furniture, 'scraps' he called the pieces. He put what he needed in the two rooms for his simple needs and, because buying antiques for songs amused him, he hired an old barn down in the village for a few cents and stored the rest there, always maintaining that some day he would sell them for pots of money. One night the barn burned, before he could get into his clothes and run the half-mile to where a telephone call had advised him that all his things were being burned up. He arrived breathless, expecting to laugh at being 'burned out of his antiques,' and had to laugh instead because they were all saved.



Promptly at half-past six each morning the patients whose windows faced the barn could soothe their ruffled feelings at being waked so early by the sight of Andrews Hallett emerging from the door, spruce and jaunty, whistling, ready for the day. He made himself indispensable to the physician, a fine, rather silent man who had need of such a companion and helper in his hospital but who had doubtless never suspected as much before. Between the two there sprang up a wordless rapport. Andrews Hallett developed a way of helping out with X-ray patients. Between a boundless gift of quaint wit and humor and a deep, warm sympathy, he calmed fears or, if there were no fears, he soothed nerves. He adjusted mysterious and terrifying contrivances and helped to get the ugly business soon over.

He did offices, too, as purchasing agent for the hospital. And he became to successive patients an ambassador of mercy and good cheer.

Two years and more after this acquaintance began with Andrews Hallett at the hospital on Cape Cod, I met Richard Matthews Hallett, after a reading by Robert Frost in the Memorial Hall at Bowdoin College. A powerful figure he made, with an interesting face, a negligible allowance of sandy hair neatly plastered down, and a voice that in its full volume must have been heard across China's inland sea.

Now the person who introduced me knew nothing of the interval I had spent at the Cape Cod hospital and was in a great hurry besides. So he merely said, 'You ought to know . . . Hallett . . . writes for the *Post* . . .' thrust us at each other and was gone. But there was something in the voice as it said, 'How do you do . . .' *(Concluded on page 27)*

Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel

The *True* Story of William Scott, Who Was Sentenced to Die

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE story of William Scott, who was arrested for sleeping on post, sentenced to be shot and pardoned, has become an accepted part of the life story of Abraham Lincoln. It varies in the telling, but this is a popular form of it, quoted from a well-known book entitled *Abe Lincoln's Yarns and Stories:*

There had been a long march, and the night succeeding it he had stood on picket. The next day there had been another long march, and that night William Scott had volunteered to stand guard in the place of a sick comrade who had been drawn for the duty. It was too much for William Scott. He was too tired. He was found sleeping on his beat. The army was at the Chain Bridge. It was a dangerous neighborhood. Discipline must be kept.

William Scott was apprehended, tried by court-martial, sentenced to be shot. News of the case was carried up to Lincoln. William Scott was a prisoner in his tent, expecting to be shot next day. But the flaps of the tent were parted, and Lincoln stood before him. Scott said:

'The President was the kindest man I had ever seen. I knew him at once by a Lincoln medal I had long worn. I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man; but Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. He asked me about the people at home, the neighbors, the farm and where I went to school, and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked me about my mother and how she looked; and I was glad I could take her photograph from my bosom and show to him.

'He said how thankful I ought to be that my mother still lived, and how, if he were in my place, he would try to make her a proud mother, and never cause her a sorrow or a tear. I cannot remember every word he said, but every word was kind.

'He said nothing yet about the dreadful next morning; I thought it must be that he was so kind-hearted that he didn't like to speak of it. But why did he say so much about my mother, and my not causing her a sorrow or a tear, when I knew that I must die the next morning? But I supposed that was something that would have to go unexplained; and so I was determined to brace up and tell him that I did not feel a bit guilty, and ask him if he wouldn't fix it so that the firing party would not be from our regiment. That was going to be the hardest of all—to die by the hands of my comrades.

'Just as I was going to ask him the favor, he stood up, and he says to me:

' "My boy, stand up here and look me in the face."

'I did as he bade me.

' "My boy," he said, "you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you tell me that you could not keep awake. I am going to send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a good deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come here from Washington where I have a gr deal to do; and what I want to know how are you going to pay my bill?"

'There was a big lump in my thro I could scarcely speak. I had expected die, you see, and had kind of got used thinking that way. To have it all changed a minute! But I got it crowded down, a I managed to say:

' "I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln! I ho you will believe I am as grateful as ever man can be for saving my life. But comes on me sudden and unexpected lik I didn't lay out for it all; but there is sor way, and I will find it after a little. The is the bounty in the savings bank; I gue we could borrow some money on the mor gage on the farm."

'Then besides, my pay was somethin and if he would wait until pay-day I a sure the boys would help; so I thought w could make it up if it wasn't more tha five or six hundred dollars.

' "But it is a great deal more than that, he said.

'Then I said I didn't see just how, bu I was sure I could find some way—if I live

'Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on m shoulders, and looked into my face as if h was sorry, and said:

' "My boy, my bill is a very large on Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty nor the farm, nor all your comrades! Ther is only one man who can pay it, and hi name is William Scott!

' "If from this day William Scott doe his duty, so that, if I were there when h comes to die, he could look me in the face a he does now and say, 'I have kept m

Between three and four o'clock on Friday morning the captain of the guard found all three of the sentries asleep.

promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier,' then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?"'

The promise was given. Thenceforth there was never such a soldier as William Scott.

This is the record of the end. It was after one of the awful battles of the Peninsula. He was shot all to pieces. He said:

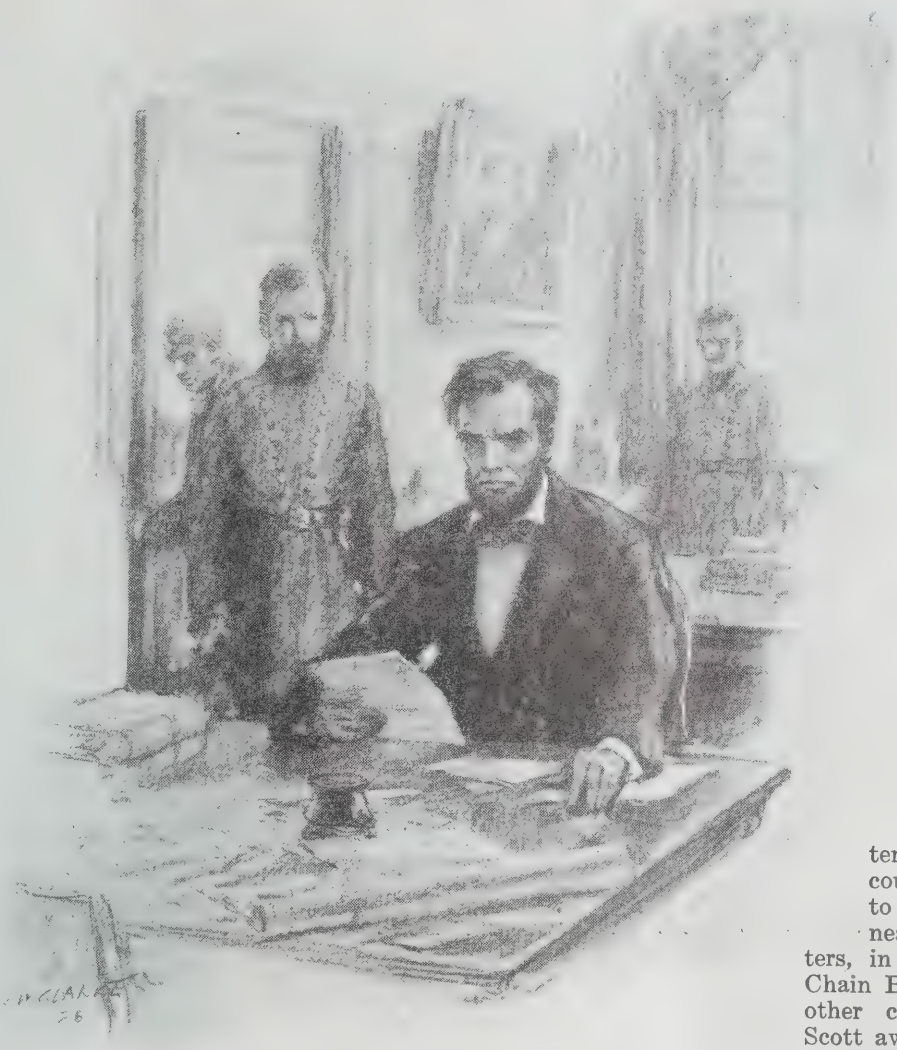
'Boys, I shall never see another battle. I supposed this would be my last. I haven't much to say. You all know what you can tell them at home about me.

'I have tried to do the right thing! If any of you should ever have the chance I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me at the Chain Bridge; that I have tried to be a good soldier and true to the flag; that I should have paid my whole debt to him if I had lived; and that now, when I know that I am dying, I think of his kind face, and thank him again, because he gave me the chance to fall like a soldier in battle, and not like a coward, by the hands of my comrades.'

This version deserves to be given in full, because it is one that professes to tell the story in Scott's own language. Other versions, based on the discovery that Scott's mother appears not to have been a widow, relate a very affecting interview between President Lincoln and Thomas Scott, father of the lad.

I first began to investigate this matter between six and seven years ago, and have had three different periods of searching the files of the War Department to learn about William Scott.

William Scott, a native of Groton, Vermont, and a private in Company K, Third Vermont Infantry, was one of three sentinels posted in a hut guarding the Chain Bridge, on the night of Friday, August 30, 1861. The three men were posted because the position was an extremely important one. Only one man was required to stay awake, but all were to be ready for the giving of an alarm if an attack were made or if there was any attempt to run the bridge. The three men divided the night into watches of four hours each. Scott was the third man, and had already had eight hours of sleep, or of freedom to sleep, before he was called on duty. Between three and four o'clock on Friday morning the captain of the guard, making his rounds, found all three of the sentries asleep. He wakened all three, inquired which of the three was assigned to duty at that hour, and finding all agreed that Scott was the man who should have been awake, placed him under arrest. This was about four o'clock, Saturday morning, August 31. For three days Scott remained under arrest awaiting trial. A court-martial was summoned Monday, September 2, to convene Tuesday, September 3, at ten in the morning. Scott was found guilty, and no extenuating circumstances were shown in evidence. He was sentenced to be shot, and the time of his execution was fixed for Monday, September 9. He was pardoned on Sunday, September 8. His record thereafter is supposed to have been good. He was shot at Lee's Mills, near Yorktown, Virginia, April 16, 1862. The wound was in the chest. He died on the following day.



The pardon was not issued by Lincoln; he was in no necessity of hunting up trouble.

The laws relating to courts-martial provide that death may be inflicted as a penalty for this offense, in extreme cases and in time of war. It is not known, however, that the death penalty was ever inflicted for this offense during the Civil War, and it is definitely known that it was not so inflicted in the American Army during the World War. Usually heavy guard duty, with a fine of one to three months' pay, was deemed an adequate penalty. We may be sure that if William Scott had been on duty one night through generously standing guard for a sick comrade, the fact would have been stated in the evidence. Scott had full opportunity to introduce such evidence. The laws relating to courts-martial specify that while fatigue resulting from excessive duty is not a defense, it may be regarded in mitigation. No mitigation was proved or attempted to be proved in the case of William Scott. We may safely believe that all such details are the work of the imagination.

On Monday, September 2, a general court-martial was called to meet at Camp Lyon, near Smith's Headquarters, in the vicinity of the Chain Bridge. At least one other case besides that of Scott awaited trial. Colonel B. N. Hyde, Scott's own colonel, was the presiding officer, and Captain E. McK. Hudson, of the 14th Infantry of the Regular Army, was judge advocate. Twelve officers, besides the judge advocate, constituted the detail. All were present. Four of them were of Scott's regiment.

Captain Thomas F. Houre, of the Third Vermont, testified:

'On the thirty-first of August last I was officer of the Grand Guard which went up the Potomac and on the morning of the thirty-first I started about three o'clock, to make my rounds; and when I came to the post where Scott and his two comrades were stationed, I found them all asleep. The prisoner was a member of my guard and regularly posted.'

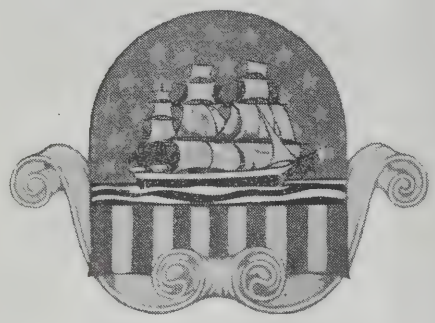
The prisoner then asked his one question:

'What did I say to you after you had waked me up?'

(Concluded on page 22)

This to YOU

An EDITORIAL from
the August 14, 1926, number of
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT



THE press states that House of Commons criticism of the United States will cease, on the orders of international bankers. Outbreaks against Americans in Paris will be discontinued by the same orders as soon as the diversion created thereby has served the political purpose. That, plainly, is where we have arrived through the handling of our public affairs—we are under the protection, if not in the custody, of the international bankers.

No, patient reader, we are not going to discuss the international debt. We prefer today to discuss YOU. YOU are a somewhat greater mystery than the debt. If we could only understand YOU! If, after reading this, you would write to us and tell us just what YOU are thinking about it.

And here is part of the mystery of you. For ever so many years now you have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel war debts, but to determine the amounts due us, and make the best arrangements for payment that we could. That is what YOU have been told; that is what YOU believed. When you heard that the 'U. S.' was being interpreted as 'Uncle Shylock' throughout Europe, you understood the reason to be that our Government insisted on collecting the debt. It is true that YOU had no greed for that money; you might even have been willing to forgive the debts if you had been convinced that the benefit of such action would have flowed past the bankers down to the pitiful people of Europe. Undoubtedly you would have said: 'Just the principal; not those mountains of interest too.' And if you had chanced to think of the difference between the purchasing power of the dollar which Europe borrowed from us, and that of the dollar we are demanding, doubtless you would say, 'No more value than we lent, not a penny.'

HOWEVER, you were not consulted, and Mr. Andrew Mellon does not do business that way—at least, so you were told. The Republican Party told you the debts would be collected. President Coolidge told you that cancellation was contrary to his policy. As long as you understood this, you understood why Europe howled.

BUT—just the other day Mr. Mellon told you in letter and statement that this Government was not collecting any war debts at all, except from Great Britain. The war debts of France, Italy and the others have been cancelled. We are collecting only the loans made since the Armistice.

Just as coolly as that, Mr. Mellon informed you that everything which you had been told about the loans was not true. And there is not a ripple from the country.

The bludgeoning of the good name of the American people goes on overseas. It is the international bankers, the Press says, who are intervening on our behalf.

YET not a ripple of astonishment, not a word of protest, not a sound of inquiry from YOU—from the American people. Misled, hoaxed, misrepresented—then publicly told about it—and yet dumb. This is not to say whether Mr. Mellon did right or wrong; it is to say that all the while YOU were being told that one thing was being done, it was really the opposite thing that was being done. And you swallow the fact without even faint protest.

There is a reason for your being so placid—what is it?

But is it any wonder that our public officials think that they can play with you as they do?

Or maybe you are wiser than they, having the deep instinct of the common people that what officialdom may do today means nothing to tomorrow. It may be that Mr. Mellon and Mr. Churchill do not matter after all.

But feelings of nation for nation do matter. There are FACTS which all the nations ought to have. These FACTS as they regard the United States have patently been distorted. And there is not an authoritative voice in the country to declare or even to inquire the extent to which the policy of the United States has been pawned into financial control.

Why is it that you, John Citizen, have been silent about it? There is a reason. What is it?

And This FROM YOU

A Cross Section *of* American Thought

THE American people are silent on the debt question for one reason only—*they have no forum from which to present their views!* This fact is made plain by the flood of letters received by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in response to the editorial, 'This to YOU,' printed in the August 14 issue.

The people are not fooled by the mass of statements and counter-statements about the so-called debt settlements. They are not silent because they have nothing to say. They are silent only because they have had no opportunity for expressing their opinions.

They have been thinking—*and thinking deeply*—on the debt question. They have been weighing the assertions made by American politicians and the assertions made by European politicians. And they have noted the transparent discrepancies in the settlements.

The amazing response evoked by the editorial shows how tense sentiment actually is throughout the country. Scores of letters have been received (and still are being received) from every corner of the nation, from Florida, from Oregon, from Maine, Colorado, California—in short, from nearly every state in the Union.

The letters form a cross section of thought of the American people!

They come from lawyers and from plumbers, from bankers and from butchers, from salesmen, stenographers, laborers, manufacturers, clerks, editors. They come from the groceryman on *your* corner, from the physician in the next block, from the farmer who raises your food. Some of the letters are couched in impeccable English; some are written by illiterates. They arrive at their destination by devious ways, but through them runs a dominant theme that cannot be ignored.

The American people feel that cancellation would benefit international bankers rather than the people of Europe. They feel that the proper time for cancellation would be that moment when these international bankers cancel their private loans.

They feel sharp resentment at the unfair propaganda being carried on both in this country and abroad, impugning as it does both the American character and America's motives.

They resent the fact that there is no way by which they can directly register their attitude toward the debt settlements.

They feel that cancellation would not be in the interests of peace. 'So long as the European taxpayer finds his burdens increased by payment of the expenses of the last war,' writes one correspondent, 'just so long will the rulers be cautious about entering into a new one.'

This writer, Will Atkinson, of

Capon Springs, Virginia, states his views concisely:

'The real question is: Shall the taxpayers of Europe pay the debts due us for money loaned their governments, or shall our taxpayers pay these debts in addition to their present heavy burdens? The cancellation of the debts due us from France, England and other countries of Europe would not be in the interests of Peace, but would tend to bring another war nearer. There is no law to prevent Newton D. Baker or Mr. Baker's clients from contributing whatever they wish, small or great, to the income of the countries who owe these debts to us. In that way they can show their good will to these countries and their sincere desire to relieve them of these burdens. Judging from the noise made in the eastern press there must be many advocates of the cancellation of debts who would be willing to contribute something from their own means to this end. But it is not fair for them to try to force the taxpayers of the United States generally to pay debts which should be paid by the taxpayers of the countries who contracted these debts.

'The United States cannot remit these debts; it cannot cancel any part of these debts without adding to the burdens of our own taxpayers. Make this clear to the taxpayers of the United States and then let them decide whether or not these debts should be cancelled, in whole or in part. My own impression is that any Congressman is inviting his own political death in voting for either the partial or complete cancellation of these debts.'

HOMER STIMSON, attorney of Goyse City, Texas, echoes the opinion of many persons when he declares:

'As stated in your editorial, we have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel our war debts. But did we believe these statements? On the contrary, we had been warned by Senator Borah, Senator Reed and other able statesmen that the proposed debt-settlement plan, if ratified, would result in cancellation of all our war debts, except those owed by Great Britain. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and other papers proved with facts and figures that we were being committed to a policy of cancellation. Now Mr. Mellon's admission now only confirms what we already knew.

'And before the ink was hardly dry upon these debt-settlement agreements our international bankers flooded the country with advertisements offering to the American public immense issues of 7 per cent European bonds—the direct obligations of the same "pauper" nations that have failed and refused to repay to the United States one dollar of principal or interest due upon their war obligations. But from the proceeds of the sale of these 7 per cent European bonds to the American people our international bankers will collect their own private pre-war European loans in full. Our war loans are cancelled; billions of our money is lost; but the international bankers have collected their loans.

'Yes, the citizens have been silent. But they know they have been wronged. And they will follow you and all others who are for "America First" in safeguarding posterity from a like fate.'

The matter of silence on the part of John Citizen is ably discussed by G. D. Fairbanks, office of Medical Officer, Brownsville, Texas:

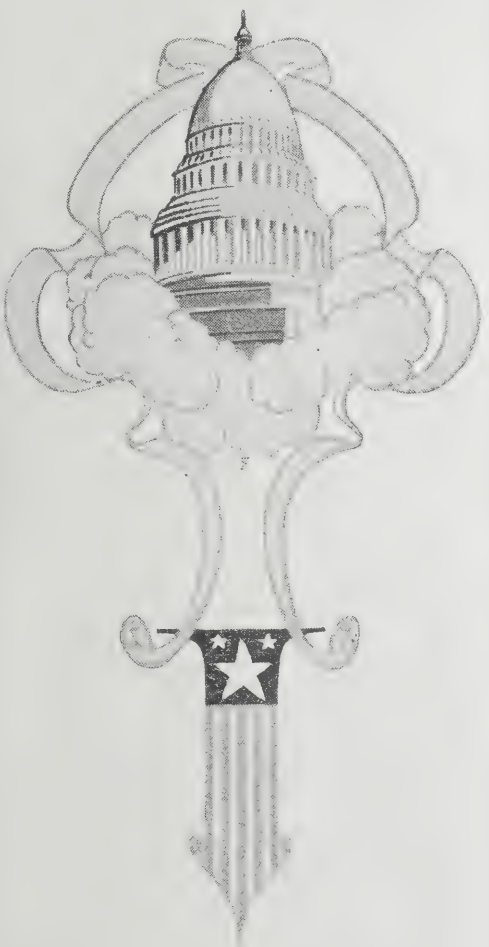
'You gave the answer yourself a little further along in the article,' he declares, 'when you wrote, "However, you were not consulted." The people are not consulted, nowadays, on those questions and we have no vote in the matter, consequently we take no interest. If the people had a vote on important questions, there would be an end to that placid attitude. How different matters would be if we had a vote on important questions.'

F. I. BOGGS, of Dallas, is another Texan who casts a suspicious eye on the settlements:

'Do you think for one moment that we, the common citizenry of this country, take no individual exception to such instances as those set forth in your article regarding our attitude regarding the foreign debt?' he asks.

'When Mr. Mellon and President Coolidge suddenly inform us of actions exactly opposite to things they have been telling us these months are you surprised that we remain dumb? If your father should tell you something diametrically opposite to a truth he had taught you for months, would you not be hurt beyond any sudden outburst?

'I think it a disgrace to our national economic ability that we pay 3½ per cent to 4½ per cent on our own government securities, make foreign loans for a less rate and then charge ourselves enough income tax to help those foreign countries pay interest on our own securities. Certainly this and many other equally vexing facts will be rigidly denied by our international bankers and perhaps Mr. Mellon but bear



in mind their actions mentioned in your article, and I wonder if we would be justified in placing our utmost confidence in them again.

'We who take no active part in governmental affairs, aside from voting, try to believe in all departments of our Government, but being from Texas and witnessing our gubernatorial capers the past two years and those facts and actions relative to our foreign loans make one have a "what's-the-use?" feeling.

'I hope the time is not far distant when we may as a nation return to strict adherence of principle for the nation's good and from the Lincolnistic viewpoint, "The Good of the Common People." Then partisan opinion, as affects international bankers, will be secondary.'

Roy B. McKittrick, an attorney of Salisbury, Missouri, explains the apparent apathy on the part of John Citizen:

'It occurs to me that the reason that John Citizen has been silent about the misrepresentations made by government officials is because he has not been thinking about international bankers, international debts, and has not read Mr. Mellon's statements concerning the international debt. He has merely accepted the statements made in news articles prepared by international bankers, which have been advising that Mr. Mellon's policy is an excellent thing for humanity. He has not discovered that the humanity that the cancellation advocates are helping consists of the international banker.

'To my mind your editorial demonstrates that the gravest injury done the government by the officials making misrepresentations is not merely the loss of the money but the loss of honesty and integrity in the conducting of the government's business. If John Citizen continues to take no notice of officials making misrepresentations, the time will come when either he or his son will be awakened to the fact that people no longer constitute the government.'

A SOMEWHAT different explanation is offered by Clarke L. Foster, of Shawnee, Ohio:

'You ask why John Citizen has not protested,' he says. 'There are several good and sufficient reasons. John Citizen is bewildered by the very immensity of the figures involved. Up to 1914 he was accustomed to think in terms of millions and then only after more than a century of the bandying of the term "millions." Now he is asked to think in terms of billions! The step is too big for John Citizen to make all at once. John Citizen, with his average education, his average income of $1,000, is intellectually unable to assimilate the abstract concept of billions. So in despair he relies upon his "experts" at Washington who presumably know their business.

'John Citizen sees his taxes piling up, but direct taxes are so few and indirect taxes so numerous that he really does not know where to begin his protest. He cannot see how cancellation affects his tax rates.'

A pessimistic strain runs through many of the letters—a 'what-can-we-do?' attitude. Louis H. Dusenbury, of Detroit, exemplifies this in his statement:

'Frankly I do not *know* what is going on. I read your periodical to learn the truth, but very seldom the newspapers because I feel that most periodicals publish biased facts according to the financial control of the paper. I feel that although we are supposed to govern our country through methods of voting, we are not able to select the men we want nor get very thorough information as to their fitness in order to intelligently vote.

'As matters stand now, I see no way of avoiding the present political control, so just stand by hoping that the men selected by a few political leaders will lead the country in the soundest possible manner.'

(*Continued on page 24*)

Lady Cynthia Asquith *Describes*

Lion Hunting in Society

AMONG the types to be met in London society, none has been so consistently held up to ridicule as the 'Lion Huntress.' What is more natural than the wish to be personally acquainted with the most interesting of contemporary human beings? No one derides the collector of famous pictures. Why this sneer at the collector of eminent fellow creatures?

It is urged that Fame is a fluke, and that the celebrated men of the day are by no means necessarily those most worth meeting. True; but a woman can scarcely be attacked for, to a large extent, accepting the world's verdict in these matters. Surely it would be presumption on her part to ignore the general estimate, and think she should always make her own discoveries?

There is much confusion of thought in these matters, and it seems that the truth is that our feelings toward the individual huntress must depend very largely on the *motive* which inspires the chase.

Is it appreciativeness or vanity? If it be a genuine love of the lion which makes her enjoy his company as an end in itself—why throw stones? No vanity is indicated by this attitude; rather a certain amiable humility, and very likely she will be able to give as well as take pleasure.

On the other hand, if his presence at her table is not its own reward, but is only coveted as a means to an end—perhaps as a feather in her hostess's cap with which to inspire envy—then we can neither expect nor greatly wish her parties to be a success.

* * *

Probably it is the methods of lion huntresses which are objected to rather than their aims. These, it must be admitted, are often lamentably crude.

We are told pride is a sin, but some women show a too Christian lack of it. They will take no refusal; they cannot be insulted; they have a thousand cheeks to turn to the leonine paw.

Then—what may be called the bluff-bait method is employed to excess. The hostess sends out invitations for the same meal to a lion and a lioness—on the strength of which each is asked to meet the other! Perhaps one of them goes, only to find the bait which tempted him *not* on the hook! Can it be wondered at that he growls?

If a woman be deeply interested in an author because she loves his books, nothing is more natural than the wish to meet him and give him her best of food and drink. It is a different matter when the house is strewn with his uncut books, only ordered because she expects him to luncheon! He should be there because of his books, not *vice versa*, as is too often the case. The following story is told of an unfortunate hostess belonging to the second type.

She: 'Do you admire Dante?'

He: 'But he's *dead!*' (Implying, 'Come, come, now, don't *you* pretend to take an interest in anyone you can never hope to entertain!')

A clever lion huntress will never quite 'brown the covey.' She must have some discrimination of her own. If notoriety is to be her only criterion, her dining room will indeed become a strange menagerie.

Stage Degradation

DOES the risqué drama pay? Ther is nothing refreshingly novel abou the problem. Periodically, New Yor experiences spasms of virtue.

Criticism of the artistic merits of th undraped and 'sexy' drama creates th suspicion that the New York manager rather hope the agitation will reviv interest in this particular form o entertainment, when it begins to pal upon the popular taste.

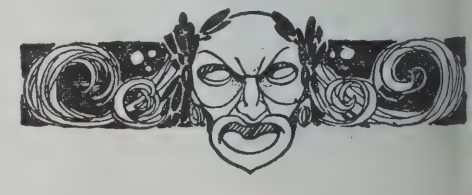
'If the long-threatened theater cen sorship is ever forced upon this town, wrote one reviewer recently, '—an that catastrophe may be closer at han than most people suspect—we shal know whom to thank for it. Our stag can go no further in self-degradation This state of affairs cannot continue The license of the New York stage i fast becoming a national scandal Plays forbidden in London, Boston Los Angeles, continue here.

'The so-called play jury was a farce, declared one theatrical publication commenting on an attempt to close a show a few months ago. They appear to be produced with but one intent—to make money, and in this, morbid public curiosity being what it is, they succeed beyond the dreams of avarice.'

The attempt came when, despite the lukewarmness of the newspapers, complaints from citizens who had witnessed the objectionable shows began to pour into the office of the District Attorney.

The complaints and the verdicts of the play juries were cleverly met by farce-comedy 'stunts' on the part of managers and their astute counsel. The producers converted the notoriety from the fights into valuable publicity.

How do the producers of these objectionable exhibitions 'get away with them'? A very popular American novelist recently took upon herself to answer this query by a suggestion that such shows depended for their support on the patronage of an element in the population which she denominated 'the dark whites,' as distinguished from those included in the generic term 'average adult normal persons.' It may be that he who travels through Longacre Square and its environs during theater hours may coincide with her contention.



MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE tribal instinct makes men antagonistic to one another and creates a desire for domination. It has disturbed the world since the day that Ishmael and Hagar were driven into the wilderness. At the present day this feeling is undoubtedly the principal cause of the many misunderstandings which undermine coöperation and obstruct progress.

If all the tribes and nations of the world were to unite in one great movement for the common good, all animated by a desire for true advancement, the world would begin to move in the course for which it was designed. But of course there are such things as misdirected energy and misdirected unity. Just as people unite for a good cause, so may they also unite for one that is the opposite.

Ages ago the people of the earth were of the same mind and the same speech. They held a great convention on the plain of Shinar and in the fullness of their unanimity and strength resolved to build a tower so high that its summit would reach the heavens. But confusion in their speech, and consequently in their aims and objects, came upon them and caused them to scatter into different countries. This was the punishment meted out to them for their presumption.

It is plain that in this period of the world's history unanimity of purpose was not the most desirable thing. It was centralization carried to an extreme, and if it had been permitted would have ended in stagnation. The elimination of local and individual effort would have been as disastrous then as it is now. This was the beginning of properly distributed effort.

In these new conditions jealousies and dissensions arose, and at first there was little unity of purpose except where coöperation meant self-preservation; but there grew up a spirit of healthy rivalry which was much better, although this rivalry was not always pursued along legitimate lines.

As time went on one nation sought to assert its superiority by its scientific knowledge, another by its skill in the fine arts, another by its supremacy in the raising of crops and cattle. But there were others who tried to take a short cut to all these things by force of arms, by seeking to conquer other nations and to absorb their scientists, artists, and industrialists. Rome was an example of this.

THE lack of cohesion in national effort and in international ideals is our heritage from prehistoric times. Racial feeling is not in itself an evil, any more than is individual opinion or effort. It becomes an evil only when it assumes a negative or destructive form. Each nationality has its strong points as well as its weak, and if this strength is properly directed the weakness will in time disappear. The dream of a 'United States of Europe' will be attained only at such time as swords and spears are discarded for plowshares and pruning hooks.

After the fall of this mighty empire dissension arose among the various tribes and nations which had been brought under its subjection, and where nations were confined within narrow limits this feeling became the most intense. Insular nations especially have been prone to internal dissension owing to being cut off from direct contact with other countries. This factional spirit has been the curse of some countries since the beginning of time, and has been the greatest obstacle to their advancement.

Europe today is largely made up of the fragments that flew far and wide when the Roman empire went to pieces, and although there are dreams of a 'United States of Europe,' these dreams can never come true until there is a welding process from a much more powerful arm than any that has yet been brought into action. That arm will have to to be one that specializes in plowshares and pruning hooks and not in swords and spears.

The beginning of a second getting together of the nations of the earth took place at the moment Columbus stepped ashore at San Salvador. Practically every civilized nation in the world is now represented on the American continent, and for the most part these nations speak the same language. In North America where they do speak the same language and are animated by common interests and ideals, a prosperity and sense of national security has been built up which is unparalleled in the world's history.

The peoples that are continually wrangling and squabbling with one another in the Old World are dwelling harmoniously side by side in the new, where the tribal instinct has been largely eliminated. But it still exists in quarters where it should not, and will continue to exist until all become true Americans.

If there is present within any nation a unit which does not assimilate the common ideals of that nation, it is bound to be a disturbing factor. It is not necessary that a person lose his national characteristics to make a good citizen in the land of his adoption, because it is from a judicious combination and utilization of these characteristics that this country has been built; but it is essential that he eliminate tribal prejudices from his code before he can fall in line with the great scheme of things.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

Red Russia Turns Pink

NOTHING so significant has come out of Russia in recent years as the news that Liebe Braunstein, alias Trotsky, has again been beaten. Once more he is on the outside looking in, as far as the inner councils of the Communist Party are concerned; his capitulation is complete and abject. More important, however, than his personal defeat is the defeat of the things for which he stood. Soviet Russia has come, apparently, to the turning of the road.

Under Stalin it is leaving behind the doctrines of world revolution and pure Marxism. It is inclining slowly toward sanity and rationalism.

It will be another generation, probably, before the details of the mighty struggle which has been going on within the ranks of Bolshevism will be fully known to the outside world. It has been a struggle which held within it the destiny of the Red Revolution, a struggle not only of personalities but of principles. Stalin, powerful secretary of the Communist Party, has been attempting to lead the country from the economic chaos into which it was plunged by Marxism. He has thrust aside at least temporarily the Jewish ideal of world revolution. He has concentrated on building up Russia.

Thus he has advocated the adoption of a modified capitalistic system under the term 'state capitalism,' in the effort to restore the country's ravished industries; he has endeavored to placate the peasants, heavy sufferers under the old régime; he has tried to develop Russia's great natural resources.

At every step he has been violently opposed by the Jewish clique, headed by Trotsky. The doctrine of world revolution, originally theirs, has been their main theme. They have refused to surrender it. Instead of appeasing the peasants, they would confiscate their grain to further the cause. They have warned against 'the danger involved in the growth of a class of rich peasant landlords.' They have formed a fraction, or organized minority, within the ranks of the Communist Party to fight against the will of the majority—a thing which is held black treason in the tenets of Bolshevism.

Through all the struggle there has been no question of real democracy for the Russians. It has been entirely an internal struggle, one confined to the Bolshevist Party. The Russians, numbering millions, are still governed solely by the members of this one party. They have no voice in their own affairs. And so it was by Bolshevists themselves that Trotsky was carried down into defeat. The defeat augurs well for Russia.

The Busy Biographers

AN ASTONISHING discovery has been made by two men of genius who write books for a living. George Washington did not chop down the cherry tree! He did not say, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' He did, upon occasion, drink. And there is evidence that he engaged, under due provocation, in the lusty art of cussing. So, having made their cataclysmic discovery, the two gentlemen have proceeded to write 'myth-breaking' biographies, published simultaneously.

The theory has been advanced that the books were written for children. Surely, says one commentator, no adult who can be trusted with a wife, a job and a latchkey entertains the 'myths' thus ruthlessly destroyed. But there is evidence that the authors themselves regard their work seriously. One of them, a fictionist called Woodward, has even essayed to the sensational. Not content with tilting at the commoner 'myths,' he must set his lance against others. Before he is through he has stripped Washington of virtually every vestige of his reputation as a husband, as a soldier, as a statesman, as a patriot, and as a gentleman. His words have moved Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, one of America's outstanding historians, to rebuke. Writing in the New York *World,* Mr. Stephenson says:

> The reader of any penetration, before he is half through, will feel that what he is reading is a book about Mr. Woodward and his views of American history, not a book about George Washington and the rousing story of his triumphant duel with circumstance.

The stir of indignation which has greeted the work is unfortunate. It gives the book publicity it does not deserve, and a position of importance it does not warrant. As a biographer of Washington, Mr. Woodward's book is supremely unimportant. As a book about Mr. Woodward, it is no doubt satisfactory.

Main Street Comes Back

THE American village is regaining its importance in American life. More than twelve million persons—or about one in eight—live in villages or small towns at the present time. For a time the trend was away from the village toward the city; now it is reversed. Main Street is coming into its own. Not only is village life better industrially than it was twenty years ago; it is better socially. With improved methods of transportation and communication, the village has acquired the benefits of a miniature city without its defects.

The village is rapidly becoming an important production center. Certain types of industry can be carried on there far more economically than in the city. A happy combination is struck when agricultural products can be sold locally, and the output of local factories consumed in supplying the farmers' needs. Thus transportation and handling wastes are largely eliminated. Certain industries, of course, may always remain in the larger cities. But many can be carried on successfully in the villages. The present tendency toward decentralization of industry is an important one to the life of the nation.

Parties of the Future

HISTORY is written in the retirement of Herbert Asquith from public life and the leadership of his party. For nearly half a century he has been intimately linked with the destiny not only of his party, but with that of England and the world. Coming first into prominence under that grand old man of Liberalism, Gladstone, he has lived to take prime part in some of the most momentous events of all time. The span of his career coincides with a period of revolutionary world history. And Asquith, now Earl of Oxford, has helped to make much of that history; he has helped to build and to overthrow dynasties. His retirement is a matter of international concern. But it is overshadowed by a question it brings forcefully to the surface.

What is to become of the once great Liberal Party? Powerful in England's history, it is pitifully weak in present circumstance. The reforms it forced through are now accepted as everyday matters, but the party itself seems forgotten. In the present Parliament it is an almost negligible factor. Whether it will regain its former strength is problematical.

The fate of the Liberal Party has significance for American politicians. The tendency of Anglo-Saxon countries is toward two great parties. The fall of the Liberals has been attributed to many things: to Lloyd George, to the war, to the Coalition. It is too soon yet to account for it definitely, but the probable truth is that the Liberal Party has slipped because it is no longer liberal. It has been running in lines almost parallel to the Conservative Party. It was inevitable that an opposition should arise, and that the weakest of the two old parties should give way before it.

There is a noteworthy similarity in America. No longer is there any distinct line of demarcation between the Republican and the Democratic parties. Neither can be classed as progressive, or conservative. Yet each party has its progressive wing, its conservative wing, its middle-ground wing. It is a condition that cannot last. Groups within each party are pulling at different directions. Each party's platform must be elastic enough to appeal to voters of widely diverging views. Concerted party action is difficult, because definite party aim is almost impossible.

Interesting possibilities loom. A new party may arise, as it has in England, differing radically from the older ones and drawing its strength from them. The old parties may split into their component parts, progressives flying to progressives and conservatives to conservatives. Or the old parties may abandon their middle-ground policy, one becoming definitely progressive, the other definitely conservative. Whatever the outcome, intriguing developments lie ahead. It looks like a hectic decade, politically.

Hail to the Boiled Dinner!

CERTAIN facetious writers and hack lecturers refer slightingly to that great American institution, the boiled dinner. It is significant that the slurs are not cast by those who have been initiated into the inner circle. And those who disdainfully lift their noses when such plebeian fare is mentioned, declaiming it as coarse food fit only for swine, know not whereof they speak. Certainly it is coarse, and that very fact recommends it to those who are on the search for vitamins and other nourishing things. Homely fare, to be sure, but the food experts and dietitians are swaying back to it because it contains the very essence of life. To a hungry and wearied human there is no more delightful perfume than the odor of boiling carrots, cabbage, potatoes, beets, turnips and all the other things that go into the making of this king of dishes. The news that the cabbage yield of the United States will be thousands of tons greater this year than last will quicken the pulse of every lover of the boiled dinner!

A Reporter's Memories of ROOSEVELT

Intimate Tales of T. R. by One Who Traveled the West With Him

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

THE late Theodore Roosevelt had the happy and valuable faculty of landing on the first page of the newspapers and staying there.

Many newspapermen, like many men who disagreed with his policies or his tactics, hated him. Many others loved him. Men of both camps, however, admitted that no one ever understood news values as T. R. did. He simply exuded copy that was bound to be read.

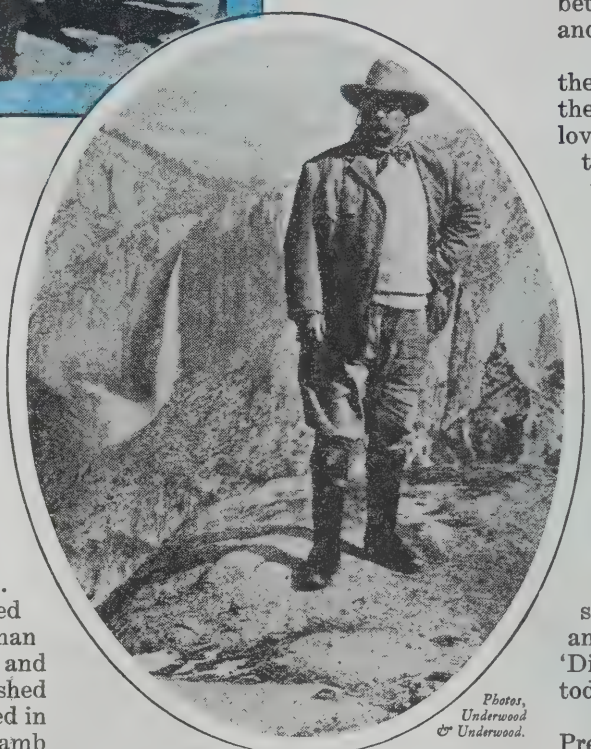
He galvanized state documents. He coined words. If Roosevelt called names at times, he also dripped human interest. His words popped and thundered, and it is a well-established fact that the world is more interested in a lion on a rampage than a ewe lamb lapping water from a quiet brook. When he fought, T. R. never stuck out his tongue; he fought with his fists. Above all he was human.

One night he walked into the press-room at the White House. The hour was late. He sat down and began gossiping. In an hour or so the rain was whipping down in torrents. Lightning lighted the room. Suddenly the President got up and started to withdraw. A correspondent moved to the window and grumbled disgustedly.

'Look at it; me without a coat and got to walk to the hotel!'

'Wait a minute, Joe, and I'll get you an umbrella and a cravenette,' said the President. He went into his personal quarters and returned with the promised articles.

'Do you know,' the correspondent said later, 'that he would have walked down to the hotel with me if I had said the word.'



Photos, Underwood & Underwood.

Oval—*One of President Roosevelt's favorite recreations—enjoying Yosemite's grandeur.*
Upper left—*From railroad train to 'puncher's steed—ready to enter Yellowstone Park.*

It was Roosevelt's policy to dodge the cities on Sundays when he was campaigning in 1903. He liked stillness on the Sabbath, and he would run his private car into some siding in a small hamlet and go to some obscure but tranquil church. One Sunday morning he reached Sharon Springs, Nebraska. Accompanied by the Senator from Kansas and three other men, he walked across a forty-acre farm of new-plowed ground to a little house of worship. Two pews had been reserved for the presidential party, and every other seat was taken. The service had proceeded only a minute or so when there was the pad of bare feet in the aisle.

When the President started to take his seat again after finishing a hymn, he discovered two little girls standing at the end of his pew. There were n seats for them, and they were pictu esque, stockingless figures, about eigh and ten, resplendent in dresses an poke bonnets of checked gingham. Th President rose, made room for the between himself and the Kansas Senato and sat down.

The children's eyes roved all ove the church. They paid no attention t the man beside them, although n lover could have been more attentiv to his sweetheart than T. R. was t the two chicks. He found the hymn for them and held one side of th book for them, although he wa obliged to stoop to do so. Whe there was a prayer, he woul turn to the proper place in th prayer book and present it t the children.

They thanked him, but thei curious eyes ranged the lengt and breadth of the pine-beame nave. At the conclusion of th service he asked the older one i she came to church every Sunday 'Pop's on the ranch,' she said, wit eyes still swiveling in search o somebody. 'We're fifteen miles away and sometimes he brings us.'

'Did you come for anything specia today?' asked Roosevelt.

'Yes, sir. Someone told us th President of the United States would be here today.'

'And can't you find him?'

'No, sir,' replied the child, disappointedly, 'and we've looked everywhere.'

'I am the President,' he assured her.

I wonder how many times that young woman, now in her thirties, has told that story.

If you look at a map of North Dakota where the Northern Pacific crosses the Little Missouri River, you will see a little black dot. That is Medora. There the Rough Rider of Sagamore rode the range and played the cowboy part in his beardless days. When he was campaigning for the Vice-Presidency in 1900 he came back to it. The colonel, then governor of New York, borrowed a puncher's pony and galloped away to the buttes. He rode to the edge of a cliff and there he pointed out the spot where a 'bad

man' once shot the county sheriff and made his escape in a stolen canoe. He did not tell that he, T. R., owned the canoe and that he followed the murderer down the river and three days later brought back his boat, with the killer 'hog-tied' in the bottom. One of the old pioneers told *that* story.

Back in town they called him Teddy. He put his arms around aged people and asked many questions. 'What has become of Willie?' he inquired of one couple. 'Willie' was standing beside them, six feet one, and a hard cowpuncher. T. R. had forgotten that folks have a singular habit of growing up.

Three years later he came back to Medora as President of the United States. He came at midnight. On the station platform was a solitary figure—an eighty-year-old gentleman carrying a barn lantern.

'Hullo, Teddy,' was his greeting. 'The boys be waiting for you in the dance hall.'

That building was a quarter-mile down the road. There was no yip-yipping, no gun play. It was a period of reminiscence. For two hours Roosevelt and his old Western friends talked of the halcyon days. And when they put him on the train, they said: 'Goodby, Teddy. Come again when you can. You know you're always welcome.'

But he never saw that little village again.

The President took a hair-raising ride May 30, 1903, which would have caused a lot of stocks to fall clear off the board if Wall Street had been eyewitness to it. He boarded an impish pony at Laramie, Wyoming, and headed for Cheyenne, sixty miles away, over the very backbone of the Rockies. He had a relay of mounts. Six or seven horses were used during the trip and they were the pick of the section. A cowpuncher escort rode with him, but not the immediate members of his party. They returned to the train and continued on Pullman saddles to a ranch house thirty miles away, there to join the President. He reached the house before his party did, meeting them as they were riding in a hayrack from the station. A tiny cloud of dust was seen on a hill to the west as the correspondents were pulling out from the station for the ranch.

'Here comes one of the cowboys,' said some one.

'Cowboy!' said a puncher. 'That's not cowboy dust. That's Teddy Roosevelt.'

The dust got dustier and in a short space the President was in plain view. Behind him, strung out for half a mile, was the escort, using whip and spur in a vain effort to maintain the pace. A newly laid railroad, minus ballast, lay in his path, but the President's horse cleared it with a clean leap. The chase took on the appearance of a pursuit of a horse-thief. No favors were being shown; no quarter was asked. The punchers were trying to overtake this Easterner, whether he was President or not. The prairie, moreover, was pock-marked with dog-holes, which meant a serious fall if a horse stepped into one of them. Nothing happened, fortunately.

Roosevelt felt car weariness in his muscles the next morning, and he headed a troop of hooting, pistol-banging cowpunchers which rode away to a ranch thirty-five miles distant. At ten o'clock in the evening he returned. One could hear the 'boys' yelling and shooting long before the hotel was reached. The colonel was first to arrive, nevertheless. He threw the bridle over the horse's head, entered the hotel, and bounded up the steps three at a time. The cowboy escort was close up, and as they dismounted one man was heard to say:

'If that fellow stays here another twenty-four hours he'll have a lot of us killed. He's too rough for us when it comes to riding.'

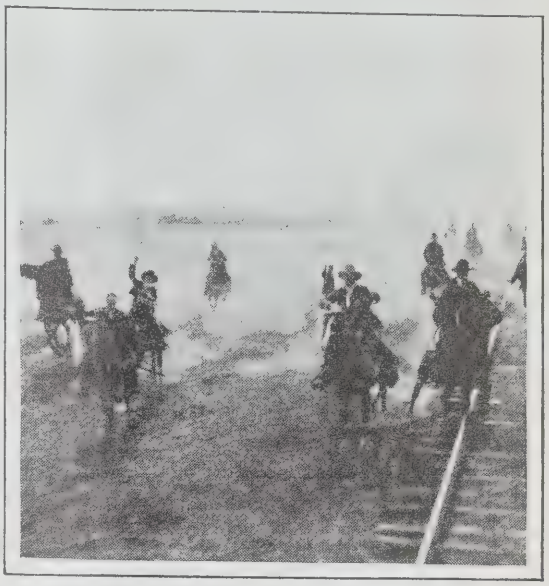
Two cowboys from Hugo, Colorado, rode the 100 miles to Sharon Springs in a futile effort to wheedle the President into stopping his train at Hugo on his way to Denver, for a noon meeting.

'Boys, I can't do it,' he said. 'I've got an important speaking engagement in Denver. Well, I will do this. I'll stop the train for a minute.'

When T. R. stepped to the rear platform in Hugo the next morning he was surprised to see only the two punchers he had met the day before.

'We don't want to hear you talk. Look around the corner of the car,' drawled one.

One look sufficed. The platform gate (*Concluded on page 25*)



Cowboys trailing Roosevelt's special train out of Hugo, Colorado.

The 'punchers at this little point along Roosevelt's route through Colorado knew that the President would enjoy a meal in regular 'cowboy style.' The photograph bears an autograph of 1903.

Negro America, Fifty Years Hence

Will Be Transformed if the Colored Man Maintains His Progress

By NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

DEA' Lo'd, hep de white fo'ks and de cullud fo'ks to git 'long 'getth in peace and ha'mony. We has liv'd side by each; we has 'fit, bled an' died 'getth, an' from now on, show us de way, de ri't way to live in peace, in de name of de Son Jesus, Amen.'

Years ago, in a little church in a little town of the South, the foregoing was part of a prayer I heard an old white-haired man making, while all about him were low moans, and fervent 'Amens.'

Those crude words expressed my innermost hope, and I think the hope of the majority of the negroes of America, as well as a large proportion of white people. America is above all lands the country where the chief desire of the people is to live together in peace and harmony.

On the other hand, there are those, of both the white and black race in America, who are constantly seeking to obstruct the cause of better understanding and progress. Nevertheless, we have come from where we have come, the millions of us in darker hue. Whither are we bound? We may well feel able to gauge the future by the past. It is all, in my opinion, working out along the lines of a great plan, like the running of a great clock, with the pendulum swinging back and forth. When there is a backward swing, we see within the shadows, when there is a forward swing, we get a clear-cut picture by the radiance of the sunlight. If we keep within the valley, things are gloomy. If we climb to the mountain top, there is a vision that adds glory to the soul. But we need the shadows to enjoy the sunlight.

Looking back fifty years will help us to look forward fifty years in observing negro life in America. There seem to be too few of us who are willing either to look back or to look forward with vision. We must act in the present, but we must be guided by the past. If the negro has a place in America, let us find it with sympathy and good will.

Our accomplishments are interwoven with all that has happened in our national life. We cannot be separated from it either in theory or fact. A complete separation of all negroes and all whites in all things in America is impossible.

There can be adjustment of all our difficulties, from time to time, with satisfaction to all concerned, in keeping with progress and enlightenment, on both sides of the color barriers.

We can make headway only by using common sense, with due respect for the views of others. There come times when we, of the minority group, are forced to talk low. We may not like it, nor do we like real hot, or real cold weather; but sensible people adjust themselves to the changes from day to day, and in like manner must we adjust ourselves to race relations in America.

To find our permanent place, we must make ourselves acquainted with the facts that lie in the way. Our place fifty years hence will no more be the place of today than today is the place of fifty years ago.

One of the schools in the South for colored children.

Our first movement into the 'world's work' of America was through a great avenue of sentiment. White people with Christian hearts opened them up, together with their purse strings, and we were *given*—not the word *given*—churches, schools and some work. We established our own fraternities and group organizations modeled on those of the whites. Having no other pattern but the whites of America, we adopted their ways. We did carry with us, and many of us yet have, certain valuable instincts derived from our native Africa. These gifts of nature must continue to serve us as we travel toward the great goal.

We are spiritual, sentimental and emotional, in qualities that command both praise and blame. We must continue to use these gifts to our general advantage.

The patriotic record of the negro is testimony to the value of the qualities named. We have used them for the independence, preservation and glory of America. We have done this with a will that has given heart to others.

'That stuff in our make-up has been our sorry curse,' I have heard some of my people say. I can see their point of view, but do not accept it.

The World War marked the beginning of a new epoch in negro adjustment, and the American complex of negro life. Up to 1914, from a period dating back almost fifty years, on matters black there was sentimental toleration or cordial indifference, North; and there was studied calculation, and nursed animosity, South.

Where there were few negroes, there was little or no trouble. Trouble began and parked where numbers dwelt. Hence, with the numbers, the beautiful South developed its own notions, and by superior numbers and main force put them to work and kept them going.

'The white man of the North is no different from the white man of the South, when he has the same problems to deal

with,' contends the white man from the South. But he is wrong. The white man of the North plys most of his problems of hate under cover; while the white man of the South goes straight to bat, and boasts about it with the grandstands full of people. He advertises it openly.

A study is afforded in the migration in ten years of more than 500,000 negroes from the South to the North. Industrial needs were pressing. Some bright mind jumped at the idea of going South and 'bringing negroes North.' 'We will give you better wages, you will have freedom, you can go where you please, educate your children, live where you please, and vote—be real citizens,' they were told.

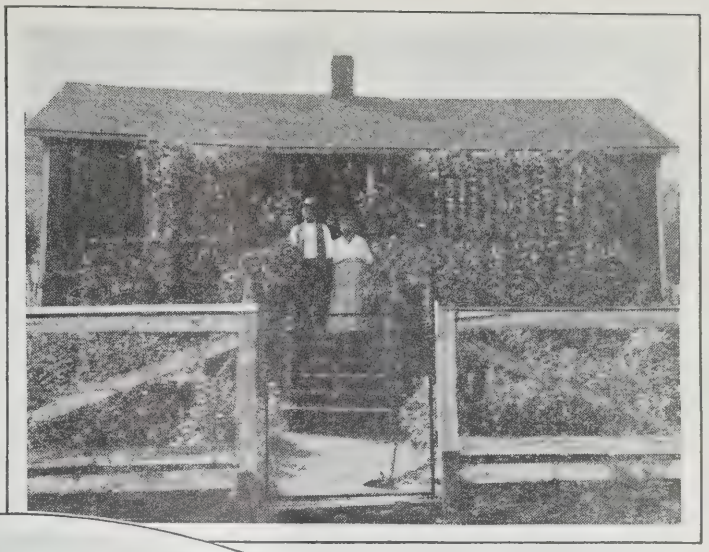
They came, they saw, but did not quite conquer either the white field or themselves. They have proved to be useful but have likewise caused some sorry messes, here and there.

One big employer said to me, when he was changing his workers from white to black: 'We have studied this question carefully. We have tried many nationalities. We are now going to try the negro. It is an economic, not a sentimental matter. The negro has the advantage of speaking our language, and he is a congenial spirit.'

The same man reported a short time later: 'We have several hundred here. The majority of them are giving good service. Some of them will work a few days and quit. Some shirk. But those who work, my, how they can work, and sing with it! Say, that's new to me. Negroes are the only workers I know who take their songs along with their tasks. We are going to keep them permanently, and help them to grow. We intend to give them jobs in the skilled trades, as fast as they measure up. I tell you, I'm really glad of the opportunity.'

Herein entered the labor unions. The majority of them, North, had designed to keep out the negro worker. In the South, they made little headway getting the negro lined up, because a suggestion from the 'big boss,' or the fear of a trick, were deterring influences. Labor unions today, in the North, here and there, are letting down the bars, but industrially the millions of negro workers cannot be regarded as organized.

The attitude of an American President on dealing with the negroes is specially interesting, not only to the negroes themselves but to the whites. I begin with President Cleveland, because he was the first President I remember. President Cleveland exhibited a minimum of racial prejudice in his dealings with the negroes, and had the courage to name a negro as minister to Bolivia,



Oval—Part of a Southern village with a colored population. Upper—Winners of the first prize in a contest for the beautification of the homes of colored employes of a Tennessee concern.

although the nomination was not confirmed. He made several negro appointments, however, that were confirmed by the Senate. During the administration of President Cleveland, in the larger cities of the North, discrimination against negroes, as a class, was at a minimum.

President Harrison was from my native Indiana. Nothing in his administration marked him for or against the negro. He was quietly tolerant, and racial problems were not acute in the sense that they are today.

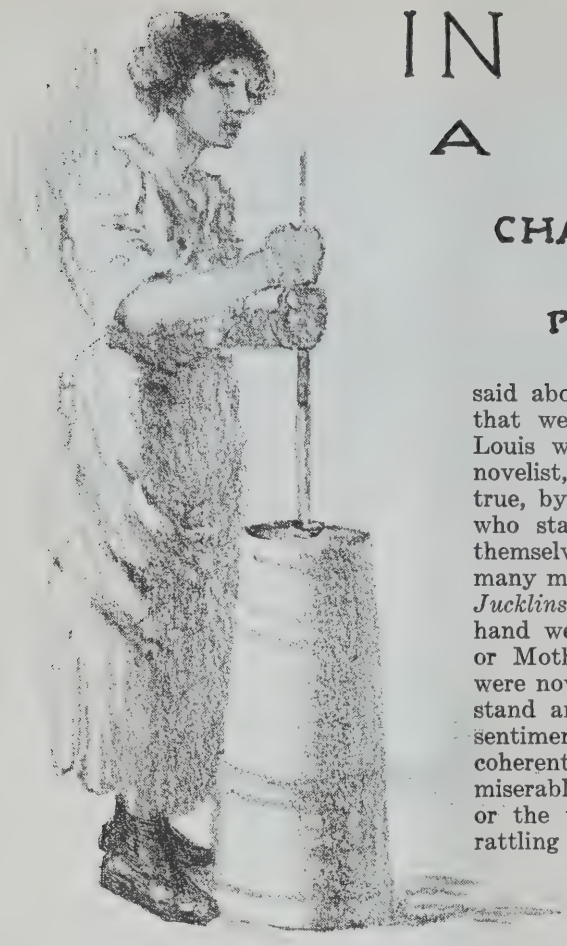
President McKinley had as his sponsor Marcus A. Hanna, a business man of Cleveland. As governor of Ohio, Mr. McKinley had direct dealing with negroes, and as a big business man, Mr. Hanna had several personal acquaintances. Mr. Hanna 'played' the negro in politics, and Mr. McKinley, when elected, made several interesting appointments.

Along about this time, the 'New South' was getting in its heavy work. By grandfather clauses in its laws it was successful in practically eliminating the negro as a factor in Southern politics. There had been up to this time always one or more members of Congress, and two United States Senators. The negro lost prestige and power.

It was during this period that there was a big change going on in the national mind about negroes. President McKinley did not attempt to stem the tide of changing opinion. Personally he was tolerant, but publicly he was discreet, as he imagined it.

Theodore Roosevelt gave public utterance to opinions concerning the negro, and, though he made some in the South very angry, he stiffened the opinion of thousands of whites, in their favorable attitude toward negroes. Roosevelt insisted upon a 'square deal' for the negro, and while he was President there were many things accomplished for negro America.

President Taft was from Ohio. The attitude of the average Ohioan toward negroes is one of toleration with limitations. These limitations are often determined by segregation measures. This, as might be expected, could easily have been the thought of President Taft, from Cincinnati, hard by Mason and Dixon's line, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. Therefore, in President Taft's administration, the color line became *(Concluded on page 18)*



He would, I told him, see things in common use which, in some parts of the world, were in museums.

IN THE OZARKS

A FREE FANTASIA

BY

CHARLES J. FINGER

DRAWINGS BY

PAUL HONORÉ

GENTLEMEN, hear something of the Ozark country, more especially that part of it in northwest Arkansas, where Paul Honoré and I have been tramping. But that which you are to hear is not of its commercial side.

I say that, because there are people given to fall into a kind of mystical rapture of what is really self-exaltation about places, a reflex egoism, measuring all things by dimes and dollars to the exclusion of everything else. And, as you may have noticed, if you look too closely at a dime, you will blot out the whole horizon; earth, sky, all mankind. Now my contention is that no census ever yet taken served to show the number of men and women who care nothing at all about how many factories or mines or skyscrapers a place has, just as on being introduced to a man they care nothing at all about his bank account, or the size of his hat, or the price he paid for his shoes. But they do care a great deal about his character and the manner of man he is; whether he is a buoyant gentleman or a burglar, a friendly companion or a pirate, a man with an eye to your pleasure or an eye to your pocketbook. In the same way, many men and more women are more interested in the character than the commerce of places.

Indeed, it was because of something said about the character of Arkansas that we took our trip. For in St. Louis we met Opie Read, who is a novelist, somewhat pooh-poohed, it is true, by supercilious young gentlemen who stand in ecstatic admiration of themselves as the illuminati. Yet many may recall a time when *Old Lim Jucklins* and other books by the same hand were as popular as old ballads, or Mother Goose stories. And they were novels which a man could understand and enjoy; not full of sex and sentimentality, not wandering and incoherent and of a sort to leave you miserable and wondering whether you or the writer were weak-minded; but rattling good stories with the subtle qualities of unity and vigor of narration, the characters in them full of naturalness. Reading them, you had the feeling that you had lived among the characters described, and, indeed, some of them were very much like the folk in this same Ozark country.

Naturally, as we talked, something of that was said, at which Opie Read's eyes brightened, and he said: 'Now somehow the people in those parts of the land had a notion that I wrote *A Slow Train Through Arkansas*, poking fun at them, so grew touchily sensitive to the point of having the book taken from the bookstands in the train. But I didn't write it. And of all spots in the land, I like the countryside in Newton County. The people are God's own . . . By the way, is Uncle John still in the land of the living?'

So we talked on and on, Honoré listening, until, because of what he heard, the artist in him began to burn to see a life he had thought no longer existed. He wanted to see the place, he declared. Whereupon I took him by the hand, poetically speaking, and told him that he should indeed see the Boston mountains, leaving his paints and easels, to embark upon a crusade of joy. I promised to show him people of simple and healthy natures leading a life of their own, and not immured among conventions and received opinions. He would, I assure him, learn something of the temper and texture of a world untouched by modern methods. He would be among people who knew how to spin, how to make bread, and how to manufacture their own candles; folk who spent winter evenings, not in sitting each one with nose buried in book, but talking and singing ballads as they made quilts or burred wool, or sewed harness, or churned. He would, I told him, see things in common use which, in some parts of the world, were in museums. That quite early in his pilgrimage, he found to be true, for he saw and traded for these, which he carried with him not without pain: a very heavy iron kettle, an earthenware pot, a bow and arrow, some flints, a large stalactite from a cave, and an old book of Holy Roller songs. He contemplated a spinningwheel. But that is getting a little ahead of the tale.

For as Opie Read and I told things to Honoré, we saw in him a growing and wrong impression; and that was a supposition that we described the state of Arkansas, instead of only a picturesque part of it. So we set him right

He had a memory stretching far back, and as he talked, he sat with chin thrust out, his wrists and knees crossed and foot a little inturned.

by telling that Arkansas followed state fashions and possessed cities, and policemen, and chair factories, and Rotary and Lions clubs, and banks with surpluses, and hot springs, and national cemeteries, and diamond mines, and stone quarries, and literary societies, and churches, and Mrs. Bernie Babcock, who wrote novels about Lincoln, and filling stations, and mortgages, and a university, and newspapers, and a poet who lived in London whose name was John Gould Fletcher, besides many other things going to make up the tapestry of civilization. But the unique part, we told him, was this interesting thing of which we had been talking, as interesting as the pyramids in Egypt, or the Kalahari Desert in Central Africa. For in that corner of the land the wilderness was not yet tamed, though the tamers were there and at work, and for them I had most hearty respect. Then when Honoré spoke of an automobile, he was greatly moved at hearing me say that our itinerary was one permitting no such vehicle by reason of the wilderness, and that he must either walk, or ride on horse or mule back.

At the first sun ray the whole world changed. From secret places came the noises of birds in sudden chorus.

He tried both methods, but what might be called Sorrow Endured made him choose walking for the long trip. For, on the first day, he mounted Prince, an animal large and bony and heavy of foot, whose trotting has a sort of pile-driving decision about it. The ride he took was to the Labyrinth, where are mighty rocks large as two-storied houses, which once were mountain tops, but are now tumbled to the plain as though cast there by warring Titans. So that evening the artist was somewhat abstracted, almost in the manner of one with unrevealed things on his mind. I imagined that the memory of the rifted crags thrilled and haunted him, until he spoke, with pathos in his voice, of the hardness of saddle leather to one accustomed to an automobile cushion. Yet, in the morning, when he awoke he sang, and his was again the old mood of delight.

And we traveled far that second day. We climbed sun-flooded hills to see haze-hung mountains. We went through gorges between dark slopes, where, on the one hand were high hills bare and craggy; on the other, steeps clad with tall pines which bent their heads to whisper about us. We stood on precipitous places from which we looked down into valleys all brilliant green, to see silvery winding streams embroidered with willows. And everywhere there were wild grapevines, some grown to the thickness of a man's thigh and wild roses in great abundance, and tall thistles, and barred and striped grasses of striking beauty, and ferns and fungi of many hues, and lichen-covered rocks, and wild convolvulus, and sensitive plants. Flowers too there were, a vast abundance of them, whole acres of upland turned to gold; velvet-green carpets sprinkled blue and crimson and lemon yellow and lilac, copper-colored tiger lilies, other things flaming and glowing.

Then at evening we found Uncle John. We were resting after a hard climb, and from sheer habit looked through a newspaper we chanced to have, not, be it said, for interest's sake, but because of an idle trick of reading about things which it is worth no human being's while to know. We heard a voice calling cattle, not so far away, so went a few yards to a turn of the road, and there saw a log-built house, with rough stone chimney and light-blue smoke plume slowly drifting in still air. For though the place is far south, it is high above sea level, so nights are chill.

A paling fence, whitewashed, was around the house yard, and an old man stood at the gate, with guardian hollyhocks on both sides of him. His face, lined and wrinkled and the color of ocher, was full of character. There was that matchless dignity about him so often seen in those of sunset years. But he drew himself up in greeting and made a welcoming gesture, at which, suddenly, we seemed to see not an old man, but rather one in his prime, strong and more than six feet high; an Anak of a man. And he was pleased to see visitors—there was no doubting that. For when we spoke of a night's lodging, he said: 'Why, a man's house is made for a resting place,' and led the way in.

Now of that evening's talk very little can be set down. Such things are to be experienced, not to be imagined. There, in the room, were children and grandchildren, a neighbor or two as well. They had sat together thus a hundred times and more. But there was no sign of boredom. Rather was the atmosphere one of lively interest and eager sympathy. And while each had his or her say, the old man was the center of things. He had a memory stretching far back, and, as he talked, he sat half leaning forward, his chin thrust out, his wrists crossed and his feet a little inturned. He told us of a Civil War battle which he remembered, with people hurrying along a narrow road, and darting into the 'sticks' at the sound of guns; of soldiers presently flying in retreat, their horses slipping and sliding on the clay road; of his own boyish wonder at all the stir, not knowing the why nor the wherefore nor the result. 'They could have cut all our throats, had they been minded to. But they were not bad men,' he said.

One of the children said something and the conversation became more general, about how the world advances, about the wonder of the radio, of water witching by means of a willow twig, of man's duty to man, of experience and the everyday stuff of life. And the talk was double-shotted with queer sayings, as: 'You've got to keep your character sound, 'tis like the kettle this stranger carries; once mended always to be patched.' Again, when we spoke of a nation buying things on credit, there was this: 'A pig bought to pay for

later makes a good winter but a sad spring.' And after we had talked about taxes and people without money, with more taxes in the offing: ''Tis hard to shave an egg, and no man limps when another is hurt,' for someone had spoken about the possibility of the Government looking into farm matters. The old man seemed to struggle with good-humored laughter at the thought of 'Washington men' understanding the affairs of men in the mountains.

We were on our way in the early morning in a chill mist, with dew dropping from leaves, and spider webs wonderful with fairy pearls, and white ghost mists in hillside hollows. But, at the first sun ray, the whole world changed with the vanishing mists. Fairyland fled and nature struck a bolder note. Golden light pierced leafy roofs to make strange arabesques on the grass. From secret places came the noises of birds in sudden chorus. Far foliaged mountains were painted purple and rose. All the tall thistles had gone white in the night. And there were laughing streams, and miniature rapids and waterfalls, and metallic-hued lizards that ran out and back in a state of mystery. Once, a lad, tall and sunburned, looked after us gravely. We had not gone far when he took a mouth organ from his pocket and played it, still watching us thoughtfully.

The place we were in was between the town of Jasper, a county seat without a railroad, or electric lights, or telegraph; and the town of Pettigrew. A country, this, in which automobiles have never been, nor can go because of the roughness of the way. Indeed, in places the road is a mere footpath, twisting and turning on the mountain side, running zigzag along steep hills, bending upon itself in most astonishing manner. Sometimes the silence there is so all-possessing that when one stands still there comes a consciousness of the sound of heart beats. Or the quiet is pierced by the musical sound of some distant cock, trumpeting his warrior challenge. Or you sit to rest, to find yourself dropping to sleep, soothed by the murmur of the water-splash.

And the people? Well, for one thing they behave gently to their beasts. For another, they are given to hospitality. For another, there is a careful civility to the stranger. I had been reading David Livingstone's *Journals* just before starting, and as I remembered his affectionate testimonials to the natives, their wholesome and invigorating life, their freedom from silly vanity, their toughness and fine working qualities, their naturalness of intercourse—as I remembered what I had read, and how he deplored the change wrought by civilization and the contact with those who were all ulterior motives, I wondered and my companion wondered whether, after all, man gains much with all the intricacies and complications of the busier life.

Suppose you say that the statistics are such and so; that in the backwoods there are illiterates. The truth of that must be admitted, but not with any feeling of scorn for those talked about. For why set mere book-learning on any impossible plane? Why hold the mere reading of a book in the light of a virtue? Why be proud of a mere acquisition of dull facts? For what counts, after all, is not knowledge but character. And a man may have swallowed all of that which school and university offer, yet still be a sorry fellow and poor citizen.

These people, these mountaineers and tamers of the wilderness, these frontiersmen are simple. And kindly. And hospitable. You will not find them indulging in commonplaces, nor in catchwords about flags and frontiers, nor in worn phrases. But know them and you will find them entirely and clearly capable of independence of thought. A lifetime of patient work, of observation, of facing nature in her many moods, of contact with things at first hand, of strict and methodical action—and the result is a sturdy independence and a soundness. Their determination is as was the determination of a Boone, or a Robertson, or a Sevier, or a Bowie. Their unflinching integrity lifts them to zenith high places. Envy they do not know; neither selfishness nor malice.

They are the salt of the earth.

A country, this, in which automobiles have never been, nor can go because of the roughness of the way.

Negro America

(*Concluded from page 15*)

emphasized in government departments at Washington, and official segregation of the negro has grown, until today segregation is practised in one form or another in almost every city of America.

It was easy for President Woodrow Wilson to follow in the footsteps of President Taft. He did so most successfully, so that when President Harding took office, racial prejudice and segregation in Government departments was at its peak. Except for the influence of World War conditions, there would doubtless have been some bitter clashes.

President Harding was known to many of us. He knew us by our first names, and knew of our work. He was more or less a student of negro life in America. He had the Ohio idea of negro opportunity, and lived up to it.

President Coolidge has a different slant on negro America from that of any other President. President Coolidge has a strong belief in common sense and patience, and it is by these methods that he is dealing with adjustments today. He has always been vigorous, but never threatening. He looks at the viewpoint of the white man of the South, and asks us in groups and individually not to expect too much in a short length of time. He regards it all as a process of evolution.

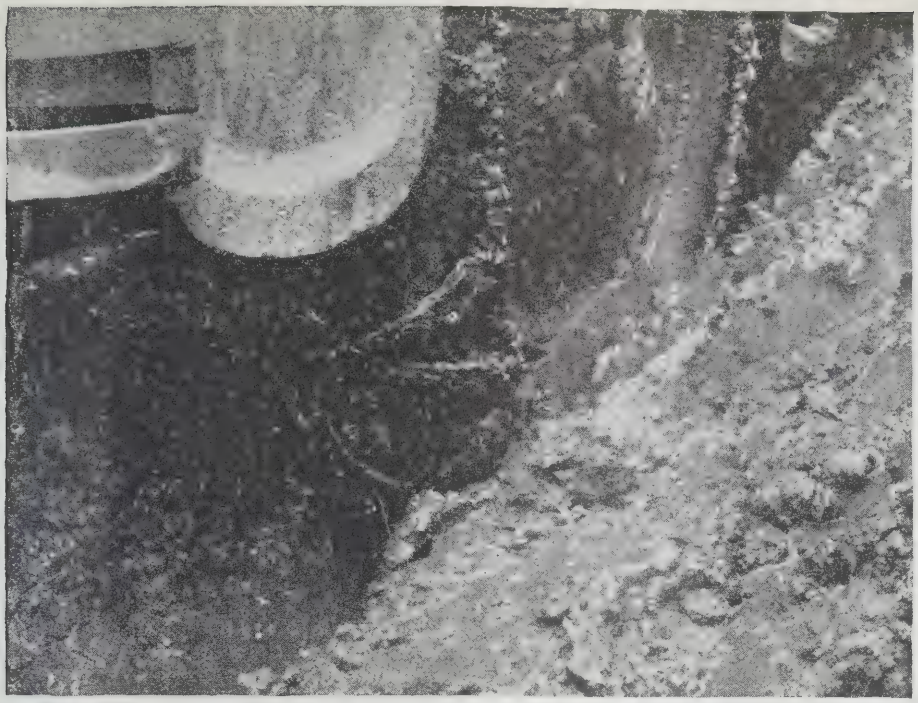
There are four types of effective negro leadership at this time, outside of the schools and churches. They are the educator, the intelligentsia, the business group and the fraternal group.

Negro America Fifty Years Hence! In that day, counting the future by the past, we will be at least 25,000,000 in number.

A negro farmer or mechanic or laborer is better anywhere if he has education. The same is true of whites.

Fifty years hence, the negro may be more segregated in some locations, even North, but he will have a larger voice in things, and will be in a position to plead his own cause in places that will get a hearing. I do not look for the elimination of prejudice. I do look for an increase of the ideal understanding of American citizenship.

Within the next fifty years, negroes of America will have contributed to art, literature and music to such an extent that there will be a softening of the tone on the inferiority complex. We of the Negro race are working to that end.



Think what rubber means in a tire chain

This is the new Goodyear Rubber Tire Chain. It will cause you to revise all your ideas about tire chains.

Because the cross links are of *rubber*, Goodyear Tire Chains are noiseless and, instead of damaging the tread, actually conserve the life of the tire.

Because this specially compounded tread rubber resists the grinding action of road wear better than steel, one set of Goodyear chains, under average conditions, will outlast several sets of ordinary chains.

Because the silent rubber cross links naturally lie flat, Goodyear Rubber Chains are much easier to put on. They are also more agreeable to use. Wet street, dry street, snow, mud or slush—all in a day's drive—just leave 'em on.

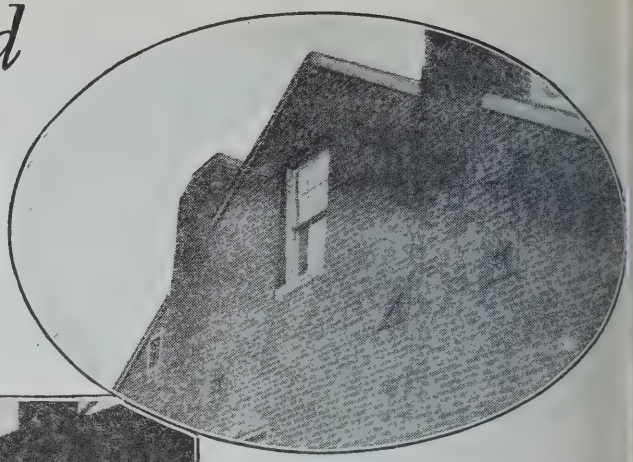
Because of the unique design of the rubber cross links, an adaptation of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread, Goodyear Rubber Chains provide resistance to skidding in any direction.

Especially suited to balloons. Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires.

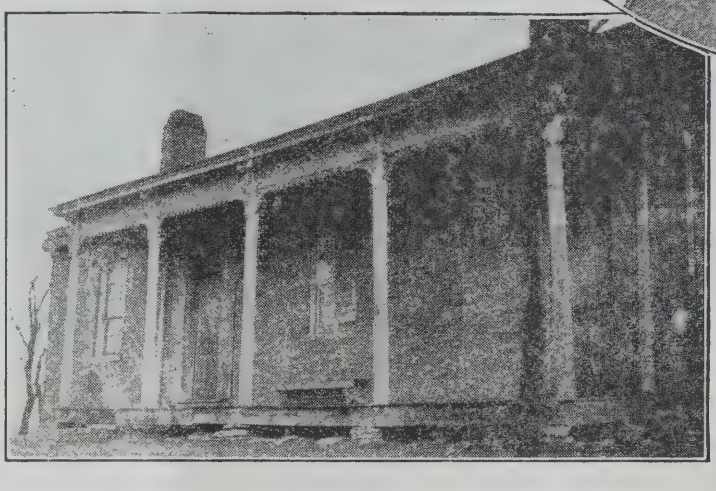
GOODYEAR
TIRE CHAINS

Where Eliza *Crossed the* Icy River

What Ripley, Ohio, Knows About Heroine of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*



Oval—*Window where signal lights were displayed. Left—Eliza House, Ripley, Ohio.*



By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

'THAT'S the old house up there,' said the conductor of the Chesapeake and Ohio local, pointing in the general direction of a high bluff across the Ohio River. There could be no mistaking his intention, for the stark, bald bluff was topped by only one house. It loomed somber and forbidding, that early spring morning when I first saw it, just as it had for more than one hundred years.

I took a wheezy old ferry over to Ripley, for the railroad runs down the Kentucky side of the river. I think the boat must have been one hundred years old, too. It wheezed and churned and tugged at the light chocolate brown of the storied Ohio, making a mighty business of its humdrum task.

As we wavered across the current, I stood and took in the scene before me. The village of Ripley nestles under this tall and abrupt bluff, almost at the water's edge. I thought of all that it had witnessed in its life of one hundred twenty-five years.

I saw it in those feverish days just after the menace of the British and Indians had been removed—when this muddy stream was the teeming gateway to the promised land for thousands of settlers. I saw the planters of Old Virginia pouring down this highway, many of them settling here on these hills with their possessions.

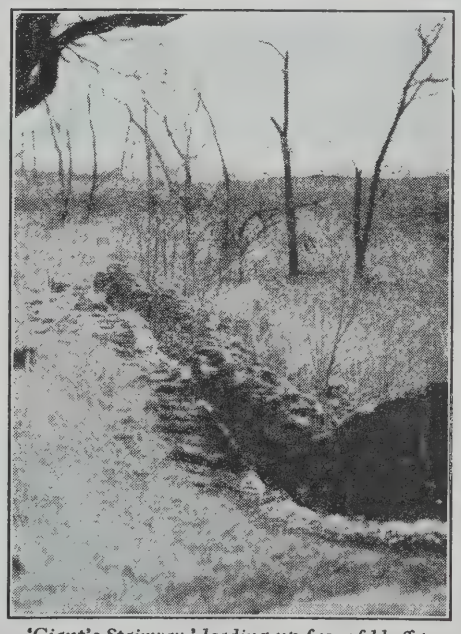
Then the long lull of comparative quiet until that day in 1821, when a thin and sinewy circuit-rider preacher from Tennessee came across the same river and took up his station on the hilltop and lifted his voice against the human traffic that was still countenanced on the other side.

He was the Reverend Mr. John T. Rankin and he had made his way slowly across his native Tennessee and Kentucky, preaching anti-slavery doctrines as he journeyed and sowing the seed, even in hostile territory. In Ripley he found a more sympathetic ear. It was here that he decided to spend his days, and there, on the hilltop, he built the small, severe brick house which endures even to this strange time as a monument to his work.

Ripley has had its day. It gives one the uncomfortable feeling that it is settling down to the long sleep, alone with its memories and its past. One feels, consciously, the intrusion that a stranger must be. I did not see evidences of recent progress; the houses are all of another day, and the carpenter's hammer has long been silent.

But the houses, ancient and odd as they are, are all inhabited. It just seems to be a village that got caught on the edge of the stream, and there it has hung all these years, as the rest of the world flowed swiftly by on the quick current of progress.

And the people in Ripley are proud of their past, and they will talk to you about it, eagerly and generously. That is, most of them will. One man I met soon after my arrival, a long, thin man with an enormous mouth and a terrible capacity for 'long green' which he 'chawed' in every shade of meaning of that term, denied vigorously, and rather bombastically, that Ripley had any claim at all to fame.



'Giant's Stairway,' leading up face of bluff to Eliza House.

'Yeh,' he mumbled, working his jaws to double purpose, 'they calls that the Eliza House all right, but 'taint so, 'taint so! There's no truth to that yarn any more'n I can fly!'

When I asked to know his reasons for such a bald statement, he answered: ' 'Cause my father lived here all the time, and he never heard a word 'bout it!'

But others in Ripley, among them a banker, assured me that the Eliza legend is not without its foundation in fact. Yes, he thought it was true, and he quoted names, dates and threw in a few anecdotes to prove his point.

Another man, whose family has always lived in Ripley, so he assured me, was positive on the point. 'That is the Eliza House, all right,' he said, and he took me across the street and pointed it out for fear I would miss it. 'That's it, all right. Eliza crossed on the ice right down there in front of the old Collins house, and climbed that bluff to the house where the Reverend John hid her for several days. Then he smuggled her north to a Quaker settlement about nineteen miles away.' There was more to his story, as I later discovered.

So I set out for the house determined to look for myself. On the way, I chanced to pass the school yard where my attention was attracted to a concrete block in which was inserted a bronze tablet. I read:

This Tablet Is Erected to
REV. JOHN T. RANKIN

A Tennesseean by birth who preached anti-slavery doctrines across the State of Kentucky, finally locating in Ripley in 1821. The Rankin house on the hill became a fortress by day and a beacon light by night to the fleeing fugitive.

Many western men call him the 'Father of Abolitionism.' This title is verified by William Lloyd Garrison who, in a presentation copy of his works to Reverend Rankin, inscribed: 'With profound regards and loving veneration of his anti-slavery disciple and humble co-worker in the cause of emancipation.'

There is just one way to get a proper perspective of a hill and that is to climb it!

One-third of the way up this Ripley bluff I was out of breath and perspiring, in spite of the sting and bite of the March gale that all but swept me off my feet. I was then three hundred feet above the town.

I had been informed, when I reached this point, that I would find a stone stairway composed of just one hundred steps, which would take me right to the front door of the Rankin house. But those steps! Surely only a giant might have climbed them a single step at a time; they were in reality a series of ledges made by dragging heavy field stones and placing them one above the other. Some were four or five feet wide and must have weighed a ton or more. This giant's stairway meandered over the face of the bluff, much as the Ohio below me meandered in and around the bluffs. It was fairly easy going until I reached the last two hundred feet, and then it seemed that the stiff upper lip of this hill was going to push me back into the village. I hung like a fly on a wall, the wind snapping my coat tails! I grasped a wire fence by the side of the steps and pulled myself hand over hand, panting and exhausted, to the summit. A broad, flat plain stretched off to the north, and I saw that this old dilapidated house was the remains of a farmstead.

A TREE or two straggled near it, and a clump of tiger lilies were beginning to awake from their long sleep, but for the most part, the plain was swept clean by the wind which moaned and groaned, with all the heaviness of the past, around the old and broken house.

A young wife—very young, and grasping at the tow head of a curious youngster—stared at me with vacant eyes as I asked about the romance of the old house. She did not seem to understand, and she looked helplessly at the heaving floors.

Her husband was away; perhaps, he knew. Perhaps, when he returned he could tell me. Did I used to live here? What was it? Eliza? Eliza? She did not remember anybody by that name ever living here. Besides, I must understand, she had only lived there a short time herself.

But I saw it all. I saw the room up under the roof where the frightened Eliza was hidden for a week or more—the same room in which the lights were placed to signal to the waiting slaves lurking in the Kentucky hills under cover of darkness for the chance to scurry to freedom.

The story goes that Eliza, after she departed from the Rankin house, left her baby in safe hands and made her way to Canada. Then she came back once more to danger. She appeared at the Rankin house one evening and asked the Reverend John to put her across the river. It seems that her mother heart would not be denied, and she would rather risk her own freedom once more, in an effort to recover a child left behind, than rest content in liberty.

It is said that the fighting parson rowed her across the river and that in due time he reappeared with a negro boy, whom she guided to Canada, through the various stations of the 'Underground Railroad.' There she was subsequently joined by her husband, who had also successfully eluded the bloodhounds and the law.

It is not definitely known just how Harriet Beecher Stowe met Eliza, but the popular legend is that Mrs. Stowe came to Ripley and saw the slave girl and heard her story from her own lips.

It is certain that Mrs. Stowe, then Harriet Beecher, was living and teaching in Cincinnati at the time, and that practically all of her novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was based on authentic records—stories and facts that she gathered during that period. Uncle Tom, himself, was an actual character that Miss Beecher met at this time—a slave living in Kentucky south of Cincinnati. Before Mrs. Stowe died, she wrote a book in which she produced the data upon which her great novel was based.

It does not seem unreasonable that she should have met Eliza and heard her story. Miss Beecher had been scribbling for a few years and had made some headway as a contributor of stories to the magazines. She was busy gathering data for a novel on slavery. The remarkable romantic lure of a young slave girl daring to brave the treacherous ice in a swift current like the Ohio, in an effort for freedom, would draw any writer many miles. And we do not doubt that the story was whispered all over Southern Ohio soon after it occurred.

We do know that the incident became the thrilling climax of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and that it did more than anything else in that great novel to arouse the North to the inhumanity of slavery.

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Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel

(*Concluded from page 5*)

The Captain answered, 'When I found them all asleep, I tried to find out whose duty it was to have been awake at the time. They all said it was Scott's, and Scott also admitted it was his duty.'

A member of the court then asked, 'Did you positively wake him, and know that it was his guard?'

An affirmative answer was given, and the prosecution closed.

Scott was asked if he had any witnesses or wished to testify, and replied in the negative.

After mature deliberation on the evidence the court found the accused as follows—

> 'On the Specification, Guilty; on the charge, Guilty.
> 'And the court does sentence him, pvt. William Scott, Co. K., 3rd Regiment Vermont Volunteers, *To Be Shot to Death.*'

Major General McClellan approved the finding and sentence and set the date of execution at Monday, September 9, 'at such hour and place as the Brigade Commander may determine.'

As the date approached for the execution of William Scott, his regiment grew more and more excited. A petition was passed around and freely signed not only by privates but by most of the officers of Scott's regiment. This petition was addressed to Brigadier General William Farrar Smith.

On Sunday, September 8, Major Ridenour from Smith's headquarters went to Washington to McClellan's headquarters and also to the White House. When he left Washington that evening he told the newspapers that Scott was not to be shot.

Next morning Scott's regiment was drawn up, and a pardon was read, issued by order of Major General McClellan, in which it was stated that the President had asked for the reprieve of this young man, since this was the first time the death sentence had been imposed in the Army of the Potomac for this offense, but that it was not expected that the President would intervene in a like case again.

BEFORE long the President's relation to this case assumed a more important aspect. It was freely stated that he issued the pardon, and that not content with issuing it, rode out to the Chain Bridge, and arrived in a cloud of dust as the firing squad was standing ready to fire, and stopped the deadly work just in time.

Now the President was not followed then as now by camera men and reporters noting down every word and act, but certainly the President could not have left Washington on such an errand and the papers not have been full of it. For instance, on the very next day, the President did ride out from Washington to Tennallytown, D. C., and was present when a stand of colors was presented to the Pennsylvania regiments stationed there. Did he get out of Washington and back on that formal and inconspicuous errand in which he was merely an observer and escape the notice of the reporters? He certainly did not. Could he have driven at breakneck speed to the Chain Bridge on the preceding day, and halted an execution, and not have had it mentioned in every Washington paper, and also in the New York *Times*, the New York *Tribune*, the Boston *Advertiser*, the Boston *Journal*, the Boston *Transcript* and other papers in other cities? All these newspapers had special Washington correspondents. The Boston *Journal* had Charles Carleton Coffin, then with the Army of the Potomac. Could it have escaped him?

AS A matter of fact, the newspapers of Washington, on file in the Library of Congress, contain no item concerning the movements of President Lincoln on Sunday or Monday, except as to his receiving the call from Major Ridenour and permitting it to be said that he requested that Scott should not be shot.

The newspapers tell what McClellan did on the day Scott was to be shot. He rode across Long Bridge to Forts Jackson, Runyan and Albany toward Bailey's Cross Roads, and rode back to Washington that night. The Records of the Rebellion tell in detail of the advance of Brigadier William F. Smith with two thousand men from the Chain Bridge toward Lewinsville on the eleventh, with the Third Vermont on the march. We know pretty well what was happening that people were interested in; did so interesting a thing occur as the ride of the President from Washington to the Chain Bridge to pardon William Scott?

That did not happen, we may be sure. The petition was not addressed to President Lincoln; the pardon was not issued by him; he was worrying about his break with General Fremont, and was in no necessity of hunting up any trouble. He knew that the pardon of Scott was attended to, and he let the matter alone. It had not come before him in official form; there was no occasion for him to do any of the spectacular things which are credited to him.

When we consider the whole situation we see how discourteous, foolish and perilous it would have been on President Lincoln's part to have ridden to the Chain Bridge to stop this shooting. The case had never come officially before the President. It was handled by humane and competent officers whose very desire to save Scott had caused them to ask the President's informal assistance. It was settled, as it ought to have been, by General Smith of the brigade and General McClellan commanding the army, and McClellan went off about his other business knowing that the matter was properly settled. Now, suppose that President Lincoln, knowing all this, and knowing that the army officers had already told the Washington papers that Scott was not to die, had put on a movie-stunt on Monday, riding to the camp when he knew or could have learned McClellan was not there, and advertising that he, and not Brigadier Smith or General McClellan, was the friend of soldiers. When McClellan got back to Washington that night he would have been furious, and with good reason.

Lincoln had frequent occasion to overrule military authorities when they refused mercy. He certainly did not insult them when they had shown mercy.

Peruvian jar representing human figure.

Museum of the American Indian

THE Museum of the American Indian, in New York, had its inception more than twenty-two years ago, when its present director, George G. Heye, began the systematic accumulation of objects pertaining to the American Indian. A representative gathering of earthenware vessels from prehistoric Pueblo ruins in New Mexico was the first important collection. From this the collections have so greatly and so rapidly increased that they have already outgrown the new building. Owing to the limitations of space it has been necessary to present to the public view only small synoptic series of objects illustrating in an admittedly meager way the culture of the Indians they represent.

The director and founder of the museum, George G. Heye, is not the type of man one usually associates with the painstaking collection of Indian relics. He does not wear thick, horn-rimmed spectacles. He is neither hollow-chested nor stoop-shouldered. He is over six feet tall and weighs more than two hundred pounds. Round-faced, and smooth shaven, he resembles rather the successful go-getter type of business executive portrayed in advertisements, than a collector of antiquities.

Mr. Heye is a native of New York City. Upon graduation from the School of Mines at Columbia University in 1896, young Heye went West. While engaged in an engineering project in Arizona, he became interested in Indian relics. His interest soon developed beyond the craze for collecting things common among most visitors to that section of the country. From the first, he was fortunate in having the active interest and aid of his mother, the late Marie Antoinette Heye, who subsequently financed some very valuable expeditions in South America. The profitable researches of Dr. Marshall H. Saville, of Columbia University, in the archeology of the Andean and coast regions of South America, from Southern Ecuador northward to Darien, were made possible by her coöperation.

As the years passed, Mr. Heye's inter-

est in piecing together the fragments of the Indian's history became keener. His collection grew until there is no other that even approximates it in its scope or worth. At first the collection was housed in a loft but it soon outgrew its quarters. A large part of the collection was loaned to the University of Pennsylvania Museum, where it was exhibited until the new building was completed.

Besides the specimens collected by Mr. Heye and his staff, the museum has received more than 24,000 objects from those connected with it only through sympathy with its endeavors.

Among the notable objects procured by the museum are two wampum belts presented to William Penn by the Indians. Those important relics had been taken to England by the Penn family but they were bought and brought back to America. A wampum belt was also retrieved which had been presented to an Indian chief by Penn.

The popular conception of a museum devoted to relics of ancient civilizations is a dusty, dark, and dismal place packed helter-skelter with odds and ends, labeled chiefly with flyspecks. The Museum of the American Indian is different. It is the last word in museum construction and equipment. It is well lighted and well ventilated. The objects are neatly and meticulously arranged in shining glass cases. Although there are more than 2,000,000 objects stored in the building and only one-third of them are on view, they are so carefully indexed and cataloged that museum investigators can place their fingers on them at a moment's notice.

A pipe lover would be amazed to see the variety of pipes used by the Indians; and they were by no means inferior to the ones in use today. Some of the pipes in the collection were smoked one thousand years before Columbus discovered America. There are all shapes and sizes. An Eskimo pipe of carved ivory; an elaborately carved pipe, brilliantly colored, from British Columbia; pipes of clay, stone and wood. The art of making beautiful pipes died out upon the appearance of the white man and his cheap clay pipe of civilization. The Indians adopted the clay pipe in preference to those of their own manufacture. Through lack of practice the pipe-makers lost their knack for carving.

Example of how the Jivaro Indians of Ecuador cause human bodies to shrink.

A primitive device for 'radio broadcasting' used by the Tucano Indians of Brazil is one of the interesting exhibits. These natives devised a sending outfit which may look crude but worked very well. The sending set consists of a drum, hollowed out of a section of a tree trunk. The task was arduous, for the scraping had to be done through four holes barely large enough to permit the entrance of the hand. The 'drum' was hung by vines from the limb of a tall tree usually by the bank of a river. The 'operator' tapped out his simple code with a heavy drumstick. The sound could be heard for several miles and messages picked up satisfactorily. The 'radio-outfit' was very valuable in time of war. Warnings could be flashed from tribe to tribe of the approach of a common enemy. The late Herbert Ward, artist and adventurer, who spent five years in the heart of the Congo district, brought back reports that a similar device was in use there.

Probably the most unusual specimens in the entire collection are the shrunken heads from Ecuador. The museum possesses an entire shrunken body. Heads are plentiful but the entire body is very rare.

The scientists associated with the Museum of the American Indian are in a very real sense working against time. In the first place, few college men are going into the field of ethnology and archeology these days. Whether or not their aversion for the work is due to the lack of financial rewards, the fact remains that almost all the men engaged in research among the remains of ancient civilizations are well past middle age and many of them are white-haired.

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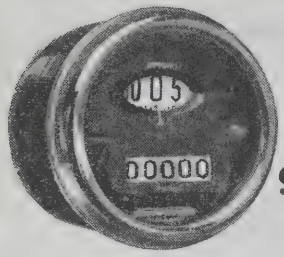

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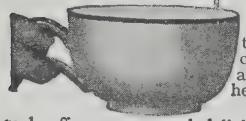

There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. A coffee all may drink at any hour and to their hearts' content.

Not mock coffee, but real coffee—a rare and delightful blend. We simply open the pores and remove the caffeine. That is the source of all coffee's harm.

Caffeine is tasteless and odorless. Its removal does not affect the flavor or aroma in the least.

This coffee is called Kaffee Hag. The finest hotels now serve it. In countless homes it is the favorite brand.

Learn what it means to you and yours. A coffee you need never fear or stint. A coffee you can drink at night and sleep. Children can enjoy it.

This coupon with a dime will bring a 10-cup package to you. Get it for some coffee lover who cannot drink caffeine. Clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG
1439 Davenport Ave., Cleveland

Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

Name.....

Address.....

And This From You

(*Continued from page 7*)

The same pessimism is reflected by C. W. Barron, merchant of Holloway, Louisiana:

'My reason for not saying a great deal about a number of things is that I have no way of saying it and no one to say it to,' he writes. 'I haven't been able so far, to help or hinder, just in Louisiana. Today we have a senatorial campaign on and I don't want to vote for either of the men running. There is a reason why a different type of man failed to enter the race, and I think it is the same thing that affects politics everywhere most. If we had more papers like THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, I believe things would get right.'

C. E. WATHERS, of West, Mississippi, presents his views in the form of an affidavit:

'Cometh John Citizen who deposeth and saith that he is as he is because he has no organization in which he can place any confidence, through which to express his disapproval of the things that he knows are wrong. That he feels outraged at the conditions outlined in your editorial and expresses himself freely in private conversation but is without any organization to voice his views. That whenever an organization *is* formed to promote the general good, it soon seems to deteriorate into a bread-and-meat affair for those who assume leadership.

'That party interests are held to be permanent to the public good—therefore he votes as a rule for what he believes to be the least of two evils, and expects little results to accrue to the public good, no matter who is elected to represent him.

'He resents the usurpation of authority taken by Secretary Mellon, and the passive attitude of the people's representatives, and believes that nothing but fear of Mr. Mellon's power in the world of finance actuates them. That there are so few outstanding, honest, fearless men in public life, that when one does show signs of independence, that he, John Citizen, is ready to hail him as a possible savior.

'John Citizen further deposeth and saith that he is ready to express himself on all moral and political issues whenever a clear-cut issuance is made, and unselfish leadership is available. We need in the United States a thousand Jeremiahs—men who have no personal axe to grind, who can envision conditions as they ought to be—and who do not ask for a reward for their services.'

An interesting expression comes from L. J. Butzow, Chicago factory worker:

'You ask what we are thinking about. I ask what can we think when the earmarks of truth, the chance to check, are lost in the haze of misinformation. It seems that our histories and our papers both mislead us. "The bludgeoning of the good name of the American people goes on overseas." The bludgeoning of the good names of the European peoples, descended from our ancestors, goes on over here. The quotations from the European papers given in the papers I've read indicate a good deal of ingratitude for our sacrifice there. But the press is a moulder of opinion rather than a reflector of opinion. I believe that the natives in Europe want their debts paid. But constant agitation would make them desire repudiation. When the news of the debt cancellation came out some of us at the factory berated the cancellation and then went to work. What we thought of it seemed to matter but little. We live in hopes.'

The view given by John C. Stafford, councilor of the Michigan Federation of Farm Loan Associations, no doubt reflects that of many farmers:

'As one of "*You*" I wish to say that most of us know that the International Banker rules the world by owning the currency and most of the credits. We know that the pyramiding of debts and the multiplication of interest obligation must lead to a smash. But our Government and most of the others having admitted their incapacity to "coin money and regulate its value," and having farmed the job out to the International Bankers, we can do nothing but look on, electing their puppets to positions of political power and amusing ourselves by discussion of far-off and inconsequential things.

'We have formed habits of voting by prejudice and thinking by proxy in matters political, and these lifetime habits for the great majority of us are hard to break. In fact they are not broken except in time of great distress. Mr. Mellon has been the visible part of the power behind our government for some time now. When he disappears the International Bankers have many other capable men to take his place.'

G. Warren Davis, of Norwich, Connecticut, is succinct:

'This John Citizen has been silent for two or three causes,' he says. 'One cause is —I have been very busy hoeing clover seed into the ground among tomato plants and digging potatoes. Another cause is—I, with divers other John Citizens, have been drugged and saponified so long that I have lost some power to think.'

Pat Keelan, of Wauaseta, Texas, expresses himself clearly:

'When I first came to this country some fifty years ago, the leading papers were mostly the property of men with positive opinions on all public questions which they expressed in no uncertain language.

'The papers of today are mostly syndicate affairs that often represent very sinister interests and divert the reader's mind with paregoric propaganda, designed to dull his curiosity and promote the "child mind" so prevalent today in our adults—go into any gathering of young workingmen or farmers today, and if they discuss the day's paper at all it is more apt to be the "funnies" than anything else.'

A SEATTLE physician who wishes to remain anonymous typifies the views of a number of professional men. He writes:

'My ancestors lived in New England, fought in King Philip's War, French and Indian Wars, the Revolutionary War and so forth. I went through the public schools of Michigan, graduating in the literary and medical departments. Was in the Spanish American War. Was rejected from service in the World War because of my age. Personally, I felt that the future of our country would have been menaced if Germany had been victor and that we should have armed ourselves in the beginning and been prepared to go in, long before we did. This opinion was largely based on a fairly good knowledge of history, the reading of which serves as a recreation for me after my day's grind. With a good background of this nature I felt that the beautiful phraseology constantly emanating from Washington about making the world safe for Democracy, League of Nations, and self determination, was, to use our expressive word, bunk. I had long believed that only the Anglo-Saxon race through the centuries of de-

velopment understood the meaning of self-government and was sufficiently trained to make self-government or democracy a success.

'During all this period my wife was the only one to whom I could express my disgust at the course of events because of the sedition laws, which were undemocratic and as severe as those of the most absolute despotism of Europe. We spent money like drunken sailors and John Citizen had about as much to say concerning it as he has about the solar system. Not until 1920 did John Citizen have a word to say about it, when at the polls, by a seven million majority, he let the government know how he felt. He retained President Coolidge in 1924 by the same majority because he felt that Coolidge would do everything in his power to judge conditions more in accordance with the ideals of our old Americanism. He has also been patiently paying income tax ever since, with but little protest.

'I am writing to inquire what you can suggest that John Citizen can do to improve conditions other than using his vote at election time. I am sure that any suggestion of practical nature that you could make would be highly appreciated by many millions of the Citizen family. Meanwhile I am plugging along taking a reasonable part in civic activities and doing my best to bring up three boys as Simon-pure Americans with American ideals. I am not writing this for publication and specifically request that my name not be used. But you have asked for opinions and I am responding to that request.'

[*Further letters will be published in an early issue.*]

A Reporter's Memories of Roosevelt

(*Concluded from page 13*)

was locked, so the President jumped over the rails. Half a dozen boys were preparing breakfast in true cowboy style, chuck wagon and all. 'Denver will have to wait,' Roosevelt told the newspapermen. 'Here's where I eat breakfast.'

There stood the cattleman's chuck wagon and a fire blazing beneath the two kettles. The guest of honor had not forgotten his etiquette. Not waiting on one's self in such a situation corresponds to eating with one's knife. T. R. helped himself to steak and potatoes, and he knew the exact location of the salt and pepper shakers in the wagon. The one short minute he had promised lengthened into an hour, and when the train finally moved the punchers accompanied it on their ponies for a mile or more, following between the rails and over the prairie, shooting their fire-irons and whooping as no one but a cowboy can.

It was on the same trip that T. R. decided he wanted a complete respite from civilization. Thirty miles from the Yosemite is a giant grizzly tree. It is 300 feet tall and thirty-five feet through, and under it one day the Secret Service men and the President's personal advisers counciled with an old woodsman. They asked him first of all if he would promise to bring the President back safely if T. R. were intrusted to his care for three whole days.

'No, sirree; I won't,' he said.

'No?'

'No,' he said, slowly, 'but I'll promise to bring back dead the man who kills him.'

Two horses carried Roosevelt and his guide toward the valley the next day. Two pack mules shouldered the grub. During these three days the nation had no head, or might as well have had none, for if Washington had desired to communicate with Roosevelt, no one would have known his whereabouts. He was simply somewhere in the spacious Yosemite, satisfying the craving to be alone.

When he came back he headed first for the press car to tell the newspapermen of the strange but bully time he had had.

'Say, I thought they had handed me a lemon in this old backwoodsman,' he laughed. 'The whole first evening he never spoke a word, and I thought I was going to have a jolly time against that blank wall. We struck camp at six, and he got the food ready, and we got together the pine boughs for the beds. All he'd say was "yes" or "no," and he never took his eyes off me.'

'PROBABLY just wonder-struck at lugging a President around,' remarked a veteran correspondent.

'Well, sir, the next morning,' the Colonel went on, 'he began to talk and as far as I know he is talking yet. I've never had three finer days. He knew just the things I wanted to know. I guess he slept off his nervousness that first night, and we were friends from then on.'

Both Mark Hanna and Roosevelt are dead now, so the following story may be told with propriety. It supports the opinion held by many correspondents that Roosevelt feared nothing and no person.

In the spring of 1903 the Ohio State Convention was being held in Columbus. Hanna, at the time chairman of the national Republican committee, was present. Roosevelt was in California. A majority of the Ohio delegates were anxious to endorse Roosevelt for a second term, even at that early date.

Hanna didn't take kindly to that attitude. Before he retired that night, Roosevelt was notified of the proceedings in Ohio. Not a word had come from Roosevelt up to that time as to whether he would be a candidate for reëlection. About one o'clock in the morning Pearl Williams, a telegraph operator with the party, was awakened and informed that the President wanted him to handle a message as soon as he could dress. The conductor was told to stop the train at the first telegraph office, which happened to be quite close, and in one of those famous snowsheds in the Sierra Nevada mountains. The operator got a direct wire to Columbus. It was a 200-word telegram he sent. It started off as gentle as a spring shower, and ended like a hurricane.

'I HAVE not yet expressed an opinion whether I will be a candidate for reëlection or not. I have kept away from it, but inasmuch as you, Mark Hanna, have dragged the matter into the Columbus State Convention, I will say to you that I am now ready for the question. Do you, Mark Hanna, know of a man either dead or alive, Mark Hanna, whom I ever asked to vote for me? Did I ever ask you to vote for me?'

And then, with the true Rooseveltian flourish, was this fillip:

'The greatest honor that you, Mark Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, can bestow upon me will be never to vote for me.'

Before noon the same day the Ohio State Convention, in Columbus assembled, endorsed Roosevelt for a second term.

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Recent Tendencies *in* Education

By A. LAWRENCE LOWELL
PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

CHANGES in customs, in aims and purposes, come not so much from a reversal of principles, as from a difference in emphasis. We do not refute past convictions; we rather look at the matters to which they relate from a new point of view.

This is no less true of education than of other matters. Little that was deemed important half a century ago is not thought so today. Little considered essential now was wholly neglected then. No doubt there has come a change of methods and of the means for reaching results, but above all there has been a shift of emphasis.

Progressive thought of that time dwelt on the need of providing enlarged opportunity, on the scale of equipment, on the extent of choice offered to the student, and hence on the number of courses, of instructors and of subjects covered. We heard much of enriching the curriculum, which in fact meant a greater diversity of curricula.

Now the newer thought, at least in colleges, is concerned more with the use made of opportunities, the character, energy and ambition of the student. We are regarding education less as a matter of information, more as a stimulating, and incidentally as a selective, process. We are thinking, not of the course, but the student, as the unit to be considered.

We are moving away from the counting of educational credits, toward a final measurement of the student himself as the product of the system; and we are learning that above the rudimentary technical skill acquired by reading, writing, and arithmetic, all real education is essentially self-education—a principle that becomes more and more true the higher the stage reached.

Strange contradictions appear where one looks for any single principle which may be regarded as the pervasive tenet in the whole life of a community.

In American industry there is a marked tendency to increase the speed of production, to make high wages possible by means of methods; but in education the same principle is not applied, and our youth go less rapidly than those in the more advanced European countries. This is a serious defect which extends well-nigh throughout our educational system.

At every point we do things too late. We send children to the kindergarten at an age when they should be in the primary school; and in some cities close at hand we do not allow them to go to the public schools at all until the appropriate time for kindergarten has passed. The children are therefore doing in the primary, grammar and high schools much that they ought to have done earlier, and they are doing it at too slow a pace—certainly too slowly for those among them who are capable of going far and should be helped to go fast. When an improvement is made in the method of teaching it seems to be used to enable the child to spend less time in school, rather than to enable him to advance on the long path of his education more quickly.

The retardation culminates in the colleges, where, at the age when a foreign student enters his university, an American takes, in most places, two years of secondary school character before he is fitted for work of university grade. In college again his pace has in the past been slow, and sometimes it has been for most students so leisurely as to make the public almost forget that colleges were founded primarily with a view to academic education.

In the well-known phrase of Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton, the side shows have tended to supplant the main tent. Not that any sensible person would want to suppress the side shows, for they are an important part of the training; and to suppress them would not add to the attraction of the main tent . . .

Formal education has been, and perhaps is now more than ever, a fetish in America. Mankind is expected to be saved by a process called school, and hence we are inclined to ask, not what a child or youth has become as a result of the treatment, not what he has retained or how much he has developed, but how much of the process he has been through. We ask how many years he has attended schools of what grade, what credits he has obtained; and in many parts of the country, school credits have been given for satisfactory attendance and work from day to day without any measurement of the result, on the assumption that punctual performance of routine duties necessarily indicates intellectual growth.

In colleges, moreover, examinations in courses have often required only a memory of detailed facts for which a skilful crammer could prepare a student in a few hours. From all this we have of late been getting free. That is what I meant by saying that we are considering, not the course, but the student as the unit in education. The process is only a means to an end, and that end is the development to the highest extent possible of the student himself. The advance in his maturity of thought, in his capacity to deal with facts and problems, in his ability to use his powers, to apply the knowledge he should have acquired, all this is the object of his education. The process is of value only so far as it contributes to that result, and its effectiveness is to be measured by the result . . .

This brings us to another of the points on which more emphasis is being laid than heretofore. You cannot educate a child, still less a young man or woman. You can by drill force them to learn mechanical movements physical or mental, you can even to some extent stuff their memories with facts. But the power of a person's mind can be developed only by effort on his part. Like every other portion of the organism the brain gains strength by exercise, and loses it by inaction. It cannot reach any considerable power by massage from outside; and therefore the teacher can do little except assist and guide the process of self-education, and above all supply a stimulus for effort.

In American industry there is a marked tendency to increase the speed of production . . . but in education the same principle is not applied, and our youth go less rapidly than those in the more advanced European countries.

* * *

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* * *

In the well-known phrase of Woodrow Wilson, when president of Princeton, the side shows have tended to supplant the main tent.

* * *

We may ask whether we are not carrying the enthusiasm for schooling too far.

* * *

We must consider seriously not only how we can make education more effective, but also how we can render it less costly.

By permission from the HARVARD ALUMNI BULLETIN.

Rolling Stone Becomes an Author

(*Concluded from page 3*)

Something that came back magically, of tales of hoboing in Australia, told by a hospital bed in a morning when the sun's gold seemed tarnished, and there was a suspicion that next year's books, good or bad, wouldn't make any difference.

'Why you must be Richard Matthews Hallett . . . Oh . . . Why, I know your father. For heaven's sake . . . Fancy finding you here . . . '

'Sure I am . . . So you know Old Andrews, the great old fellow . . . C'm on over here and tell me . . . When did you see him last . . . Isn't he the old rascal . . . How'd he look . . . I had a letter from him yesterday . . . '

That brings us to Richard Matthews Hallett. He lives over in Boothbay Harbor. Each evening, during the Institute of Modern Literature, he ferried across to the mainland and hurried to Brunswick to hear Willa Cather and Margaret Deland, Hatcher Hughes, Carl Sandburg, James Stephens and the others who discussed literature and its making.

At a dinner one evening, he spoke. 'I want to write, doggone it,' seems to have been the cornerstone of this tumultuous man's career. 'Every writer that ever was worth his salt,' he continued, 'chased off around the world. No Hallett ever had any money to dash round it in luxury. Old Andrews Hallett will tell you that. Wherever I went I had to work my way. My mother had died. I had to write. That was partly my father's fault, the old rascal. He gave me stuff to read when I was a kid that stirred up what was already in my head. Stevenson and Henty, Kipling and Fenimore Cooper, Tomlinson, Trowbridge, Stanley Weyman, William Stearns Davis and, of course, *Westward Ho.*

'I plowed through the law because a man's got to have some profession. Law helps a fellow to write, too, now that I think of it, but writing doesn't help a fellow to want to practise law, let me tell you. When I got to Australia I didn't have much money. I worked like a Trojan for every mile that old square rigger carried me.

'I tramped it around Australia a while. Then I got a job as swagman going into the bush. That was a life! Lugging some other man's baggage over my back day after day! But carrying a long roll over your back never interfered with storing up everything you saw, now did it, and many's the night I dropped dog-tired and had just time to think, "By gad! I'm getting what I came for," before I was dead asleep.

'After a while I got kind of sick of being a tramp and taking little bits of money for slavish work so I hiked back to Melbourne, where I got a job on a newspaper. Every man who expects to write fiction ought to be a reporter for a while. It does something to your perceptions.

'And one fine day I knew the time had come to move on, so I skipped my job as reporter—I dare say the boss had no vain regrets—and hopped a mail packet bound for England where they let me shovel all the coal I wanted to as fast as I wanted to all the way across. Sometimes I look back and I think you don't know what life is until you've shoveled coal on a sea-going vessel for a while. Well I got to London and glad I was! I settled down in queer, dark little lodgings. It was near the time the *Titanic* went down. I wrote "The Black Squad" and it has been the only authentic account to date of life in the fireroom of a great liner, begging Mr. O'Neill's pardon and not forgetting *The Hairy Ape.*

'Well about this time along came someone who dangled before me the chance of going into the west of England with an archeological expedition. I went, but it and I didn't hit it off any too well so I came back to New York and to my own surprise began, actually, to practise admiralty law! But pshaw! I'd been to sea as a sailing man, digging coal dust so the boat would go on, dreaming and writing on scraps of paper between times; and sitting at a shiny desk telling prosperous men little intricate laws of the sea that would make them more prosperous didn't seem very lively to me. So I hiked off west to the Great Lakes where I found a copper freighter plying up and down and a chance to fire on her. Then I went back to digging coal dust. I even found time to sandwich in some writing between shifts, I don't know how. But that didn't last long. I wanted to keep going. I heard there was gold in Arizona so I just hustled out to Arizona thinking I would dig up enough gold in a funny little pan to let me go back, perhaps to Bath, Maine, where I was born, and sit in a cottage and just write.

'Funny thing, though, there wasn't any gold, or if there was it didn't chink into my pay. I got a job in the Old Dominion Copper Mine at Globe, down at the two-thousand-foot level, the twentieth level, to be precise, and they gave me four dollars a day. Well, it was something. And it certainly was a part of the world I hadn't seen and since I wanted to see the world I thought I might as well see it all.

'But along about the time a Chicago newspaper bought an article of mine I felt as if "Rescue" was written bold and bright across the face of the check they sent me. So I went right away from Globe, Arizona, thinking that working at the twentieth level should rightfully be left to those who had a taste for it, which didn't mean me.

'Something told me to go up to Canada and take a crack at timber cruising, so I did, but then the war came along and I had a chance to go back to "that old davil sea" as watch officer on a transport. By this time I never had a minute when I didn't have to be doing something else, that I didn't spend writing. I knew the law was behind me and that I was "in" writing, if you can say it that way. All of me, win or lose.'

You see there had been no need to prod Richard Matthews Hallett by asking questions. All that he had in the way of theories, about ways to become a fiction writer, went into his relating of his own experiences in becoming one.

The last word, even as the first, was about Andrews Hallett. 'Remember, if I don't see you again, and if you see Old Andrews, give him my love. A great old fellow, Andrews is . . . '

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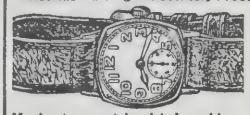

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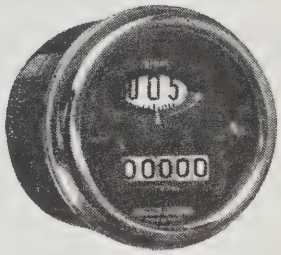

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Chats *with* Office Callers

'Critically speaking,' said ***the Author of Children's Books,*** 'there is matter for much thought in the fact that in spite of all modernistic theories, the young generation of readers sticks to its favorites, accepting only that which is new when it retains the old values and the old naturalness—

"Haystacks steady as stone
Gates to lean upon,
Lambs and rabbits everywhere."

'Boys want heroes doing things with ruthless efficiency, want them in the midst of exciting and risky achievements, but with the "love element" barred. Younger readers insist upon books without preaching. They rebel at propaganda. If they have fairies, then they must be of a sort to stand cold water and clear air, creatures alive and very much so, credible to human beings, thinking their own thoughts and not the thoughts of their creators, or else speaking

"a language whisperingly,
Too fine for us to hear."

'So old favorites hold their place: *Alice in Wonderland, Ivanhoe, Robin Hood,* who could take his beating without whining like a man, Louisa May Alcott's children full of intense sympathy as children should be, amazing creatures from Grimm and Andersen. And it is a happy sign that the recent winners of the Newberry Medal, the late Mr. Hawes with his Mutineers, Mr. Lofting with his triumphantly funny Doctor Doolittle, Mr. Finger with his South American heroes, and Mr. Van Loon with his historical characters, should have followed the old and tried and proved ways.

'Literature is safe in the hands of the children.'

* * *

'Look on any library shelf,' said ***the Economist,*** 'and see volumes on the subject of money, not amusing or light-hearted books, but books of dignity which few of the general public read. For man is strangely unadventurous in the matter of exploration in the direction of money as a medium, as unadventurous as men were on the subject of their own blood circulation before Harvey's day. But money means much, not only to trade and industry, but to international affairs. The majority of men have the most rudimentary notions about the circulating medium, about interest, about the power of government over values. No one, except a few specialized students, is interested in the history of monetary mechanisms.

'Is there a money law? Is the value of money in inverse ratio to its quantity? What amount of the wealth of the civilized world is held by bankers? What are the causes of an established rate of interest? What is the relation of money to prices? Does value flow from labor? Is there a science of money? What determines the value of a service or commodity?

'Do the questions seem dull and profitless? How many candidates for public office could answer them intelligently? Yet they are all-important, as important to men with the public welfare in mind as would be questions about blood pressure and blood condition and blood composition to a physician with a patient. For all that, we give the management of political affairs to those of active ignorance, which is as if we chose our physician at random and expected miracles. Politically we set dwarfs on pedestals and expect them to reach the stature of giants.'

* * *

'The popular plaything in the way of argument just now,' said ***the Father*** of four interesting children, 'is The Problem of the Younger Generation, but it is only a kind of wordiness after all, like the silly amusement of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages who liked to discuss how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. Hendrick Van Loon tackles the subject of the Young Person in October *Scribner's,* and tells us that it seems to know where it is going, but he does not indicate the goal. He also says that "it seems to be born with a clearly developed sense of the realities of life, and with a fine nose for all current varieties of fraud and hypocrisy." All of which is very eloquent and very high-sounding, but there remains this to ask: What does Mr. Van Loon mean by fraud and hypocrisy, or are the words mere shibboleths of the day, as were the words Liberty, Equality and Fraternity shibboleths of a former day?

'But a pest on wordiness. Coming down to bed rock, here is the main thing to be desired—that both young and old should be learners and strivers; that they should find delight in work; that they should judge with fairness and should reason with accuracy. You cannot get away from the fact that these are goals for young and old alike. In them lies a polaris for sixteen as well as for sixty, if the ideal is to be unstunted existence. For there are no dividing lines between generations, as every thinking man knows. Formation of character is the one thing for young and old alike, and no one ever completes the job.

'And here's another thing not to be overlooked. He who finds some mysterious new and admirable thing in the younger generation is as much in error as he who finds nothing but bad in it. To do either is to typify, which is shallowness; it is as silly as the typification of the sailor, or of the countryman, or of the Irishman, or of the cowboy. And you know, as well as I know, that in literature nothing is more wearisome than the habitual typifier.'

* * *

Here are letters; letters critical, letters complimentary, letters from cranks, letters from men with plans to settle the universe, letters sarcastic, letters censorious, letters interesting, letters silly and letters wise. But especially letters from people who seem to wish to write unaffectedly about that which interests them.

For instance, one, bearing an address in the Virgin Islands and from a man who has been reading Prince Kropotkin's book, *Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution,* has to do with education in the past, in Florence, Italy. Quoting his author, he states that in Florence, in 1336, which then had a population of 90,000, there were about 10,000 children in primary schools, 1,200 in its seven middle schools, and 600 in its four universities. The inference is that we take things too much for granted talking about a little-known period of time which we loosely call the Dark Ages.

* * *

Then one of those fearful gentlemen given to dark predictions who foretell the world's end writes from Edmonton, Canada, saying that we may expect an earthquake which will rend apart the ocean bed, upon which the oceans will pour into the chasm, the Pacific will become a whirlpool, other oceans will rush with terrifying speed into the Pacific, each strait and channel becoming a fearful rapid the like of which man never saw; then, the waters mingling with the hidden fires in the bowels of the earth will turn to steam and this planet must needs disappear in a cosmic explosion. He illustrates with a diagram. He assures us that he has given the subject close and philosophic scrutiny. He asks that an issue of the INDEPENDENT be devoted to an exposition of his belief and warning. He has a postscript in vein constructive, suggesting a safety valve in the form of a shaft sunk to the central fires through which internal energies might be conducted and used for the benefit of mankind . . . So there's material for an attractive and exciting prospectus setting forth the Aims and Objects and Purposes of The Anti-Universal Disintegration Corporation.

* * *

'With many a man, what he calls his opinion is only an echo of the latest thing read!'—In a letter from Ohio.

Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: How is our national wealth divided according to industries?

ANSWER: 18 per cent agricultural; 14 per cent used in manufacturing; 13 per cent held by railroads and other public utilities; 12 per cent held by federal, state and local governments; a large but unascertainable amount employed in wholesale and retail trade, and probably the largest single share is that composed of town and city dwellings, furniture, and personal effects—wealth possessed and used for personal necessities and enjoyment—which probably is not less than one-fourth of the grand total.

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QUESTION: What was the cost of the state soldiers' and sailors' memorial bridge at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania?

ANSWER: Something over $2,000,000.

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QUESTION: Why were the Treasury Savings Certificates withdrawn by the United States Treasury from circulation two years ago? Have these certificates been entirely and permanently withdrawn?

ANSWER: Official reasons for the withdrawal from sale of Treasury Savings Certificates on July 15, 1924, are that interest rates had fallen so low as to put the certificates out of line with the markets, and the cost of maintaining an issue of such certificates far exceeded, relatively, the cost of maintaining any other public debt securities issued. Conditions, remaining the same, are such that no renewal of their sale is contemplated.

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QUESTION: What is the Court of Customs Claims?

ANSWER: A statutory judicial remedy is given by the Tariff Act of 1922 for the return of money illegally exacted by the administrative customs officials before a special statutory Court of Customs Claims called the Board of United States General Appraisers. If the valuation by the local appraiser of imported merchandise upon which an *ad valorem* duty is assessed is disputed by the importer he may appeal for a revaluatoin (or reappraisement, as it is called) within ten days after the personal delivery or mailing of the written notice of appraisement by the local appraiser. If the importer is dissatisfied with the classification by the Collector of Customs at the port of entry, he may file a protest in writing within sixty days with such collector, who thereupon must forward the papers to the board, and the case is regularly docketed.

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QUESTION: What is meant by the acknowledgment of deeds?

ANSWER: An acknowledgment is the act of declaring the execution of an instrument before an officer authorized to certify to such declaration. The officer certifies to the fact of such declaration and to his knowledge of the person so declaring. Conveyances or deeds of land to be entitled to be recorded must first be acknowledged before a proper officer. Most of the states have forms of acknowledgments, which should be followed.

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QUESTION: How many square miles of territory was Germany required to cede according to the terms of the Versailles Treaty and what nations got this territory?

ANSWER: Germany was required to cede to France Alsace-Lorraine, about 5,600 square miles of territory; to Belgium, two small districts between Luxemburg and Holland, totaling 282 square miles; to Poland, most of Posen and West Prussia; and in addition, Upper Silesia and the southern part of East Prussia should determine by plebiscites whether to join Poland or to remain German, in all more than 2,800 square miles; a district of 1,467 square miles placed under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations; 910 square miles to Lithuania; part of Schleswig, totaling 2,787 square miles, was to have its status determined by popular vote of the inhabitants. Germany was further deprived of all of her over-sea possessions.

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QUESTION: If House Bill No. 4576 should become a law, what would be its effect?

ANSWER: The bill referred to is one of those measures providing for the issue of legal tender Treasury notes as loans to political subdivisions on non-interest-bearing bonds to be repaid in equal annual installments. The answer must be an opinion merely, but THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that with such restrictions as to volume bonds outstanding as now exist it must be of great benefit. Not only would public improvements be secured at cost, but they would be paid for by the generation benefited. In case of business depression and unemployment, idle labor could be profitably used. It would eliminate interest, which usually absorbs from 1½ to two times the actual cost of the work. The same principle would save the United States a billion dollars a year in interest on its own financing as at present conducted.

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QUESTION: Are the Plains of Abraham located in Palestine?

ANSWER: No; they overlook the St. Lawrence River, near Quebec. This is where, in 1759, the French and British fought the battle of Quebec.

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QUESTION: What is the present Indian population of the United States?

ANSWER: In 1924 there were 346,000 Indians in this country. It is estimated that there were 846,000 in 1492.

QUESTION: What caused the trouble between the United States and Colombia, and what was the settlement?

ANSWER: Colombia put forth the claim that the United States contributed to the partition of Panama. Though never admitting any guilt, for the reason that an offense against international law had been committed, President Wilson, for cause of Pan-Americanism, offered Colombia $25,000,000 as a peace offering to be paid in $5,000,000 installments. The agreement was ratified by the Senate in 1921. The last installment has been paid.

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QUESTION: Could you tell how child labor is regulated by the states?

ANSWER: The laws are enforced through a work-permit system administered in most states by local school authorities, and through inspection of the place of employment by some state agency, usually the Department of Labor. Moreover, in every state the compulsory school attendance law, if enforced, indirectly regulates the employment of children during school hours. The failure of the state child labor laws to prevent the widespread employment of children shown by the census reports is not altogether due to low percentage in the total number of children ten to fifteen years of age, but there was a decrease of 46.7 per cent in the number of children ten to fifteen years of age, engaged in gainful occupations. This was largely due to the fact that the 1920 census was taken at the beginning of a period of industrial depression and at a season of the year when employment in many occupations, especially in agriculture, was at its lowest ebb. Few state laws apply specifically to farm work or domestic service.

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QUESTION: Does the American Red Cross operate under any official authority?

ANSWER: Yes. It operates under its charter by Act of Congress of January 5, 1905, 'to furnish volunteer aid to the sick and wounded of armies in time of war in accordance with the convention of Geneva; to act in matters of voluntary relief and in accord with the military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the American people and their army and navy; to continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply the same in mitigating the suffering caused by national calamities, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing the same.'

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QUESTION: Is there a law against threatening the President?

ANSWER: Yes. A law, inspired by the assassination of President McKinley, makes it specifically a crime to threaten to kill or harm the Chief Executive of the United States.

I Read in the Papers

On the night of October fourth, the New York Police Department underwent an unusual and surprising experience. In Manhattan and Bronx boroughs, where the crime wave has flourished intensively for so many years, there was neither burglary nor holdup throughout what is called the midnight shift, the period most prolific in wrongdoing, which begins at midnight, Saturday, and ends at nine a. m. on Sunday. The captain appointed to duty at that hour was forewarned to 'get ready for the busiest trick of the week'; but he and his lieutenants sat in headquarters for nine hours, and for the first time in the memory of seasoned veterans of the force, a report of 'no crime' was turned in.

No Crime for Nine Hours

There has been a perceptible decrease in criminality in New York City since the inauguration of the Baumes crime laws, under which the habitual criminal loses practically all the privileges which his lawyers previously exerted on his behalf for many years. Proof of a criminal record often causes the forfeiting of bail and the parole privilege is withdrawn. One section of the new law also requires that an appeal be argued within three months from the date of a notice of appeal or be dismissed. The stern sentences of from twenty to forty-five years and also life imprisonment, lately imposed by judges on young holdup men who had apparently elected a life of crime in warring upon society, has cast consternation into the ranks of the underworld.

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Chief Deputy Coroner Adolph Herrman announced yesterday that nine hours had elapsed in which no deaths from unnatural causes were reported. This is one of the longest periods on local record.—Chicago *Herald-Examiner*.

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A specialist philosophizes, saying that a murderer is a pathological type, and to punish one is as cruel as it would be to sentence a man to solitary confinement because he has typhoid fever.

Cruelty to Our Murderers

But typhoid patients are sent into solitary, not from vindictiveness, but for the good of the whole. And we do put willful murderers out of the way, not from vindictiveness, but for the good of the whole. For as murderers they are as dangerous as are mad dogs, or cobras in the kitchen. It is part of the tragedy of life that a sense of justice must overwhelm a sense of pity.

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'. . . nor shall we rest, until we have brought every man to a pitch of perfection; until he stands a superman free from imperfection of life and character; until he stands unblamed in the light of conscience.'

(Finale of a speech as reported in a New Thought magazine.)

But why not leave something for God to do?

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There is said to be an acute shortage of plumbers in Wales. One theory is that most of them are still en route to various jobs.—London *Opinion*.

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Today about 92 per cent of the total of the arable land of Finland is held in farms of less than 250 acres; and this result has been achieved with practically no use of compulsory powers, but by cheap credit for the small farmer and appeals to the national patriotism of holders of large estates to consent to divide their holdings.

Small Farms Are Rule in Finland

Having got the farmer on the land as a proprietor, Finland takes care to give him a good chance. The farming and dairy interests of Finland owe their prosperity largely to the coöperative movement, which is chiefly a rural movement 'to promote the economic prosperity of the people by means of coöperation and to be a connecting link between the different coöperative enterprises.' District experts are employed to disseminate the idea of coöperation and to give practical guidance, and there are frequent special agricultural coöperative conferences. The coöperative movement has drawn up a special system of bookkeeping for all coöperative societies and supplies the necessary books. A coöperative and agricultural journal called *Pellervo* is published. The Government gives practical help by granting loans at low interest, up to half the amount of the initial expenses, for starting coöperative dairies. The coöperative dairies in 1916 produced 94.6 per cent of all the dairy butter made in the country, and they dominate both the home and the export markets for milk and milk products. They have eleven dairy unions, which work for the improvement of dairy technique and management and engage in enterprises connected with dairying, such as fuel and power supply and transport. The chief of the dairy coöperative societies controls the export of butter from Finland and the price of butter within the country. It includes cheese, milk and cream, condensed milk, and lactose in its scope, and has large modern cold storage warehouses for cheese at Helsingfors and Viborg. Foreign trade is conducted through an office in Hull, and it has agents in Stockholm, Oslo, Berlin, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. It has been of great value to the dairy industry by the control of sales, but its most important work is to improve the quality of dairy produce.—Frank Fox, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

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Chile knows how to 'get the vote out,' if we may judge from the fact that in a recent election down there 709 voters cast 2,100 ballots.—Fort Wayne *News-Sentinel*.

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Herr von Hermann Oberth is the gentleman who corresponded with Professor Goddard, of Worcester, Massachusetts, whereupon there was talk of a rocket being sent to the moon, as you may remember if you are of the sort to seek a new sensation. Now comes a group of Russian scientists who talk of a rocket, or something of the kind, to start within a few days for the moon, carrying eleven men. An initial velocity of seven miles a second, it is said, would overcome the earth's gravitation and in space, 200 miles above the earth's surface, the velocity which would be decreased by gravitational pull would be offset by explosions of nitrocellulose. Gentlemen with firmness of conviction only are expected to apply for passage.

All Aboard for the Moon

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Perhaps the funniest thing our funny old Government does is to put embargoes on the shipment of arms to Mexico and Nicaragua and carry 'em by United States Mail to 100 per cent Americans who are thinking of using 'em on somebody.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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And, in the light of cultivated intelligence, a vivid gentleman of the sensational press tells the world that Obregon is not dead. For the ninth time that warrior of many trials and hardships is restored to us, and, be it said, he has been a boon to those who instruct a confiding public. For

The Lives of Senor Obregon

They have filled him full of bullets, till he must look like a sieve,
They've beheaded him a dozen times or more;
They have blown him up with powder—but he manages to live,
For of lives the martial Señor has a score.

They have thrashed him and they've mashed him; they have pounded him and banged
They have buried him for ever o'er and o'er;
He's been guillotined, garroted; they have even had him hanged,
But of lives the lucky Señor has a score.

Briefly Told

THE FACE VALUE TODAY of the thirty pieces of silver mentioned in the Bible is about $22.50.

THE CHINESE LEARNED how to make paper by watching wasps build their nests.

THE BONES OF FLYING birds are hollow and filled with air, thus combining strength with lightness.

THE ANCIENTS USED ostrich eggshells for drinking cups.

PALMS ARE REGARDED by the people of Egypt as symbols of peace and rest and are held sacred.

TWO WOOLEN RUGS resembling American dollar bills, made in Greece, were seized by customs officers when brought to this country under the law forbidding imitation of the national currency.

J. FENIMORE COOPER'S decision to write came after he had read a very poorly written novel.

THE JAPANESE HAVE forbidden the ancient Korean custom of carving a design on the neck of a girl who has jilted her lover

TO SHOOT A PROJECTILE to the moon it would be necessary for it to have a velocity of seven miles a second. The average big gun can give a speed of only about one one-hundredth of that rate.

LAKE MICHIGAN IS THE only one of the Great Lakes lying wholly within the boundary of the United States.

IN THE PAST six years bandits have stolen approximately $50,000,000 from the United States mails.

AS AN ACT OF REVENGE a Belgian sowed mustard seeds in a neighbor's newly plowed field. He was heavily fined and sentenced to fifteen days in prison.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR belief traffic on the Mississippi River has doubled in volume in the past forty years.

A ROAD SIGN IN Palestine reads: 'You are entering Nazareth. Speed limit fifteen miles an hour.'

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS has a collection of music and musical composition of more than one million items. It is the second largest in the world.

THE SUPERSTITION THAT it is unlucky to pass beneath a ladder comes from the time when wrongdoers were often hanged from ladders propped against a wall where trees were not handy.

IF YOU SUBTRACT forty from the number of cricket chirps a minute and divide the remainder by four and add fifty to the result, you will be able to tell the temperature without a thermometer. This is known as the Dolbear formula.

HUMMING BIRDS PASS the winter in Central America.

THE ROMANS MADE CEMENT by mixing slaked lime with ashes from Vesuvius and other volcanic mountains.

THIRTY YEARS WILL be required for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral.

THE PRINCE OF WALES recently surprised England by personally paying a supper bill. Custom has it that royal personages rarely handle money except to scatter largess. The money King Edward carried was always scrubbed and polished before he touched it.

SCOTSMEN ARE ACCOUNTING for the large number of golf balls lost on one of the courses at Berwick-on-Tweed, by asserting that they are eaten by cattle grazing on the links.

UNDER AN ITALIAN law a marriage ceremony must take place in a city or town where either the bride or groom resides.

BOYS IN A SCHOOLROOM equipped with special windowpanes which admitted ultra-violet rays were found, after a month's experiment, to have gained three pounds in weight and one-half inch in height in comparison with boys in rooms where ultra-violet rays were excluded.

A GOLD RING LOST thirty-five years ago in Kentucky was found recently in a hogshead of tobacco sent to Belfast, Ireland. The man who found the ring delivered it personally to relatives of the owner.

GYPSIES NOW SWAP motorcars instead of horses.

THE SALMON INDUSTRY which once flourished along the Rhine is to be revived. A new international agreement has been entered into by all countries along the river.

A MAINE JUDGE HAS ruled that golf balls resting in bushes or clump of trees on a golf course are not legally lost and after identification by the owner may be reclaimed from the finder.

SHEET STEEL AS TRANSPARENT as the clearest glass has been made by depositing an extremely fine film of the metal on a smooth surface by means of electric current. The film is then separated from the foundation on which it is fixed.

UNTIL RECENTLY THE SERIS, a savage tribe of Indians on an island off the coast of Sonora, Mexico, had defied the white race since 1536, when Alvar Nuez Cabeza de Varna, a Spanish military explorer, described them as a tribe living on 'powdered straw and raw meat.' The remnants of the once powerful tribe are now glad to earn a few pesos by guiding hunters and fishermen.

AN INDIVIDUAL ELECTRIC power plant consisting of a small generator, spring-driven, supplies sufficient current to operate a light bulb. Ten seconds of cranking by hand produces three minutes of light.

A MEMORIAL FOREST OF 10,000 white pine seedlings is being planted along a New York state highway, honoring Gene Stratton-Porter. This is the second such memorial in New York, the first having been planted in honor of Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross.

PORTLAND CEMENT IS SO called because it resembles a kind of stone on the Isle of Portland, in England.

ACTRESSES CAN APPEAR at only two theaters in Tokio, Japan.

A MOOR CONSIDERS it a sin to cut bread with a knife, declaring that hands were given for that purpose.

EELS HAVE BEEN SHIPPED by parcel post, in a jar of water charged with oxygen, from Florida to Copenhagen, Denmark. The postage was twenty-five cents.

THERE IS ENOUGH SALT in the ocean to make a cover a mile and a half thick for the United States.

MOTOR BUSSES NOW carry passengers over the Arabian Desert.

GREENLAND RANCH, CALIFORNIA, has observed the maximum recorded temperature, 134 degrees Fahrenheit.

THERE ARE BOOKS IN the British Museum inscribed on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood, and palm leaves.

NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses tribal instinct and its bearing on international affairs.

Finance—the least understood and the most misused word in Webster's—will again occupy the center of the stage if the 'McFadden Bill' should become a law, claims Western Starr. (p. 1)

There may be two sides to the money question, but only one side is usually presented. This fact would indicate that some of the harsh things Mr. Starr says about the financial control of life are true. He puts before us the ever-recurring question as to whether this Government was organized 'for all the people' or for just a few financiers. Should the Federal Reserve Bank system be granted a perpetual charter? That is a highly important feature of the McFadden Bill. The present charter expires in 1934. Why—eight years before its expiration—are they trying to jam through this perpetual charter? How will you instruct your representative to vote on that question? A correspondent who has been watching the bill closely writes: 'It appears that the members of the Federal Reserve Board are going to exert themselves to force the bill through at the coming lame-duck session of Congress.'

Western Starr.

'T. R.' was loved and hated by newspapermen. But he was a front-page newspaper subject. He understood news values. Whether you were a friend or a foe of the fiery Colonel, you will enjoy reading *A Reporter's Memories of Roosevelt.* (p. 12)

Tales, Legends, Myths!—some woven out of whole cloth, some with a faint semblance of fact, some much twisted and turned as they pass from mouth to mouth. Thus are the life and works of Abraham Lincoln romanticized. There are a few Lincoln biographers, however, who have put honest research into an investigation of these legendary tales. Dr. William E. Barton has exploded many of the Lincoln myths. He has looked into the classic story of Lincoln and William Scott, the sleeping sentinel, and found it sadly wanting. To get the true story, Doctor Barton recently attended the reunion of Scott's old regiment. Perhaps you would like the truth of it. (p. 4)

Congressman John C. Box, Texas:

It is my purpose to continue to read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, so long as it continues to bear evidence that its publishers and editors are keeping in mind the four vital and fundamental propositions given in your 'statement of the origin and purpose'; to wit:

Truth is neglected 'because it makes demand upon the mental power of readers.'

'Truth is neglected when it is unpleasant.'

'Truth is neglected when it runs counter to powerful selfishness intrenched in business, politics or social tendencies.'

'Truth is neglected when it is new.'

A flood tide of falsehood moves over America today, threatening to submerge its life. I think the principal origin of this is 'selfishness intrenched in business' and 'politics.' The next most powerful factor in the baleful work of hiding the truth is stated in your second proposition—because 'it is unpleasant.' Of course the other factors named, and perhaps still others, enter the situation.

But if discernment, patriotism, love of humanity, love of the truth, courage, the opposite of selfishness, and ample financial resources, such as are behind THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, all coöperate, the work as outlined by you is great enough to engage the powers and command the support of the best and brainiest in the country and everywhere.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

'This To You,' the title of an editori which appeared in our August 14 issu has brought out scores of responses. Th American people do give thoughtful co sideration to those matters which vitall concern them, though it may seem at time that their silence is indicative of indifferenc or ignorance. We are pleased that our fait in them has been substantiated. Practicall every branch of activity is represented i the comments. The letters quoted sho beyond a peradventure depth of thoug and ample capacity for the understandin of financial facts. (p. 6)

What of the negro of the future? Is ther reason to believe that race prejudices wi become a serious problem for him withi another half-century? The negro adopte the American customs and has patrioticall followed the American flag since the Civ War. The past reveals his accomplishment says Nahum Daniel Brascher, a negr writer, and forms a criterion for chartin his course not only in the political an economic but in the arts and sciences tomorrow. (p. 14)

Several years ago a New York literar critic attached to Charles J. Finger th title, 'Squire of the Ozarks.' As an inte preter of the Ozark country, the title fi most aptly. Recently Paul Honoré an 'The Squire' on horse back and on mu back explored a corner of that lan where 'the wilderness was not y tamed.' They visited the 'Lab rinth,' the gorges, and precipic of the mountains, talked to th people of those parts and ended u at Jasper, the town with a roa leading in but no road out. Penc pictures and word pictures tell th graphic tale. (p. 16)

Lion hunting—not in darke Africa, but in London society—i a theme ably treated by Lad Cynthia Asquith. She is not th first to have tackled the subjec Who can forget Mrs. Leo Hunte the immortal author of the *Ode an Expiring Frog,* in Dickens's *Pic wick,* and the galaxy of beasts the literary and scientific jung that she gathered around her! A Lady Cynthia says: If notoriety to be the lion hunter's only criterio her dining room will indeed becom a strange menagerie. (p. 8)

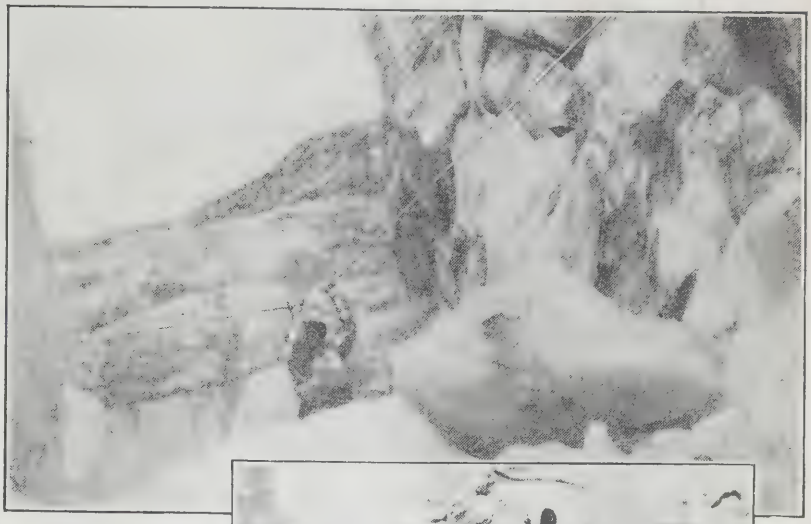
If you want to be a writer, firs find something to write abou Richard Matthews Hallett, author *The Lady Aft, Trial by Fire,* an many serials, faithfully follows th admonition by roaming the seve seas. Janet Mabie delightfull describes both the author an Andrews Hallett, his father. (p.

If You Don't Weaken

Stunts for Those Having Restless Spirits

—Herbert Photos.

A 55-foot leap, a splash, bubbles slowly eddying upward—then the head of the sixteen-year-old dare-devil.

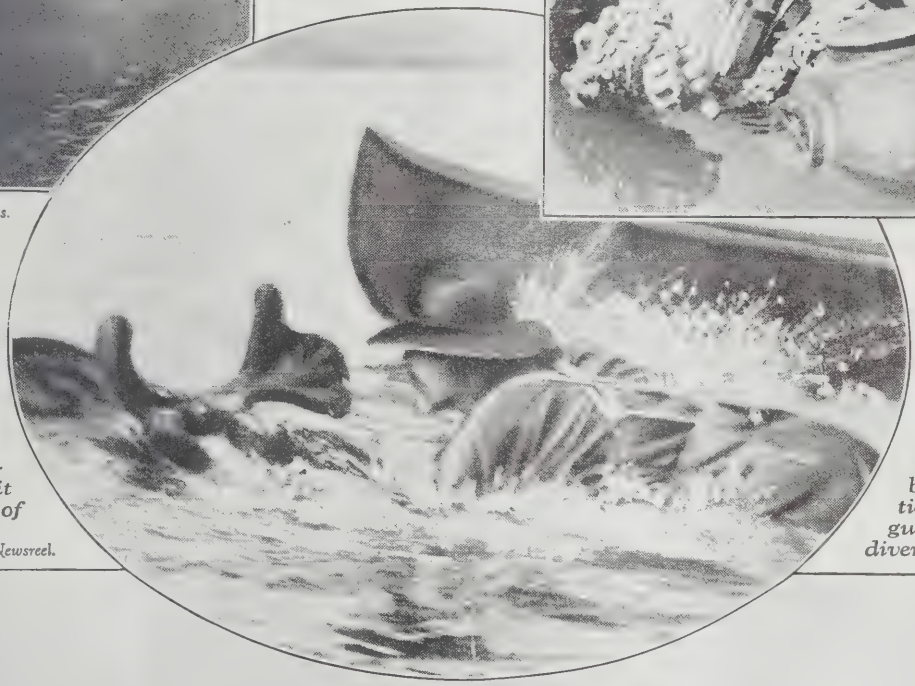


—Publishers' Photo Service.

Packaback across a deep abyss. Hand over hand with jagged rock 200 feet below.

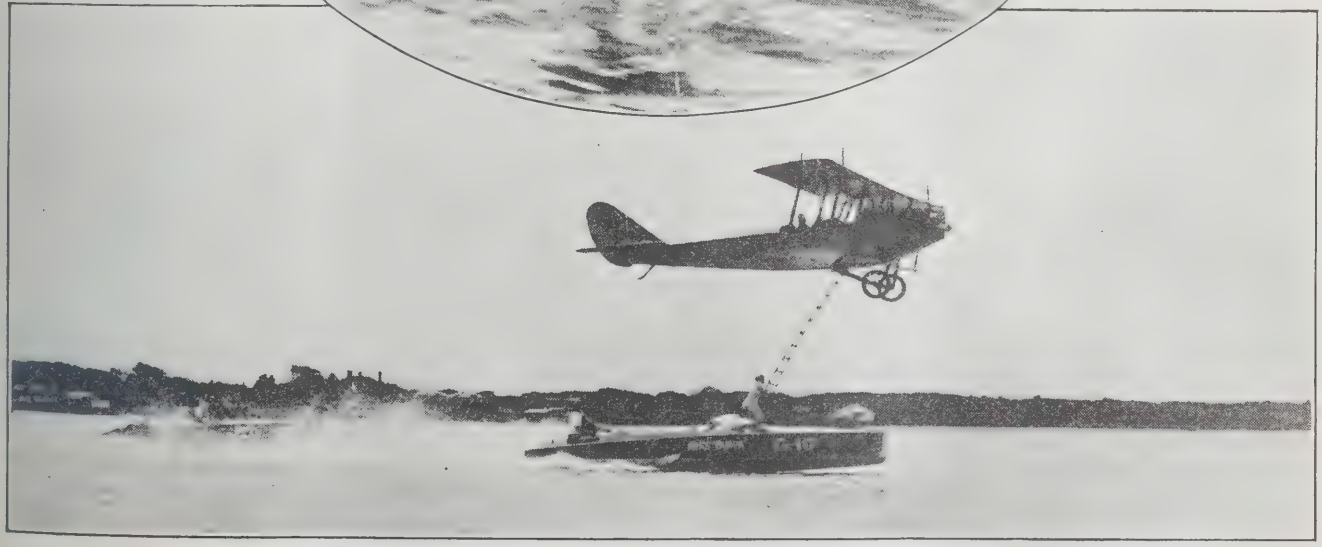
—Wide World Photos.

For divers reasons—this chap daily grapples with the slimy tentacles of an octopus just to entertain tourists. The subjects in the photograph are difficult to discern but by keen observation one may distinguish between the sea diver and the sea devil.



Oval—*This intrepid guide says that moose riding is the most thrilling sport. But it requires muscles of steel.*

—International Newsreel.



—Wide World Photos.

Catching a ride on the fly. A daring aviatrix makes a novel transfer in Florida waters.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

LET reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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NOVEMBER 13, 1926

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HOISTING UP SUPPLIES FOR THE LIGHTHOUSE SERVICE.

Lighthouse stations must be furnished with oil, coal, and provisions. The boats from lighthouse tenders flirt with shoals and reefs and have to effect the landing of their loads through surf and well-nigh unsurmountable obstacles.—GEORGE F. PAUL (Article, page 20 this issue)

Why Not More BUSINESS *For Our* SHIPS?

Abraham Lincoln *As a* POET
WILLIAM E. BARTON

Are DRAMATIC CRITICS *Human?*
THOMAS L. MASSON

Broken Promises In PALESTINE
GWLAD MATTHEWS

Some Famous FRENCHMEN *I Have Met*
SOMMERVILLE STORY

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

'Their Days in the Yellow Leaf'

'WE'RE twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
Gray Temples at twenty?
Yes! white if you please,
Where the snowflakes fall thickest
There's nothing can freeze.'

HOLMES. *The Boys.*

'Years following years.' A Moslem patriarch who has fulfilled the Prophet's injunction to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, thereby laying up merit in Paradise.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

Oval—

'Tho I look old, I am strong and lusty . . . Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly.' And a fine salmon steak it is that this successful fisherman will be having for his dinner!

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

Below—

'To know how to grow old is the masterwork of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.' *—Herbert Photos.*

'His old age still fresh and green'—There's frost on the oar-blades and the sun's almost up—and the mallards had best fly warily. *—H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Below—

'Some smack of age . . . some relish of the saltness of time . . .'

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The American Merchant Marine

Must Be Built by Business Enterprise and *Not* by Government Subsidy

By W. C. COWLING

LATE one summer afternoon a venerable old man entered a tall office building in Shanghai, China. The elevators had stopped running, but this fact meant nothing to this aged traveler. Eagerly, despite his eighty years, he climbed fourteen flights of stairs and finally reached the office of a merchant of importance.

He had been in this particular office many times before, always in pursuit of business, but always receiving the same answer: there was no business to be had. But this time the scene changed, and the Far East merchant, challenged by the display of indomitable spirit, succumbed to American enterprise and gave an American shipping line the first shipment of consequence it had ever received from this quarter. And thus Robert Dollar finally formed a business contact which he had sought for many years.

For a quarter of a century he had been striving to build up a miniature American Merchant Marine without any grants or concessions from the Government. He had been schooled in the idea that, after all, real business is but a service to mankind, and that in extending his shipping facilities he was offering the best that human ingenuity could devise, and that the world as well as himself would be benefited. He may have felt at times that he needed financial help in the nature of a ship subsidy, but the lack of this did not prevent him from beginning operations without them. And so his business grew without Government aid, and incidentally any preferential rates which existed were not for his benefit alone but for his foreign competitors as well.

WE NEED more business for American ships, and paradoxical as it may seem, we need more American ships, but of the right type. What we patriotically call our American Merchant Marine is but a shadow of what it should be. We handle most of the cargoes we secure, but what we secure in proportion to the total available is at best very small. Something is undoubtedly wrong with our methods. It is difficult to discuss our present lack of business for American ships without at the same time covering the subject of our Merchant Marine, for in reality one is embodied in the other. With a practical plan for a Merchant Marine the problem of keeping our ships busy would almost if not entirely disappear.

Competition did not kill this business any more than it does any healthy business which has for its purpose a distinct service. Robert Dollar's experience in securing business was fundamentally no different from that of any other American business man seeking to develop a business against odds. It was typical of that same fixed purpose and Yankee pertinacity which has played such an important part in the revolutionizing of American industry during the past few years. With this in view, laymen can approach the subject of our Merchant Marine with fewer misgivings.

The subject is always of importance because it necessarily involves our world relations; and furthermore, because it is so broad and demands the most comprehensive thought, its discussion has been limited in most cases to those most directly interested—manufacturers and producers. True, it has been made the football of politics, but this in a measure has served to bring its weaknesses to the attention of the many who otherwise would have paid little or no attention to it.

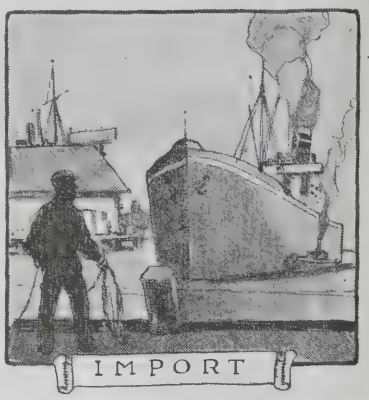
To say that America needs an effective Merchant Marine is to state an elemental truth; but to devise a concrete, practical plan upon which to found such an institution is a vastly different proposition. For some reason the mind of the average business man looks upon a Merchant Marine as something set apart from ordinary business; that from its nature it must receive grants or concessions in order to put it upon a firm basis.

Not so long ago we considered that our railroads could not be run along ordinary business lines; but of late we have found them to be subject to the ordinary rules of business, and managed by regular human beings. When we made this discovery we began to coöperate with them and they then began the most tremendous development in their history.

And why should we not approach American shipping in the same attitude? There is nothing mysterious about it any more than there is to any American business. True, it takes

capital, but so does any business. It must meet competition, but so must any regular American business. It will take time to develop it, but so it does any healthy business.

But somehow we have combined with our thoughts of an American Merchant Marine the idea of a Government subsidy—either direct or indirect financial aid to our shipping interests. Our coastwise trade is already limited to American ships, so to this extent we have recognized preferential treatment.



It is obvious that the easiest and simplest method of securing an American Merchant Marine would be a definite system of Government aid either to owning or operating companies. The line of least resistance is always attractive, especially to the class which looks to quick rather than to permanent results.

We point for proof of subsidy to the fact that our early American railroads were given huge grants of land as well as certain money concessions, but we miss the vital difference that with our railroads it was a blazing of paths into territory where civilization was almost unknown, where neither population nor possible tonnage was imminent. Civilization naturally followed, but only as fast as the rail carriers developed their resources. With our Merchant Marine, we have not only established trade routes, together with an immediate advanced civilization, a tonnage to encourage it, but commercial treaties to give effect to our business relationships.

It is no longer a problem of developing civilization, but of taking care of its demands. Why then should American capital hesitate to back our commercial needs? Simply a matter of psychology. We have not been trained to blaze new ocean routes, because it has been so easy to satisfy our wants by using routes already established by foreign ships. Some of these trade routes had been subsidized in some form or other either by rail differential, as in France and Germany, or by various forms of refunds. It is not strange, therefore, that American capital is always skeptical about investing in channels where competition is unusually keen, and especially where operating costs are in favor of the competitor.

Regardless of where the responsibility belongs (and he would be wise indeed who could fix the entire responsibility with any degree of certainty) the real reason for our lack of an American Merchant Marine has been the total absence of any well-defined national policy which could command any general support.

Discussion throughout the country has developed individual ideas, but regardless of their merit they have not been crystallized into one forceful, practical and comprehensive program which could appeal to the public imagination sufficiently to be carried to a completion. The merchant and the manufacturer, busy with their domestic problems, have not felt it their business, while the farmer has had trouble enough at home without dabbling into questions of foreign commerce. But nevertheless these are the gentlemen who must ultimately become interested if a Merchant Marine shall be developed. They are either directly or indirectly interested and entitled to the same protection as the shipowner, the shipbuilder, and those who furnish capital for investment in the shipping business.

Without this policy it has been easy to belittle the efforts of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet corporation and these criticisms have so appealed to the public prejudice that they have developed widespread lack of confidence as well as suspicion toward these national agencies.

Nothing at times so encourages suspicion as the lack of a definite policy.

And all this time, while we have been fumbling around for a solution of our Merchant Marine problem, our foreign shipping interests have become more firmly entrenched in American commerce. By frequency of sailings, lowest rates and reliability of service which has grown with the years, they have ingratiated themselves into American business until the American dollar has quite naturally gravitated toward them in preference to our American boats with their infrequent sailings, their higher rates and inconsistency of operation.

It is easy to blame the Shipping Board for lack of activity or lack of a policy. No one seems to question the integrity of its members, but if for no other reason than that it has lacked the ability to place our Merchant Marine upon a firmer basis, it has not appealed to public imagination. But in reality it has done much for American shipping, although unable to place us upon a commercial parity with foreign countries.

There are some who still hark back to the old days of the sailing schooners when we thought ourselves a real seafaring people, and they ask to be restored to what they term our 'former position of sea supremacy.' The fact is, we are far ahead of what we have ever been, although far behind what our national idealists would have us. Much good has come out of the Shipping Board and trade routes hitherto unheard of are now open to American commerce, while restrictions imposed at intervals by foreign ships upon American shipping have been noticeably relaxed in an effort to secure our business.

But we have not the presumption to declare that we have an effective Merchant Marine. Ships alone do not constitute an effective commercial weapon. The Shipping Board has been blamed for so many of our old war-time fleet lying at anchor with no immediate outlook for use. But even if the Board should turn every one of these old hulls loose today, it would still require more skill, persistence and intelligent salesmanship to secure business than has so far been exhibited.

We have only recently awakened to the fact that an adequate Merchant Marine does not grow overnight; that it must be the result of a national policy in which all interests, social, political and economical must be considered.

When Congress in 1920 passed the Jones Act, it undoubtedly assumed that with this as a basis, American commerce would grow without any additional assistance. But it didn't, and with that law more than six years old, we are still struggling for an answer to our shipping problems.

It is claimed, and not without some suggestion of truth, that one difficulty in the American shipping industry is the difference in operating cost as against foreign ships. Food and wages are higher, living conditions better and therefore more expensive, while gross revenues remain the same. The so-called Seaman's Act, which regulates the number of crews as well as the hours of labor, together with other restrictions, has aroused the serious antagonism of shipping interests and, whether justified or not, has had the effect of frightening American (Continued on page 18).

An Intimate Article on

Famous Frenchmen I Have Met

By A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY

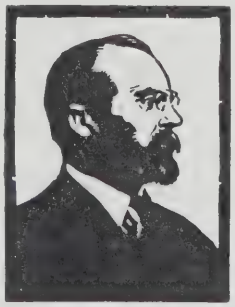
A WRITER who has spent some twenty years in Paris engaged in recording events, has necessarily at various periods met most of the prominent persons in all branches of thought and activity, from presidents to seeresses; and though meeting does not always entail knowing, in a few cases one does get to know them—or thinks one does.

French politicians—or perhaps I should use the more august word, statesmen—of whom I have met many, have mostly such a remarkable power of conversation, that they leave one dazzled and convinced. But afterward one realizes that he may have imbibed a good deal of the man's opinions, but has to piece together his personality as best he may.

Raymond Poincare.

M. Raymond Poincaré, the present Premier of France and President of the Republic during the war, I have met a number of times. He is less of a charmer as regards eloquence than some other French statesmen in view, but that is an indication all the greater of the power of his mind and personality. His voice is a little harsh—it has been compared by an unkind critic to the sound of a gramophone—but his use of words is tense and realistic, and he has a very abundant flow of them.

M. Poincaré is a man who looks straight ahead; he has the reputation in France of being very direct and somewhat hard. He rather lacks the suavity of some of his colleagues. He does not use phrases and metaphors for their mere effect, and he puts little store on party. As a patriot there is none greater, though there may be a few a bit more pliable. You feel when talking with this little man that you are battling with a great mind. He rarely smiles, but when he does so there is a sudden charm about it, like a burst of sunshine on a cloudy day.



Jean Barthou.

I found in a conversation with him some years ago that his knowledge and appreciation of England and America were profound, though he himself would perhaps be surprised to know it. Poincaré's present return to power is as great a triumph as a statesman of a great country can reach.

What a different man is Aristide Briand. Briand is the adept Parliamentarian—a man gifted indeed, but also full of social amenities and charm. His big, rather hulking figure, with the eternal cigaret between his lips, is a signal for clever management of political questions. He is a diplomat of the first water, with a gift of eloquence surpassed by few in French public life, though he has to be roused to it, and in conversation he strikes one as rather indolent. With a marvelous grasp of public affairs, and a rare insight and capacity for judging men and matters, he is one of the strongest political powers France possesses, as is shown by the numerous times he has been premier.

I have met M. Briand a number of times, officially and otherwise, but the meeting I remember best is an occasion when I went to see him and he refused to talk politics, but smilingly turned the subject to that of fishing, for he has a small estate in the country where, when politics permit, he loves to go and angle.

Aristide Briand.

It is practically essential to statesmanship in France to be a fine orator, just as nearly every cultured Frenchman is a fine conversationalist. M. Barthou, now also again a minister, is a fine orator and very approachable; Jaures' oratory, of the vehement type, has become historical; and it was an unforgettable lesson in public speaking to listen to the late great patriot, Paul Déroulède, during his harangues to the youth of the nation. (And Déroulède was one of the foremost of those who nurtured the great patriotic spirit in the nation's youth during the years that preceded the war.)

I never heard Rochefort speak, but one could still realize the fiery spirit of the tall upright old man until near the end—although the last time I ever saw him, shortly before his death, he was in a public restaurant eating oysters and drinking milk!

Among the finest orators of the past few years were Paul Deschanel, who was president of the Republic for so short a time, and René Viviani, the premier at the time of the outbreak of the war. The ends of both these men were tragic. Deschanel's whole life had been devoted to the attainment of his great ambition, the presidency of the Republic, and when one met him one realized that his chief aids had been urbanity and an extraordinary charm of manner. It will be well remembered how wretchedly he succumbed less than a year after he had reached the Élysée.

Paul Deschanel.

Viviani was called the 'silver-tongued,' and I never heard a speaker who could more effectually 'carry one off one's feet.' I heard him speak directly after his famous visit to America, and it was a revelation. Beside him sat General, now Marshal Joffre, who smiled and said nothing (was he not known in America as the 'silent Joffre'?). But the generals of France are not so adept in public speaking as the politicians; Foch, like the others, is not brilliant on the platform.

To leave statesmen for men-of-letters, it will not surprise the reader to learn that one of the most interesting men I ever met was the late Anatole France. He, too, was a brilliant speaker in public on occasions, and in intimacy a charming talker. Unlike some men of letters who achieve distinction, he exerted himself to be amiable and was interested in English and American people.

I once heard him utter a few words in English, which I suppose few did (it was when I presented him to a late distinguished American diplomat who knew but little French). Anatole France, with his fine head and rather horse-like face, was a very distinguished figure.

M. René Bazin I met first soon after a number of his novels had been translated into English, and one of them especially, *La Terre qui Meurt* (I forget the translated title), had such a reputation in the States that he told me there

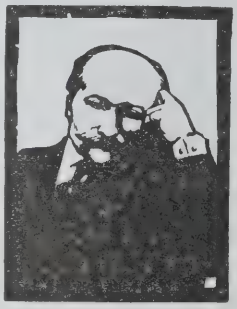
had been a 'Bazin boom'! But, he said, translations bring little to the French author, and though he was proud of the reputation he had got in the vast continent, he remarked drily that he was none the richer for it. Bazin is a very different man from what France was; he rather reminds one of a country priest.

Rene Viviani.

A much less amiable or interesting man than either in his private life was the late Pierre Loti, who, in spite of the beauty of his writings, was, when approached, arrogant, monosyllabic and 'stand-offish.'

Maurice Donnay, the famous dramatist, whose recent book on his early beginnings at the Montmartre cabaret, *Le Chat Noir*, has attracted much attention, I met frequently at one time, being associated with him in a modest capacity in a 'war work' in 1914. An extremely gifted man, with a great reputation, he was and is nevertheless still quite Bohemian, perhaps because he has consorted so much with theatrical people.

I had occasion once to admire his great talent when he produced a short dramatic sketch taken from the people with whom we both associated, and one could see the living characters translated into wonderful *simulacra* on the stage. I was amused once when I heard Donnay say that he thought the English were a very 'uninteresting' people, but more so only a month or so later when he met a batch of the first British 'Tommies' who came to Paris and, though they could not communicate except through interpreters—and laughter—he found them most amusing and very like the French 'poilus,' which was perfectly true. Donnay was, however, very interested in America when he visited it a couple or so years ago as a sort of literary ambassador.



Edmond Rostand.

The late Edmond Rostand, the poet, was a very amiable man to meet, and unlike so many Frenchmen, was prompt and polite in answering letters. When one conversed with him, he seemed rather distant and sad, and I saw him a number of times when he was in Paris sitting at a big tea house on the Champs Élysées all alone as if dreaming over new plays that were never destined to be written. The production of his last play, *Chantecler*, was the most sensational theatrical event for many years, but it was the least of his successes.

I once spent a very pleasant evening in the company of the late Camille Flammarion, as I sat next to him at a public dinner. He was very gay and humorous and did not breathe a word about astronomy or spiritualism! He was a diminutive great man with a mass of white hair and beard.

Maurice Maeterlinck is one of those who are interesting to meet but difficult to 'draw.' A short, stocky man, this Belgian poet who prefers to live in France, and who would have been in the French Academy had he been a Frenchman, is somewhat monosyllabic. I knew Madame Georgette Leblanc much better, and had numerous conversations with her both at St. Wandrille, the poet's famous home in Normandy, and in Paris, when she explained to me her theatrical and dramatic theories.

Sarah Bernhardt.

It was on the occasion of one of the productions by this brilliant woman of a play of Maeterlinck's at a Paris theater, that in answer to a question of mine she said, 'Oh, no, Maurice is not in the house: he hates these occasions and has gone to bed!' So it was with the famous productions of plays at St. Wandrille, when Georgette Leblanc was trying to inaugurate a new era in theatrical production; these performances annoyed the poet, who only came down when all was over to receive the congratulations.

One of the most delightful of Frenchmen for strangers to meet, if he is interested in you, a man with all the courtesy and charm of the old school, is the veteran painter, Albert Besnard, former head of the Villa Medicis at Rome, now chief of the École des Beaux Arts, and one of the most recently elected of the Academicians. The revelation of color which he brought back with him years ago from a famous visit he made to India is still well remembered by artists, and he told me of the enchantment it had been to him. One of the glories of French art, Besnard is simplicity itself, and with his huge frame, white beard and genial smile (he is well over seventy now) he reminds one a little of a charming English country squire.

I wonder if other people have noticed, as I have, that artists are usually cordial and often jolly people, whereas musicians are rather glum, often boorish (with exceptions, be it understood).

Of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Debussy, Gabriel Faure, and other well-known composers whom I met in the years past, there is little that can be said, as they themselves had little to say, and I remember sitting beside the last-named fine old fellow all through a luncheon (at a private and not a public affair) when he kept his attention almost exclusively on his plate, and when he did speak would only address the whole table or his host (but, it is true, he was already a very old man, and perhaps he did not like writers).

As to the famous women actresses, what shall one say? My memories of Sarah Bernhardt date back very many years, but it was not until she was an old woman that I had the advantage of meeting her off the stage, and then, although the 'golden voice' was the same, though somewhat tired and languid, her gestures struck one as being more artificial than on the stage. She would keep a scented handkerchief to her face, I remember, as if afraid one might see too much of the wreck.

But Bernhardt was a mistress of make-up, as Melba in her reminiscences relates. Melba was in her dressing room when she was visited by the great actress: '"Bah! You make up your face like a schoolgirl," said Bernhardt. "You have no idea how to do these things. You are too innocent. Take a lesson from me, the wicked one!" And she took my face in her hands and proceeded to apply deft touches with rouge and blue pencil, with powder and lipstick, forbidding me as she did so to look in the glass until it was all over. When it was over, she leapt down again, threw out her hands, and said: "Voila! Now you may look, my pretty!" I looked in the glass, and I was astonished by the transformation which Sarah had effected.'

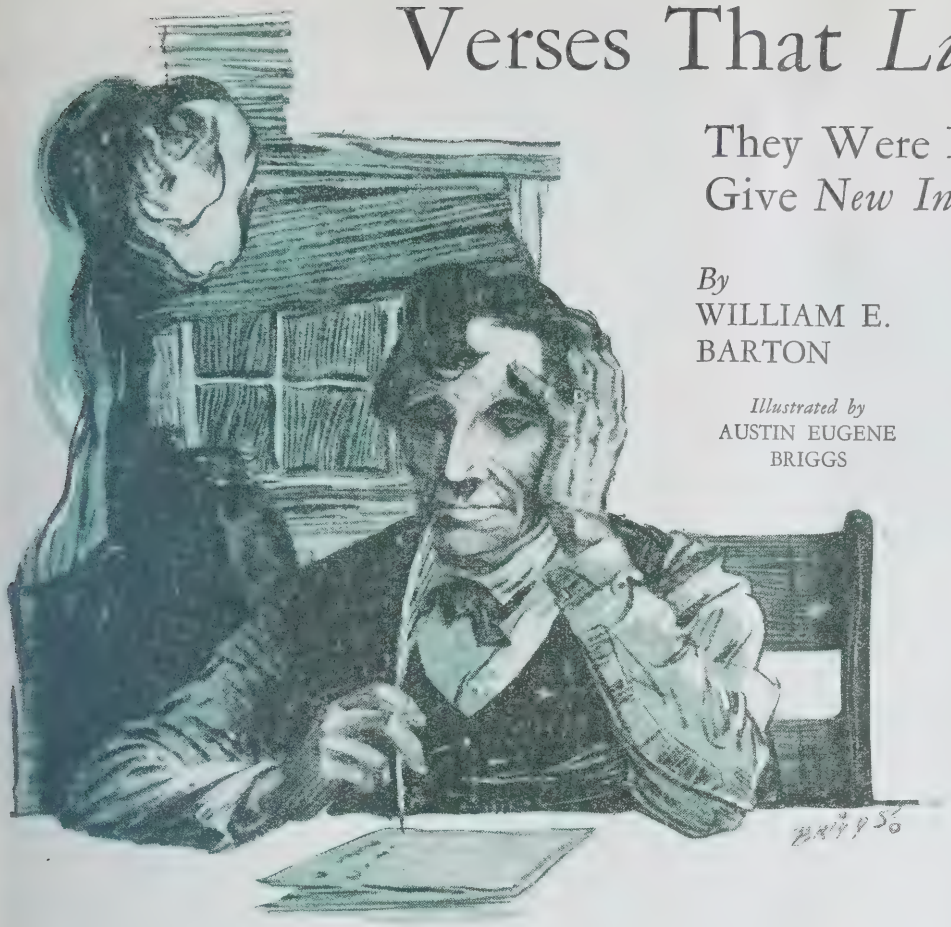
Many in America will love to think of her as the Lady of the Camellias. She depended greatly in her declining years on the technic she developed very early in her career, and, although many critics disparage the value of her stage technic, Bernhardt enjoyed more than sixty years' reign.

Réjane, that wonderful comédienne, also was much more interesting on the stage than off it. Then she modulated her voice better; in private it seemed rough and a little coarse; but what was always amusing and refreshing in Réjane was her cheery 'hail-fellow-well-met' Bohemianism, and she loved to remind people that she was of Montmartre by birth and nature.

There are people who when they meet and talk with persons engaged in periodical journalism who have a certain facility with their pens are rather difficult to 'draw out'; there are others who correspondingly expand. I should say the politicians are among those who are most difficult really to know—much more so than actors, musicians and literary people

Verses That *Lincoln* Wrote

They Were Not Great *But* They Give *New Index* to His Character



By
WILLIAM E. BARTON

Illustrated by
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN did not always know that he would one day be President of the United States. He considered the possibility of his choosing any one of various careers, from that of being a blacksmith to that of entering college and preparing for some professional career. One thing he did not do which we might have expected him to do. He did not teach school. Stephen A. Douglas did that and so did very many aspiring young men of that period. Lincoln's education was fully equal to that of many of these teachers, and teachers earned more money than sometimes came to him, but he was never a pedagogue. He did, however, try his hand at lecturing, and, not succeeding very well, he gave it up. His one lecture on 'Discoveries and Inventions' has been recovered and printed in recent years. And as he tried lecturing, so he tried poetry.

It is probable we have some fragments of Lincoln's boyhood attempt at versification, though how far he took over the crude rhymes of others in his recitations of doggerel verse we may not be sure. One subject on which Lincoln is alleged to have tried his hand was the familiar story of 'How St. Patrick Came to Be Born on the Seventeenth of March.' The truth is said to have been that that old hero was born somewhere near midnight between the eighth and ninth. Two clans in Ireland used to have an annual fight over the question as to which was the date of his birth. A clever priest suggested that 'one man could not have two birthdays unless he was twins,' and proposed to add the eight and the nine together.

Some stanzas on this subject were recited by Lincoln and these are the ones that introduce the theme:

On the eighth day of March, as some people say,
St. Patrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others assert 'twas the ninth he was born—
'Twas all a mistake—between midnight and morn.

Some blamed the baby, some blamed the clock;
Some blamed the doctor, some the crowing cock,
With all these close questions sure no one could know
Whether the babe was too fast or the clock was too slow.

The story did not originate with Lincoln, and we are not sure that the verse is his. His fame will not suffer if we leave the authorship uncertain.

Somewhat in the same category, but with rather better title to be thought of as possibly Lincoln's, are the verses that tell again the ancient story of why woman was created from man's rib. William H. Herndon attributed these stanzas to Lincoln, and Nicolay and Hay accord them an obscure place in his supposedly genuine writings. There is originality at least:

ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG
Alleged to have been Lincoln's first poem

When Adam was created
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon a bride was made.

The thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around
Before a bride was formed
And yet no mate was found.

The Lord was not then willing
That man should be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him
And took from him a bone.

And closed the flesh instead thereof,
And then He took the same,
And of it made a woman
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see,
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head we know
To show she must not rule him.
'Tis evidently so.

The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.*

What qualities had Abraham Lincoln that qualified him to compose poetry?

He had little love of nature. When his sister-in-law, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, visited the Lincoln family in Washington, and dragged his reluctant feet to the White House conservatories, he could not share her enthusiasm over the rare flowers which she showed him there. He had not visited the place in a year, he told her; something seemed to have been left out of him that would have enabled him to appreciate beauty.

He had no facility of expression in matters of love. His love letters to Mary Owens are a sad example of a courtship wholly ineffective because utterly done in prose. He did not write poetry about religion or patriotism or any other high theme. He could not have done so. It was not in him.

He could not sing well, though he often tried, and (*Continued on page 24*)

*Quoted by Nicolay and Hay from Herndon—N. & H. Vol. 1, pp. 289–90.

Broken Promises in PALESTINE

By GWLAD MATTHEWS

Left—Arabs love to pose, and this son of the household goes his elders one better. Below—Three of our dragomen in Palestine. The one on the right was known as Alexander the Great.

WHEN the British finally decide they have made a good job of it and wave goodby to Palestine from the decks of a liner, the Jews will also be making their adieus. The British will go to Egypt or London or parts unknown; the Jews, if the Arabs have anything to say about it, will leave by a more direct and efficient route for the Zionist paradise.

Ask anyone—your donkey boy, your driver, the porter that brings you lukewarm water in your hot water bottle. At the very mention of the Zionists they cease smiling in a flash, and a hard glitter narrows their eyes. If you are unlucky, they lapse into explosive Arabic; if you are lucky, they say slowly, 'Ah, some day they will pay, by the grace of Allah!'

In October, 1915, when as yet the British had made little headway in the Near East campaign, the government at London made a formal promise to Shereef Hussein that it would recognize Arab independence, once the Arabs had thrown off the Turkish yoke. Naturally, the Arabs of Palestine believed this promise included them, for, as all men know, the population of that country is 85 per cent Arab and only 15 per cent Jewish. At that time, when Britain needed the help of the Palestinian Arabs, nothing was said about excluding Palestine from the promise. So 11,000 Arabs, with the desire for freedom making their blood hot and their trigger fingers itch, swept north across Palestine, enabling Allenby to concentrate his regular troops, capture Damascus, and collapse the Ottoman Empire at one blow. Britain and France declared that their aim in stepping into the Near East was the 'definite emancipation of the peoples oppressed by the Turks,' and their one political desire was to support the 'government and administration freely chosen by the people.'

Even at that, the British mandate would have been successful and popular if the Balfour cabinet hadn't suddenly contracted a severe case of Zionitis and neglected to get itself quarantined. Then the portly British Santa Claus mislaid his spectacles and gave the pretty Palestinian toy to little Abie Isaacs, when it was plainly marked 'For Mohammed ben Mohammed, with gratitude.' And there has been trouble ever since.

In David Street, Jerusalem, one can find anything. It is a narrow street of gradual steps, flanked by crazy rows of bazaars and coffeehouses and shops, each with its knot of gesticulating customers in front. Here you see bearded priests in tall hats and flowing robes, Arabs in brilliant *abayehs* with short daggers at their belts, Jews with long corkscrew curls on their shoulders, fierce Bedouins with sharp noses and sharper eyes, trim British uniforms, and a goodly sprinkling of red fezzes. Mix these all up in a melodious babel, throw a few scavenger dogs in underfoot, and you have David Street. It was here one morning that I found Fuad.

Fuad was a young Arab with a never-ending flow of perfect English. He had the face of a dashing devil and the smile of an angel, and a tiny mustache that crinkled whenever he was pleased, which was often. Fuad's pride and joy was a car of questionable parentage which he asserted came from America, and which he drove with breath-taking abandon on the narrow winding roads. He had been in a responsible government position until a short while before, when the civil authorities had placed a recently arrived Russian Jew over him, reduced his pay, and at the same time told him that he must do the same work as before. It had been too much for him, so he had capitalized his car and his knowledge of English to make his living as a guide. We hired him to take us on a day's trip north.

We reached the rolling Plain of Esdralon about noon, when the sun was hot on the long furrows of the field. In the midst of the patchwork quilt of black earth and green grain were little clumps of red-roofed houses, and a few straggling trees, the only ones in sight. Fuad told us that this was one of the oldest Zionist settlements; it had been founded about forty years ago.

The pattern houses were still as unindividual and devoid of personality as they had been the day an enterprising Zionist Committee put them up wholesale. Rusty

American farm machinery rested securely in the stubble and refuse of the yards. Only one man, in ragged overalls and straw hat, was plowing in the field, behind a sleepy yoke of oxen. The grain that was already up was uneven and as sparse as that the Arabs coax from the same ground with their crooked stick plow. We asked Fuad why more men were not working.

'Oh, they work enough,' he said with a shrug. 'Why should they come out in the hot sun when there is no need? They do not need to have a big crop of grain, because always more money comes in from England and America for them.'

At first it seemed impossible to believe that a forty-year-old community was still dependent on the Zionist Loan Fund, but later the head of the American Colony at Jerusalem confirmed Fuad's statement. According to the colonization plan, the land is bought for the immigrants, a town is put up, they are supplied with all needs, and loaned a certain amount each year per family, to be paid back when they are self-supporting. So far, in most cases, nothing has ever been paid back, but more is always forthcoming.

This condition is probably due in great measure to the class of colonists. Try as it may, the Zionist Committee has not been able to get the better class of Jews to migrate to Palestine, and has been forced more and more to import a lower shiftless class of Jews from Russia, Austria, Bulgaria, and the barren Caucasus regions. The few of the better class that do come refuse to work on the land, and insist on being set up in a little shop of some kind in a village or town.

Tel Aviv, the one Zionist city, will soon be a place of shopkeepers and no customers. The shiftless class that settle on the land care little for returning money to a lenient and indulgent committee.

This committee, in the main, receives its funds from the American Zionist groups. The particular colony that we visited owned the land of the plain for miles around, but it was lying idle. As a reward for large checks from rich American Jews, much of this land was parceled off into streets, untenanted, unvisited, named in honor of the donors.

I wonder how many more checks would be forthcoming from Mr. Cohen of Cohen Street, and Mr. Abrahams of Abrahams Street, if they could see their honorable names on a stone in the middle of a fallow field, a resting place for lonesome crows! And the Arab farmer, bought out of the only occupation he knows, what his father and his father's father have done before him, must stand by, powerless, and see his strips of farm go to stubble and rock.

This preponderance of Russian and Austrian population, besides being in the main shiftless and irresponsible, has brought in the doctrine of Bolshevism. The Maflaga Poalim Socialim (Workmen's Socialist Society) is powerful and far-reaching among the Jewish population. Bolshevist agents work openly under the noses of the British to establish Palestine as a communistic state.

The Hagoneh, the secret Jewish army, refused to disarm and cease smuggling in ammunition and guns, so the British legalized them by making them special constables! The Soviet, according to papers found in the local headquarters in Jerusalem, considers the Hagoneh to be the nucleus of a Red Army which will crush the Arabs, drive out the British, and make the Communistic Jewish State supreme!

No wonder the flowery formal declarations of the Jews only increase the fear and hatred in the Arab population, and the weighty sentences, balancing 'love' and 'brotherhood' at each end, with 'peace' in between, make the Arab long for a dark night, a back alley, and a sharp dagger!

The famous Balfour Declaration says that 'nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish population in Palestine.' Yet the findings of the American King-Crane Commission in 1919, to the effect that the Arabs were squirming under the order of things, were disregarded by the British Government. Later, in 1920, the military administration, antagonistic to the Zionists, was removed, and the civil administration was set up under Sir Herbert Samuels, a member of the Zionist Committee.

It was not until 1922 that the British remembered their promise about free representative government and set up an elective machinery. Then the ratio accepted by the British and Zionists was so unfair to the Arabs, leaving 40 per cent unrepresented, that the latter refused to accept it and boycotted the elections. Of course, the whole thing had to be declared null and void, and since then everything political, economic, and general has been decided by the Jews and British behind closed doors.

Behind these closed doors, they decided to try floating a Palestinian loan. If it had (Concluded on page 22)

—Keystone View.

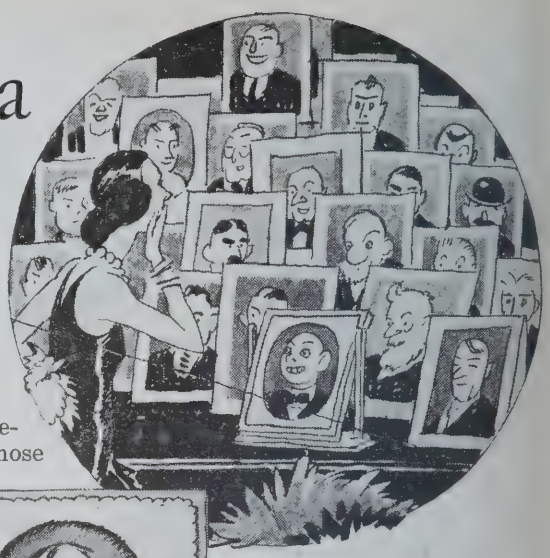
Picturesque types gossiping at a Jerusalem coffeehouse.

Oval—*A corner of the vegetable market just off Christian Street in Jerusalem. Note the grizzled, sun-baked 'housewife' suspiciously feeling of the wares.*

Nightmares *of the* Camera

By
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Illustrated by
RICHARD BROECKER



EVEN the most 'grown-up' women still feel a pleasurable excitement at the receipt of a parcel.

But when, on opening it, we find its contents to be merely a photograph framed in gleaming silver, or worse, in that kind of leather in which minor poets are bound at Christmas-time, we are still young enough to feel a pang of disappointment.

Frankly, I do not know what to do with this well-meant gift.

I have so many photographs.

I am very fond of my friends and some of them have very nice faces; but, however beautiful and beloved, I do not want them perpetually to glare at me from either my writing or my dressing table.

When I approach the fire to warm myself, I do not want to catch the eye —be it melancholy, playful, or surprised—of a familiar friend.

Sometimes I am quite pleased with the first sight of a photograph, but how soon it becomes a nightmare, with its one crystallized expression! A friend's face is a lovable kaleidoscope. In a 'studio portrait, cabinet size,' he or she perpetually registers one exaggerated emotion.

Which is worse to live with, the fixed smile or the strained sweetness of resigned melancholy?

I do not blame my friends for the atrociousness of their photographs.

I know to what a state of imbecile docility, fatigue and boredom one can be reduced in a studio. I become as passive as dough in the hands of a cook. I suffer my shoulders to be draped in chiffon, acquiesce in the suggestion that I should suck the stem of a rose, and meekly murmur, 'Good morning, good morning, good morning,' so that my lips may, as they say, 'settle nicely.'

Now, I like being presented with unframed and unmounted photographs of my friends and enemies. Wet days can be very agreeably spent in pasting them into albums, and these albums are quite useful for the entertainment of over-punctual guests.

Besides, one loves looking through them oneself.

No; I cannot be given too many of the kind of photographs that you can relegate to drawers and take out to look at every now and then. What I deplore is being snowed under by those which have to be kept perpetually exposed or else, by their absence, cause offense to their donors.

Where are they all to be placed? It is not only that I dislike the sight of them, but space is very limited and I cannot endure the kind of room in which photographs stand in close formation like tombstones in a churchyard. I should have no objection to having them out two by two in rotation, but how well I know the inquiring glance thrown round a room by the giver of a photograph. It is as hungry as that of a smoker in search of a cigaret.

Of course, if one only knew when each friend was coming it would be quite easy to pull his or her photograph out of its dusty seclusion and place it in a prominent position; but in London friends are apt to be as unexpected as ambushes.

But how absurd it is that people should consider it the right thing for one to keep photographs in perpetual evidence. Suppose it were the custom —and sentiment may very soon dictate this—to possess a gramophone record of the voices of your nearest and dearest.

Well, no one would keep one going on all the time, would she? You would only have recourse to it occasionally—very occasionally, I should think: perhaps just on their birthdays.

Well, shouldn't our photographs of loved ones far away be treated in somewhat the same way—just taken out occasionally to be gazed at and then reverently returned to their dignified retreat?

Soon, I suppose, the affectionate will have kinematograph films of their intimates. Perhaps this may prove a blessing in disguise and banish the static portraits.

Once or twice a year we will engage an operator and, peacefully reclining in the dark, watch dear old Uncle Algy winning the croquet tournament forty years ago. That will be much pleasanter than having him forever frowning from the mantelpiece.

Yet, let us count our blessings. Embarrassed as we may be by photographs, at least let us give thanks that it has never become the custom for human beings to bestow their life-sized waxwork portraits on one another. They would, I suppose, be costly, but families could club together at Christmas and people could leave money in their wills for their waxification.

Waxworks of unknown celebrities are horrible enough. Could we use them as hat and umbrella stands? Scarcely. No, not until at least the third or fourth generation. I'm glad I thought of them. Never again shall I complain of being given a mere photograph!

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE commonest excuse most people give for not going to church is lack of time. Like most excuses it has in it a grain of truth. Life, as some men view it, is divided into two parts: one, the coördinated expending of human faculties, called work; the other, the rebuilding of those faculties, called recreation. Recreation does not necessarily mean play. Its basic meaning is *to impart new vigor, to refresh after labor.* But in the recreative processes these men have given an undue importance to play. They have stressed the physical to the neglect of the spiritual. In the squirrel-cage round of work and recreation which they have devised, they have left no place for the church.

In a generation when so large a proportion of the people spend their time in factory and office, a need of physical recreation is felt. In recent years, however, the physical aspect has been gaining predominance over the moral in the popular idea of Sunday. The rest day had its original sanction in moral and religious considerations, but these have gradually been giving way to other motives. In former days the church did not have the problems it faces today; it did not have the competition of outside forces.

Life today is not the simple matter it was a century ago, or even a generation ago, nor is it burdened with monotonies of past centuries. It is more intricate, more complicated. But it is also fuller and more worth the living. It has more of happiness for the average person. If it has new problems, it also has greater rewards. If it presents new obstacles, it presents new incentives to overcome them. Progress of necessity brings with it unfamiliar difficulties; but it also brings their solution. Progress brought about the congested city—the concentration of men within a small, limited area where they could coöperate in their work and thus produce more efficiently and abundantly. That evil conditions resulted from this congestion was evident. But progress now furnishes the remedy through improved methods of transportation.

Men can live farther from their work than ever before in history. There is not the remotest necessity for the continuance of city slums, where physical, mental and moral qualities are at lowest ebb. The workingman knows he can live in the country, can have his own home, his own trees, his own garden and flowers, and still retain the advantages of the city. His physical well-being is safeguarded. He has new interests, new duties. He feels a new responsibility toward society through ownership. His home work fills an important and redeeming phase of his life.

Men need this contact with nature. They need the vigor that is imparted by treading fresh-turned earth. They need to watch the common, everyday miracles of nature as they unfold in the open country. But they need more than these. They need contact with the spiritual. They need the guiding influence of the church. *Both physical and spiritual recreation are essential to the perpetuation of the race.*

> *THE five-day week has been considered heretofore largely in the cold light of business. It is good business; but it is just as sound from the spiritual standpoint. The church will be one of its chiefest beneficiaries. But the church has definite duties to perform as well as definite benefits to reap. There is a sharp line between idleness and leisure. Leisure to be effective must be properly directed. The church will receive rewards from this new leisure commensurate with the force it exerts in directing the intelligent use of it.*

Unfortunately when men are forced to make a choice between the two, many are prone to choose the former. It is a regrettable trait, but one which must be faced.

The solution lies in greater leisure. People's minds expand and their sense of a fuller life grows stronger during their leisure hours. Culture is a product of leisure. It furnishes the medium for greater mental development. The five-day week provides the opportunity for physical recreation on the sixth day and leaves the seventh free for moral and religious observance. It helps restore the Sabbath to its former high place. It means larger attendance at church.

A great philosopher has said that religion is the conservation of values. It is more than that. It is the bulwark of the people. No one should be more jealous in his insistence upon the preservation of Sunday than the workingman. It has been in the past his one opportunity for moral and physical recreation.

In recent years camouflaged interests, at work under the name of 'liberalism,' have been stealthily taking the day from him. For thousands, Sunday, the day of rest, has been changed into Sunday, a day of labor. The more the people take their pleasure on Sunday, the more other people are compelled to work. Some of this Sunday labor is necessary; most of it is not. The five-day week, by giving people the sixth day for physical recreation and the seventh for religious observance, will go far toward bringing Christianity nearer to the people.

It will open the door to great opportunities for service, and the church will benefit to the extent it takes advantage of these opportunities.

EDITORIALS

Legalized Gambling

THIS editorial was written partly by a New York 'investment' house. It was not meant originally for an editorial; on the contrary, it was intended solely for use as a circular letter. But the statements made in the letter are of such sterling editorial quality that they are here reproduced—without permission:

> It is a well-known fact that no man ever made a fortune or accumulated wealth by the sweat of his brow. While money may be accumulated by systematic saving, it can be multiplied only by investment and successful speculation. Most of the world's wealth has been created by speculation and the millionaires of today were the people of moderate means of yesterday, who had the courage to take a chance.

The letter is interesting not alone because of the highly original economic theory it advances—the theory that 'most of the world's wealth has been *created* by speculation'—but because it is typical of thousands that are flooding the United States mails. Shady 'come-on literature' has become so common that scarcely a family in the country but can boast of being on some sucker list or other.

It is of course unnecessary to point out that not a penny of the world's wealth has ever been 'created' by speculation. Nor is it necessary to call attention to the first sentence of the letter, a sentence palpably misleading. These things are apparent to any reader of average intelligence who takes a moment to analyze them. But it is pertinent to ask what the justification is for dissemination of this kind of guff.

It is by false and misleading statements such as these that thousands of persons of moderate means are lured into legalized gambling, with unhappy results that are too well known to need recalling. A growing conviction is being felt throughout the nation that the stock exchange is not a necessary adjunct to business. Apologists have attempted to minimize its gambling proclivities, but they are meeting with less and less success. Reforms come when abuses become so pronounced that the people rise up to abolish them. Prohibition was brought on not by the drys but by the saloons. Their excesses proved their own undoing. The same is true of legalized gambling. Speculative abuses are approaching a peak. It is only a matter of time until the American people will abolish them.

Youth, Terrible Youth

IT IS heartening to find leaders of the Methodist church moving to the fore in defense of youth. Too many good people are prone to lay all the ills of a changing world to youth. The younger generation is neither depraved nor vicious; it is merely following the effervescent instincts of the times, and if upon occasion it becomes a little boisterous or a bit too loud for good taste, it has redeeming features that more than give recompense. Yet we find it blamed by worthy folk for everything from the crime wave to the decline and fall of the hairpin industry. The gloom of the older generation beholding the younger is so depressing that it is highly cheering to read of the Reverend Dr. Horace M. Dubose and the Reverend Dr. J. M. Rowland, Methodist bishop and editor respectively, rallying to the cause of the boys and girls of the nation. 'The chief trouble,' remarks Dr. Rowland, 'is that we are trying to dehumanize youth. The greatest thing God ever made was a human being, and we need to preach humanity instead of pessimism.' And to this Bishop Dubose adds: 'Bobbed hair and the costumes of the day are unjustly condemned. Both are sensible and wholesome to the physical woman. Her dress is an evangel of moral sensibility.' Wise views, both of them, wise and fraught with understanding. They should be read by mote detectors the world over.

The New Slavery

A NEW slavery has arisen in this country—the slavery of machines. Each American has the equivalent of half a hundred or more slaves to do his bidding, machine slaves that save the human body and release the human mind to other tasks. This new slavery is lifting humanity from the drudgery of ages, it is loading man's burdens onto the backs of inanimate metal.

It is perhaps characteristic of the human race that here and there objectors should be found. There are always those who mourn the passing of the old and deplore the coming of the new, no matter how deficient the old may have been, or what richness of promise the new seems to hold. And there are those without vision who cannot realize that progress can come only with change. The world is passing through the most marvelous period of develop-

ment in all history. We have commonplaces today that would have been hailed as miracles a few generations ago—the electric light, the automobile, radio, the airplane. Imagine the awe, had any one of these been suddenly projected into the placid life of the Middle Ages.

These commonplaces are ours today because of this new slavery. They have come into being because machinery was here. Not one of them would be in existence, had their development depended solely upon the dexterity of human hands. Slavery in the past—human slavery—was degrading. But the new slavery—the slavery of the machine—is freeing the human race from bondage. Power is the Emancipation Proclamation of the 20th Century.

The Debt and the Bond

IRVING FISHER, considered as one of the country's leading economists, is of the opinion that the European war debts to the United States, if not canceled altogether, should be reduced because of the difference in the value of the dollar today as compared with its value at the time of borrowing. That is, if seventy-five cents will buy as much today as it would have taken a dollar to buy at the time the debts were incurred, that it would be only fair to remit twenty-five per cent of the original debt.

Mr. Fisher's proposal is that the debtors should benefit at least to the extent of the difference, whatever it may be. There is nothing said about giving the taxpayers likewise the benefit of the increased value of their dollars. The real creditors of Europe are the financiers who own the bonds of the United States floated to establish European credit. These bonds must be paid by the American taxpayers, dollar for dollar, no matter how great the increase in buying power. So far as European repayment is able to recoup this country, the taxpayers should be repaid in full—the same basis should apply to both debt and bond.

The Cat and the Canary

NOT capacity, but fixed ratios agreed upon at conference, will be the basis of future steel production by the leading producers of Germany, France, Belgium, Luxembourg and the Saar Valley. A more or less rigid assignment rather than a competitive awarding of orders will govern the output of the various European plants. Just how the ratios will be determined is not made clear.

Plans of European manufacturers do not intrude themselves largely upon us except as our own manufacturing interests are concerned. For that reason we might not worry over steel production across the Atlantic, were it not for the fact that it now appears *we* may knock at the door of this consortium.

Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, is authority for the statement that 'should it become necessary, it is believed' an international conference would be held between all these interests (including ourselves) and a full open discussion indulged in, 'after which *a fair understanding* could be reached.'

While it is true that there is today a more liberal attitude toward big business combinations, the advisability of world-combinations even in so ordinary a commodity as steel is open to question. Particularly, the advisability of our seeking a rapprochement with the group comprising this special family. Lessons taught recently in the fields of finance and diplomacy do not lend much encouragement as to future conferences. They seem to present occasions for large giving and small returns.

As to manufacturing, America has always held an enviable position in the world's marts. Chief among our basic commodities has been steel. Let us not feel undue alarm because we hear across the Atlantic the murmurings of combinations which 'presumably were set up for more effective competition with England and the United States.'

That is their privilege. But we should not be so naïve or ingenuous as to desire any 'understanding' with them, however 'openly' arrived at. We have already had one experience or two with that sort of understandings. We should be able to hold our own as far as the steel market in this country is concerned, with our modern machinery and methods of efficiency. Outside, let us seek it on a basis of merit rather than apportionment.

This Franco-Belgian-German consortium will be a fine thing for us—if we stay out of it. Otherwise—

'I weep for you,' the Walrus said,
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

'Oh, Oysters,' said the Carpenter,
'You've had a pleasant run,
Shall we be trotting home again?
But answer came there none,
And this was scarcely odd because
They'd eaten every one.

The OTHER SIDE *of* FIFTY YEARS *Ago*

Being Some Tales *and* Reminiscences *of an* Era *That Has* Gone

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

'IF WE never meet again in this world,' said my Uncle Charlie—and added something about meeting us in heaven. In the doorway he stood looking back. We had just exchanged farewells.

As if it were yesterday I see my Uncle Charlie standing in the door. The colors do not fade. And just as vividly I recall the sudden breath that chilled my spirit at the thought of losing one's grip on this full-of-sunshine world to awaken in a place mentioned only in whispered prayers.

I was intensely disturbed. For I knew he was talking about death; and it's talking about death that brings it out of its hiding-place to the consciousness of men and little boys. I felt that something should be done about it, something to strengthen the temporary nature of our earthly accommodations. But nothing was done, and my Uncle Charlie died soon after his visit.

It was not a visit, really. He was on his way home from his brother's funeral. Since he was my aunt's husband, didn't that make his brother my Uncle Richard?

Uncle Richard the United States had picked out to bring the Modocs to terms. They were terrible creatures, those Indians. I had but to close my eyes to see them skulking behind corners with such designs upon my scalp as literally to lift my hair. Driven from their homes on Lake Klamath, they had run for their lives to the Lava Beds—a part of Oregon formed before my time by molten rock bursting through the earth's skin. No one but Modocs could live in that place or even find the way about. So the man at the head of everything, President Grant, sent my Uncle Richard to talk to the Modocs' chieftains.

'Don't take a gun, or pistol, or any kind of weapon along,' said President Grant to my Uncle Richard.

So Uncle Richard took nothing but a flag of truce. And he told my Aunt Lou just before he started to the 'Peace Conference' that he was going to his death. He knew a lot about Indians. He had been their friend. At the close of the Florida War he helped remove the Cherokees and Creeks and Choctaws to Indian Territory. But he knew that if you talked to Modocs unarmed, they had the last word. Among the first phrases I can remember are, 'flag of truce,' and 'the massacre,' and 'brains scattered on the stones.'

Outside the family circle Uncle Richard was known as General E. R. S. Canby. There was a book I lived with before I could read which tells about his capture of Mobile—for he was on the 'wrong side.' It had seemed to him that he just had to fight against us Southerners. But it was my impression that he fought as gently as he could. Anyway, in 1873 the war was over, I mean the actual killing, and a general, even though on the wrong side, was something to be proud of.

Illustrated by GEORGE HARPER

There were others to give our home life a national flavor. My mother's cousin was Vice-President under Buchanan; and among all those running against Lincoln in 1860, hadn't John C. Breckenridge come the nearest to winning the Presidency? He, indeed, was on the right side—'The handsomest man,' my mother declared, 'I ever saw.' Certainly the history of the United States couldn't have been written without us! All men, or at any rate all Americans, are born equal. I had it on good authority. But evidently there were ways whereby some of them got lifted above the dead level.

As a girl, my mother had seen Lincoln when he was 'out against Douglas' in Illinois. But, ah, Douglas! There was an orator of masterful presence, of words that flamed! She had found Lincoln ungainly, far from handsome. 'But he was not so ugly as his pictures,' she protested. 'I never saw one that did him justice. For there was something in his face—a glow . . . ' She used to recount how, on his assassination—another of my earliest words—when my father brought the news to a group of Southerners, his voice sunk to a whisper: 'The South has lost the best friend it ever had.' Strange words from an ardent lover of the Lost Cause!

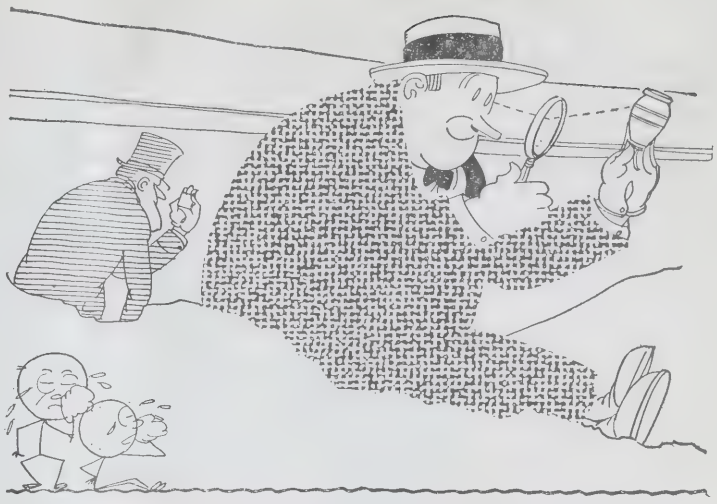
Historic names were our property. My mother once came down from Louisville on the same boat with U. S. Grant, then on a tour of inspection relating to prisoners. He was disposed to friendliness, but my mother remembered what he had done and how thoroughly he had done it, and gave him the deck.

(Concluded on page 23)

Coin Collecting—
A Neglected Hobby

By
PAUL M. LANGE

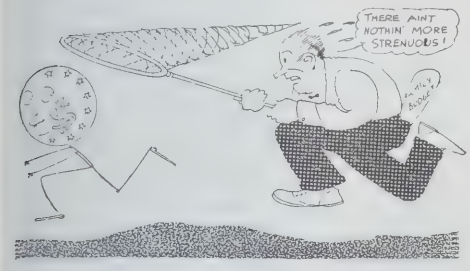
Drawings by
W. O. FITZGERALD



There has been an overwhelming interest in collecting antiquities in the last few years.

OVERWHELMING interest in collecting antiquities, awakened in the United States in the last few years, has apparently eclipsed one of the most interesting as well as instructive fields known to collectors, the collecting of coins and medals.

Possibly the designation, coin collecting, may act as a deterrent to persons who look for a hobby, since it appears to refer to something very valuable or expensive. Might it be better to refer to it by its scientific name, Numismatics? In stamp collecting as well, no earnest collector wishes to be known as a postage stamp collector, but as a 'Philatelist.'



Coin collecting furnishes plenty of excitement and even exercise.

In mentioning stamp collecting it is only fair to say that coin collecting is really a less expensive and more educational hobby. Stamps have been in existence only a bare hundred years, but coins have been struck during the last twenty-five hundred years.

The old charge that governments deliberately have issued and even now issue series of stamps to make money out of sales to collectors cannot be raised against coin collecting. Yet, strange to relate, the high prices of the earlier issues of stamps have never been reached by coins, no matter how interesting or important historically they have proved to be.

Silver coins 2,000 years old, in good condition, can be bought for from two to five dollars, and some even cheaper. It is possible to procure a coin for, say, every fifty years of striking, beginning at 500 B. C. to date, for a total of $100 and have every coin tell an important historical story. A collection that will prove interesting, entertaining and instructive may thus be formed.

To become a serious collector it is better, outside of a few coins of general interest, to confine one's activities to one of the many series of coins most attractive to oneself. Possibly the most historically important are the Roman imperial coins, and here, if he desires, one can even confine the collection to one emperor and his family.

Another choice might be the ancient coins of Syracuse, Greece, Parthia, Egypt, Roman colonies, British Sceatta, or of medieval times: Bracteates, Crowns, Thalers, the enormous copper coins of Sweden, Chinese money in all its curious shapes, including the knife, spade, key, bridge, bell and temple forms.

The hard-time tokens of the 17th and 18th Centuries of England and of the 19th Century of our own country, as well as the Civil War pennies, or, more correctly, tokens, of which there are about 6,000 varieties, will hold one's attention for a long time.

Our own colonial and state coins and the large cents and half-cents are largely collected, not only according to dates, but also to die varieties, there being of the 1794 cent alone about sixty different dies.

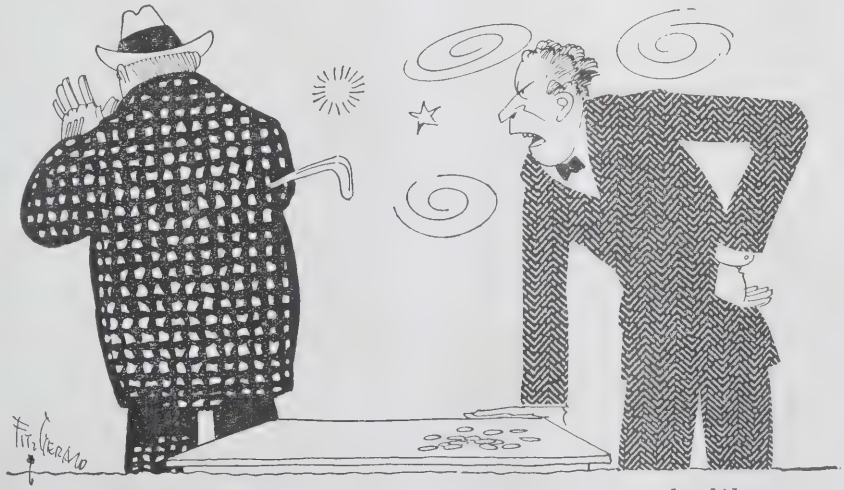
How many of our people have seen or even heard of the so-called Franklin cent, bearing a sundial on its obverse and the motto: 'Mind your Business'? Or the New York 'Clinton cent' with the portrait of Governor Clinton? Who knows the Castorland token or the Higley threepence with the deer and the axe and the motto: 'I cut my way through,' or the second one with the inscription: 'I am good copper, value me as you please'?

The Massachusetts silver coinage of pine-tree, oak-tree and willow-tree shillings, sixpence and threepence, the Gobrecht dollars, the flying-eagle cents and the commemorative half-dollars and gold dollars are all obtainable. I believe not one of a hundred citizens has seen or knows of the only coin of the United States that bears the portrait of a foreign ruler: Queen Isabella on the Columbian quarter. How many know the Lafayette dollar, bearing the portraits of Washington and Lafayette on the obverse, and the equestrian statue of Lafayette on the reverse?

The Bouquet-sous of Montreal exist in many varieties; Mexican and South American coins are becoming rare in many instances, opposing parties melting the old and coining their own money from them.

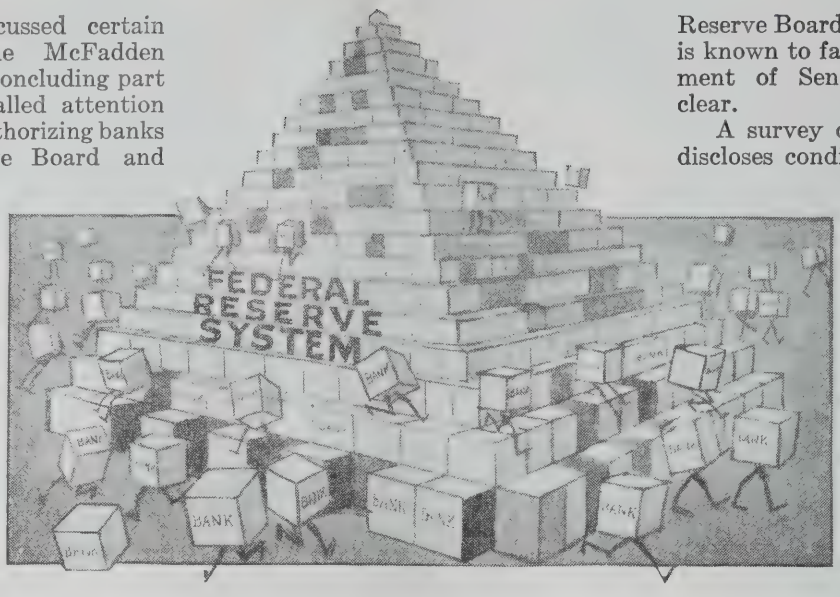
Coin collecting may not be a strenuous pastime, but it furnishes plenty of excitement and even exercise. Often one hears of a collection in a remote place in the country and with high hopes the pilgrimage begins.

(Concluded on page 26)



I told them their treasures were worthless and refused even to make a bid.

A Further Glance at the McFadden Bill



By WESTERN STARR

LAST week we discussed certain provisions of the McFadden Bill, and in the concluding part of the article called attention to the portion authorizing banks in the Federal Reserve Board and Bank system to deal in investment securities.

To get the full import of this provision requires a knowledge of the purposes of the Aldrich-Vreeland—'Assett Currency'—bill of 1905. Under the provisions of that bill it was intended to authorize banks to use the securities, stocks and bonds of American corporations, as the basis of issues of bank notes, and as 'reserves.' The McFadden Bill goes even further, in that 'investment securities' of this period—and for probably an indefinite future time—include not only securities based on American public utilities and industrial corporations, but also stocks and bonds of foreign corporations and governments.

With Federal Reserve Banks issuing the money of the American people on the basis of foreign debts, instead of a basis of actual American wealth, and having it guaranteed by the American Government, one can readily see the possibilities.

The proposals of the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill, intended to make the Government a guarantor of the values of watered and ballooned securities, representing chiefly capitalized privilege; with the further purpose to forestall the possibility of any change in public policy as to the regulation or control of industries or services by political industries, failed to become a law. It was a program to monetize specific forms of property. But, having opposed and defeated the monetization of silver, they found it impossible to monetize incorporated paper; so the bill became a regretful memory. Yet the spirit that inspired it was not laid; the men and the interests behind it were very much alive.

While individual men make mistakes and even die, the class never makes a mistake and never dies. The same men and the same interests that planned the bill of 1905 also planned the Federal Reserve Bank bill of 1913—and also the McFadden Bill of 1924. To 'get by' with the Federal Reserve Bank bill, they were forced to drop the 'Assett-Currency' feature of the old bill—also, to arrange for twelve 'Regional Banks,' instead of one central bank, as intended in the old bill. Paul Warburg was consulted and, as he says, 'gave the best advice I could.' He was consulted by the chairman, Aldrich, of the 'monetary commission,' and that resulted in the Aldrich-Vreeland Bill.

When the Federal Reserve Bank Act was enacted, Mr. Warburg testified that certain defects in the bill could be 'corrected by administrative processes.' And Mr. Warburg was made the first president of the Federal Reserve Bank Board. Yet, Mr. Warburg was, as he testified, 'a prominent member of one of the banking firms' denounced in 1912 as a member of the 'money trust.'

AS FAR back as 1841, John C. Calhoun, discussing a Monetary Measure, said on the floor of the Senate: 'If this body, instead of being a Senate of the United States, was a deputation from Wall Street, sent here to arrange the details of the measure, we would not be at any loss to understand why they are arranged as they are. No wonder, then, that Wall Street should shout and clap its hands for joy on its passage through the other House.' The statement has particular significance for us today.

This bill has been before Congress for more than two years; it has twice passed the House. It has passed the Senate (May 13, 1926), and since then has been before a conference committee of both Houses. It is an administration measure. Mr. Mellon is Secretary of the Treasury and, therefore, ex officio head of the Federal Reserve Board and Bank system, which is known to favor the bill, as the statement of Senator Pepper has made clear.

A survey of banking as a business discloses conditions and considerations that make legislation on the lines of the McFadden Bill vital and imperative, if the Federal Reserve system is to continue. There are just about 30,000 banks in the United States. The number varies slightly from day to day. There are just about 9,000 of these banks within the Federal Reserve system. More than two-thirds of all banks are outside the system, and the outside banks have larger resources than those within the system. There was bitter opposition to the Federal Reserve Bank Bill when it was pending in Congress, and there has been constant opposition to the law since it was enacted.

To keep the record straight, it should be further stated that the Federal Reserve Bank Bill could never have become a law without the personal appeals of W. J. Bryan, then Secretary of State. Also, that Mr. Bryan afterward published his repudiation of the law.

Senator Robert L. Owen, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, and whose name was given to the bill, as the Glass-Owen Bill, also denounced the administration of the law by the Federal Reserve Board, as being contrary to both the ostensible purposes and the specific promises of its proponents. John Skelton Williams, controller of the currency and ex officio a member of the Board, also denounced the administration of the system. The working of the Federal Reserve Bank law has not been approved by the nation's bankers. A great many banks, that were members, have surrendered their charters and become state banks. In the last two years, 166 banks, some of them of large resources and wide influence (according to Mr. McFadden) have deserted the system.

The failure of banks to join the system and the withdrawal of other banks from the system became so important as to have a joint Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the matter. Mr. McFadden was the chairman of this committee. It held inquiry, heard evidence in many cities, visited banks and ques-

tioned bankers and business men generally. For some reason this committee has never made or published any report.

At a recent hearing in the Banking and Currency Committee of the House, Mr. McFadden, chairman, Adolph Miller, who has been a member of the Federal Reserve Board from its inception, testified that the board had raised and lowered discounts entirely 'at its discretion'; that is, it had played the 'concertina,' at will. It is not to be wondered that the great majority of American bankers refuse to place themselves and their patrons under an authority as arbitrary, as irresponsible, as Mr. Miller states the Federal Reserve Board to be.

It is conceded by Mr. McFadden that, unless the outsiders do come into the system, and those inside quit going out of it, the system will soon be in a very bad way. He says, 'If they (the banks in the system) are not equipped for survival (in competition with other banks and banking agencies), the system will die at the roots and perish.' The board and banks within the system look upon banks outside the system as 'bootleggers' of credit. It is the purpose of the McFadden Bill to coax outsiders to come in, quit 'bootlegging,' and, since they cannot be driven in, to offer them such inducements to come in, in the way of larger powers—prolonged security of chartered life—also, by imposing certain restrictions on the practice of outside banks as will effectively intervene in the operation of natural economic laws, to build up a monopoly in the control of credit.

It will be asked, how a program fraught with such possibilities of power could have been brought to the very threshold of success with no protest? The answer is because the meaning of the bill has been concealed. There has been no important debate upon it; it was misnamed as the 'branch-banking' bill from the start; the vicious 'assett currency' feature was 'camouflaged' and the charter extension feature was not in the bill until introduced in the Senate, where the bill has not had an hour of attention on the floor of the Senate.

The 'branch-banking' feature of the bill has absorbed the bulk of the time spent on the measure, and has been the 'herring on the trail' to distract attention from the more vital features.

In some states banks are authorized by state laws to have branches in other cities than the home city of the parent bank. In other states branch banks are unlawful.

In Congress, the controversy between the House and the Senate, and which is now pending before the Conference Committee of both Houses, turns on the disposition of this question. Both Houses are agreed that where a state permits branch banks, the banks in the Federal Reserve system shall have authority to establish branches.

The Senate insists that when and if a state, that does not now permit branch banks, modifies its policy to admit of branch banks, then, by automatic consequence, banks in the Federal Reserve system shall, without further action by Congress, be empowered to establish branch banks conformably with the law of the state. The House insists that banks within the Federal Reserve system shall be further authorized by Act of Congress before they shall have power to establish branch banks in states that hereafter shall authorize branch banks.

ALL that seems a matter of small importance compared with the principle of branch banking in itself. The natural tendency expressed in branch banking is not expansion but concentration; it is the abolition of competition and the development of monopoly, and is hostile to the interest and welfare of all who depend upon an unrestricted flow of credit. As above intimated, it is not a monopoly of money that constitutes the evil. It is the monopoly of credit that is the evil. Money and credit are related exactly as the stock and the lash of the whip, and he that wields the stock throws the lash.

Branch banks simply manifold the lash; carried out to its practical possibilities, it restores the single central-bank idea of the old and denounced Aldrich-Vreeland Bill. The combination to coax outside banks to come in—the proposed, or contemplated, restrictions on state and other banking outside the system—with an indeterminate charter, or, in effect, a perpetual charter and universal branch banking authorized by law, the system will be equipped not merely to survive but to destroy all competition.

This is the object of the long campaign. A campaign that has developed

something of the best and much more of the worst that is possible under a democracy.

It has been a superstition of American democracy that the larger knowledge implies the larger life. But facts in the way of periodic unemployment—factories idle, or working only part-time; land going out of cultivation; social despair reflected in waves of crime; respect for law vanishing in the face of laws unworthy of respect; the confusions of a society developing on the quicksands of political policy that violates every natural principle of economic law: these spell a very different lesson. A political theory that contradicts economic law is also a contradiction of the moral law, since truth is a unit and does not—cannot—belie itself.

There cannot be a sound philosophy for finance and another, a different philosophy, for farmers, or mechanics, or any other. Unless your philosophy explains and unifies the experiences of all men, of all classes and avocations—unless, that is, it deals in universals—it is a false philosophy and the truth is not in it.

To give the illusion of florid health to a leg or an arm of the human body, one can bind tightly about it a band that will arrest the circulation of the blood: it is not health but disease that results—disease that, if allowed to continue, will bring death not only to the limb, but to the whole body. The apparent prosperity, that is the evidence of a diseased body of the state, the surplus of blood that plumpens and purples the arm of high finance, is drawn from all other parts of the body: the pumping heart strives in vain to carry it back to the place whence it was drawn. The band about the limb is monopoly—even a monopoly of monopolies—the stranglehold of high finance.

The coming conflict lies not between the poor and the rich; not between capital and labor. It lies between science, understanding of Nature's laws, on the one hand, and 'finance,' with its horror of social progress, on the other. Scientific progress is one thing; social progress is another phase of the same thing, which is human progress. Any one knows what is meant by scientific progress; few will agree as to what is meant by social progress. Yet social progress is the social realization of scientific progress.

While monopoly stands between men, to intervene in and deform the operations of Nature's laws, there can be no social progress. Therefore it is that the vaunted scientific progress of our time continually tends to dehumanize the race. Yet not for always, not for long. Nature has mysterious ways of righting wrongs and caring for those of her children who are worthy of her care.

Are DRAMATIC CRITICS *Human?*

At the first-night performance, in front of me sat the 'Angel' who put up the money for the show.

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Illustrated by RUSSELL LEGGE

A FIRST night, or opening night, in a New York theater is a very remarkable study in contrasts. More varieties of cosmopolitan human beings are on display than in any other place I could name. After the first tryout, which generally takes place in Atlantic City, Philadelphia, Hartford, Utica, or some smaller towns elected for the purpose, everything is produced in New York that is worth producing, and also everything that is not worth producing.

At a typical first-night performance of a popular musical comedy, directly in front of me sat the 'Angel.' By 'Angel' I mean, of course, the man who puts up the money for the show. This gentleman was calm, placid, immovable. He sat through this opening performance, where the dialog was funny and the dancing was funnier, and never cracked a smile. Of course he had seen it before. Why should he smile? Why should any of the elect smile?

At this show, at my right, sat the wife of the man who was the author. A popular and highly successful writer herself, I wondered how much she had helped her husband. He had collaborated with another man and I could fancy her listening to him as he read the funny stuff, recited the lyrics and so on, and having her tell him true words about it. Women do that nowadays. The wives of literary men no longer go into hysterics of praise over their husbands' writing. The business is too commercial for that. It is a hard, cold-blooded game. 'Cut that out, John,' says the wife. 'It won't go with the lowbrows.'

If a fellow wants to take a girl to dinner and the theater in New York, he will have to charge up nearly twenty-five dollars for the evening's amusement.

Three rows ahead of me sat John Anderson, dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*, and next to him, a trifle late and deliberate, came Percy Hammond, dramatic critic of the *Herald Tribune*, imported from Chicago some years ago. John Anderson is young, tall, thin, unaffected, temperamental. Percy Hammond is heavy, weatherbeaten, slightly pachydermatous, personally delightful. No one would suspect, indeed, that a man who looks like a near-United States Senator could write such romping stuff as he does. When he arrived from Chicago his salary of eighteen thousand a year was reputed to be the largest ever. His Lakeside vocabulary, however, was new to the infantilism of the average New Yorker, and the process of straightening out the kinks was long and tedious. But now he is readable and can be understood even by other dramatic critics.

Note that he and Anderson sat three rows ahead of me. That meant, of course, that my ticket (price eleven dollars) was for a seat that was below the high line. That is, dramatic critics are classified by the management, although the management never admits this. We are all good fellows. Still the importance of a dramatic critic in New York, as I presume it is elsewhere, is measured by the distance his seat is from the footlights on the opening night.

On this night, down the left aisle came Alexander Woollcott, now of the *World*, formerly of the *Times*. Last year they put on *Hamlet* in London in sports clothes and London liked it. They brought it over to New York and most people, apparently, did not like it, although later they came to like it better. Alec Woollcott told us exactly how he felt about *Hamlet*. He was prepared not to like it. He was compelled to like it. That is the only thing a real dramatic critic can do—he can tell us how he feels about a play.

After Woollcott left the *Times* he was succeeded by Stark Young, who wrote in a high-brow style, as the term is, and the story is told that one day Adolph Ochs, the newspaper owner, sent for him and said:

'Mr. Young, don't you think it would be possible for you to write your dramatic stuff so that our readers would know what it means?'

'I think not,' replied Mr. Young. There the conversation lagged.

The next day, or almost at once, Young left the *Times*. He is now with the *New Republic*. In my humble opinion, he is one of the best writers on the drama in America. For one thing, he has studied it, and he has studied it in the right way, at the sources. He cares about what he writes. There are no explosives in his criticisms. He doesn't fire off a Mills bomb every few rods to let you know that he is a critic.

One dramatic critic who has been at it long and who has done continuous good work for the man in the street is Alan Dale, whose right name, by the way, is Alfred J. Cohen.

After Stark Young left the *Times*, he was succeeded by J. Brooks Atkinson, who up to that time had been editing the Book Review Sunday

ction of the *Times*. Mr. Atkinson riginally came from Boston. Why he unted to be a dramatic critic I do not ow. It is possible that, as he lived in ew York itself, he had nowhere to go eenings, and therefore became a amatic critic in desperation. That is obably what they all do it for.

Mr. Atkinson, probably bearing in nd the fate of his predecessor Stark oung (who, being on the *New Republic*, can write as unintelligibly and optically as he cares to), is actually iting dramatic criticisms so that we ow something about the plays he hs seen. Woollcott writes how he fls. So does Dale. So does Hammond.

Fifteen thousand dollars a year is nt much for the best dramatic critics ad some of them make much more by iting odd pieces and getting out a bok occasionally. Their expenses are h;h. Burns Mantle, of the *News*, oe of the most conscientious of critics ad a hard worker, runs a syndicate in th bargain and each year gets out a bok of the best plays of the year pvious.

If a fellow wants to take a girl to th theater in New York and entertain h· and nourish her with food, assumir that he is a clerk with a fair salary, itwill take about all of his salary. If h lives in the suburbs, there is the cfare, which will run to nearly tro dollars. The tickets will cost him a least eleven dollars. There are inumerable places where he can get a dner for $1.50 a plate, but these pces are generally crowded and not alays clean. It costs about five dlars to get a good dinner for two in Nw York and if flowers are added, th young man will have to charge up nrly $25 to profit and loss for his evning's amusement.

Take the plays away from New Yrk, and most theatrical people belive they are doomed to financial faure.

'The competition of the movies is tc much for us,' said a press agent, 'added to the high cost of travel.'

Yet it is a fact that in New York there have never been so many plays and so many good plays as during the past season. Bernard Shaw is said to derive royalties of $100,000 a year from his American productions. I was at the opening of his *Androcles* and was greatly impressed with the evident enjoyment by the audience of genuine satire and with the sincerity and fairness with which the production was treated afterward by the critics.

At the height of the season in New York there are about fifty theaters running to full or part capacity. It is very difficult to judge of the actual profits because in each instance so much depends upon the cost of production. The leading musical comedy, *Sunny*, ran around $40,000 a week during the holidays. At the same time, *Abie's Irish Rose* (which the majority of dramatic critics damned and which has had a longer run than any other play) was running about $8,000. These fifty theaters I group will take in at the height of the season about $500,000 a week. This is only a small part of the grand total.

The real function of the dramatic critic is not only of great and growing importance, but it seems to be wholly misunderstood by the majority of readers, if I may judge from hearsay. No defense of dramatic critics has ever before been attempted to my knowledge and the following observations are based on somewhat intimate knowledge of New York first nights, while at the same time I must disclaim any deep knowledge of the drama itself. I once wrote a play and it ran for one night—which is as much as almost any dramatic critic can claim. It is often said, indeed, that if these gentlemen make such sorry work of writing plays themselves, why do they presume to judge the work of others?

The answer is that a critic is a critic, fashioned by the Almighty for that particular purpose. A dramatic critic has just as distinct a temperament as a plumber or a carpenter. He has to pose a bit, and he has to develop a kind of mask. During the past season I have sat behind all the dramatic critics in New York at many of the comedies and musical shows, where some of the funniest things were being said and done, and I never saw one of them betray the slightest emotion. If one is a dramatic critic, one cannot. Also, among the topnotchers, there is an etiquette as severe as among doctors over someone to be operated upon. Naturally each critic holds himself sacrosanct. The first act being over, they all make a bee line for the lobby, or if the weather permits, gather in knots on the outside, violently smoking.

I attended last year the opening of a play called *The Cradle-Snatchers*. It never remotely occurred to me that it would succeed. It was indeed condemned by some of the best critics. After the first act I was for going straight home, but one young critic said to me, 'Yes, it's all you say it is, but it will get over. It's funny and what Broadway wants.' His prediction came true.

Here let me tell a true story.

I was invited to attend the opening night of a musical comedy by a dramatic critic. The girl who took the leading part was a slight young thing with a pretty face, a divine dancer, graceful as a fawn. My friend said to me: 'She was in the office this afternoon.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, you see, this is the first real part she has had and she came down to ask me to help her out all I could.'

We learned that she had been the rounds of the newspaper offices in the same way. This is an exceptional instance, but it would take too long

The first act being over, the critics all make a bee line for the lobby or gather in knots outside.

and be a story all by itself to tell of the desperate things done by those who are trying to break through the barriers to publicity or to real fame.

Occasionally a seemingly slight incident will turn the tables. Lawrence Tibbett, a young American singer who had the part of Ford in the opera *Falstaff*, sang so well that the audience recalled him. This was unusual, for as a rule the foreign singers at the Metropolitan Opera House secure most of the applause. The audience, moved by his singing, insisted on bringing him out and he came rather reluctantly. This occurrence was, however, noted by the critics and when the copy came into the office of the New York *Times*, the acting editor, a real newspaperman, saw its news value and immediately transferred the story to the front page of the *Times*. The result was that young Tibbett found himself famous overnight.

THE real problem before the dramatic critic is not alone to say whether the play he reviews is necessarily popular or 'good to see or look at' from the popular standpoint, but whether it is worth while as an artistic performance, and here there enter a great number of minor problems. Many dramatic critics have been accused of being influenced not only by the box office, but also by the newspaper owners themselves. Occasionally there have been lawsuits. But this is almost never true. The late Frank Munsey was supposed to influence his writers, but Woollcott, after Mr. Munsey's death, came out with a frank statement that this was not true, that he never had been spoken to by Mr. Munsey.

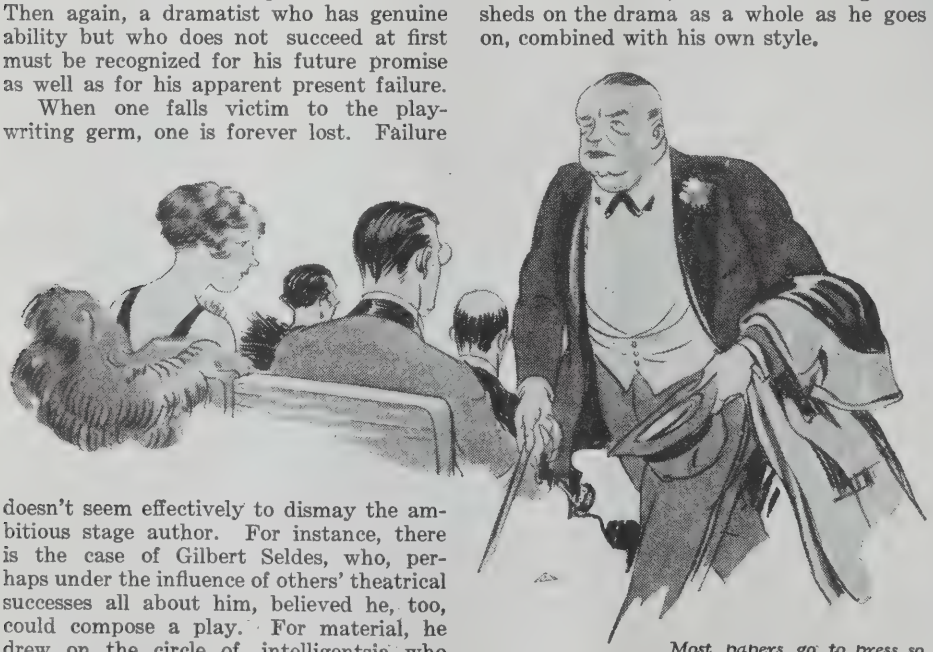
In some instances large sums of money have been expended on casts and scenery, and besides this, the members of the cast themselves are painstaking, hard-working artists and to condemn the performance in a wild, reckless, even in a brilliant way, is not always good judgment. It too frequently occurs that if an indecent play is 'panned' too loudly this serves to draw attention to it and give it life. This has happened several times within the past two seasons. Then again, a dramatist who has genuine ability but who does not succeed at first must be recognized for his future promise as well as for his apparent present failure.

When one falls victim to the play-writing germ, one is forever lost. Failure doesn't seem effectively to dismay the ambitious stage author. For instance, there is the case of Gilbert Seldes, who, perhaps under the influence of others' theatrical successes all about him, believed he, too, could compose a play. For material, he drew on the circle of intelligentsia who inhabit the Algonquin, many of whom were once dramatic critics. Some still *are* actively engaged as dramatic critics. To aid in his enterprise, Mr. Seldes engaged the services of the bold Mexican caricaturist and painter, Miguel Covarrubias. In reviewing the production after the opening, the dramatic critics, of course, 'panned' Mr. Seldes' effort. They allowed that he was an 'excellent writer,' but that he lacked a 'dramatic sense'! In the face of these unfavorable reviews, the play had to be taken off the boards. But Mr. Seldes has felt and responded to the play-writing urge, and at last reports was at work putting another on paper!

Most of the dramatic critics, whatever their ability may be, are honest enough in the expression of their views, whatever those views may be. Their real difficulty, if I may speak for them, is that they are not likely to be read when they write too well, which necessitates their putting jazz into their work.

Most papers go to press so early that the critic has to come out during or even before the last act to get his criticism into the next day's paper. Frequently this criticism is printed in a late edition in order to give him more time and is then repeated in the early issues of the following day. This does not necessarily affect the work of the critic, as in the past some of the most brilliant and lasting criticisms have been written under these conditions. But it is highly discouraging for a man who has passed years of his life in studying the drama and is really concerned to make it better, to know that a criticism which has cost him all that and more, and which requires to be read carefully will probably be skimmed over lightly by the majority of his readers. And while this is true, he also knows that if he injects into his copy a number of clever epigrams or what in journalese is known as 'arresting' copy, he will achieve a wider audience than by sticking to his last. That, it seems to me, is the difference between writers like Stark Young and Percy Hammond and Alan Dale. As between these two extremes, Alec Woollcott to my mind strikes a happy medium.

After all, it is not the *crass* opinion of the critic that matters, so much as the light he sheds on the drama as a whole as he goes on, combined with his own style.



Most papers go to press so early that the critic has to come out during or even before the last act to get his criticism into the next day's paper.

The American Merchant Marin

(*Continued from page 2*)

investors. True, this act may have impos additional burdens upon American shippi but to the outsider it would hardly app as a sole and sufficient reason for lack o proper Merchant Marine. Various measu to lighten the burdens of American shipp have been suggested, such as revision navigation laws, regulation of steamb inspection service, preferential rates, designed to encourage a large and bet service. But so far most of the amer ments have been merely talk. To sum it most of us have come to believe that ther no prospect for a direct ship subsidy, a for that matter, no indirect one unless it preferential rates which the Governm recognized in the Jones Act of 1920. Nor many believe there is any necessity fo subsidy.

THE Jones Act contains a provis giving preferential railroad rates to p sengers and goods carried in Ameri ships, and automatically withdraws th rates from passengers and merchanc transported by American railroads a consigned to foreign ships. However, th was a proviso in the act to the effect t whenever the Shipping Board was of opinion that adequate shipping facili to or from any port or dependency of United States and a foreign country w not afforded by vessels properly do mented, it should certify the fact to Interstate Commerce Commission, and t body could then suspend the operation the section until such time as the Bo was of the opinion that adequate shipp facilities between the ports were afforded

While it is claimed that Congress not intend to give the Interstate Comme Commission power permanently to susp the operation of these preferential ra yet the fact is that prior to the effect date of the act, shippers and shipown throughout the country were so aroused the prospect that they vigorously protes to the Commission on the ground that if rates became effective, they would be prived of sufficient bottoms between p to handle the ordinary run of export. W on the face it looked as if foreign shipp interests had agitated the subject, yet th was no open evidence of this. *The fact that American shipping, even with these p erential rates, had not reached a point w it could safeguard our export handling, cause we had not established sufficient tr routes to care for the business.*

The Commission had a series of he ings, at which it developed that adequ facilities in American bottoms were available. With this evidence, the Shipp Board withdrew its resolution provid for certifying to the Commission that operation of the preferential rate sect should not further be suspended, leaving matter where it was when the Commiss previously suspended it. The first thing the Shipping Board to do is, of course determine whether we have adequ facilities between the various ports to har American shipping, for it is easy to un stand that American industry is not will to subject its export and import busir

unwarranted delay because of lack of coms to take advantage of preferential as. *Delivered cargoes are much more able than those in transit or waiting for oms.* The danger of preferential rates f course the possibility of retaliatory sures on the part of foreign nations.

But all the while we seem to be getting here fast as far as our Merchant Marine oncerned. The business is here, there n everywhere, and it can be secured for erican ships when it is pursued prop-

Our foreign shipping lines are gaining a er foothold on trade routes each year, le we sit by and argue with each other our seeming difficulties. But all we en to hear in response to a call for a eer Merchant Marine is ship subsidy.

IS possible that post-war conditions hasized subsidy. With exports and orts at their lowest ebb, with financial facing shipping companies (who, by way, had not used even childlike judgt in conserving their resources at a time h they were raking in dollars with little o effort) and with our seaboard and the ms entering it lined with double and ie rows of wood and steel bottoms which rican dollars given under patriotic ion had built during the war, the sight one to inspire the most penurious to ghts of financial aid to accomplish the mption of business activity. Forlorn desolate these ships looked, while rican capital stood by, waiting for the ernment to do the pioneer work of buildga Merchant Marine. The effort was ae, of course, and weak as it may be idered, it yet formed a nucleus which rican capital and American enterprise well afford to use as a foundation.

ut it does not grow fast enough to suit American ideas. And again the answer ck of a definite policy of ship construcand ship operation.

merican shippers are asked to favor rican lines as a matter of patriotism, gardless of established trade routes, uency of sailings and other incidental ers in the handling of their export ness. So-called patriotism may secure a al percentage of American foreign trade, uit will always be inconsequential as long s rests on this basis alone. We must uate private capital to the possibilities Merchant Marine based upon effective rce, just as we are educating private pal in the commercial aspects of air-a.

f American shipping cannot be encourge and developed by private American pal to the point where it is worthy to take s ghtful place side by side with foreign le hant Marines, then it is not a business in hi we as individuals or as a Government od engage. If foreign capital is more ourful than ours, if foreign ingenuity is eer, then we should gracefully withdraw on the struggle for supremacy of the seas ndurn our foreign business over to foreign pal to handle as it sees fit.

ut there are few who do not believe hathe problem can be solved. An Ameri-anMerchant Marine is so valuable aside roi its commercial use that a solution must ndwill be found. It is undisputed that hel is a close relationship between our Me hant Marine and our national defense. Of urse, the mere possession of a large lee of commercial vessels does not of itself make a successful Merchant Marine. We must form a business contact through the medium of a world-wide organization by means of agencies for collecting and distributing cargoes, and there must be above everything else a reliable and regular operation. This same fleet, so serviceable in times of peace, would be a valuable adjunct to our navy in time of war, and the higher efficiency we can bring it to in time of peace, the more readily can it be converted to war purposes should occasion require.

We need what is called 'trade good will,' and nothing fosters good will better than an excellent, well-manned Merchant Marine. It is merely a question of organization and the constant and intelligent use of governmental facilities abroad. True, the investment involves some element of chance, but in this respect it does not differ from business in general. Subsidy may start a business, but from a psychological standpoint it has one deterrent feature—*it suggests a lessening of energy, just a little lack in bringing to the job all the ingenuity and intelligence it requires.*

Through our consular agencies abroad, through a campaign to secure the coöperation of our banks abroad and in this country, we could, with a closer knowledge of conditions in this country, place ourselves in a better position than foreign banks or foreign agencies could give us, and could render far better service to American shipping interests in foreign countries than foreign shipping interests do at the present time. Many of the factors such as marine insurance, through bills of lading, terminal facilities, as well as the construction of certain types of vessels, enter into the problems, but all of these combined do not make the difficulties insurmountable.

AFTER all, subsidy or no subsidy, the real method of securing business in competition with the other fellow is to give as good or better service than he gives; to follow every trail where business leads; to establish good will through uniform courtesy, combined with genteel yet thorough aggressiveness; to acquire a sense of service superior to that with which we are in competition; to adjust our shipping facilities to every requirement of shippers rather than to establish an inflexible standard which restricts rather than enlarges our business expansion. American capital may be slow to appreciate its opportunity, but that it will eventually respond is a foregone conclusion. American industry can teach us much.

We must save American industry all we can. To do this we must get away from the old method of handling goods only when boxed, and we must encourage shipments either loose or packed at such a slight expense as to save millions to our American manufacturers. We may require new and improved handling apparatus, but it will come only as the demand for it accumulates.

We must be superior to foreign shipping companies in the handling of all our products. We must take up with other countries the question of modifying their customs acts to permit entry of loose and unboxed materials. And we must first of all build our ships with this class of material in mind. Millions upon millions of dollars will be saved to American shippers when a plan of this kind has materialized.

The chief trouble with most of the fleet of merchant ships remaining after the war and now being scrapped is that they are totally unfit for American tonnage. Hurriedly built, they served their purpose during the war, but as the basis for peace-time commercial activities they are concrete instances of what ship bottoms should *not* be. They are at best a nucleus for an adequate Merchant Marine, but not one to be particularly proud of.

BUT all signs point to some definite plan at a time not far distant. The series of hearings instituted by the United States Shipping Board some weeks ago and now in progress throughout the country should develop what our shipping needs are, and should form the basis for legislative action which shall be the means of realizing the loftiest ideals which we as an American people have had for the maintenance of our commercial supremacy upon the seven seas.

These hearings are pursuant to a resolution passed by the United States Senate and calling for a comprehensive and concrete plan for building up and maintaining an adequate Merchant Marine for commerce and national security with two plans in mind, one through private capital and under private ownership, and another through construction, operation and ownership by the Government.

The prevailing idea may possibly embody the first plan with Government supervision, and a serious attempt may be made to secure a direct Government subsidy. At any rate one consoling thought is that as this report must be submitted to the Senate not later than January 1, 1927, it will be seen that whatever is evolved must take some form within the next few months. Regardless of the plan arrived at, American shipping will have much to gain and little to lose. It is an American problem and must be solved by American brains and financed by American dollars. It will not develop without effort nor will it meet American approval until it arrives at a stage of perfection where it will fulfill every demand of American business.

Our Merchant Marine will come only in proportion as we analyze the needs of our foreign commerce. *It will come just as soon as we are able to shape a definite national policy, and adhere to it long enough to make it effective.* The question should not be a political one. It is purely economic and should be so treated. Once start business upon a wholesome, permanent basis, nourish it with prudence and caution, watch over it carefully and intelligently, and there need be no fear of its ultimate outcome. American shipping is no exception.

We have much to learn from the eighty-year-old Shanghai invader, who, undaunted by previous refusals, climbed flights of stairs on a hot summer day to seek out business for his unsubsidized ships. When we in turn have finally applied the ordinary rules of business to our shipping problem, when we have exercised the courage and foresight which has inspired other lines of business, we will witness from what now seems chaos, the birth of an American Merchant Marine worthy of the name, with ships built not only for our commercial needs but fast enough to be valuable auxiliaries as a national defense, with trade routes to the farthermost corners of the earth, and with the idea not alone of competing with our foreign neighbors, but of rendering the highest possible service to mankind.

Lighting the Corners of the Seas

A Tale of the Thrilling Deeds That Men of the United States Lighthouse Service Perform

By GEORGE F. PAUL

SO GREAT a span of the earth's surface intervenes between Boston and Honolulu that when the rising sun dims the rays of Boston Light, a mariner on the bridge of his ship approaching Hawaii will be checking his position by the far-flung brilliant flashes of Molokai Light in the tropic blackness of early night. Yet great as is the span of distance, even greater is that of time and progress which separates the initial beacon of tallow candles first displayed in Boston Light half a century before the Boston Tea Party and the blinding illumination of Molokai's vapor light, a station hardly more than christened when Boston Light celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary in 1918.

This progress is a measure of the memorable career of the United States Lighthouse Service, and a token of the far-reaching benefits and progress attributed to that oldest federal service. Among the first acts of the first Congress in 1789 was the organization of the Lighthouse Service and the appointment of a superintendent of lighthouses. He was Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury. From the first superintendent, with his eight, candle-lighted lighthouses, we pass to the present nineteen superintendents under the direction of the Commissioner of Lighthouses, in the Department of Commerce, whose combined jurisdictions control 17,000 aids to navigation on a coast line of 40,000 miles. And as though to refute the claims of lineage and aristocracy of age, this honorable service has erected in Hawaii, the latest territory to join the sisterhood of the Union, numerous monuments to its advancement in science, which rank with the finest in the world. Molokai Light darts out its dazzling rays of 620,000 candle power to ships 35 miles away, and there is Makapuu with its hyperradiant lens, the largest in the United States.

Wherever ships approach the land there must be buoys, lighthouses and other warnings of danger and guides to harbors. On the coast of the United States this is the responsibility of the United States Lighthouse Service. With improvements in harbors and increase in commerce must come new and improved aids to navigation, while existing stations must be kept in uninterrupted operation 365 nights a year. In these Hawaiian waters, the lights at the crossroads are the guideposts to innumerable wayfarers and must be kept burning

The sites for light stations and fog signal stations are invariably located at the most isolated or treacherous points, to warn of hidden dangers or to serve as guideposts. Many stations are so inaccessible that keepers there are not permitted to have their families with them by reason of the hardships and of dangers which illness might bring. Such keepers are compensated by shore leave with their families equivalent to about three months a year. There are cases, nevertheless, notably on the Alaskan coast, so completely isolated that keepers who go there must remain continuously for three years.

Often such stations are hazardous of access from the sea. They must be supplied periodically with oil, coal and other supplies. For the dual purpose of supplying light stations and of handling buoys, a fleet of vessels, lighthouse tenders, is maintained. The officers and crews of these vessels constitute a class of seafaring men as unique as the renowned Gloucester fishermen. The prime requisite of a lighthouse tender is to flirt with shoals and reefs and to effect shore landings through surf and well-nigh insurmountable obstacles that to every other class of vessel form the category of things to be avoided as death. They must be manned by men who are accustomed to maneuver in tight places and to meet every emergency with hesitating skill.

In this country lighthouses have not b operated for gain, but have always b maintained for the common benefit commerce. Unlike most foreign count today which collect tolls from all ves using their ports for the purpose of ma taining aids to navigation, the Uni States maintains its lighthouses and ot aids free to all the shipping of the wo No other country has so many lighthou so many buoys, light vessels, fog sign or other aids to navigation.

Many think the Lighthouse Service operated by the navy. Up to about time of the Civil War it was administe by the Secretary of the Treasury. Then Lighthouse Board took charge. In 19 through the initiative of President T there was created the Bureau of Lighthou under the Department of Commerce. superintendents of lighthouses, each charge of one of the nineteen districts, all technical men, for this service dema men with scientific and engineering traini

An incident illustrative of the haza of attending to lights in Hawaiian water the following:

The superintendent aboard the lig house tender, *Kukui*, is nearing the com tion of his semiannual inspection. He been thus engaged for ten days. On trip supplies have been delivered to stati where keepers live, all gas buoys and lighted buoys have been relieved, and automatic, unattended, gas-lighted sh stations have been recharged with cleaned and painted.

The tender is approaching Kukuih Light about noon, having attended the station to the south at daybreak.

—Keystone

Tenders lighting a gas buoy in the face of a heavy snowstorm

Kauiki Light, equipped with a sun-valve for extinguishing the light during daylight.

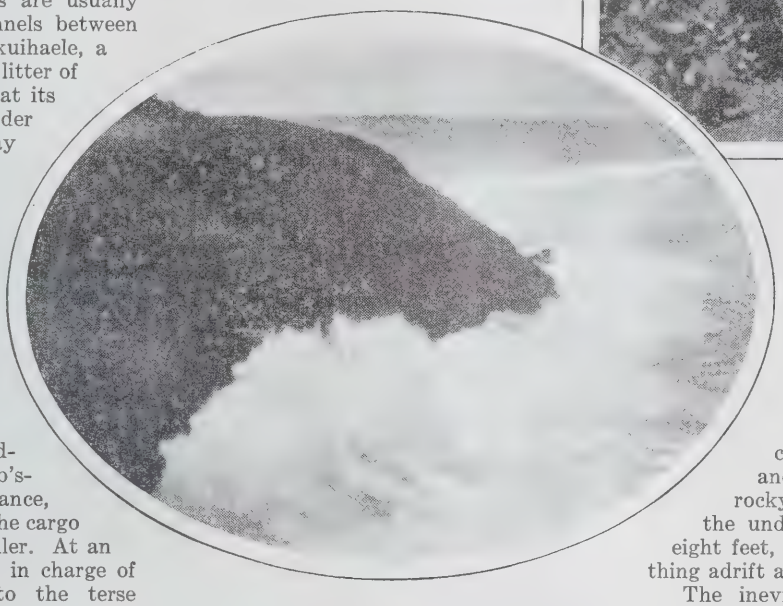
rtheast trade wind is blowing, giving to te vessel an easy roll and pitch as she meets te sea on her starboard bow. The waters ound the Hawaiian Islands are usually rgh, especially in the channels between te islands. Arrived off Kukuihaele, a ld cliff 150 feet high, with a litter of ulders and rock fragments at its se churned to a foam, the tender ws down to mere steerageway a a cargo boat is let fall from te davits. Fending off from te ship's side, the crew of te cargo boat receives the terials needed for te relief and overhaul of te station, working in the sing boat close to the ling, heaving vessel with a ease that would be re-rkable except for the ex-tness of the men. When the at is all ready, the superintend-e clambers down the Jacob's-der and, watching his chance, jmps into the sternsheets as the cargo at rises to the crest of a roller. At an der from the second officer, in charge of th boat, and responsive to the terse Hawaiian from the old coxswain, a native wo has handled the steering sweep of this at for eighteen years, they cast off and sare away for the shore.

Rounding a short rocky spit, the boat sweeps in with the seas toward an old, dnolished concrete landing pier, formerly uid for shipping sugar, now displaced by a aerial cableway reaching to mooring irthe sea. Several rocky projections skirt th pier. When a few boat lengths away, th coxswain drops an anchor over the stn of the cargo boat and pays out a mooring line to be used in holding off from th rocks and breakers. Watching his chnce, the coxswain, with a turn of the stn anchor line over a cleat, holds the bat's nose just clear of the breakers. Two oasmen are alert to his orders; other oars ai shipped. Following the smashing turmil of a series of high waves called 'the siers,' which recur at more or less regular inervals, the boat suddenly surges in close tothe rocks and the bow oarsman leaps stefootedly to the slippery rock, carrying th painter mooring line with him.

Under the double control of bow and stern lines, the boat is now held on and off with the intermittent seas and one after another the occupants leap to the rocks, scrambling out of reach of the seas, except the coxswain and one or two seamen who remain to handle the boat and supplies. With painstaking effort the unloading begins and is continued with interruptions for an hour while the boat surges now out to avoid the breakers, now in for hurried hard work at discharging the cargo. At last the coxswain is left alone to haul the boat out over the stern anchor clear of the breakers, where he drops a fish line overboard and thenceforth conducts his operations as though he had four hands and several more than two eyes.

Two hours later the shore party comes back loaded with equipment. The superintendent has completed his inspection, the equipment and intricate mechanism of the station have been tested and adjusted, new gas tanks have been installed, metal work chipped and repainted, and everything left shipshape. If a new sun valve or new illuminating apparatus has been installed, doubtless the district mechanician has been present to do it. The watchful eye of the district superintendent is sure to detect errors or faulty moves, for these men must be past masters of all these details, accustomed to initiating and developing the plans for all installations of any character, whether mechanical, electrical, solar, gas-operated, light or sound-producing, or radio.

For embarkation, the coxswain eases in his heaving boat, his fish line now in the bottom of the boat with some good-looking fish flopping in the coils. At last everything is stowed and everyone aboard except the bow oarsman, who has tossed the painter into the boat and awaits her last surge toward him to make his get-away. In comes the boat with a rush but the man remains where he is. Something has happened,

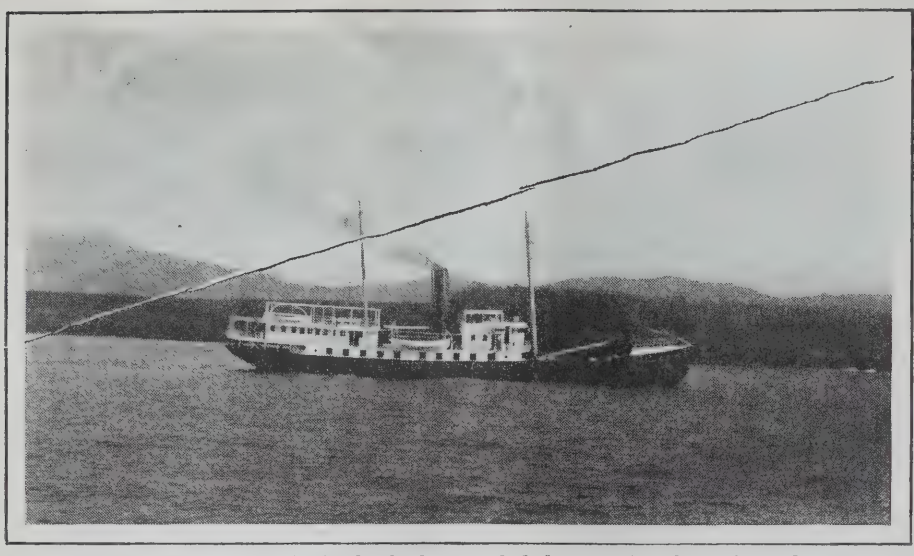


These views illustrate the extremes of landing conditions, and the mighty power of wind and wave. Above is shown the landing for Kilauea Point Light Station, in calm weather, with derrick and hoist situated 90 feet above water level. The same place, from a different angle, during heavy weather, appears in the oval. The crest of the breaking sea is fifteen feet higher than the foot of the derrick.

one of those unexpected freaks of the sea. A sudden cross surge has caught the bow and in an instant swerves it on to a rocky ledge just as the out rush of the undertow drops the stern six or eight feet, so she stands upended, everything adrift and everyone clutching the air.

The inevitable follows when the sea rushes in to swamp the boat. Hopelessly jumbled in the foaming breaker, heads, arms, oars, boxes and what not churn around the heavy boat. Up bobs the superintendent from beneath the brine, his head and shoulders streaming red. A nimble Hawaiian, as truly amphibian as a seal, grabs him. Others, some on the rocks, some astern, right the boat on the next sea. Some note the chief and shake their heads with a mutter; a cracked crown for sure. Sooner than one would believe, this heavy oaken boat is afloat at her stern anchor again, lusty arms bailing her out. The superintendent comes to life in a startling fashion and clambers aboard the sternsheets.

'That bucket of red paint landed square on my head,' he says and wipes the mixed paint and brine from his hair. This gets a big laugh, interrupted by a yell from two castaways still on the rocks. A derisive chorus from the boat tells them to jump and swim for it, which they presently do, scrambling a moment later, dripping and spluttering, over the side of the boat. Some of the oars and floating articles are



The lighthouse tender 'Kukui.' Once, with decks covered thickly with ice, she rode out a 75-mile hurricane for three days at fifteen degrees below zero.

recovered, then with jokes and laughter the return to the ship is made. Another trip follows, to recover some of the heavy steel tanks sunk in shallow water. And that is that—all in a day's work.

In time of war the President is empowered to order employes and vessels and equipment of the Lighthouse Service for duty on the combatant arms. The Lighthouse Service has taken an active and honorable part in all the wars of the United States. During the World War, lighthouse tenders set all the submarine nets off our principal harbors, set mines, set special buoys for war purposes, patrolled for submarines, helped vessels attacked by submarines, and performed many other services. One lightship on the Atlantic was sunk by gunfire from a raiding German submarine when the crew of the lightship tried to send radio warnings of the submarine's presence. Many employes of this service resigned during the war to enter the army or navy. Superintendent Tinkham was a captain of engineers in the navy, having resigned his post in the Lighthouse Service, while stationed in Alaska.

These instances may serve to indicate the scope of the work of the Lighthouse Service. Truly it is difficult to place a value on its real worth to commerce and to the traveling public. An Assistant Secretary of Commerce said recently:

'If the Lighthouse Service should suspend its operations for one day, it would be the same in its relative effect upon the country as the stoppage of all the railroads.'

Broken Promises in Palestine

(*Concluded from page 7*)

gone through the Arabs would have been expected to pay the greatest proportion of the interest. Behind these same doors, the Jewish-British administration has complete power to remove civil and military officials, and this has been used constantly, as in the case of Fuad, to make the proportion of Jewish officials greater than that of Moslems or even British. Even the stately ways of Justice are known to be shady bypaths under the guidance of the Jewish authorities!

Still, the Arabs are a patient people. For hundreds of years they have been politically under the domination of Constantinople, although under a system of representative government. They might have accepted the new rulers in spite of their hopeful fight for freedom, and gone back to their crooked plows, black tents and blue desert hills, had it not been for the attitude that the new rulers assumed toward them.

Backed by the British, the Jews regard the Arabs as unreasonably childish people with unreasonable demands.

The nations not long ago expressed their faith in the Arabs of Iraq and Trans-Jordania when they recognized them as independent countries under Emir Feisal and King Hussein, and members of the League of Nations. The Palestinian population is every bit as capable of governing itself as their blood brothers across the border.

Arabs are divided into three classes: the *fellaheen*, or farmers, who have tilled the same strips of land for generations on end and who live together for protection in squat mud villages perched illogically on rocky rises in the midst of their farms; the *madaniyeeh*, or townsmen, who are generally a mixture of every race under the sun, and give the conventional tourist his idea of the race—mercenary, tricky, and colossal liars; and lastly, the *Bedouin*, the nomads, who form by far the greater part of the population, and are the pure Arab.

The poorer Bedouins live in scraggly black tents in the brown hills, tending their flocks of black goats on the steep hillsides. The wealthier Bedouins live in tribes in the desert east of Gaza, their wealth and best friends being their pure-bred Arabian horses and their racing dromedaries. It is true that an Arab will never sell his mare, although stallions are occasionally given away as a mark of great favor. The only way that the mares and dromedaries are exchanged is by the frequent and exciting process of raids among the tribes. This is the quickest way, surely, of increasing the wealth of a tribe!

The British are policing the desert rather thoroughly now, however, and the tribes have been very quiet of late. T governor of Lower Palestine, a you Syrian, has under him six hundred men swift horses to see that his unruly charg pay their taxes on time and keep on th own patch of desert.

The Bedouin, too, is the soul of hon and hospitality is almost a religion with hi If his worst enemy should by any chan eat of his salt, and thus become a guest his house, he will entertain him royally three days, and then provide him a suita escort on his homeward journey. A Bedo will keep his given word at the expense his life, and this is one of the reasons w the Arabs are so sure that the land sho be theirs, according to the promises of t British.

IF THE Bedouin is about to attack an one, the victim can usually save hims by saying '*dakhilak*,' which means, 'I ha taken refuge with you.' One of the Americ colony told us a story of a Bedouin who four years had been following a blo enemy of his who had killed his father in raid. Finally he traced him to a cave in low bluff in the wide, dry Jordan valle He crept up to the door of the cave, nea pinioned the man, and was about to d patch him neatly when the victim of t sacrifice forgot his appointed rôle, a cried '*Dakhilak!*' The first Arab straig ened up, sheathed his dagger, and sa 'Your life is yours.'

While the enemy was groveling thanks, the first Arab noticed a poison snake of the region gliding swiftly towa them. It poised to strike. The man mad sudden movement with his hands; the sna darted forward biting the kneeling man the back of the neck. As the enemy w dying, the first Arab said to him, 'I ga you your life, but Allah has taken it aw My revenge is satisfied!'

The Bedouins are gloriously vain. Wh they come to town on Thursday, which market day, they wear their bright striped *abayehs*, and snowiest *kufiehs*, headcloths, and their carved dagger shea are polished dazzlingly. They stride throu the bazaars, reeking of scent, looki neither to right nor left, *abas* of red or gr or yellow thrown arrogantly over shoulder, swinging with each long st

ALL that is needed to start complete Arabian rebellion in Palestine great occasion, or a great leader, such Lawrence, who will unite them in th common purpose, in spite of age-old bl feuds between the tribes.

When Balfour visited Palestine ear in the year, many people felt that this the great occasion needed to set off tinder. But the Arabs were not ready; t still resisted passively by declaring a day mourning, closing all shops and baza As yet there is no leader in Palesti Possibly if the Syrian rebellion under Druses reaches any great degree of succ the Arabs of Palestine may try their h at pot-shotting the Jews.

At any rate, it is self-evident tha government of a seething, hating mass by arrogant hated handful of usurpers will last, even when it is sponsored by the lightened British Cabinet at 10 Down Street. Britain is holding the Jew on to a powder house, and the Jew, faceti newcomer, spends his time playfully fli ing matches off the roof.

The Other Side of Fifty Years Ago

(Concluded from page 12

Two others of the enemy visited us at t Louis on their return from Uncle hard's military funeral: General Sher- n and General Winfield B. Hancock.

'So you are a Kentucky Breckenridge,' eral Sherman said, taking my mother the hand—my wearing the family name laimed the fact. 'All rank rebels!' is smile was no tinge of malice.

She spoke of the family conviction that le Richard should not have been sent rmed to parley with desperate Modocs.

'A necessity of war!' His tone of calm clusiveness left nothing to be added. same thing about the march through rgia: 'A necessity of war.' So far as I w then, no one questioned the necessity ar itself.

When I was old enough for reflection it ened the war had ended but yesterday, n ended so unfortunately that perhaps t yet something might be done. It was ays 'the Civil War' in our house. I ld no sooner have said 'rebellion' than n.' But slavery we did not want back. thought too much of my mother's ue, though it was twenty years since my mother had seen her. From hearing ften about black Sarah I could visualize as distinctly as if I had been back there, n of my mother's little brothers, listening grotesque and terrifying tales. Back e I saw myself, thirty years before I born, drinking in such awesome words s, He ran and the forty-foot ran, he ran n the forty-foot ran . . . '

A mine of rich romance was Sarah, with inexhaustible tales, her fund of rollicking humor—but a romance that did not well. For when the family moved to llois she just had to be sold. So for the scene in the story of Sarah, she was but to be taken to her new master. The s were rolling down her cheeks, her ils were gripping the bedpost to keep screams, and my mother was standing e heartbroken, a little Kentucky girl.

There was a book—I gathered, a very bjectionable book—that had caused a t deal of hard feeling on the subject; ook that never showed its face in our ne: *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it was called.

Although,' my mother conceded, 'I w some things . . . But they were ceptional cases.'

One of these exceptional cases—'For the most part, the slaves were kindly ted, even spoiled'—came under my ther's observation when still a child. A friend once took her for a walk and was strolling beside her, smiling and chatting lightly until—

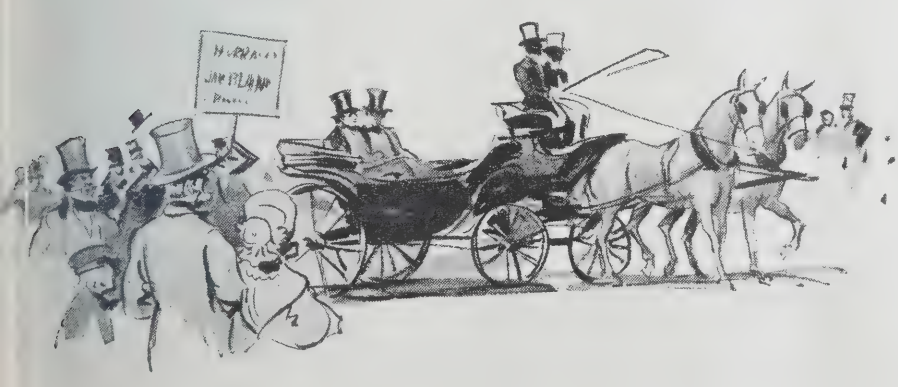
'Wait for me here, darling; don't stir from the spot till I come back.' Pretty, daintily dressed, she passed through the trees out of sight.

Now, to be told to stand immovable in a footpath by one however pretty or daintily dressed put spurs to my mother. Accordingly she slipped through the wood till she came upon an obscure hut. Was her friend hiding inside? Too young as yet to appreciate the obligation of setting a mother's example, she peeped through a chink in the wall of logs, to be transfixed with horror. A black woman, stripped to the waist, was being furiously lashed by the charming lady who had been waiting the convenience of such time as she could properly attend to her prisoner.

During the National Democratic Convention at St. Louis in 1876, excitement was intense. I was only six, but surely no one was more enthusiastic. I grew as familiar with Tilden's name and, presently, with the name of Hayes, as if they belonged to our church over on 17th and Olive. The Joint High Commission surely held its meeting just around the corner. A bad mess they made of it! To me a 'Democrat' was a man always right who couldn't get anywhere. How well I remember my bewilderment on learning that Tilden had not wished success to the Southern Cause—that he was that curious Centaur, half-man, half-beast, known as a 'Northern Democrat,' as one should say, a diving bird, a flying fish.

For me, the Lost Cause! It was the man in gray, going down to defeat before the more powerful man in blue, who attained the poetic glamour of the Scottish Chiefs, the mellowness of romance that belongs only to unfinished dreams.

There was so much talk about the currency in our home, that it never occurred to me we didn't have as much of it as we wanted. On our tongues, 'greenbacks,' 'inflation,' and 'redeemable certificates' were as common as the weather. I was as accustomed to the 'Tweed Ring' and 'Credit Mobilier' as to 'Antigone' which my father was translating from the original for a magazine. I was perfectly aware that not only had Horace Greeley said, 'Go West, young man,' but that he'd been a bitter pill to us Southern Democrats. We had stood behind his back, but with tears in our eyes. As for 'old' Carl Schurz—was he ever young?

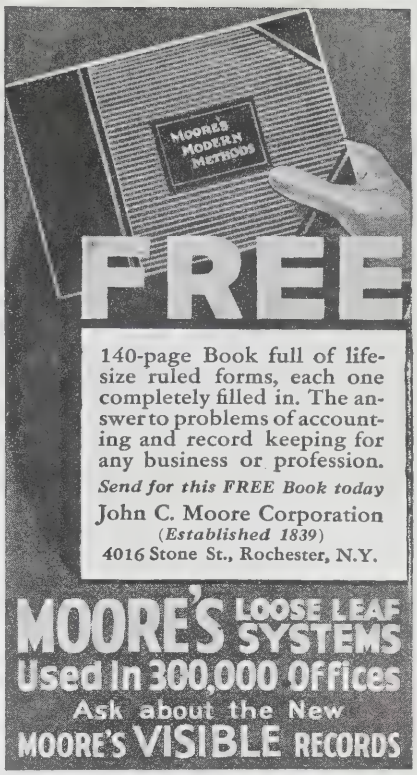


—he was 'for' Hayes: that settled him.

Those were the days when nobody believed one man was as good as another; you took a side, then. But often, to my childish mind, issues were sadly confused. Some of my Southern kin had freed their slaves before the war and paid wages to such blacks as refused freedom. Not a soul at 1706 Chestnut but was glad slavery was over. And yet the word 'Abolitionist' was always spoken in a lowered tone as one should say, 'the devil.' And look at the 'Tweed Ring.' Its enormity was discovered and proclaimed by Benjamin F. Bristow. He fought it so hard that he almost got himself into the President's chair (how I should have liked to see that chair!). He was our own 'Cousin Ben Frank,' and we knew him to be a 'Black Republican.'

Also there was my brother coming home after his first few weeks at the public school ('where he should never have been sent'), his eyes big, his voice hushed—

'Mamma! Did your people fight against my country's flag?'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Verses That Lincoln Wrote

(*Continued from page 5*)

greatly enjoyed music such as he could appreciate. I have heard Philip Philips tell of Lincoln's admiration for the hymn *Your Mission* and have seen in his possession Lincoln's written request that he repeat it. He loved such music. He loved negro minstrels, a boisterous but wholesome form of amusement, and it was in them that he first heard and always loved *Dixie*.

He had an excellent ear for rhythm, and an almost faultless ear for rhyme. He had a good degree of skill in poetic expression, if that term may be understood within the limits of what he considered poetry.

Where did he get his poetic forms, his meters, his moulds for his poetic composition?

The answer is plain; he got them from the hymns of his boyhood. All the preachers, however illiterate, knew the distinctions of meter. They were accustomed to announce that a given hymn was 'sung to the use of common meter,' or it might be, long meter or short meter. None of these meters ran into pentameter or hexameter. They were trimeter or tetrameter or combinations of these. In these three forms, each foot had two syllables, one long and one short. Short-meter stanzas had four lines, three feet in the first, second and fourth, and four feet in the third lines: in other words the syllables were 6, 6, 8, 6. Common meter was an alternation of tetrameter and trimeter, 8, 6, 8, 6. Long meter was made up of four feet in each of its four lines, 8, 8, 8, 8.

IN Lincoln's attempts at poetry these forms are used. The predominant form was common meter.

I wonder to what tune he mentally sang his lines? If he had written in short meter, the tune would have been that of *Wicked Polly*. But when he sang to his own muse in common meter, what tune hummed as an accompaniment through his mind? Probably the old tune *China*. No other tune has been used in so many funerals in the United States. It was more popular in its day than *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere* will ever be. That also was in three-four time, with many slurs as written and many more as sung:

'Why do we mourn departing friends?'

All of the lines we are now to consider are in this meter. Some lines attributed to him we are not sure about, but of the longer poems there is no question.

There exists in the collection of Oliver R. Barrett the original manuscript of eight lines in Lincoln's handwriting, which, so far as is known, is his own composition. It is written in a melancholy mood characteristic not only of his own feeling in matters of this kind but also that of his time:

Time! what an empty vapor 'tis!
And days how swift they are:
Swift as an Indian arrow—
Fly on like a shooting star!

The present moment just is here,
Then slides away in haste,
That we can never say they're ours,
But only say they're past.

If this is indeed Lincoln's, it is crude in form and expression compared with lines he later wrote. The mood, the thought, are quite akin to his own, but the literary form is inferior to what we find later.

LINCOLN'S most serious attempt at poetry on his own account was made after his visit to Indiana in the autumn of 1844. He made his journey in the interests of the presidential candidacy of Henry Clay. The political speeches which he delivered took him through the southern part of the state and brought him to his old home. He tells the story in the letter to Andrew Johnston, who had been a lawyer in Illinois but had removed to Richmond, Virginia: 'In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that state in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years. That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter.'

The first poem which he sent to Mr. Johnston from Tremont, Illinois, where Lincoln was attending court, was dated April 18, 1846, and this is the 'poem':

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seen hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes, that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We're known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell,
How naught from death could save
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

Soon after the first letter he wrote to Johnston again, May 7, 1846, and sent him the next canto of his poem. His letter and poem follow:

'Friend Johnston: You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another sometime. I now fulfill the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of the rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind,
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined:

How then you strove and shrieked aloud
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared;

And begged and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined!
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and lone
Time soothe thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Has streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
That raised thee o'er the brute;
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strains
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More thou the cause
Than subject now of woe.
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.

In the autumn of 1844, Lincoln's speeches took him through Southern Indiana and brought him to his old home.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
And leave him lingering here?

'If I should ever send another, the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."
'Yours as ever
A. Lincoln.'

The other poem called the 'Bear Hunt' to which he refers in his second Johnston letter was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* in February, 1925, with an introductory article by Charles T. White of the New York *Tribune*. This is the longest of all the poems of Lincoln, twenty-two stanzas in length.

A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with tear
And bears preyed on the swine.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled *rough*.

On press his foes, and reach the ground
Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around
And find his fresh-made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
Bear shuns the open ground,
Through matted vines he shapes his track,
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice
Now speeds him, as the wind;

While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar—

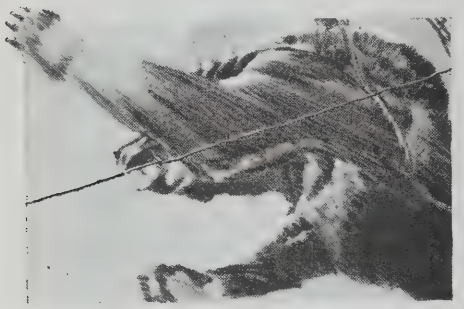
And round and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from the track
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new fired by the sight
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away,
And circling now the wrathful bear
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
'Whoop!' 'Take him, Tiger!' 'Seize him, Drum!'
Bang—bang! the rifles go!



And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart—
Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies!

And now a dinsome clamor rose,—
'But who should have his skin?'
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows
This prize must always win.

But, who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,—
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly *argufy*.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair
Brim-full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
And shakes for life and death—

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
That he has won the skin!

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceited quite as you.

It goes without saying that none of this poetry of Abraham Lincoln had any literary value, but it is of value to us in connection with a study of what Lincoln considered poetry. He had a good ear for rhythm and his rhymes were accurate. Moreover his work was painstaking. His stanzas were in the familiar tetrameter and trimeter form. Lincoln would have called it common meter. Much common meter poetry is content with one rhyme in each stanza, the end of the second and fourth lines rhyming, but Lincoln almost without exception rhymed the first and third as well as the second and fourth. In all the forty-three stanzas of these three cantos there is only one exception to this rule. That is in the second stanza where he had a figure of speech that seemed to him so fine he sacrificed his rhyme to the figure!

'O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.'

He employed several figures of speech, similes and metaphors and they were rather well chosen.

Of course his rhymes followed his pronunciation. The verbs 'rear' and 'tear' rhyme with 'bear.' Most of Lincoln's neighbors would have said that 'the b'ar would r'ar and t'ar.' Lincoln pronounced 'bear' correctly, but the two verbs rhymed with this noun. Considering his pronunciation his rhymes were almost perfect.

This does not prove that Lincoln was in any true sense a poet. He was not, but he had some elements of the poet in his make-up. We do not know that he gratified his love for this form of expression in the composition of other jingles. So far as we are informed, this threefold attempt to ride Pegasus and go a-wooing of the Muses was his last. Lincoln was himself not much of a hunter. When a boy he shot a wild turkey with a rifle, but after that he never felt like pulling the trigger on wild game but he delivered with real zest and ardor the story of the bear hunt of which he must have been a witness.

Lincoln really hoped that his poems would be published and gave Johnston permission to publish them in a letter from which the following is quoted: 'I am not at all displeased with your proposal to publish the poetry, or doggerel, or whatever else it may be called, which I sent you. I consent that it may be done. Whether the prefatory remarks in my letter shall be published with the verses, I leave entirely to your discretion; but let names be suppressed by all means. I have not sufficient hope of the verses attracting any favorable notice to tempt me to risk being ridiculed for having written them.'

A moment's notice of the 'moral' of the third and longest of this trilogy may close this article. It relates to the 'fice.' A 'fice' is a small, nervous dog. The adjective applied to some meddlesome, irritable people, 'ficety' is an accurate description. A 'fice' is a valuable dog in hunting a bear, for he gives an irritating bark, and a quick snap, and is gone before the clumsy bear can strike, while a large dog is often killed by bruin. Still, it is a ridiculous sight, wh the bear is dead, to see the insignifica 'fice' approach, growl, seize the dead be and shake himself in an attempt to sha the carcass, and thus proclaim himself t dog that killed the bear. Lincoln had w nessed that trait in human life, and afforded him occasion for a rather saluta lesson in this mirthful form.

These 'poems' are not great literatu and I do not know that anyone has ev given them a worthier name than dogger But I think them rather better than dc gerel. And I am glad that the last a longest of them was not a poem of m ancholy.

Coin Collecting—a Neglected Hobby

(*Concluded from page 13*)

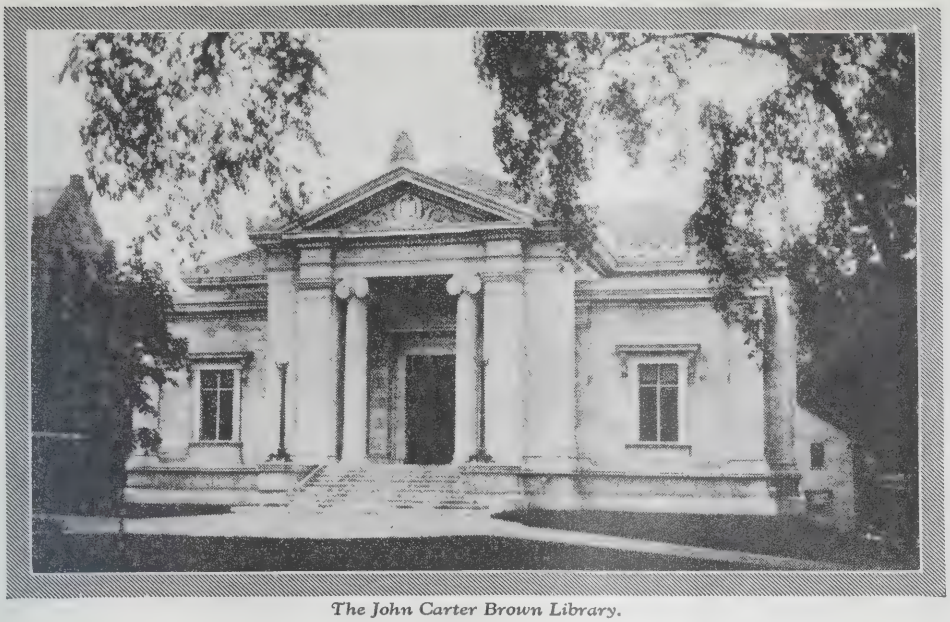
Through little-traveled byways the tr leads, possibly to a 'find,' but more often disappointment, because the layman h an exaggerated idea of the value of t old and thinks if he possesses a coin hundred years old it ought to be worth mint in new money.

I have followed the rumor of old coi to its lair, have interviewed reluct owners, who looked at me with cold su picion and took me for a highwayman wh I told them their treasures were worthl and refused even to make a bid for them.

A short time ago a farmer sent me registered package of coins to look ov but informed me that no offer for less th $500 would be acceptable, since some of t coins were so old that they did not ev have dates. After spending three or fo hours looking over the accumulation I c cided that if I offered to pay twenty-fi cents a pound for them I would be cheati myself. When I returned the coins, i cidentally at my own expense, positive refusing to buy any and informed the own of their real value, I received a letter return mail that expressed the opinion th I had studied under Captain Kidd or o of his brother pirates.

In another instance a gentleman i formed me that he had some coins which might sell if I bid enough for them. Sin he lived in another state, too far away get there on ten gallons of gas, I wrote h to send the coins for inspection. I receiv the reply that the collection consisted o silver dollar eighty years old and twen one-cent pieces almost a hundred years o but that he would not trust any man w them, no matter how well recommend suggesting, however, that I could come him and he *might* show them to me. decided that I would not further put h into temptation.

What is the lure of the little pieces paper called postage stamps? Why did wealthy collector of Utica send an age all the way to Paris simply to gain 'one-cent red' of British Guiana, 185 What prompted collectors to bid $20,0 then $30,000, then $32,000, finally $32,5 for this rarity? Facts like this indic philately's grip on the hearts and mir of kings and children, financiers a coal-heavers, all over the world. There fun, exercise and sometimes a little pro in coin and stamp collecting.



The John Carter Brown Library.

A Treasury of Books

The John Carter Brown Library

By MAY B. WHITING

IN JOHN CARTER BROWN LIBRARY
nvers are given
o questions re-
a ing anything
r ted before
8 which relates
o merica.

When, in 1740,
Nicolas Brown,
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a ous Brown
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sland, became
o essor of the
ecretary's Guide
r Young Man's
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re his name on
h flyleaf, he
oubtless did not
rem that he was
t ting what
o d later be one
f he oldest li-
ra es in Amer-
a

ut Nicholas
rown, his son,
es s to have had the makings of a real
ollector, for he got together no small
mount of the popular literature of his time,
no ly sermons, and his son, a third Nicholas,
eg n in his twenties to buy the classics and
te ture of the Old World, together with
or few books relating to America. But
ne grace of the older culture fascinated
in and the young collector decided to
ma e Italy his home. On departing, he
ol the American portion of his library
o s younger brother, John Carter.

When a very young man, John Carter
Br wn bought books of travel as they
pa ared in the booksellers' catalogs, and
no ed in their margin any reference to his
na ve state or its founder. And then, as
his study of the present leads to that of
the past, he began buying books like Anne
Bradstreet's *Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung up
in America,* or Ward's *Simple Cobbler of
Agawam,* until before long he discovered
that his chief interest lay in books relating
to America.

At Valencia there was a certain Obadiah
Rich, American consul and lover of books,
who occasionally would collect a trunk
full of old volumes and travel to London
visit them. He opened in London a book-
store of his own and issued a catalog of
books published on America for a hundred
years, beginning 1701.

Henry Stevens, of Vermont, seized the
Rich catalog as a cat pounces upon a mouse;
Mr Brown interleaved his copy, checked
off he books as he procured them, and on
blank pages added titles not included in
the list.

For Americana was becoming popular
as the world commenced to realize that the
new continent was a very considerable part
of it. A French scholar, Henri Terneaux,
working quietly and alone in his study, had
been surpassing both American and English
collectors, and, when his library came up for sale, Henry Stevens, of Vermont, was on the spot to secure for John Carter Brown some of the most important items.

This was a big gain for the Americana at Providence. All the great rival collections, except one, were dispersed at auction or became part of public libraries. James Lenox, of New York, continued to be the *bete noire,* and, at his death, the Lenox collection, now belonging to the New York Public Library, surpassed, in some important features, the Brown Americana.

Yet it was a fair and loyal rivalry, without personal animosity. Mr. Lenox was a friend of Mr. Brown, and his neighbor at Newport during the summer. Winters he enjoyed the advantages of a direct European mail from New York, and Mr. Brown was sometimes put to it to overcome this handicap.

Once, when he was at Saratoga, a catalog reached him, offering for sale the only known copy of the Dutch Vespuccius. Mr. Lenox had doubtless received that same catalog a day earlier, and quite likely his order was now on the Atlantic. Mr. Brown got in touch with a friend in New York who sent a cable to Amsterdam, and procured the book.

Henry Stevens, of Vermont, served also as European agent for Mr. Lenox and he sometimes had a difficult time of it between the two. On one occasion he purchased for Mr. Brown the only known perfect copy of the Pictorial Columbus, for which Mr. Lenox had sent in a bid. Now it happened that this was the very book that Mr. Lenox felt he could never have another happy day without, and, as a technical question arose as to which bidder it should go, Mr. Brown generously relinquished it. It was fifty years before another copy came on the market. Then Mr. Brown's son bought it and the gap in the collection was filled.

Many of the books could tell a story of their lives as strange as the adventures recorded in their pages. There is the only known perfect copy of the *Libretto,* giving the account of Columbus' third voyage, bought by a Florentine bookseller from a peasant and offered to the library by cable. There is a book bearing the queer, symbolic signature (although there is some possibility of its being a forgery) of Columbus, and another which belonged to his son, with his signature and record of his library. There are the books of the unhappy Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, the confidential letters of George Washington, and, with a curious human interest, his personal cashbook with entries up to a week or so before he died.

And the library itself, with all its strange and awesome books which it would seem no one in the world could read, is a very human place.

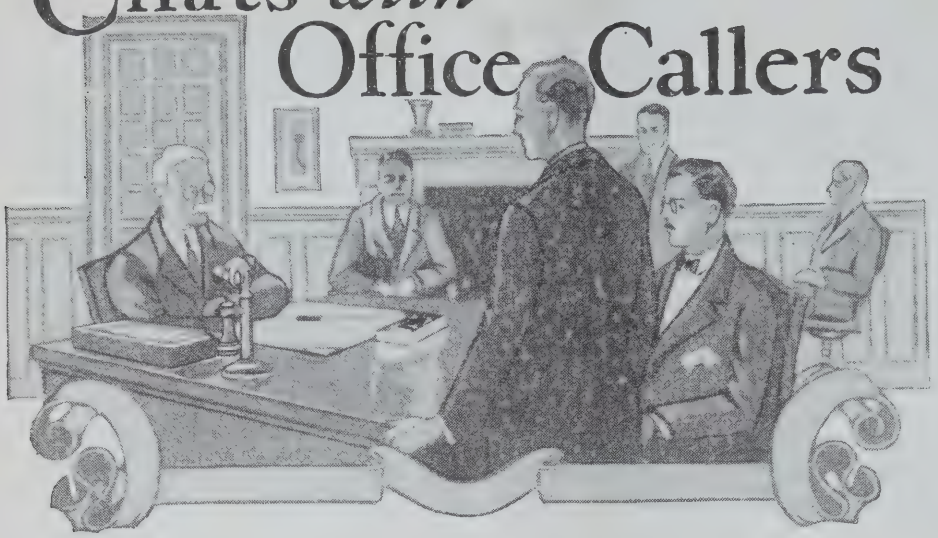
Pictures tell their story through the centuries more simply than do words, and the section of a Ptolemaic maps is most fascinating. There is the Old World atlas of 1472 with which Columbus was doubtless familiar, the atlas prepared by Agnesis at the command of Charles V, Holy Roman Emperor, for his son, Philip II, and the Waldsmüller Cosmographic Introduction with its notable suggestion that as both Europe and Asia were named for women, it was time mere man had a chance.

Champlain has left us a beautiful manuscript now in the John Carter Brown Library with plentiful illustrations drawn and colored by his own hand. In it we get some idea of how the new continent in all its pristine freshness looked to eyes fired with imagination and wonder of what the new discoveries might mean. In the same way the Bay Psalm Book, the first work of printing in the New World, shows us the religious fervor of the colonists and their starved desire for poetry.

With all its atrocious rhymes and horribly contorted phrases, it was so well loved that practically the whole edition was worn to shreds.

The copy in the John Carter Brown collection belonged to Richard Mather himself, the principal composer of the book, and, among bibliophiles, it is considered a treasure indeed.

Chats *with* Office Callers



From Maysville, Kentucky, comes a letter submitting an article on Clemenceau as the most remarkable of great men in the historical record because he retains his faculties at the age of eighty-five . . . But there have been others. What of Sophocles and of Humboldt and of Michelangelo who were going strong when they died at the age of ninety? What of Fabre? What of Hobbes who died when 92? And Diogenes, at 91? And Franklin, and Watt, and Talleyrand, and Herschel, at 84? And Hugo and Goethe, at 86? And Newton, at 80? And Buffon and Palmerston, at 81? And Galileo and Beranger, at 78?

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'To get more black flies in Greenland,' said ***the Geologist*** recently returned from the Arctic, 'it will be necessary to make the flies smaller. Throughout our entire inland trip it was necessary to wear head nets at all times. The mosquitoes seemed to disappear early in August, and I am quite willing to believe that the black flies crowded them out. . . . . But if the insects are unfriendly the Eskimos are decidedly the opposite. The Danish Government has been at pains to educate them and at the same time help them to retain their ancient customs. Schools have been established in which Eskimos are the teachers and lessons are given in their native tongue. If a native desires to learn Danish he will be taught the language, but no effort is made to cram such unwanted knowledge down his throat. As a result of this and other wise governmental moves on the part of Denmark, the Eskimos of Greenland are a happy, honest people, peaceful and on friendly terms with their governors and white visitors.

'We noticed particularly the absolute honesty of the Greenland native. Probably because the struggle for existence is acute within the arctic circle, their earliest traditions make personal property inviolable, and we were able in utmost safety to leave any part of our equipment in the open and unguarded over long periods. No Eskimo will touch an article which does not belong to him without the owner's approbation—something left on the ground is considered cached and is therefore taboo.'

The talk fell on archeological discoveries, lost civilizations and conquest, one day. ***The Explorer,*** who seemed to have been everywhere, and the man who seemed to have read everything relating to discoveries regarded ***the Book Reviewer*** with a certain astonishment. For the Reviewer was a man who liked his game and took things seriously. And he was full of Henry Dwight Sedgwick's book on Cortes the Conqueror, holding with his author that Cortes stood on a high plane as hero and civilization maker.

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The Explorer demurred. He pointed to the existence of monoliths, and to evidences of Aztec and Peruvian culture, and to recent archeological discoveries, and to the Maya calendar stones, saying that they gave abundant evidence of civilizations which had been wiped out by Spanish conquerors. He held that there had been destructive waves when martial people swept down upon quiet and unoffensive people, wiping out that which promised to grow into a civilization, and destroying ethical systems.

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The Bookman was full of facts. He held that the purpose of the Spanish conquerors under Cortes and Pizarro was no different from the purposes of pirates and buccaneers. To conquer and to destroy, to enslave, to enrich themselves at any cost, were their aims. They brought, not order, he held, but disorder, unrest, destruction. The governments for which they fought were seats of foul forms of corruption. And Spain and Portugal died as world powers because there was nothing behind their pushings forward but the greed for gold. For social and moral improvement they cared nothing. The pretence of religion was a cloak to cover the nakedness of bare spoliation.

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The Poet contended that the translator of poetry could either alter the original material so that it would become a native thing; or, retaining the original, must create a new dialect, as it were.

Somehow, that remark evoked no excit ment, perhaps because a man who had be to the American Library Association at i annual meeting in Atlantic City came i He had a mission, and it was to persua people to read aloud in the family circ The lady from Tulsa, Oklahoma, want to know the titles of books which we suited for both old and young. So ***th Librarian*** named these:

Ruskin's *King of the Golden River.*
Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines.*
Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.*
Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of N York.*
Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and *Bla Arrow.*

Thus the talk swung back to a form one. But the Librarian declared it was important subject, and wanted expressio from readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPEN ENT. So please write, care of Office Cha

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But the prize for odd things told goes ***the Old Railroad Man*** who spoke early pioneer conditions in the Wa Walla valley when the line which is n the Walla Walla branch of the Northe Pacific railway was first laid down. places, the roadbed was made of rawhid and beams were used instead of rails. F transit, the locating engineers used whisky flask half filled with water. Grad and scrapers were handmade, and a tea of forty oxen pulled them. Instead pilot, the engine carried a platform, a hounds to chase wandering cattle rode on Operation ceased during a hard winter, wolves ate the rawhides.

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Then there was ***the Dog Lover*** w had tales to tell of the intelligence of pets, and who wanted to try a kind evolutionary experiment as suggested Galton thus: 'It would be an interesti occupation for a country philosopher pick up the cleverest dogs he could hear and mate them together, generation af generation, breeding purely for intellect power, and disregarding shape, size a every other quality.' He foresaw a sup dog. But the man with him foresaw n trouble, with his super-dog conscientiou believing man to be inconvenient and deterrent to canine liberty.

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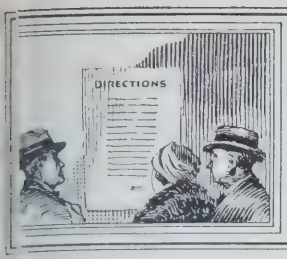
Talking of faultfinders with the tim ***the Historian*** from Columbus, O said that the breed had always exist He spoke of Hollinshed's *Chronicles,* p lished in 1577, which contained a compla that too many chimneys were being bu that mattresses were being used instead straw pallets, hence people were grow softer and more feeble. Also, he said, in Middle Ages shirts were denounced luxuries, and men were pilloried for we ing them. Voltaire, in his day, declared t England had reached the pinnacle of pr perity and no further advancement possible. Xenophon spoke of the effemin Persians who actually used gloves to p tect their hands. The first man to carry umbrella (Jonas Hanway) in England hooted on the streets for his cowardice.



Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Will you give me the meaning of the names of the states in the United States?

ANSWER: Following is a list such as you request, giving the generally accepted meanings of our state names:

Alabama, Indian; 'here we rest.'

Arizona, Aztec; 'silver bearing.'

Arkansas, 'Kansas,' the Indian name for 'smoky water,' with the French prefix 'Ar,' bow or bend in the principal river.

California, *caliente forno*, Spanish for 'hot furnace,' in allusion to the climate.

Colorado, Spanish; meaning 'colored,' from the red color of the Colorado River.

Connecticut, Indian; 'long river.'

Delaware, named in honor of Lord De la ware.

Florida, named by Ponce de Leon, who discovered it in 1512, on Easter Day, the Spanish *Pascua de Flores*, or 'Feast of Flowers.'

Georgia, in honor of George II of England.

Idaho, Indian; meaning unknown.

Illinois, from the Indian 'illini,' men, and the French suffix 'ois,' together signifying 'tribe of men.'

Indiana, Indian land.

Iowa, Indian; 'beautiful land.'

Kansas, Indian; 'smoky water.'

Kentucky, Indian; for 'at the head of the river'; or 'the dark and bloody ground.'

Louisiana, for Louis XIV of France.

Maine, from the province of Maine, in France.

Maryland, for Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I of England.

Massachusetts, place of great hills (the hills southwest of Boston).

Michigan, the Indian name for a fish weir. The lake was so called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish trap.

Minnesota, Indian; meaning 'sky-tinted water.'

Mississippi, Indian; meaning 'great father of waters.'

Missouri, Indian; meaning 'muddy.'

Montana, Latin; 'mountainous region.'

Nebraska, Indian; meaning 'water valley.'

Nevada, Spanish; meaning 'snow-covered,' alluding to the mountains.

New Hampshire, from Hampshire County, England.

New Jersey, in honor of Sir George Cateret, one of the original grantees, who had previously been governor of Jersey Island.

New Mexico, from old Mexico.

New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

North and South Carolina, originally called Carolina, in honor of Charles IX of France.

North and South Dakota, Sioux Indian; 'Lkota,' 'Nakota,' or 'Dakota'; 'allies.'

Ohio, Indian; 'beautiful river.'

Oklahoma, Indian; 'red people.'

Oregon, from the Spanish 'oregano,' wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the coast.

Pennsylvania, Latin; meaning Penn's woody land.

Rhode Island, from a fancied resemblance to the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Tennessee, Indian; meaning 'river with the great bend.'

Texas, origin of this name is unknown.

Utah, Ute Indian; meaning unknown.

Vermont, French; green mountain.

Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the 'Virgin Queen.'

Washington, from George Washington.

West Virginia, former western part of Virginia.

Wisconsin, Indian; 'gathering of the waters,' or 'wild rushing channel.'

Wyoming, Indian; 'large plains.'

QUESTION: I would like to know if Benedict Crowell ever served as Secretary of War?

ANSWER: Benedict Crowell was Assistant Secretary of War while Newton D. Baker was Secretary of War, and may have served as Acting Secretary of War in Baker's absence, but was never official Secretary of War.

QUESTION: Will you advise to whom to write for personal attention in regard to pensions or World-War adjustments, with effective results, as to the merits of each case?

ANSWER: Write to the United States Veteran's Bureau, Washington, D. C., or to the Congressman from your district, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: On what date did Newton D. Baker take office as Secretary of War in Wilson's Cabinet?

ANSWER: March 9, 1916.

QUESTION: When did Joshua W. Alexander take office as Secretary of Commerce?

ANSWER: Joshua W. Alexander was Secretary of Commerce from December 16, 1919, to March 4, 1921.

QUESTION: In a recent issue of 'Questions and Answers' THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT answered a question as to what was meant by the caliber of a navy gun. Several of our correspondents took exception to our reply. This answer in the first place was furnished us by the Navy Department. Upon referring the criticisms to them we received the following reply:

ANSWER: 'Perhaps the definition in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was not sufficiently clear, but even so the correspondents who have written THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are wrong, as they infer that the caliber of a gun is the length of a gun in relation to the diameter of the bore. To be exact, the length of the bore of a gun is measured in terms of the caliber. For instance, the bore of a fifty caliber twelve-inch gun is fifty feet long. The entire gun will measure from three to five calibers longer inasmuch as in the rear of the bore is the chamber which varies in length in different types of naval guns.'

QUESTION: Please tell me where I can secure a complete list of the publications issued by the government, and how can I secure the *Congressional Record?*

ANSWER: The Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., will send a list of publications on request; also the *Congressional Record.*

QUESTION: How long did J. W. Anderson act as Secretary of Commerce, before Joshua Alexander took office?

ANSWER: There is no record of J. W. Anderson ever having served as Secretary of Commerce.

QUESTION: Some time ago, I read of a Congressional Committee being appointed to investigate oil and gasoline prices. I have not noticed any reports of their findings. Has the investigation been abandoned or will they report this coming session of Congress?

ANSWER: The Federal Trade Commission is still investigating this matter. They hope to finish their report in time to submit it at the next session of Congress.

QUESTION: What are the salaries of Representatives and Senators of the United States?

ANSWER: $10,000 a year.

QUESTION: Is President Coolidge serving a second term?

ANSWER: Coolidge became President at the death of President Harding in 1923, and served the remainder of his term, but he has been elected President by the people only once. Coolidge is in the same situation as was Roosevelt in this respect. Technically, Roosevelt was not elected for two terms, but the people accepted it as two terms and refused to elect him for what they considered a third.

I Read in the Papers

Gilbert K. Chesterton scores another bull's-eye in his readable magazine, *G. K's Weekly*. This time he draws a comparison between 'secret diplomacy' and 'secret democracy.' He writes: 'You may have secret diplomacy; you cannot have secret democracy. Democracy is dead without information. If the people are misinformed about the main facts, we cannot even say that they vote wrong, but rather that they do not vote at all. At best they are voting about something else; something that does not exist. The old defenders of democracy never dreamed of defending this sort of democracy. They assumed that public affairs would be public. They had not foreseen the rise of two things, the dominant things of our own time. The first is the financier who remains entirely unknown; and the second is his servant or debtor, with an "organ of opinion," who decides for everybody what shall be unknown and what known. Till these two monopolies are broken, the whole notion of the citizen is nonsense; and some rude reaction may at any moment sweep it away.'

Chesterton on 'Secret Democracy'

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'In Brazil no educated man gets drunk,' affirms a visitor from that country. Brazil's educational system is worth studying.—Buffalo *News*.

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Here's a case of many marriages. Cross the border of the state of Chiapas, Mexico, and whether you can produce a certificate of marriage or not, you are compelled by law to marry again if your wife is with you; also to pay the customary fee. So the National Railway of Mexico has petitioned the government to change matters, as passengers routed that way find many marriages a tax upon the pocketbook. The petition might have carried the old Dutch proverb: To marry once is a duty, twice a folly, thrice madness.

Marriage and a Railroad

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We don't believe gasoline is only four cents a gallon in Berlin, but if it is, that settles the question as to who won the war.—Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

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And here is the ex-Kaiser out with the opening chapter of his memoirs in the London *Spectator*. The core of his first installment might be summed up in this passage. 'The memory of any child born in Berlin must be tinged with a military color.' For there you have the mainspring. The child ruler was dressed in a uniform, armies were his toys, military titles his pleasure. And a child's mind is susceptible of impressions. A child's mind is like a sensitive photographic film, and what is printed stays. And for the child Kaiser, Arms and Force were the high and holy things. So wise men will denounce all that stupidity of warping, avoiding any of that kind of fertilization of young soil in their own cases. Like begets like. You can't make an arrow out of a pig's tail, says an old Irish saw.

War Warping the Child Mind

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There is very little a professional humorist can do to improve on the report that the two Fordney schedules reduced after three years of arduous labor by the Tariff Commission are those on live bob-white quail and paint-brush handles.—Detroit *News*.

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For three hundred years the English people have been trying to decide what to call their neighbors north of the river Tweed. Are they to be known as Scots, Scotch or Scottish? When the Government ruled that 'The Scotch Education Office is in future to be styled the Scottish Education Office,' there was more confusion. Sir James Barrie says in *What Every Woman Knows:* 'Have you forgotten the grandest moral attribute of a Scotsman, Margaret, that he'll do nothing which might damage his career?' Then Burns, with his *Scots Wha Hae Wi Wallace Bled* supports the preference for Scots, although he used the adjective Scotch to some extent. Sir Walter Scott relates that King George IV once said that 'The Scotch are a nation of Gentlemen.' Dr. Samuel Johnson said, 'The noblest prospect that a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England,' but then he was not an authority on Scotland. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, however, he in his earlier writi used the term Scot, Scottish and Sco quite impartially, but later in his ca seldom used the word 'Scotch.' Howe one of his earliest published works was *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. Scotl derived its name from the tribe of Sc or Scoti, who came from the north of land, and acquired a dominating influe over the Picts, the original inhabitants the country. St. Columba, the apostle the Picts, was himself a Scot from Irela

Are They Scots, Scotch, or Scottish?

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Half of what we eat keeps us alive; t other half keeps the doctors alive.—Unit States Senator Copeland.

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Here, culled from a book review, are queer epitaphs collected by W. H. Bea First from a headstone in a cemetery Hawk's Ferry, Nevada.

> To Lem S Frame, who during his life shot 89 Indians, whome the Lord delivered into his hands, and who was looking forward to making up his hundred before the end of the year, when he fell asleep in Jesus at his house at Hawk's Ferry, March 27, 1843.

And this which is to be seen at St. Mar Cheltenham:

> Here lies John Higgs,
> A famous man for killing pigs,
> For killing pigs was his delight,
> Both morning, afternoon and night.

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'Maniac, refused bank loan, bombs Pit burgh bank.' Our local banker will plea take note.—Asheville *Times*.

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An excellent description of a typ Chinese brigand is given by Mrs. Male King in *The English Review*. The described is Chou, merly one of Wu fu's lieutenants. 'The general apparently deligh to see them,' King says, 'and asked a lot of amu questions, evidently deeply curious a foreign ways. He had none of the s stiffness of the educated Chinese, an was therefore possible to get a better of his character as a man. Although washed, his delicately cut features exquisite long fingers gave him the pearance of fine quality that so many of Chinese possess, and about his eyes and head he had that touch of asceticism inherent culture noticeable in some of temple priests. In reality he was a da soldier of fortune with but one absor aim, the desire for wealth. For this he carelessly ran enormous risks, kno full well that, if he failed, the Chili lord, Wu Pei-fu, who had been his fo commander-in-chief, would without a ment's hesitation have him beheaded. told his visitors frankly that his amb was to amass sufficient riches to enable to slip quietly down the great river to Sh hai, and there, in the safety of internati protection, enjoy cinemas and thea and contact with foreign life. With end in view, no doubt, his men were a rifling the mint, and as the two white were getting into their chairs, a strin coolies passed, bearing heavy wooden full of cash.'

Describing a Chinese Bandit Chief

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

Briefly Told

A 'PORCUPINE CORK' to guard bottles containing poisons has been devised. It is fitted with sharp glass spikes which bristle in every direction.

NEARLY ALL THE PLAYS being presented in Paris theaters this season were written by dramatists under thirty years of age.

RUBERIZED WALL PAPER which may be washed or disinfected is being used in hospitals and certain public buildings.

A MASSACHUSETTS MAN, rejected in 1861 as 'not strong enough' for the Union Army, died recently at the age of 104.

THE PLATYPUS OR DUCKMOLE of Tasmania is among the rarest of creatures, having the bill of a duck, the fur of a seal, and a pouch like a kangaroo.

THE AMERICAN LAW authorizing soldiers and sailors to make a *nuncupative*, or oral will at sea, comes down from the time of Cæsar.

AN OSTRICH CAN outrun an Arabian horse.

DUE TO STANDARDIZATION, only twenty to thirty different types of straw hats are now made in Germany. Formerly more than two hundred were made.

A TOKIO RESTAURANT makes a specialty of juicy fried snakes.

HABITUAL DRUNKARDS IN Madrid must have their heads shaved every four weeks, under penalty of law.

A REJECTED SUITOR IN Brooklyn was awarded $500 by a jury to reimburse him for the expense of his campaign.

THE KODIAK BROWN bear attains the greatest weight of all bruins, often weighing almost a ton.

NEARLY $10,000,000 is destroyed each year through the Chinese custom of burning small pieces of gold leaf on certain anniversaries.

EDMUND HOYLE, WHOSE name is most frequently linked with the words, 'according to,' died 57 years ago at the age of ninety-seven. His first 'Short Treatise on the Game of Whist . . . ' had a title of no fewer than 125 words.

PAPER CAN BE MADE from practically anything that can be pounded into pulp.

THERE ARE FEWER red-haired girls in the movies than any other type. Only twenty were found out of 2,400.

IN FRANCE CHICORY, the poor man's drink, is taxed at sixty per cent of its selling price, while champagne pays only 1 per cent.

GLOVES WERE WORN by the ancient Egyptians and Hebrews.

CHILDREN IN THE REMOTE sections of Northern Ontario where there are no schools are receiving instruction in railroad coaches. The cars, equipped with every facility including a small library, pay periodical visits to the remote sections, remaining at each from three to six days.

ALTHOUGH ONLY FORTY-SEVEN years old, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Europe's only reigning woman sovereign, bids fair to enjoy one of the longest reigns in history. She became nominal queen at the age of ten.

LONDON IS ATTEMPTING to popularize clothing made from woven bamboo. Tailors say the cloth is suitable for general use and can be made at much lower rates than cotton or woolen fabrics.

WILLIAM THE CONQUERER bestowed upon the inventor of a particularly delicious soup the 'Lordship of the Manor of Addington,' with full revenues and honors.

NATIVES IN THE CONGO use cooking utensils of ivory.

IN ANCIENT TIMES there was a tradition that onions thrived best when stolen from a neighbor's garden and transplanted.

A GREAT HEAD OF WATER still flows from the rock wall of the Wady Ain Guderat, the only spring of its kind in Sinai, Arabia. This is the spot where Moses struck water from the rock and whence the twelve spies were sent into Canaan.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT saved $175,000 last year by using old rags, rather than cotton waste, in polishing machinery.

THE INSIDE OF THE stomach has been successfully photographed for the first time by a German doctor.

A SEVENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD missionary in Formosa has undertaken the task of translating the Old Testament into the Amoy dialect. He expects to finish the work in three years.

AN ELEPHANT SELDOM sleeps more than four or five hours a day.

A SWEDISH CASTLE BUILT in 1499 contained a central heating plant in the basement with conduits through the walls.

THE FARTHEST KNOWN star is about 1,293,572,675 billion miles from the earth.

IN ANCIENT TIMES man's flocks were his only possessions and constituted his money. When coins were introduced, many had cattle stamped upon them; and the Latin word for cattle, *pecus*, still survives in our word *pecuniary*.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK has brought suit to recover damages from the owner of a truck which ran into a tree on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx, thus rendering the tree 'unfit to adorn.'

ALTHOUGH HE WAS deprived of books and pen while incarcerated in an Italian prison, Ceasare Cantu, the historian, passed the time by writing with a toothpick and candle smoke on the back of a map and on scraps of paper. The resulting book, *Margherita Pusterla*, with one exception, is regarded as the most popular historical novel in the Italian language.

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS are to be given to musicians who are willing to utilize their talent entertaining the sick in New York hospitals.

A CANDY IS MADE in China of sugar and rose petals.

AMERICAN FILMS WILL be barred from Italy if plans of a recent motion picture merger carry. Only films of Italian manufacture will be shown.

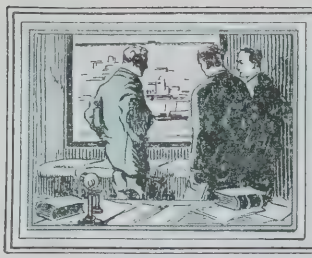
CELEBRATED ARTISTS of forty nations who have received their training in Paris and who wish to recognize their intellectual debt to France are planning a sale of their works, the proceeds to be turned over to the 'save-the-franc' fund.

DUST CLOUDS ASPHYXIATED scores of persons in a storm in Paraguay recently.

CAKES, BAKED BY London bakers with special messages in the icing, are frequently used to patch up lovers' quarrels. Tons of these cakes are sent each year to South Africa, Australia, Singapore, and other parts of the world.

FRANCE PROHIBITS the export of potatoes.

THE GROUND IN SIBERIA freezes to a depth of 100 feet.



NOTES & COMMENTS CRITICISMS

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the benefits that will derive to the church from the five-day week.

From Stewart Gilman, Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, comes a vigorous plaint concerning the article, 'The Bond Orgy of the States,' which was one of a series on taxation recently published.

I notice in your issue of October 9th, an article on Page 2, containing a statement that Sioux City, Iowa, has a population of 75,000 and an indebtedness of $2,000,000.

This statement is correct, but why pick on Sioux City and give us unfavorable advertising when there are other places which are much smaller which have a larger debt and other places which are quite a bit larger, that have a debt that is enormously more per capita?

Sioux City's population is approximately 85,000 and its debt is approximately $2,300,000, it having been decreased $200,000 since 1924.

Des Moines, which has a population in the neighborhood of 130,000, has an indebtedness of $10,766,000 and that has increased $102,000 since 1924.

The indebtedness of Dubuque, which has a population of about half that of Sioux City, is $2,457,000 and increased $44,000.

The population of Waterloo is 40,000 with an indebtedness of $2,108,000.

These figures that I am giving you are taken from a Report Municipal Accounts Iowa, issued by the Auditor of State for the year 1925.

I certainly object very much to the kind of advertising that appears in this article. The present administration has been reducing the indebtedness of this city, not increasing it and our indebtedness is very much below the average.

I do not know who this man Crowther is who wrote this article, but if he knows anything about his subject, he ought to pick out some other city beside a city which has one of the lowest per capita debts of any city of its size in the country, and the least that your magazine can do is to publish some sort of a statement which will correct this impression.

This administration has been reducing the indebtedness of the city and I certainly feel that such a statement as the one contained in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 9th, is absolutely unfair and uncalled for.

Stewart Gilman, Mayor.

Had Mayor Gilman consulted *Who's Who* he would have discovered that 'this man Crowther' (Samuel Crowther) is the author of numerous authoritative magazine articles and books.

A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY, noted British war correspondent and writer, was formerly editor of the *Continental Daily Mail* and president of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris. He is the author of several books. (p. 3)

WILLIAM E. BARTON is probably the outstanding Lincoln biographer of the day, his *Life of Lincoln* being regarded as standard. His articles on Lincoln as a poet are the result of exhaustive research. (p. 4)

GWLAD MATTHEWS recently passed six months in Palestine, Syria and Egypt, studying conditions in those countries. (p. 6)

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH is the wife of Herbert Asquith, son of the Earl of Oxford and stepson of Margot Asquith. Her parents are the Earl and Countess of Wemyss. (p. 8)

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS is the author of *Fran, Little Fiddler of the Ozarks, Agnes of the Bad Lands, The Picture on the Wall* and other fiction. His home is in Missouri. (p. 12)

WESTERN STARR is an attorney who has made a special study of current legislation. (p. 14)

THOMAS L. MASSON, former managing editor of *Life*, now associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, once wrote a play which lasted three days on Broadway. He therefore feels himself eminently qualified to discuss dramatic critics. (p. 16)

GEORGE F. PAUL is a Chicago writer. (p. 20)

Widely divergent views of the A. E. F. court-martial system are held by DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers. Here are two typical letters, one from a brigadier general who is president of the Reserve Officers' Association of the United States, the other from a former private:

I have read with interest the article entitled, "Our Court Martial System" by James W. Beckman, which were published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT September 4, 11 and 18, 1926. I must say that I am not in sympathy with Mr. Beckman's unjust criticisms of the Army Court Martial system.

Many of my old associates of the A. E. F., who are now in civil life, agree with me that these articles are of a vindictive nature, misleading, and do not give an accurate picture of the court martial system as was conducted in the A. E. F. and is now conducted in our Army.

Every one realizes the high standard of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and its fearless stand for truth and justice, and I do not believe you would permit the publication of these articles if you realized they misrepresented the facts and were erroneous. In order that the public may have all the facts regarding this important matter I would like to suggest that you send a representative to interview the War Department with a view to correcting any erroneous statements or inferences which may have resulted from the publication of these articles.

Roy Hoffman
—Brigadier General, Infantry Reserve.

Where did that ex-private of the American Expeditionary Forces serve who criticized your A. E. F. court martial piece as bunk. Personally I doubt if there was a company of boys over there some of whom could not point direct at work of similar nature—in varying degrees—to the un-American work you have pictured. I agree with him that your magazine used to be good, and add that it is improving continually. The worst criticism I have for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is that it should be a daily rather than a weekly.

—A Buckeye A. E. F.
Ex-Buddy.

In next week's issue Carl Sandburg will discuss a letter written ninety years ago describing Abraham Lincoln as a country postmaster. The two-thirds rule of the Democratic Party will be analyzed by Aaron Hardy Ulm.

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When Time Hangs Heavy—

In the busy round of every-day affairs *we* find very little that's exciting, but here's what the *other fellow* is doing.

Genuine high-jumping. This climber on Mt. Rainier, Washington, knows many of the crevasses are bottomless, yet the true mountaineer's spirit in him won't let him shun the risk. —*International Newsreel.*

Above—*In the brief time this daring canoeist was in the air, over the Seine River, he swung the craft right side up and cleared his body of it. Then he climbed in. This feat is insignificant compared to his 'paddle cruise' from Canada to Rome.* —*Herbert Photo.*

Oval—*Worse than a bucking broncho is this sputtering motorcycle. There are limits to which it cannot be driven. This hill proved the limit.* —*Wide World Photos.*

The thrill of admiration on the part of the crowd is as nothing compared to the thrill of achievement on the part of the intrepid aviator who risks his life and plane in this hazardous undertaking. —*Wide World Photos.*

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SHORTSIGHTED men think that progress is only a better opportunity to make money~ But there are men of vision now in action, and more men of better vision coming up with the younger generation~ Every army has its sutlers; but it is only the soldier that bears away the honor~ Sutlers get but profits

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LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SEEN AT A DISTANCE, FROM SIGNAL MOUNTAIN, WITH WILLIAM'S ISLAND, TENNESSEE RIVER.

A few years ago the touring bureaus rated Tennessee as a 'detour state,' but now when the motorist hits Tennessee roads, he gives a sigh of relief and steps on the gas.—CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN (article, page 2)

LINCOLN'S POST OFFICE

As Revealed in a Friend's Letter

CARL SANDBURG

PRESENTED AT COURT

New Modes in Meeting Royalty

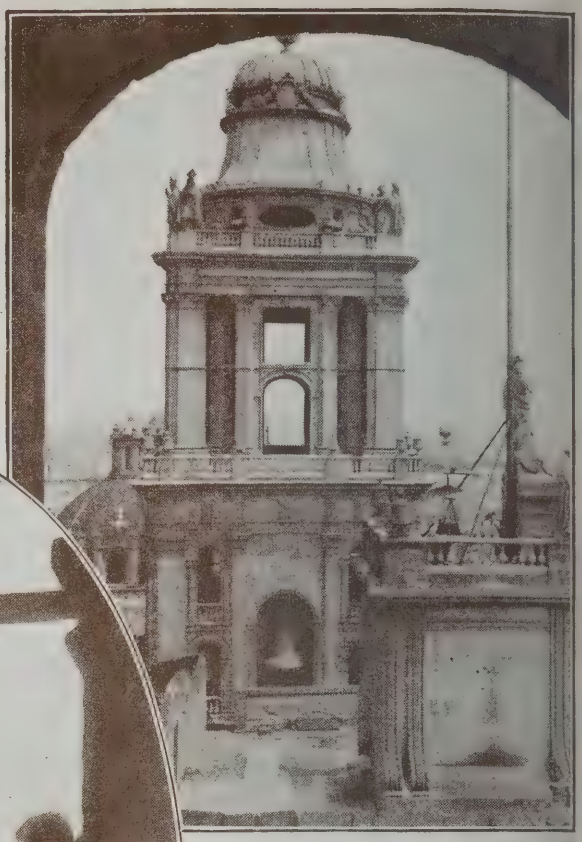
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE TWO-THIRDS RULE

AARON HARDY ULM

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

All the World Likes BELLS



'For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old.'

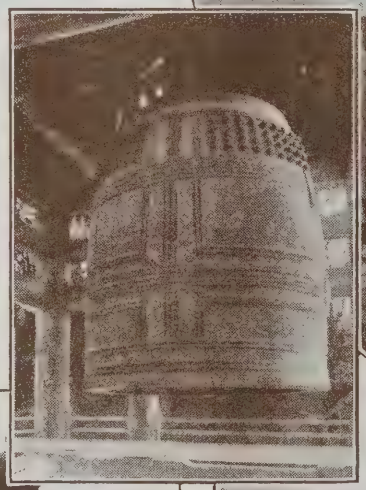
Above—Tower of the Cathedral of Mexico, bell-shaped, completed in the 17th Century. At one time a family of bell ringers lived here, but now the bells are rung by modern mechanical devices. —*International Newsreel.*

'. . . the steeples
loud in their joy
To the bells' ring-
a-ding . . .'

In the belfry of Giralda Tower, Cathedral of Seville.
—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

'The bells themselves are the best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers . . .

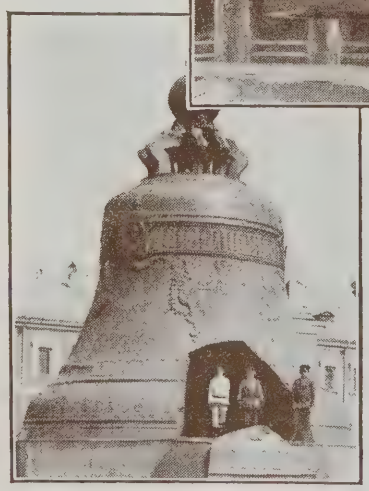
Oval—In the Dominican church tower, Lima, Peru. —*Publishers' Photo Service.*



Right—
Great bell in Chi-on-in, in the great religious center, Kioto, Japan.
—*Keystone View.*

'From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without a crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.'

Below—San Gabriel's Mission, California.
—*Publishers' Photo Service.*



Famous Czar Bell, largest in the world, weighing 193 tons. A piece was broken off at the time of the fire of 1737. —*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

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CIRCULATION OVER 600,000

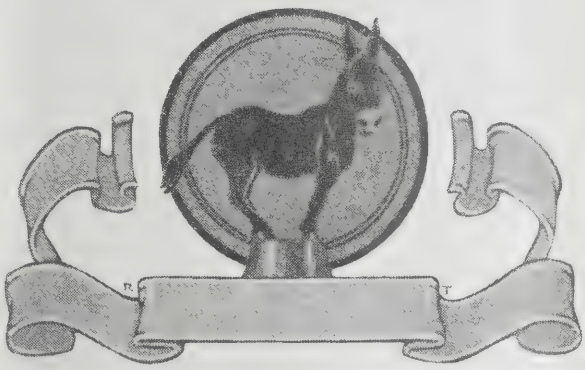
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; E. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J Cameron, Editor.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Destiny of the Democratic Party

Hinges Largely Upon the Two-Thirds Rule

By AARON HARDY ULM



POLITICAL events of the next several years may turn in great part on a phrase. It is the 'two-thirds rule,' which now looms bigger in Democratic Party affairs than do all the names of prospective candidates for that party's nomination for President. For the character of the nomination, with the chance of its being a winning one, is apt to depend on what is done about a phrase that has had much to do with shaping the history of the Democratic Party and the country. The substitution of 'majority' for 'two-thirds' in the Democratic convention rule governing nominations will make the outlook much brighter for some aspirants and much less hopeful for others. Will the change be made? History says, 'No.' This isn't because all the argument is against abandoning the old rule. Logic really has little to do with it.

DURING its nearly century-long prevalence the 'two-thirds rule' has never been adjudged on merit by a Democratic convention. It is one of the curious stories of politics; also one which illustrates the significance of parliamentary law and the enduring effect, sometimes, of political stratagems.

But for the two-thirds rule, the Democratic Party probably would not have gone to pieces, and thus precipitated the Civil War, in 1860. And but for the rule the Madison Square Garden Convention of 1924 would not have become the biggest joke in the political history of the country. Also, because of the rule the Democratic Party may have been saved from nominating some man whom those doing the selecting really did not want.

Yet from its inception the two-thirds rule has been mostly a political stratagem, always favored by those to whom at the moment it gives advantage.

It was as a stratagem that the rule was adopted by the first Democratic National Convention in 1832. Its origin goes back to one of the few old-world kind of intrigues that have figured in the politics of this country.

Back in the early 1830's, when Andrew Jackson was President, official life in Washington was split apart by a controversy about a woman, the famous Peggy O'Neil, daughter of an innkeeper, who became the wife of a member of Jackson's Cabinet. The wives of several members of the Cabinet refused to receive her socially. Chivalrous Andrew Jackson took her side of the dispute. This started the split between Jackson and Calhoun, the latter being Vice-President. Martin Van Buren became a high favorite of Jackson's because of his standing with the President in the Peggy O'Neil controversy.

Other things, such as Calhoun's doctrine of nullification, widened the split. Jackson wanted Van Buren to be his running mate in 1832. Southern Democrats were for Calhoun.

It was settled that the convention which was to nominate candidates would be unanimous for Jackson, which gave the President much influence in the conduct of its affairs.

'Have the convention require a two-thirds vote for the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President,' he was advised by his 'kitchen cabinet,' probably by Van Buren, a clever political strategist.

It is believed that Calhoun was really stronger in the convention than Van Buren. But his supporters, knowing that Calhoun could not command the votes of two-thirds of the delegates, gave up the fight for him when the rule was adopted. Van Buren was named by almost unanimous vote.

After that the rule was applied to the nomination of candidates for both the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency; in 1844 it kept Van Buren from being put forth a third time for President. The man who probably invented it would have been glad to have seen it abandoned at that time. It had much to do with bringing forth the first of the 'dark horses' to win in a national convention. This was James K. Polk, of Tennessee.

Since then the rule has been attacked in nearly all the national conventions of the Democratic Party, but in none has it ever been set aside.

It was attacked even in the convention of 1836, when Van Buren was first nominated for President, the occasion being a fight over the vice-presidential nomination. *(Continued on page 20)*

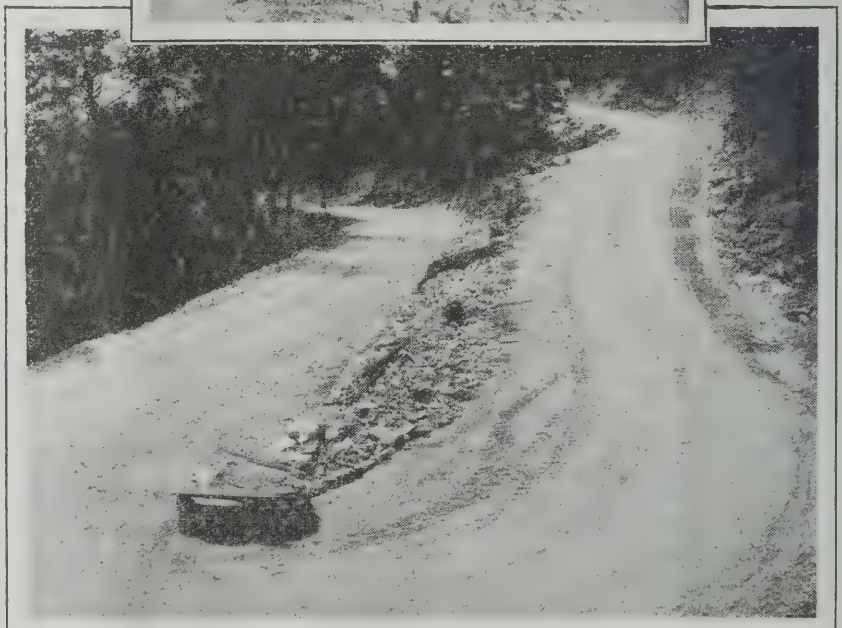
Pay-as-You-Go in Building Good Road

Tennessee Constructs Its Highways With Funds From Current Revenu

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IN THE historic past, many a Southern state has had unfortunate acquaintanceship with bond issues, those vast overheads of high interest charges and maturing principals which it is the province of financiers to devise, but which lie heavy and burdensome on agricultural communities. The awakened and progressive South, however, is trying to keep herself free from this incubus, at the same time meeting the demands of modern industrial life.

In the revolutionary improvements that are under way in the South, Georgia and Tennessee are conspicuous in attempting to keep abreast of the times by paying their way from current revenues. Tennessee, especially, has in progress of development a system of public highways so financed that the burden of expenditures shall not fall upon the farmers of the state. It is comparatively few years ago that the touring bureaus in other states were rating Tennessee as a 'detour state,' and visitors and home folk were berating the road conditions there. Taxpayers were growing impatient, and non-motorists as well as owners of automobiles aired their dissatisfaction. Tennessee, with other Southern states, is a large contributor to tourist travel toward Florida. Yet passable as well as paved roads were needed. Barriers of mud and rock separated the more progressive or more fortunate counties from those not so well situated, and although quite often there were miles of well-built asphalt or bituminous macadam, still many were the complaints that no through routes could be used. Other states were progressing steadily with immense construction programs, while Tennessee was apparently in a state of tension, with no well-defined goal in sight. Besides, there w serious financial difficulties, a whatever forward work v taking place was lost sight of the enormous task that ahead.



Hairpin turns on improved road in the Clinch Mountains, Tennessee. This forms part of an important tourist route running through Kentucky and into North Carolina. Above—Average Tennessee road, before constructive maintenance.

Today, after the adoption f her pay-as-you-go plan, Tenn see confidently feels that s can repudiate the old-time st ma of being a detour state. T public has made its compariso and when the motorist h Tennessee roads, he gives a si of relief and steps on the g There are 4,900 miles of smoo roads on which he can drive t the legal speed limit and he m have no fear that when he h outrun a stretch of state ro he may hit some country ro filled with potholes and ru Instead, he strikes a pathway f smooth gravel or bitumino macadam.

The latter type of constr tion comprises the largest mi age of high-class pavement the state, the longest continuo roadway of this sort runni from the Davidson County li through Murfreesboro, Woo bury, McMinnville to the Cu berland County line. Build of this pavement, under t standard road specifications, quires material passing a tw inch screen and no more th eighty-five per c passing the one-in screen, using a gal and a half of bi minous material square yard for pe tration, with or fourth gallon p square yard as a s coat. The specifi tions require that amount of bitu nous material sh not exceed one a three-fourths gall per square yard a not be less than and one-half gall per square yard.

Tennessee's g roads' program w initiated in 19 when the Depa ment of Highw and Public Wo began to functi under the mana

(Continued on page 2

The Rise of Mustapha Kemal Pasha

By GEORGE A. SCHREINER

The president of the Turkish Republic, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, on his famous war horse. The map below shows the situation of the Gallipoli territory which he held against Allied attack. He has moved the capital from Constantinople to Angora.

—Publishers' Photo Service.

OF THE men whom the World War and its aftermath landed at the top of their own particular political heap, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, now president of the Turkish Republic, is easily the most interesting—in the sense that he is no arriviste. I am probably the first who ever mentioned Mustapha Kemal in print. The occasion of this was a quite remarkable military exploit. Colonel Mustapha Kemal Bey was a humble infantry officer in those days—a slight and sprightly chap of Tartar make-up who had just ceased being a major and who had given not the least promise that some day he would have a star of his own. Colonel Mustapha Kemal would have needed the qualities of a prophet to say that he would ever be more than a general in the Ottoman army. The old régime of the Sultans sat tightly enough on the Bosphorus.

No one even as much as dreamed that things in Turkey would ever change, and Colonel Mustapha Kemal probably would have doubted his own sanity had the thought come to him that a few years later he would be the head of a Turkish Republic. Though the Young Turks had put an end to Abd-ul-Hamid, they were in the main loyal to the sultanate and the caliphate. Mohammed Réchad Khan V was a very nice rubber stamp for Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha. It was a very convenient scheme that nobody dreamed of upsetting, and Mustapha Kemal, with the ink on his colonel's commission hardly dry, had no reason to think anything ahead of him but a more or less successful career in the army.

About a year before the outbreak of the European War, Enver Pasha cashiered some 5,000 Ottoman army officers.

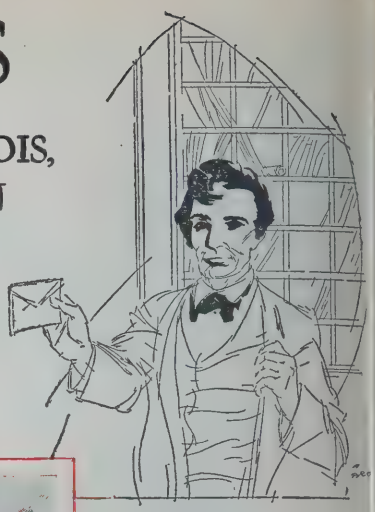
Many of them were superannuated; some of them were too much attached to the Hamidian régime—all of them were considered incompetent. That left ample room for the new blood, but when Turkey finally decided to fight on the side of the Central Powers it was found that young field officers are not necessarily good unit commanders.

On March 25, 1915, General Liman von Sanders Pasha, head of the German military mission to Turkey, was put in command of the Ottoman Fifth Army, charged with the defense of Gallipoli. In his attempts at organizing this force properly, he was hampered by the lack of competent division commanders. Colonel Mustapha Kemal looked likely to him and was put in command of the Nineteenth Division. In the main, Liman Pasha was lucky in his appointments; in none more so than in that of Mustapha Kemal.

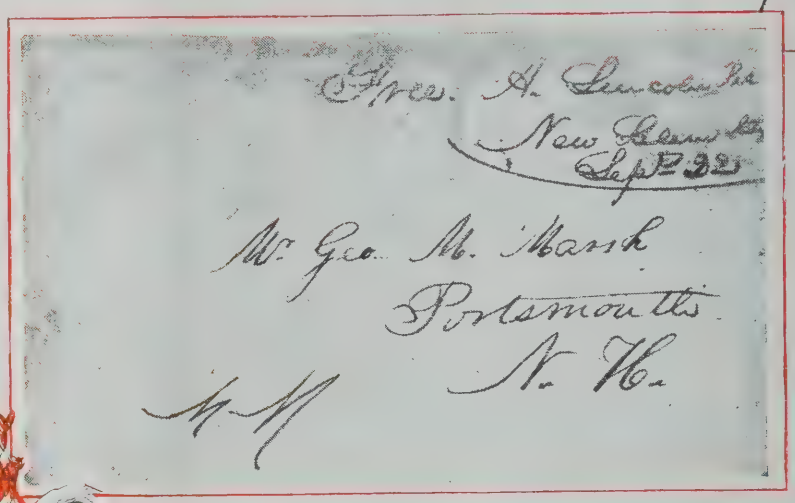
April 25, 1915, proved a hard and disappointing day to the troops under Sir Ian Hamilton, (*Concluded on page 24*)

LETTER *to the* FOLKS

Written by MATTHEW S. MARSH, *of* NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS, *in 1834, and Franked by the Postmaster*, A. LINCOLN



An Hitherto Unpublished Manuscript Now Made Known from the Collection of OLIVER R. BARRETT, with Prefatory and Terminal Notes by CARL SANDBURG, to which is appended a Facsimile of an Envelope Addressed and Franked by the Postmaster, A. LINCOLN.



PREFATORY NOTE

THE site of the little vanished town of New Salem is now a haunt of pilgrims. They ride to it as if, in a true sense, it might be some manner of a Nazareth of the political life of America. It is one of the rare and few hamlets of the earth that once hummed and buzzed with human life and traffic, that in time became empty of its human casuals, and that later in another time, because of the rooted and pregnant memories fixed about it, was restored in almost its original form, stick on stick and stone on stone, as once long ago it had stood.

For those who know somewhat of Abraham Lincoln, for those familiar with the established facts of the Lincoln legend, it is easy to drift into sentiment about New Salem. This because the town was the place where he lived seven years or so just after he turned twenty-one years of age. 'New Salem was Lincoln's Alma Mater,' some have said.

Here he met people who influenced him, touched his character in a time when he was forming habits that would stay and would linger deep in him.

Therefore those who wish to know Lincoln and the human society from which Lincoln emerged are ready to look at any new item of information or evidence that has to do with New Salem essentially and Lincoln incidentally, as is the case with the 2,409-word letter, which is lifted from its sleepy oblivion of ninety-one years.

One might embark in a long thesis on the Lincoln connections from its historical connections this letter, with its own peculiar and forthright frankness tells a fragmentary love story, as fresh as if it were a living thing in our own town today.

CARL SANDBURG

of this letter. It was written a few weeks after the death of Ann Rutledge; it tells how common were the hot weather plagues, in one of which she died; it tells about land conditions, tornadoes, winds, canals.

We learn that Postmaster Lincoln would leave the post office unlocked for hours while citizens who called for mail helped themselves.

The wilderness character of the region impresses us on reading, 'As I was putting up my fence 2 great wolves walked along unconcerned within 30 yards of me—I tried to scare them by taking off my hat and running towards them but they would not quicken their gait.' Yet it interests us that Abe Lincoln has day-by-day chats with a resident Yankee of such scholarship that he writes his 'folks' in these words, 'Farming as it is carried on in this country would be an employment that would suit George and by engaging his attention would dispel ennui, which feeling is almost inseparable from an inactive life. The mind must be engaged on something or if it has not external objects to act upon it will turn inwardly and create dulness and abstraction.' This is hardly what is generally understood to be 'backwoods lingo' or 'frontier dialect.' And finally, perhaps we may note that entirely aside

New Salem,
Sept[r] 17th
1835

DEAR FOLKS:

I have received you letters of July 21st an Aug. 26th, the latte came to hand yesterday enclosing th $100—. The time had expired that borrowed the money for: having de pended on Clarke's return before thi I had limited the time to 6 weeks fro 3[d] Aug.—but his non arrival mad the rec't of yrs. quite opportune. Th Post Master Mr. Lincoln is very car less about leaving his office open & u locked during the day—half the tim I go in & get my papers etc. witho any one being there as was the cas yesterday. The letter was only marke 25 & even if he had been there & know it was double, he would not charged m any more—luckily he is a very cleve fellow & a particular friend of mine. he is there when I carry this to th office—I will get him to "Frank" it- I do not know who could have cut o the figures from my former papers- the side margin is the best place t put them. The corner is often ver much worn so as to render the writin or figures that may be on it unintell gible.—

I will take the July letter first i hand although there is but little tha requires an answer in it. I shoul think that farming as it is carried o in this country would be an emplo ment that would suit George & b engaging his attention would disp ennui, which feeling is almost insep rable from an inactive life. The min must be engaged on something or if has not external objects to act upon

ill turn inwardly & create ulness & abstraction.

This climate is rather amp than dry & subject to idden changes, but we sel- om have an east wind & it ever rains from that quarter. -It almost invariably storms om the S. W., which wind ows ¾ of the year.—The inter sets in about 1st of n.y & lasts 6 or 8 weeks.

Billious Fever & Ague & ever prevails more or less roughout the state particu- irly in the south where the nd is flat or wet. I do not how that it is healthier in e northern than in the iddle Counties. Morgan & ngamon are two as good unties as is in the state.

The River towns & in fact y situation near the water swampy grounds is quite nhealthy, the country being level that the water courses ove slow—The milk sickness which I esume is but little known in the East those who live in such places keep the lowledge of it to themselves in order at they may have a chance of selling t.—It exists in many of the Southern ounties & those that border on the abash—such places are by all means be avoided, for neither the milk or sh of the cattle that are affected with can be used.—The true cause has t yet been ascertained but is sup- sed to spring from the stock eating me weed when the dew is on it. Most the Emigrants to this state from the uth come & still come in their wag- ns & always camp out & expose them- ves very much after their arrival hich is enough to make any one sick: d then the first settlers had no con- niences & when taken sick had no octor or physic and were obliged to ar out the diseases. Either of these seases readily give way to medicine d are the only ones we have here, s that the Doctors have acquired a rfect knowledge of them. The Ague Fever can be cured in 2 days at the pense of $1 or $2. Two or three medies have been made known within year, that stop it on every one who s taken it—I used considerable quinin t fall but it only stops it a short time r the least cold a person gets after- rds renders its return certain. It d not let me have an intermission of re than a week—what is singular it mes only in warm weather & the bject has a great appetite when the ver is not on. This summer my health s been extremely good. I have made e of Bitters made of Indian turnip, od root and sarsaparilla, the first is very warming, the latter two are ellent for the blood. I have no fear the ague now—There has been more sickness this summer than ever was known before—deaths however are rare and I am of opinion that as a general thing people enjoy better health here than in the East for there is hardly a family there but what has some member of it afflicted with some local complaint or other which I think may be attributed to their manner of living; while here where food is simple, people are never sick except in Aug. & Sept. We have not any lingering complaints like Consumption.

I must acknowledge that florid complexions are more rare than in the East. For my own part I am well satisfied with the Country.

Caroline is a good natured girl and this is all that be said in her favour, there never was any congeniality between us—her mind wants discipline.

Emily possessed a more vigorous imagination which gave impulse to her feelings tinctured her conversation with good ideas & rendered her on the whole very pleasing. It was altogether the mind expressed in her countenance & not her features that were attractive. I was made a fool of once & may be again but I now have some experience in affairs of the heart. It seems H. P. is lost to me. —I sent 3 weeks since a paper containing a description of this county to T. W. P. The alterations Geo found in his visit to N$^{d.}$ were probably as great as is to be met with. I was aware of the change when I made my delightful excursions there. The Miss H's are worth looking after. What C. C. wrote about my being attentive to a "sucker girl" had some truth in it.—Yes! her name is *Martha Jane Short* & lives in Morgan County on Indian Creek, the timber of which can be seen from here distant 13 miles acrost a Prairie in the S. West direction. She possesses more qualities which assimilate with my peculiar disposition & comes nearer to the standard of what I consider essential in a wife than any girl I have ever seen. In stature middling height & slim—Light brown hair, black eyes, which suppress half their fire until she speaks, then through their soft disguise will flash an expression more of pride than ire & of love than either—Her age 20. Such is all the discription I can give of the girl who at present stands the highest in my estimation. How long she will continue to do so I cannot assure even myself as I have *naturally* a *fickle* disposition.—But as I have told you all in a previous letter if you would come here to live I never will marry but devote all my attention to seeing you made happy. I have one objection to marrying in this state & that is, the women have such an everlasting number of children—twelve is the least number that can

(Concluded on page 21)

As I was putting up my fence 2 great wolves walked along unconcerned within 30 yds. of me.

I let drive and shot five wild turkeys.

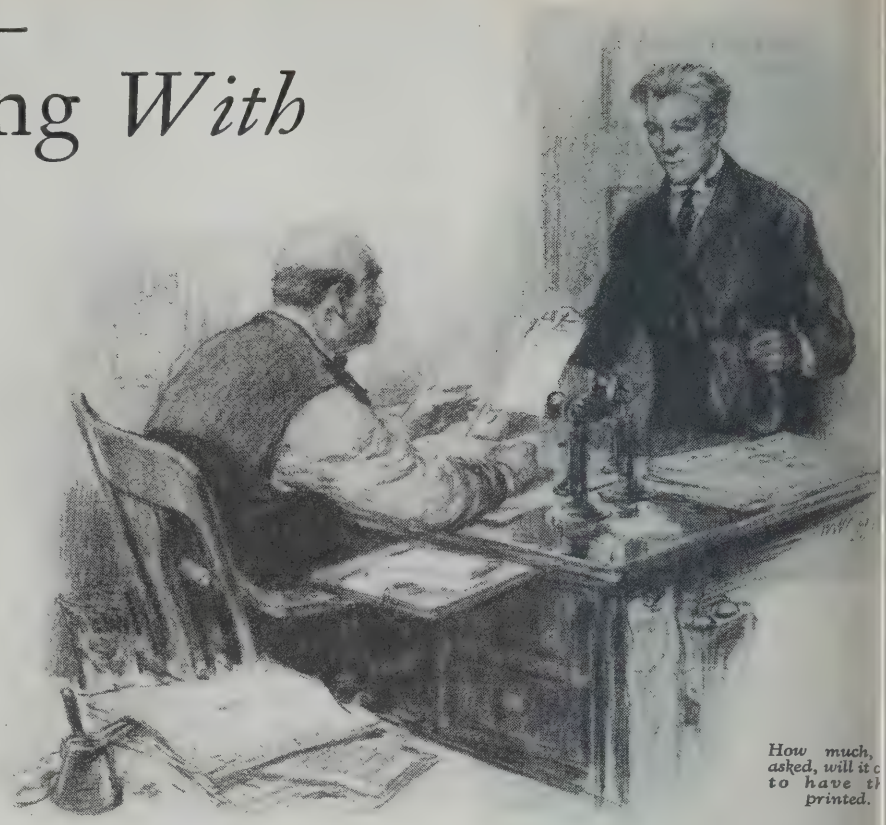
A Newspaperman *Gives Answer to the* Perennial Question—

What's Wrong *With the* PRESS?

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

PART I



How much, asked, will it c to have t printed.

YOU hear the question raised everywhere. The jury snickers when a lawyer asks, 'Well, you don't believe everything you read in the newspapers, do you?' The drys refer to 'the subsidized wet press.' Labor leans upon the expression, 'the capitalistic press.' Ministers launch out at the newspapers.

One reason for the sickness of the newspapers today is that an exacting and biased reading public demands of its newspapers something not contained in itself, and further insists that the press represent and print *its* thoughts and represent and print the thoughts of no one else.

We have the farm bloc working for its own interests and labor pursuing its aims! We have believers in prohibition making claims and we find those who would resummon beer and light wines making counterclaims.

Each four years we are expected to believe the Republican Party was divinely created and that all who think differently are porchclimbers; or we are informed that the grand principles of Jefferson must be perpetuated by a Democratic victory, failing which disaster will come to America.

When we ask what is wrong with the newspapers, the presumption is contained in the question that something is wrong. Certainly something is wrong. Newspapers are man-made. They are not edited in heaven. They err, as you and I err. Humankind is not without selfishness and deceit. But one might observe that one thing fundamentally wrong with newspapers is the reflection one sees in them, for news columns are supposed to be and usually are only a mirror in which the mill run of man can see himself. To diagnose newspapers as a whole would be as silly as for a physician to prescribe the same pill for every patient.

Newspapers suffer from various diseases, some curable, some incurable. If you staffed any of them with their critics, you would only replace bias with bias. We have excellent evidence on that point in the various group publications, single-minded organs which make small pretense of being fair. They are issued for the group and they are written solely to promote the ambitions and desires of that group. Anything that group publishes it calls news; anything printed by opposing interests is called propaganda.

There is no such thing in current popular reasoning as two opposing honest views. If the other fellow disagrees with you, he is dishonest, un-Christian and un-American. Probably more men are called un-Christian and un-American today than at any time in the country's history.

The nation is filled with these rigid-minded fellows, each patting his own group on the back and regarding it as the national salvation. In the bargain a large number of newspaper readers do not think and do not want to think. They are the puppets of their emotions. They vibrate to the words of the newspaper, the minister, the labor leader, the politician—last voice in their ears. They want to ride away from the humdrum. They have adventure vicariously in the adventure of others.

Your most ardent critic of newspapers wishes the press to print all the news—but he wants to be the judge of what is the news. And if the views of the paper do not conform to his views, they are utterly malicious a should not be printed.

There is not (although it oft seems as though there is) an organiz movement to discredit American new papers. Many clergymen and othe attack newspapers, sometimes fr honest motives, sometimes from p sonal spite. Their influence is large. minister takes up what he considers great moral issue. A publisher feels th the clergyman is wrong or that the pu lic isn't yet ready for the issue. T publisher, to the minister, immediate becomes a servant of wickedness.

Most persons do not know the m chinery of the newspaper office. Th know nothing of newspaper codes, e cept what they are told. Recently quiet gentleman walked into a newsp per office in the Middle West. He ha copy of a resolution passed by a Bi class of 500 members calling for strict enforcement of the 18th Amendment.

The minister of that church is well-known newspaper-baiter. storms against them, although he h laudatory articles printed in them wh he was raising funds recently for a n church. Whatever our visitor knew newspapers he knew only from minister.

'How much will it cost,' he aske 'to have this printed?'

'Nothing; glad to print it if it e presses the sentiments of 500 person said the editor.

'Nothing!' The visitor blinke 'But I thought—'

The editor informed him that the ews columns of his paper were *not* or sale.

If a newspaper prints something hat isn't true, it is popular to believe ; does so because it is a dishonest, ying sheet. It seldom occurs to the ayman that the paper has been misnformed or that some reporter blunered in writing it.

MEN who write the newspapers are quaint army. They are full of emoons, while pretending otherwise. They ill duck one assignment and work orty-eight hours without sleep and ithout complaint on another. They re agnostics in politics.

The newspaper business has its neats and its righteous ones, its cometents and its incompetents, but in wenty years of newspaper writing I ave known only one whose integrity ore a price tag. And I have known undreds of good, bad and ne'er-doell reporters—many of the latter.

On the other hand I have known eporters who could write magnificently ut who could not tell the truth, and ho openly complained that facts oiled a story.

I cannot see logic, however, in ondemning newspapers as a whole r these fellows. They are the roanticists of the craft. They believe at if the dramatic elements do not ist they should be created. But let a reader discover a misstatement which he knows definitely to be a misstatement, and he'll issue a blanket indictment against all the statements. It is illogical, of course. Because one minister may turn out a scalawag, does not prove Christianity a failure. Newspapers are of various makes, that's all, and usually they reflect the inequalities and imperfections of the men who compose them.

And there is always the other side of the picture. There are those, be they respectable or be they rascals, who object strenuously to having the truth told about them. A fine example of the latter occurred fifteen years ago, when a dock collapsed at an island in the Niagara River. Hundreds of persons were thrown into the swift current, and forty-two never came up. Many women, incidentally, lost their lives because of false hair. When men reached for them and grasped their bobbing heads, the hair came off in the rescuers' hands.

The story broke at nine o'clock of a Sunday night. In those days a popular Sunday pastime at Eagle Park, a resort on Grand Island in the center of the Niagara, some miles above the falls, was the so-called keg party. This Sunday there had been an excursion. When it came time to return to Buffalo hundreds gathered on the old dock. It was at that time that the dance called the grizzly bear was a vogue, and under its swaying the rotten posts of the dock let go. There was no telling how many were lost.

One newspaper chartered a yacht to go down the river; another engaged a ferry. Other reporters were dispatched to a river wharf where the boat bearing the survivors was going to land. I was in charge of that end.

THEY came off the rescue ship a desolate, bedraggled, panicky lot, but thanking their stars to have been pulled out before the Niagara sucked them down. Some were wild-eyed. They could not find a child or a parent. There were wailing women and dull-eyed men biting their lips and searching . . .

We brought back to the city an unpleasant story. Ghouls had been at work. Rings were missing from the dead, necklaces were gone. The newspapers said so.

Noon again. I engaged an automobile for the day and crossed the ferry to the island. It is two miles or so from the ferry slip to the scene of the disaster. An afternoon newspaperman came to the side of the automobile.

'Got a gun?' he asked.

'A gun; for what?' *(Concluded on page 18)*

One of the men vaulted the bar. Whatever he intended to say died on his lips.

The Changing Fashions of Being

Presented at Court

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

I WONDER if the débutantes of today await their presentation with as much quivering trepidation as that picturesque occasion inspired in pre-war girls. Whatever conjuring trick in the way of a change of gear was involved in those momentous words, 'coming out,' seemed epitomized by going to Court. Oh, the days of anxiety that preceded the solemn rite! The lessons in deportment, the panic-stricken rehearsals of curtseys, the aching hours of standing while dressmakers, their mouths full of pins, and your mother conferred with all the portentous gravity of physicians in consultation.

The shivering suspense of the day before the night—the hairdresser struggling to fix those difficulties, the nodding white feathers, at the least unbecoming angle (surely the one he chose was wrong), then the final robing with all the household, bent on sightseeing, thronging to your door to admire you in the foamy complexities of your 'simple' dress, and the dignity of the stately train that seemed yards and yards long and stimulated its wearer with all the alchemic power of fancy dress.

Then there was the eternity of the drive to Buckingham Palace, the being held up in the interminable queue of carriages, while you pinched and rubbed your pale cheeks to make them pink, and after arrival, the waiting in suspense—like animals in a pen—till your growing excitement culminated in the final ordeal by curtsey.

I question whether the girls of today can have the same thrilling sense of 'growing up,' of—as it were—being launched like a ship, that we used to have. Nowadays the different phases of life seem to merge into one another almost imperceptibly.

To begin with, how can you know you have crossed a threshold now that hair cannot go up nor skirts come down? Owing to shingling and the general fashion, women now seem to miss out the chrysalis stage. How different it was in the days when all of a sudden you said farewell to your pigtail and 'All hail!' to your *chignon*, and the outward and visible sign made an inward and spiritual change. The word 'flapper' was not then in use, but there was much more demand for such a word.

I'm sure that the inability to make any spectacular change in your appearance must in some measure detract from the glamour of 'coming out.'

No modern girl can guess at the thrilling sensation of hearing one's first long skirt rustling down the stairs behind one, the romance of losing sight of one's feet, nor all the emotions of feverishly trying different ways of putting up one's refractory hair and the anxiety as to whether it would stay up. I cannot imagine being presented in a short skirt.

True, trains are still worn at Court but they are very much curtailed, and their curtailment must make the actual presentation less alarming, as it enables subjects to go past the throne in much quicker succession, so that the self-conscious sense of isolation cannot be so great. One used to feel so framed and conspicuous, performing a *pas seul*, solitarily exposed in the fierce light that beats around a throne, that the experience was like running the gauntlet.

However, at least our curtseying limbs were shrouded by kindly, sheltering skirts. The risk of stumbling over them was more than compensated for by the welcome cover they afforded our awkwardness. The ungainly distortions of our legs were unwitnessed, and so long as you did not actually topple over (and I have never heard of any débutante who so disgraced herself, out of a nightmare) you could scarcely make yourself conspicuous for the awkwardness of your curtsey. There was little scope either for distinction or for disgrace. Of course one's knees cracked. To one's ears the noise sounded like pistol shots.

Now that legs have come out into the open, girls must see that their knees and ankles really know their business or their curtseys will not escape criticism. This is perhaps to the good, and yet I cannot help regretting the banished sweeping skirt—if only for this one occasion. Plumes in the head do seem to cry out for a long skirt to balance them. Besides, the more unusual the apparel the greater and more solemn would seem the occasion. And in these informal days our few surviving rituals should surely moult no feather of ceremony.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE is little excuse in this generation for what we call bad times. There is none at all for abject poverty. Everything that man can use is in the world waiting to be taken: the minerals within the earth, the foodstuffs on the surface, the air above. The elements all combine to supply humanity's needs. All that is left for man to do is to extract, convert and distribute those things which nature has provided. And yet when man falls down on this job he complains of 'bad times' as though they had been decreed by some hidden force over which he has no control.

In this connection we have been told much about the so-called cycles of business—the theory that because we have a succession of good years it must necessarily follow that we are to have a succession of bad years. A belief has grown up in this country that business must rest either upon a high peak of prosperity or in a canyon of depression. Coupled with this belief is another theory that business is regulated by some occult power beyond the reach of human hands and that it is hopeless to intervene when this power decrees that a reversal of good times is on the way. Nothing in America is quite so distressing as the spectacle of supposedly astute business men running for cover at the first rumor of business depression and not making the slightest effort to analyze conditions to determine whether the predictions are justified. In most cases a thorough analysis would show that they are merely the product of unwarranted hysteria.

WE HAVE reached the point in this country where we should know enough concerning the intelligent control and direction of economic conditions to prevent the occurrence of so-called 'hard times.' If people would stop talking about good and bad business and concentrate on normal business, many of the evils would vanish. We must direct our energies toward the steady output and purchase of products needed now. The responsibility lies with the purchasing public as well as with the producer. Only by the regular, consistent buying of goods needed at the time can we maintain a logical prosperity.

The surprising thing about so-called 'hard times' is that they are—in the beginning at least—largely a state of mind. They are brought about by fear. If people would only stop talking about good and bad business and concentrate on *normal* business, many of the evils of 'hard times' would vanish. The cry, 'back to normalcy,' is heard, but in reality we should never get so far away from normalcy that we have to get back to it.

By business we mean the medium through which the needs of the people are supplied. Nobody can ever buy anything that is useful and worth-while but that it does him some good. A steady prosperity is maintained when people buy continuously and regularly what they need *now*.

A need implies the supplying of a deficiency. A nation's needs are determined by that nation's civilization. The needs in America are far greater than the needs of a Bushman in Africa because America is more highly civilized. And as a nation ascends the ladder of civilization its needs increase. But caution must be exercised in determining just what our present needs are, so that an unbalanced supply of needful goods shall not be produced.

The matter of individual needs must be left to individual persons. A microscope may be a need for one man and an absurdity for another. It is for the individual to determine just what constitutes a logical purchase—in other words, a necessity for himself. His reckoning must be based on his logical ability to pay, the use to which he will put the article, and whether that use is a matter of the present or the future.

No business can be justified which is not designed primarily to perform some constructive service to society. Yet it must be acknowledged that not all business is conducted upon this basis of service. And therein lies what small justification there is for the delusion of 'bad times.' When people are led to buy things they do not need *now* and cannot afford, an artificial 'prosperity' is created.

Purchasing beyond ability to pay brings about the exchange of nonessential goods in unprecedented volume and the expansion of debt to the danger point. This gives rise to a wave of hysteria which deludes many people into the belief that we are in the midst of 'good times,' when as a matter of fact we are creating the very conditions which eventually bring about business reverses. When the natural reaction comes, these people become panicky. The alarm of 'hard times' is sounded and fear grips the buying public. Those who have been buying beyond their necessary limits swing far below the line of common sense and refuse to buy even ordinary essentials. This sudden withdrawal of purchasing power affects all classes of industry. There can be only one result. Factories are closed, men are thrown out of work, business becomes stagnant.

Just as many people need things as ever. Just as many need the work. Yet because of the collapse in the boom on nonessentials, the vital connecting link between production and purchase is broken and everybody suffers. The responsibility lies with the purchasing public as well as with the producer. Only by the consistent buying of goods needed at the time can we maintain a logical prosperity.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

A Plea, a Warning or a Threat?

IT WILL be difficult for Americans to determine whether it was Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, or Mr. Mellon, the corporationist, who made formal answer to the recent tariff manifesto. Part of his official statement forms an amazing utterance as coming from a public official. It is that part wherein he refers to the Aluminum Company of America, a concern widely known as 'Mr. Mellon's own company,' and one accused of violation of the anti-trust laws by the Federal Trade Commission. Here are Mr. Mellon's words:

> As an example I might cite the case of the Aluminum Company of America. The raw product of aluminum is bauxite, deposits of which occur in the United States, in British Guiana, and in many other countries of the world. The principal cost of the manufacture of aluminum is electric power and labor. The cheapest power in the world is hydroelectric; the cheapest labor is foreign.
>
> The Aluminum Company has many power properties in the United States, but others in foreign countries, and the largest power of all is now being developed in Canada. From its plants in the United States the American market is supplied; from its plants abroad the foreign market is supplied. If the present tariff on aluminum is maintained, developments for the expansion of domestic business will be made in the United States.
>
> If the tariff be removed, those developments will occur in foreign countries, and part of the American market be supplied from abroad. The effect of removing the tariff on aluminum would not in the least be to hurt the Aluminum Company, but to deprive the United States of the benefit of enlarged manufactory here. Less capital will be invested here and less labor employed.

Reduced to simplest terms the statement declares this: Remove the tariff and the Aluminum Company of America will take its factories elsewhere! A strange attitude, surely.

To prove his point Mr. Mellon felt it necessary to cite a company which is 'protected' by an exceptionally high tariff. He said nothing about those industries which are being profitably conducted *without* the sop of a tariff. He mentioned that American labor is the highest paid in the world; but he did not add that it is also the most efficient. He told of the 'danger' of foreign competition; but he did not mention American business ingenuity and management, which have placed this nation at the very pinnacle of the world's industries. Perhaps after all the things that Mr. Mellon did not mention are more important than those he did.

Bigger and Better Debt

THE politician's idea of adequate farm relief is to mortgage the farm. Credit, more credit, and then still more credit—that is the remedy for all farm problems. Does the farmer need help? The solution is easy. Give him bigger and better opportunities to go into debt! Most of the cure-alls proposed in recent years have had this debt feature attached to them. And now comes the report from reliable sources that the McFadden Banking Bill will be rushed through Congress at its coming session—*as a farm relief measure!*

Much opposition has developed to the McFadden Bill in the South. The cotton growers are in difficult straits. Splendid! Now the bill can be urged for immediate passage on the theory that it will alleviate the situation facing the South, through facilitating national banks in the extension of credit to planters and to cotton factors. In the hip-and-hurrah of rushing the bill through to help the poor planter its other features may be forgotten. It may pass unnoticed that the probable effect of the McFadden Bill will be to establish a monopoly of credit, more dangerous even than a monopoly of money.

The Education of Mr. Vare

MR. VARE, of the Southwark District of Philadelphia, is now in a position to knock at the doors of the Senate and beg admittance as a member in good standing. Although he ran far behind the others on his ticket, he was elected by a comfortable Republican majority in the comfortably Republican state of Pennsylvania. But his troubles, according to the witch doctors of the Democratic Party, have only begun. Both he and Brother Smith of Illinois will have some tall explaining to do before they can tilt back in their chairs and gaze placidly at the ceiling decorations in the Senate Chamber. It must be said in justice to Mr. Vare that he learned many things during the campaign just past. He learned—among other things—caution. During the primary campaign he spent $665,000. During the final campaign he spent $133.08.

They Also Ran

ONE fact stands out in bold relief from the election returns. The American people do not like the Senators who voted America into the World Court. Of the seven pro-Court Senators standing for reëlection in states classed as doubtful, six were defeated. Those who survived the primaries were winnowed in the election. Many familiar faces will be missing when the 70th Congress convenes. Among those not present will be:

Senator William M. Butler, of Massachusetts.

Senator James E. Wadsworth, of New York.

Senator Richard P. Ernst, of Kentucky.

Senator Robert N. Stanfield, of Oregon.

Senator Ovington E. Weller, of Maryland.

Senator Ralph H. Cameron, of Arizona.

Senator George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania.

Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin.

Senator Rice W. Means, of Colorado.

Senator William B. McKinley, of Illinois.

The late Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa.

All voted valiantly for the World Court and all were defeated, either at the primaries or the final election. Apologists for the Court claim that it did not enter into the campaign and did not affect the results, but their plea lacks the ring of genuineness. In virtually every instance where the contest lay between a pro-Court candidate and an anti-Court candidate, the pro-Court man was beaten. The American people have voiced their attitude on the World Court. It probably will not be necessary for them to do so again.

The New Agriculture

PROFIT—rather than price—is this to be the new slogan of Agriculture?

J. W Coverdale, for several years executive secretary of the American Farm Bureau Federation and today an outstanding man in Middle West agriculture, is a proponent of this idea. Another is Arthur Huntington, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Today, Coverdale's ideas of efficiency are exemplified in the crusade he is carrying on toward the elimination of needless duplication in elevators in the small towns of Iowa. Huntington has preached and written the gospel of industrialization and electrification of the farm.

'Dollar corn is no longer the slogan,' Coverdale points out. 'The producer is now thinking of corn that can be sold for *more than the cost of production*. He now sees that he must not only get a large return per acre, but a *higher return* per worker. That he must have efficient production equipment, and learn to use it efficiently. Average results are not his aim; if he is to succeed, his practices must be the best in the industry.

'In the past, practically the only thing considered as a barometer of agricultural conditions has been "Price." A high price has been accepted as prosperity; and a low price as calamity.'

Mr. Coverdale, however, defines the correct price of a product as that price which will move the entire crop into consumption without a shortage or carry-over; and provide a profit for the producer.

The first step in coöperative merchandising is the practice of self-restraint on the part of those who would coöperate, claims Coverdale, who also points out that the farmer cannot have both public aid and all his personal liberties at one and the same time. Neither can producers who want to coöperate with others do so unless they are willing to forego their personal liberties for the sake of the coöperation.

The Fringe of Winter

THE evening air is heavy with the odor of burning leaves. Fussy householders rake beneath the lawn trees as the golden autumn colors flutter and fall. The wild geese fly south, low over the housetops. They are tired and will seek water before another hundred miles have passed beneath them. Across the sky a flock of blackbirds take flight, their last twitterings mingling with the breeze that stirs a pile of fallen leaves into sudden activity. There is a new chill in the air that betokens winter. We return from work in the dark; can it have been but a few short weeks ago that we found the sun high in the heavens at dinner time?

Now we know what Robert Frost meant when he wrote

> The leaves are all withered and gone
> Save those that the oak is keeping
> To ravel them, one by one,
> And send them, scraping and creeping,
> Out over the snow, when the others are sleeping.

What care we if the weather be severe? Let zero come on a sweeping winter gale. The family gathers about the table, the tasks of the day done. After dinner there will be nuts, apples and cider, and popcorn that has been drying in the attic for a year. We gather around a roaring grate fire. Why should we seek for pleasures outside the home when everything we could wish for is here? Simple pleasures, perhaps, but joyous ones. Maybe a neighbor drops in, and we make room for him by the fireside and welcome him into the family. Let the wind howl around the eaves. What do we care? It's warm inside—and home!

Forces That Are Reshaping Mexico

A Study of Those Who Ruled the Country Before the Revolution and Those Who Are Ruling It Now

By HELEN BOWYER

ABOVE the eleven or twelve million of the sub-civilized masses of Mexico stand the three million, more or less, whom Mexican official reports characterize as 'living in a state of white culture.' Of these about a million are Creoles, natives of pure white descent, who, however they may have diffused their blood among Indians and *mestizos*, have never permitted these darker breeds to dilute their own life stream. Until the Revolution they formed a feudal aristocracy with powers almost of life and death over the peasants of their vast estates. While they personally took very little part in politics, Mexico was, in the large, run for them. And Mexico reached the year nineteen ten the most backward, illiterate, poverty-stricken, disease-ridden country of the Christian world.

The other two million 'of white culture' shade downward from the near-white whose lineage is mostly Spanish to the swart *mestizo* whose remote European ancestor has been almost outbred. They even include some pure Indians whom the fortunes of war or other circumstance have raised above their blood brothers. On the edges of the lower million the 'white culture' gets pretty hard to discern, but in general even its border members sit on chairs instead of on the floor, wear shoes and stockings, *can* read even if they don't, and have a vivid consciousness of their superiority to the 'low people.' The upper million includes thousands of *profesionistas*, doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, a large part of the store and office assistants and of the swarming army of the government employes.

Indeed, large numbers of the *profesionistas* are themselves government employes. There are certainly not too many doctors in Mexico; indeed, for the amount of work in hygiene and sanitation that should be done immediately there are probably not enough. But there are far more than can make a living by private practice among that poverty-stricken people or in those public welfare activities that call for medical training. As for the *licenciados*—lawyers—there is no possibility that the hordes of them could be absorbed in either public or private service of the kind for which their education is supposed to have prepared them.

—Photos, Ewing Galloway.

Types of illiterate peons living in Southern Mexico. This is an Indian family photographed while waiting for their meal to cook.

There ought to be work enough for engineers in a country that has most of its material development still before it.

The *conquistadores* had initiative. In all history there is nothing more intrepid than the conquest of a far-flung empire by this invading handful of five hundred white men. The rest of the three hundred thousand colonists who, through the centuries, crossed from Spain could not, in the nature of things, all be their match in hardihood and daring, but for the first century, at least, it must still have taken high adventurousness to make that long passage of the pirate-haunted seas and go it on one's own in the vast isolation of those Indian estates.

What became of that ancestral energy? If the sons the Indian women bore them did not inherit it, did it go to the sons of their white wives, the Creoles of today?

It did not. The Mexican aristocrat has intellect but he has no energy. He can theorize better than his half-breed brother but hardly more than he, can he act. At least, not in Mexico.

For Mexico lies outside the white man's zone of achievement. Around the northern hemisphere—and far to the south around the southern—there stretches a belt of land whose temperature, humidity and elevation combine to form those climatic conditions in which, and in which alone, the white man can function well for any length of time. Within this zone he works, he thinks, he investigates, he dares, he advances in science, in commerce, in industry. Outside of it apathy falls upon him and the best that he can hope for his descendants is the lordship of crudely cultivated lands, worked and even managed for them by the natives of the soil.

Such, in large part, were the Mexican Creoles before the Revolution. But since then, thousands of them have spent a decade back in the zone of achievement, with the added stimulus of a living to be made under conditions wholly new to them. Those of them who were young enough may well have been reborn into the spirit of the white world and the layman's movement of their Church and the realism of their new economic and political programs may well be the earnest of that rebirth.

But if so, the Creole has still to bide his time. It is the *mestizo* of white culture who is running Mexico.

With him, the incapacity for action springs from sources less easy to explain. Climate and altitude act on him also—he is distinctly less resistant to his enervating environment than is his Indian half brother. But the thing which most operates to paralyze him is his inferiority complex.

Theoretically, at (Concluded on page 27)

The Soul *of an* Ancient City *Lingers Among*

The Little Trades *of* Paris Streets

By
ANDRÉE PRATOUCY

Drawings by
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

THEY cannot be labeled as 'business'; they do not weigh in the trade balance nor do they inflate the exportation figures for goods; they keep away from the slavery of trusts and cartels; they do not give birth to *nouveaux riches*. The blazing life of the capital pushes them back into the shadow of its luxury. But more than the big *couturiers*, more than the Rue de la Paix milliners and jewelers, more than the amazing displays of the huge *magasins*, the little trades of Paris streets develop that strange, mysterious emotion which makes the soul of the city, engenders the smooth atmosphere whence floats the spirit of the Parisian race.

It has been said that they are fast disappearing—that they are almost a myth nowadays. Yes, persons who land in spick-and-span hotels on the Champs-Élysées, those who haunt the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne or nestle in the up-to-date buildings encing in Eiffel Tower have scarcely a chance to meet them on their way. But Parisians know where they are, all those who form the humble army of petty tradesmen, little sellers or wandering workers.

Their traditionalism, closely associated with their vocation, makes them reluctant to frequent wide avenues and rich wards; they stick to the old stone quarters, the *Marais* and the real Montmartre, the Latin Quarter and the Islands, where traditions have fled before the invasion of modernism, where our *petits marchands des rues* do not run the risk, when pitching their tents or settling their goods in doorways, of being brushed off by gilded valets or of having their songs mocked by impertinent embroidered maids.

For no matter how hard life may be for them, no matter how dull the day or dreary the task, they sing; that is their only publicity and trade-mark. Strolling along streets in the old Paris, the dearest one to any true Parisian, it is a joy to meet, swinging his hedgehog-like brooms twisted round with yards of rough rope, a ladder tied to his back, this living anachronism; a *ramoneur* (chimney sweep). The *ramoneur!* With his sooty face and his drawling song; *'On ra-a-mone les cheminées du haut-o en bas-a!'* (we sweep chimneys from top to bottom), he is so like the one familiar to my childhood that I sometimes wonder by what magic charm the *ramoneur* can still be here while my childhood is gone.

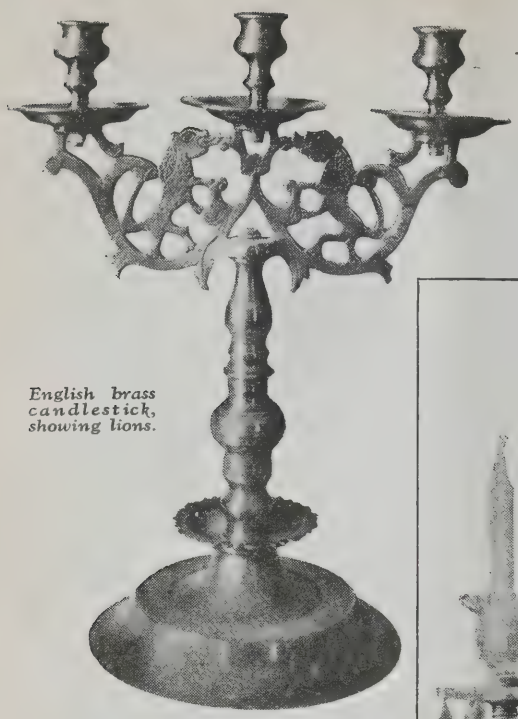
I remember a gray morning in the late autumn, bare branches from the *Jardin des Plantes* trees brushing my window, then a voice in the street waking the tiny girl I was to the sad reality of a world ready for winter: *'On ra-a-mone les cheminées!'* The *ramoneur!* O joy! That meant soon blazing logs in the fireplaces, and stores sparkling with lights in mid-afternoon, and Christmas. Christmas! Who said Santa Claus was white, and red, and furry? No, Santa Claus was ragged and black, as black and ragged as the *ramoneur* whose song was for me forerunner of joy.

Walk any bright afternoon in the Luxembourg park, and you will soon see how well the *ramoneur* is known within that little world:

'Why, Jeannette, just try to pinch your little brother again, and I'll call the *ramoneur!*'

'All right, Pierrot, dip your sleeve into the water and the *ramoneur* will take your boat away!'

But the *ramoneur* does not seem to care. Ever searching the street, his head raised toward the upper floors, he seems to await orders to *ramoner* the chimneys from the sky. He sings with a bit of melancholy, for he is a Parisian by force. Every year the snow of his mountainous (*Concluded on page 26*)

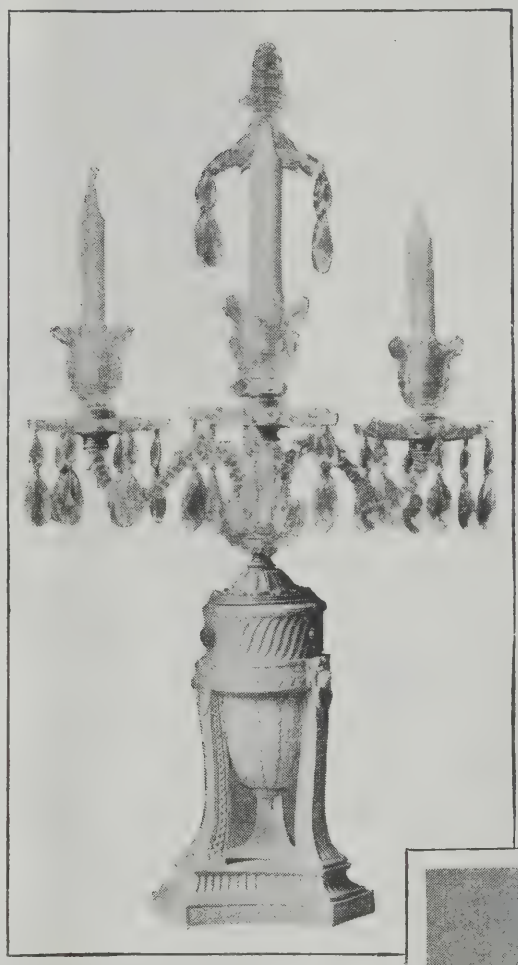


English brass candlestick, showing lions.

Lights of Other Days—

Candles *and* Candlesticks

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND



Crystal candelabrum in the Adams period with Wedgwood base.

PERHAPS our love of candles has been fostered by their pleasant associations with varied events in our lives, with gleaming Christmas trees and happy birthdays, and also of their intermingling with custom and romance. Away back in the year 800 we find the Pope, celebrating Mass in Santa Maggiore, using a candle tied to a cane to set fire to the tow placed on the capitals of the columns, thus symbolizing the destruction of the world by fire.

Throughout Scandinavian countries, as well as in Denmark, Germany and Greece, the candle plays an important part in the yuletide festivities, and lighted candles were a feature of the Jewish Feast of Dedication.

Although the smoke of the pine torch was at first somewhat offensive, and the pitchy drippings from the burning wood a source of no little annoyance to the tidy housewife, still, the easily obtained 'candle-wood' was religiously regarded as a special gift of Divine Providence. These were burned several at a time where much light was required, or singly, for carrying about the room. Much of the evening Bible reading was done by the flickering smoky light of these primitive illuminators.

If the more costly candle was used it is said that it was sometimes extinguished during the long prayer at the end of the day. Apropos of these domestic economies, it must have been one of our Yankee ancestors who invented the so-called 'save-all,' a candlestick attachment of rings and iron pins which held up the last bit of candle.

Josiah Franklin, father of Benjamin, was a tallow chandler, and in his father's shop the future philosopher began his life of labor at the age of ten years, cutting wicks.

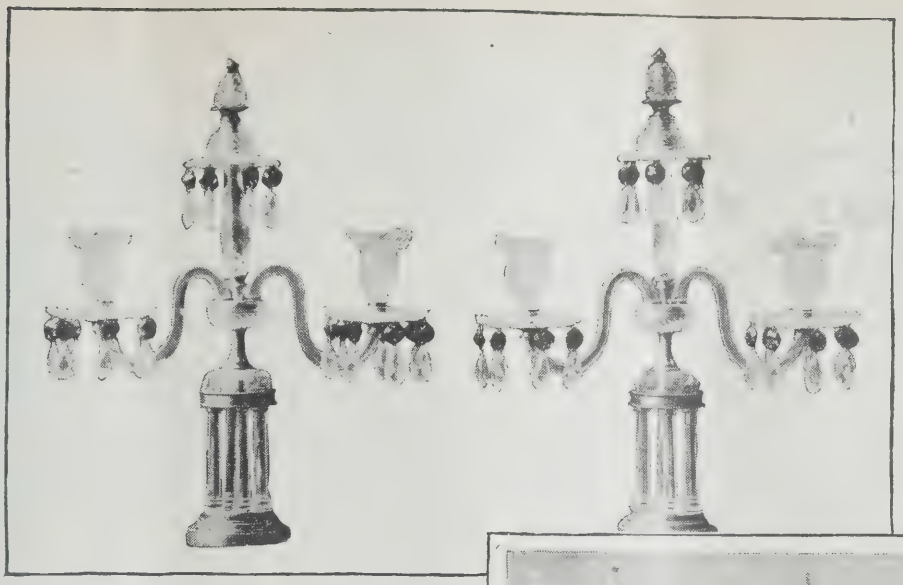
In the early days of the American colonies, when most of the tallow was imported, thus making its use prohibitive, recourse was had to pine torches. Let me quote from a document dated 1629 — 'Although New England has no tallow to make candles of, yet by the abundance of fish thereof, it can afford oil for lamps Yea, our pine trees, that are mos plentiful of all wood do allow u plenty of candles, which are useful i a house. And they are such candle as the Indians commonly use, havin no other; and they are nothing els but the wood of the pine tree cloven in two little slices, something slim which are so full of the moisture o turpentine and pitch, that they bur as clear as a torch.'

At first there were no cattle in th Plymouth colony. About 1630 thre cows were brought from England There is no authentic record of othe importations of domestic cattle unti 1652. By 1660 candle-making ha become quite a common occupatio for the housewives of the colony Tallow was still far from plentiful and to piece out this deficiency, dee and bear suet were mixed with th beef tallow and used for candle-mak ing. Rush lights were simply th pith of the common rush dipped i melted tallow the same as candles.

By 1680 tallow candles had becom

Glass candlesticks are rare. These are about 100 years old, and of American make.

more common but must still have been regarded as somewhat of a luxury, for we are told that they sold for fourpence apiece. Large quantities of English-made candles were imported, as were also cotton and flax for the wick. Among the first letters that Governor Winthrop wrote home to his wife upon arriving in Boston was one in which he directed her to bring a supply of candles and wicking with her when she came to New England.



Crystal table candelabra in crystal base and branches.

Wax for candles was supplied by the wild bees which roamed the great forests and the vast meadows. An excellent substitute for tallow was found in the fragrant wax refined from the bayberry, the fruit of a bush growing abundantly all along the New England coast. An excellent variety of candles was made from the fatty substance taken from the head of the sperm whale, and was called 'spermaceti.' One of these candles afforded more light than three tallow candles. They were, however, regarded as costly in comparison with the 'tallar dip.'

The streets of Boston in 1730 were lighted by spermaceti candles inclosed in little square lanterns. Over the front doors and in the front 'entries' of the larger and more elegant houses were frequently suspended more costly lanterns in which were burned spermaceti candles.

The manufacture of candles early became an important industry in New England, and the wealth accumulated by some of the thrifty tallow chandlers became the foundations upon which were built the social distinction of not a few of Boston's aristocratic families. The making of candles, while a simple operation, involved much care and labor. The earliest method was by the process known as 'dipping.' The twisted or braided cotton or flax wicks were suspended from a stick called a candle rod, the number of the rods being determined by the size of the pot or kettle.

When carefully straightened the wicks were dipped into the melted tallow, receiving a coating of the hot fat. When cool, the operation was repeated until the candle had grown to the desired size. Some housewife first immersed the wick in a solution of saltpeter. This was said to make the wick burn more evenly, and prevent what were called 'candle robbers,' which were simply the burning wicks bending over and coming into contact with the body of the candle, thus melting away what was called gutters. Later, candle molds were introduced. These were groups of tin or pewter cylinders into which the melted tallow was poured, the product being a molded candle, much superior to the 'dip.' Men known as 'candle-makers' traveled about the country with large candle molds holding from thirty-six to fifty candles. These men could easily make in two days a sufficient supply of candles to last a large family all winter.

The coming of the candle-maker was regarded in many families as an event, for usually he was a jolly, jovial fellow, full of good stories, and bringing much cheer into the household. All candles, after being made, were carefully cared for by the prudent housewife. They were packed away in boxes and stored in cool places, protected from the ravages of the rats and mice. Those intended for immediate use were kept in what was called a candle-box, which was a round, tin cylinder with a hinged lid, which hung horizontally from the wall of the living room.

The candle-box also protected the candles, so that they did not turn yellow, which they would do if exposed to the light.

Ever since the days when bayberry dips succeeded pine knots, we have yielded to the witchery of candlelight. They are reminiscent of clicking heels and sounds of revelry. Even today in stately homes the fugitive odor of box and bayberry transports one back to stagecoach days, when homes were lighted by these heralds of rest, harbingers of pleasant dreams.

Crystal sconce with cut drops in garlands. Light touches the pendants and is reflected in myriad rainbow hues.

In the making of candles four methods were employed: dipping, pouring, drawing and molding. Yet, all finished candles were more or less cylindrical in shape. Standing out among them all are the fragrant bayberry dips, so delicate in coloring, and so sweet in perfume that they have retained their popularity since the days when they were first dipped in great-grandmother's fireroom, long centuries ago.

(Concluded on page 23)

Now Just Who IS Queer—
The Chinese or Ourselves?

By
INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

Silhouettes by
BETTY JANE KIDD

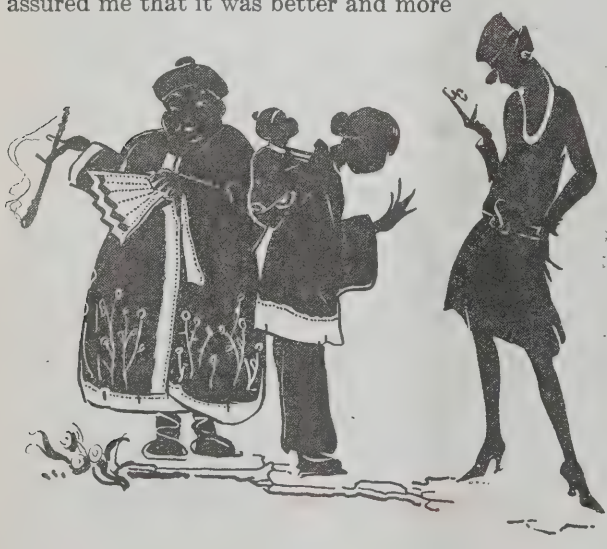
THERE are four Chinese to every one of us.

My Chinese friend, Mrs. Chee, recently surprised me by stating in her polite way that the Chinese feel that *we* are exceedingly queer. Our innumerable and extraordinary idiosyncrasies and ways of doing things are past finding out. We are just topsy-turvy, that's all.

In the following friendly visit, in which I learned a great deal of Chinese psychology, Mrs. Chee and I tried to find out which one of us was queer. Let the readers of this article decide.

How absurd, the Chinese say, to call a person Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones, when the proper way has always been to say Smith Mr. or Jones John Mrs. or Coolidge Calvin, rather than put the confusing given name first. They wonder how our postal system can do efficient work with our peculiar method of placing stamps on the front of the envelope and the address written in reverse order. The right way, of course, is to put the stamps on the back of the envelope and on the front side write the address with first the country, then state, town, street number and lastly the person's name. We write the day, month and year. The Chinese write year, month and day. Our designation of cardinal directions is: north east or south west. They say east north or west south.

American women seem immodest because they wear skirts. Mrs. Chee assured me that it was better and more modest for the women to wear the trousers with simple upper garments and for the men to wear the long, flowing robes. The men of course should carry out the family social duties and gossip over their teacups and gracefully carry their parasols and fans, content that their wives are tending to the home and babies.



Surely destruction must await these peculiar Westerners who actually put 'ladies first' and allow their women folk to go to social functions where both men and women are present.

Mrs. Chee thought that Western mothers-in-law must be tyrants indeed, for the Western lad has to be unfilial and take his bride away and set up a new home, rather than act according to prescribed Chinese custom and take his bride to his father's home, to be an assistant and servant to his mother. The Chinese mothers think that they have the welfare of their children so at heart that early in life they provide the sons with wives and daughters with husbands. They think Western parents are most unconcerned regarding the happiness of their children by not providing them with life companions.

To them it seems pathetic that these poor neglected children must hunt around for years, and in their unsophisticated judgment choose a mate for themselves. Mrs. Chee thinks it is much more satisfactory to follow the Chinese custom and allow the parents and a middleman to manage for the young people such important affairs.

It was a unique surprise indeed to be told that we do everything backward and are so queer. At least that is what Mrs. Chee, representing four hundred million people, seemed to feel as she cited the following incidents: Why did we make our books to begin at the left and read across, when Chinese books for thousands of years have begun at the right and read up and down? Why put footnotes at the bottom of a page when Chinese place them at the top? The Chinese were the first to invent the compass, and it was made to point to the south, but because we do everything backward, we made ours point to the north. The Chinese cannot understand why we do not have serious collisions, for we sit down to row a boat with our back to the direction we are traveling. They stand up to row, facing the direction they are going.

THEY marvel that we do not injure ourselves because we pare vegetables or fruit with the blade of the knife toward us, while they have the safer method of paring away from them. They strike a match toward them and turn a lock to the left, and we queer folk do just the opposite. In sewing, we draw the needle toward us rather than outward as they do. In traffic, we pass to the right and they to the left and this causes confusion. We have our railway gates across the street, but they put their gates across the tracks and just open up for the trains to pass.

They drain an umbrella handle downward, just opposite from our way. We point with the finger, they with the chin. We beckon with the palm up, they with the palm down and the fingers closing in and out. But all these ways produce the same results, and who is to say which is the better way?

Our queerness extends in all directions, I discovered. In America, a mile is a mile whether it is uphill or on

he level. This seems strange reasoning o the Chinese, for, they say, it is much harder and takes longer to travel up-hill and so it should be so many miles up, say fifteen, and ten miles down.

We weary ourselves by handling all difficult matters ourselves, while the Chinese always have a middleman to do it for them. Neither are we clever in business. Our wholesale price is cheaper than our retail. The Chinese reason that if one has sufficient money to buy in a large quantity, he is rich enough to pay more and so the retail price is cheaper than buying in a quantity.

BUT most curious to Mrs. Chee was *why*, when Westerners are supposed to have so much money, the women cannot afford to have enough clothes. The Chinese woman is well dressed from her high collar to her tiny ankles, even among the poor. But the poor Western woman, in cold weather, has abbreviated clothes, and even then, often does not have material enough left for the sleeves. In America all women wear hats; the Chinese women never do.

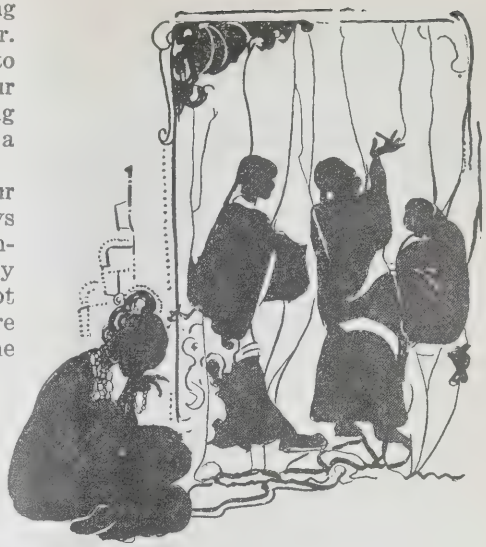
Mrs. Chee thought Westerners very brazen, for a husband will kiss his wife in the presence of servants or other members of the family, all oblivious of the fact that China's sages have decreed that it is improper for a man even to touch a woman's hand in passing an article from one to the other. Then too, we accept a compliment with thanks. The Chinese humbly belittles himself.

Mrs. Chee commented upon our peculiar educational methods. In America the teachers are largely women; in China practically all are men. Our children study their books. The Chinese method is to store up the sayings of the sages by memorizing entire books, to be explained and interpreted later. The Chinese child is saved the distraction of facing the teacher to recite, as do Western pupils, by reciting all lessons with his back to the teacher. Also he is taught to look backward to the 'Golden Age,' but we give our children nothing to tie to by teaching them to look forward to some kind of a golden age in the future.

We are also accused of treating our dead with disrespect. Mrs. Chee says we should wear white for mourning instead of black. We stand tragically self-controlled, when, if we did not know how to wail, we should hire several others to do it for us, so that the departed spirit will hear it and know that his going was a great loss to the family. It is a long, hard journey into the next world and so food and refreshment are placed on the grave. All that greets the weary Western soul is the odor of flowers. We let the departed soul get along as best he can in his new environment, but the Chinese provide for all the needs and luxuries of their dead, by burning, and thus sending into the spirit world, quantities of imitation paper money, paper houses, rickshaws, clothes, and so forth. Thus the discomforts of Hades are minimized, and one can have all the luxuries of home.

We demand quiet at a time of sickness. The Chinese use firecrackers and noise to drive away the evil spirits causing the sickness. We place a tombstone at the head of a grave; they at the foot. All except the poor pay a doctor by the year to keep them well. Mrs. Chee thought our way unfortunate, for we add to the calamity of illness a doctor bill.

That 'East is East and West is West' was exemplified at a dinner party given in my honor by Mrs. Chee. No doubt, however, the dinner party that I gave in her honor was as queer to her as hers was to me, so after all, who and what is queer?



Instead of a dainty white invitation I received an enormous red envelope about eight by ten inches, with large gold letters. According to Chinese custom, we should send in advance a gift of meat or dainties or money, but the Chinese are now so thoroughly convinced that we are queer that ordinary forms of Chinese politeness are not expected of us.

In America the house is inclosed in a yard, but the Chinese house incloses its yards or courts. Mrs. Chee's home was true to type. The back yard was at the front and the front at the back. We passed multitudinous courts of servant quarters and stables and kitchens, where geese, pigs and scavenger dogs abounded. At last we reached a spacious court filled with rockery and flowers, adjoining the living quarters of the family. Here Mrs. Chee met us in her gracious Chinese manner. She vigorously shook her own hands in greeting, and we, in turn, warmly clasped our own hands and shook them at her.

One servant brought us fragrant bowls of Jasmine tea, with the saucer placed over the cup instead of our method of placing under the cup. We were urged by another servant to wash our hands and face with the steaming towels she brought us. We discovered that promptness at a Chinese dinner is not essential, and no one seemed concerned when some of the guests were an hour or two late, for all of the visiting is done first and one goes home immediately after the dinner. In China, an invitation brings not only the one woman invited, but also all her small and voraciously hungry offspring and their *amahs* or servants. This dinner was no

exception. While we were waiting for the belated guests, Mrs. Chee entertained us by showing us her gorgeous livid red wedding dress and veil, which instead of hanging down the back, hangs over the face. Thus the Chinese bride appears more modest to the young husband who is seeing the girl of his parents' choosing for the first time. We spoke of our wedding day as being such a happy event for the bride. My hostess' reply was that any demonstration of joy on the part of the bride would be most unfilial indeed and would be a disgrace. The bridegroom is supposed to be very happy and give feasts to his friends, while the bride sits in a back room and fasts and weeps to show her sorrow at leaving her parents and the home of her childhood. The unconcealed joy of the Western bride is indeed shocking.

Two hours after the time set for the dinner, we seated ourselves at the table. The belated guests had no apology to offer and none seemed to be required. I, as guest of honor, was placed at the left of the hostess, instead of the right. The meal was served in reverse order to ours. The dessert, cold dishes, entrées, vegetables and meats all came first, and the soup and rice were served last of all. Perhaps these delayed dinners are intentional to prepare one for the twenty or thirty courses to follow. This, indeed, was a 'Royal Gorge' as long as the Colorado. The Chinese guests were all polite and showed their appreciation of the dinner by loud smacking and sucking of the food, while we, in our impolite way, ate silently. There was no tablecloth, in order that bones or remnants might be laid on the table. Those who ate the fastest began leaving the table before the rest of us had finished. Their method of excusing themselves was to place the chopsticks on top of their rice bowls and invite us to 'please eat a little more.' Everyone was again urged to wash her hands and face with the towels.

Leave-taking was excruciatingly polite. We energetically shook our own hands at the hostess and thanked her for the delightful time, to which she replied, 'Oh I am sure I have offended you. My food was very poorly prepared and of insufficient quantity, I fear you will never want to come again.'

We repeatedly assured her of the delightful time we had had and the abundance of food, and she just as frequently apologized in the former refrain. At last, after much bowing and shaking of our own hands, we were allowed to depart.

But 'East is East and West is West' and the customs of the East are as old as those of the West are young. There are more than four hundred million of them and about a hundred million of us. After all, *who* is queer?

What's Wrong With the Press

(*Concluded from page 7*)

'They're crazy because of that robbing-the-dead story. You know how hard-boiled they are over there. I wouldn't go over without a gun if I were you.'

Halfway across the island was an old hotel. I went in, identified myself, and asked the proprietor for the loan of a gun.

'I'll let you take a shotgun,' he said. 'It's the smallest thing I've got.'

I couldn't imagine myself walking into the barroom crowd at Eagle Park's pet beer-house with a shotgun, and I went on. As we neared the tavern, I told the driver to race down to the river, where the police boat was tied. There I found Mike Regan, police superintendent of Buffalo, a man of the build of William Howard Taft and the muscle of Jack Dempsey. I explained the situation.

'I'll go with you,' he offered, '—me and the inspector. I'll be just a few steps behind when you go in the door.'

As I walked into the barroom and announced myself, the place was packed with as big a gang of roughnecks as I've ever seen. Behind the long counter were two bullet-headed gentlemen whose probable occupation was robbery, armed. In front of them were others of the same model.

'I'm from the *Courier*. Anyone calling for me?' I asked the assemblage.

One of the men vaulted the bar. As he landed on his feet, the bulk of Regan in all the glory of braid, buttons and brawn appeared behind me in the doorway. Whatever the bartender intended to say died on his lips.

'The *Courier?*' he asked, one eye taking in the police superintendent. 'No, sir,' he said, 'I ain't heard no one asking for you. You ain't heard anyone, boys, asking for him, have you?'

And the assembled boys reported to the man that no one had been asking for me.

The reporter, to quote a colleague, has a strange but ironclad code of ethics. He may steal a story without a moment's warning but he will never break a confidence to get one. (I'm speaking of reporters of standing. No profession is without its cankers.) He may wink at a story for the sake of a friend, but he will go through fire to get and print a story which he has been offered a bribe to forget.

And after that he must know how to talk intelligently with all classes—with the scientist about his new discovery, with the theologian, or the lawyer, or the grafter, or the uplifter. He has to size up a man and decide in his own mind how much that he says can be believed. That some reporters fail in this is evident. At least fifty per cent of the misinformation that gets into a newspaper is got at the source.

Facts are elusive. It is not humanly possible for a reporter to be an eyewitness of every event in the world. He must take his facts from the coroner or the detective or someone who heard it from someone else. And—witness court testimony—few persons remember the same thing in the same way.

The reporter makes no more errors than you do in the conduct of your business. The difference is that you do not publish your errors. When a reporter errs, his mistake is broadcast to the world.

Let us turn to the bad newspapermen—and there are many of them. Some men would be regarded as fools if they were quoted accurately, but many have been made to appear fools by being misquoted. Not, however, that every big man who says he has been misquoted tells the truth. Denial is the favorite weapon of many gentlemen of office.

Many are misquoted, though. They are made the victims of loose reporting This is done not always by what is printed, but by what is omitted. This type of slipshod reporting is one of the large causes, I believe, for the lack of faith in the printed word. It is due to the growing tendency of certain smart-aleck reporters to cull the bizarre remark, the colorful thing, and throw it up in 'punchy' skeleton form. In doing this, a bad reporter tosses the whole sense out of focus.

When I was but a cub, I went to interview Charles Rann Kennedy, the man who wrote *The Servant in the House*. He talked of such abstractions as subconsciousness and interrealism. In those days I hadn't the least idea of what he was talking about. I went back to my office with head swimming and reported that I could not find the gentleman. He was over my eighteen-year-old head. If he sees this, he will know he owes me a deep gratitude.

A Forest Tragedy

Waste Leaves Lumbering Towns Destitute

SCATTERED here and there in the North, and even in the West, are the relics of towns in whose story there is not so much of romance as of tragedy. For these towns perished, not because natural wealth became exhausted in the course of proper exploitation, but because greed and folly removed the source of wealth, when wisdom would have conserved it for decades, perhaps for all time. Let Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania, tell the story of some of the dead lumber towns of Pennsylvania. He speaks simply, but the record cuts to the heart of selfishness and greed:

'Fifty years ago a vast and unbroken forest covered the extreme southwestern part of Tioga County, Pennsylvania. As late as 1870 only two families lived on the site that later became the busy lumbering town of Leetonia. Then lumbering was just beginning in the region, and only white pine was cut. Other trees, such as hemlock, birch, beech, and maple, had no market value.

'After most of the white pine about Leetonia had been cut out, a market developed for hemlock bark. The bark supply was so great that in 1879 a tannery, with an annual capacity of 3,000 cords, was established. Almost overnight the settlement of two families grew to a town of two hundred people. In 1882 a railroad came to town, and in 1897 a sawmill was added. This mill was operated continuously until 1913, when it was replaced by a larger one.

'Leetonia was at its best from 1913 to 1917. Then the town had a population of 500 people. Many men were at work in the woods preparing logs for the sawmill and peeling bark for the tannery. More men were employed at the sawmill and in the tannery. In 1917 it became evident that the town was doomed. In the early winter of 1920 the bark supply was completely exhausted, and the tannery, which had been in operation continuously for more than forty years, was closed down; in 1921 the last log was cut in the sawmill.

'The closing down of the only two industries of the town was the next to the last chapter in its existence. The last chapter was the sale of the whole town of seventy houses, including the tannery, the sawmill building, and 400 acres of land, for $6,500, the price of one very modest city home. In the spring of 1923 only one family remained—that of the forest ranger.

'Forty years ago Gardeau was a young and promising lumber town in Northern Pennsylvania. The only industry the town ever had was a sawmill, which made and kept the town. For twenty years the town was busy and prosperous. At its height 1,000 people lived there and in nearby camps. In 1899, when all the forests around Gardeau were cut out completely, the sawmill had to close down. There was nothing left for the people to do but move. Most of them went about thirty miles northwest to Granere, where they started up another lumber town in the midst of equally fine forests. Today nothing is left of Granere, and only five people live at Gardeau.

'In 1893 virgin forests practically covered the hillsides overlooking the site that in a few years became the biggest and busiest lumber town that Pennsylvania ever had. Then there were only five or six families in the entire valley. In 1895 a sawmill was erected.

'The sawmill was the heart of the town. The annual output of rough lumber was valued in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. Every part of the town was busy, and 5,000 lumberjacks were engaged in the woods.

'In the early days few people thought that the forests about Cross Fork would ever be cut out, but in April, 1909, the big sawmill was closed down, and by autumn of the same year the people were leaving the town in large groups. In the fall of 1913 the railroad discontinued service. Where the lumber company left almost endless stretches of desolation, the Department of Forestry has developed valuable young forests.

'For a short time the town of Norwich held a commanding place in the lumber industry of Pennsylvania. As late as 1909 the entire town site was covered with a dense stand of big hemlock trees. Individual acres were stocked with 50,000 board feet of lumber, and in addition yielded 25 cords of bark. By 1912 a busy lumbering town was hard at work.

'At its height the town had a population of 2,000 people. Many more men worked in the woods. The mainstay of the town was the sawmill, with a daily capacity of 300,000 board feet. It was regarded as the most modern and best-equipped mill that ever operated in the State of Pennsylvania. Over one hundred miles of logging railroads were maintained to bring the wood into the plants. In those days Norwich was a busy place. It turned out 90,000,000 board feet of lumber in a single year.

'When lumbering operations started almost everybody believed that the timber supply was inexhaustible. But the town's active life was less than ten years, for the mill that started in the autumn of 1912 closed down forever on August 20, 1921. The story of Norwich is a forest tragedy. When the timber at Cross Fork was cut out the people went to Betula, and when no forests were left about Gardeau the people went to Granere. When the sawmill equipment was no longer needed at Leetonia, it was shipped to Kinzua; but when the supply of timber at Norwich gave out, in 1921, not a single place was left in Pennsylvania where the mill could be reëstablished.

'The story of Norwich is the saddest chapter in the whole history of Pennsylvania lumbering. The hillsides are bare. No trees of merchantable size remain, and in many places the young growth is sparse and weak. The utilization at Norwich was probably more complete than that of any other large lumbering operation in America. To use what is cut up to the last fragment is good business, but it is not enough. No provisions were made for forest renewal. Practically no old growth and only a thin sprinkling of inferior young growth is now present on the cut-over areas. The land is lying idle, although if it were given proper protection and care it is capable of producing crop after crop of valuable timber.'

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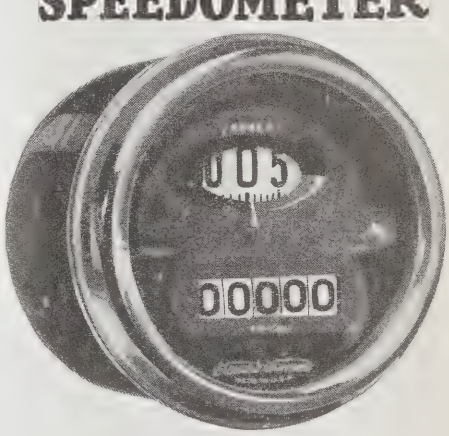

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1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Destiny of the Democratic Party

(*Concluded from page 1*)

This fight resulted in the selection of a Vice-President in 1837 to devolve on the United States Senate—the only instance of the kind in the country's history—when Richard M. Johnson, who had been the Democratic nominee, was elected. The fight, renewed, was so bitter four years later that no candidate for Vice-President was nominated by the Democrats, who lost the election.

In 1852 the rules committee of the Democratic Convention recommended that the two-thirds rule be abandoned, but the proposal was defeated—'amidst vehement applause,' says the convention report.

There were too many aspirants for the presidential nomination and too much uncertainty for any group to forego the strategies made possible by the rule. The result of a deadlock which followed was the nomination of Franklin Pierce.

IN 1860 the Southern delegates in the historic Charleston convention stood solidly against any change in the rule, for a majority vote rule would have meant the nomination of Douglas, whom the South opposed. The result ultimately was a break in the party, which put two tickets in the field. This assured the election of Lincoln, who received fewer popular votes than were cast for the two Democratic candidates.

Douglas received a majority of the votes cast in the Charleston convention, as Van Buren had done in 1844, and as Champ Clark did at Baltimore in 1912. Each of those men probably would have been elected President at the time but for the two-thirds rule, under which they were defeated in conventions. For the Democrats won on each occasion.

But was the will of the party, as represented in the national conventions, really thwarted on those occasions? Most students of politics agree that it wasn't. It is doubtful if a majority of delegates in any of the conventions really was for either of the men whose ambitions were confounded by the two-thirds rule on the occasions in point. For had they been, the rule might have been changed when each of the conventions was organized.

This brings up a side light that is not always noticed in considering this rule. Each convention is fully autonomous. It adopts its rules by a majority vote. *Hence if it wishes to do so a majority may assure control by eliminating the two-thirds rule at the beginning.*

Champ Clark's supporters might have done that, for example, at Baltimore in 1912, and thus changed the course of history. But too many of those supporters were nominal only. These followed instructions in voting for Clark but —as in the notable case of William Jennings Bryan— they did all they could otherwise to defeat Clark. Hence it may be questioned if Clark was the genuinely first choice of a majority of the delegates.

Many times in the history of Democratic conventions, the rule has made it possible for delegates to get around instructions, which sometimes were faulty and at other times sound.

It hasn't made always, however, for genuinely first-choice selections. It has been the chief reliance of 'dark horse' candidacies, which have fared much better in Democratic than in Republican conventions as a whole. This is because any candidate or group of candidates having the undeviating support of one-third or more of the delegates in a Democratic convention can absolutely block the nomination of any 'leading' candidate.

A notable instance of this was in the convention of 1924. The unprecedented number of ballots taken at that time owed more to the obstinacy of delegates supporting minor candidates than to the bitterness between McAdoo and Smith forces. At almost any time the supporters of other candidates might have brought an end to the proceedings, by combining on only one or throwing their support to Smith or McAdoo. It was clear, however, that neither Smith nor McAdoo could get two-thirds of the votes, so each of the other candidates held out in the hope of being the beneficiary of the inevitable 'break.'

Thus the two-thirds rule heightens the element of intrigue in Democratic conventions and often foments deteriorating bitterness. The average of Democratic convention fights have been much longer drawn out than Republican ones, and defections on account of convention proceedings have been more frequent in the Democratic Party.

These effects are produced also by the 'unit rule' which runs along with the two-thirds rule in Democratic conventions. It, too, is as old as the convention system, though it never has been fully employed in Republican conventions.

The unit rule makes it possible for a majority of a state's delegates to cast a state's entire vote in a Democratic convention. This is a relic of the party's traditional adherence to the principle of State's Rights. It has been modified since the presidential primary came into existence, but the modification rarely applies.

When delegates are selected on the district system, instead of on an all-state basis, the unit rule does not hold.

This rule usually has been left to state conventions, which might or might not impose it on delegations.

With it in force, the two-thirds rule is necessary to prevent the possibility of an actual minority controlling a convention even in the matter of nominating candidates. It would be possible, as an example, for delegates from thirteen states to constitute a majority in a Democratic convention, and most of those states usually 'go' for the Republican ticket.

Under the unit rule, a majority so constituted might represent the real wishes of only a few more than half of all the persons making it up. This is because only a majority of the majority could control.

Under the unit rule and majority control, as few as 288 out of more than 1,000 delegates might possibly control a Democratic convention as now made up.

HENCE the abandonment of the two-thirds rule would make desirable the abolition of the unit rule. Politicians, however, are rather fond of the unit rule, as it accentuates the power of state leaders.

It is unlikely that anything will be done about either of the rules, despite a formidable movement for a change.

The reason nothing is apt to be done is in the fact that the situation is analogous to the case of the man who couldn't fix his roof when rain was falling on it and there was no need for fixing it when rain was not failing.

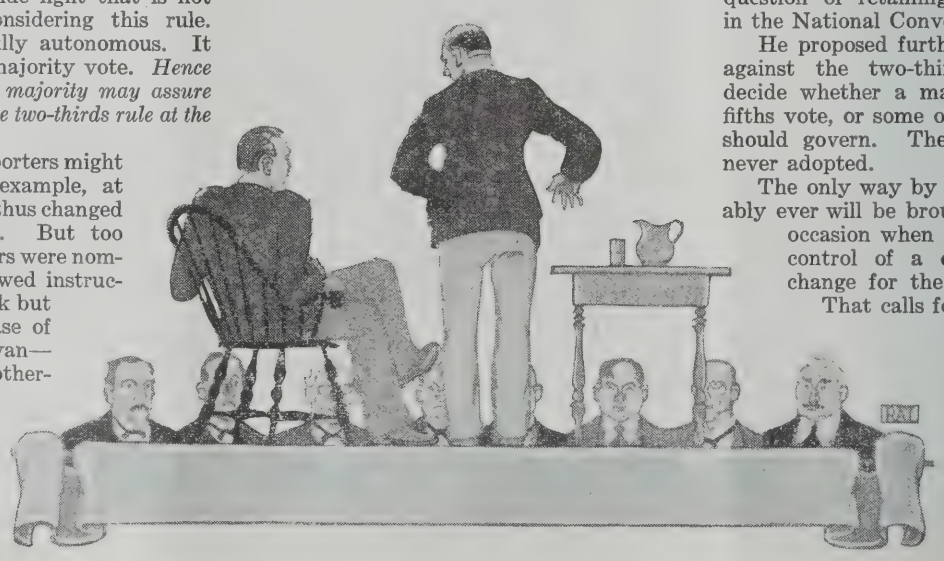
Remove all questions of incidental expediency, and the Democratic Party would vote quite probably by almost unanimous voice to abandon both rules. But when no such questions are involved, the rules make no difference and nobody bothers.

Edward Stanwood, in his excellent *History of the Presidency*, published in 1898, suggested that the Democratic State Conventions be asked to vote on the question of retaining the two-thirds rule in the National Convention.

He proposed further that if they voted against the two-thirds rule, that they decide whether a majority vote, a three-fifths vote, or some other specified fraction should govern. The plan, however, was never adopted.

The only way by which a change probably ever will be brought about is on some occasion when a candidate clearly in control of a convention decrees a change for the party's future good. That calls for more boldness than any candidate hitherto has dared to exercise.

It is quite probable that the next Democratic convention will be beset by the old rules—and another row may result.



Letter to the Folks

(*Concluded from page 5*)

I counted on. The natural increase of this state I know is greater than any other, which, with emigration will run the population this census (1835) to at least 250 or 80,000.—

I am glad that there is some enterprise left among the Portsmouth capitalists & that you have the Railroad in prospect. If Real Estate rises in value in consequence of the contemplated work—sell out & come here where the money can be so much more advantageously invested.

I am sensible of the difficulties to be encountered in winding up. Mr. B. *appears* very friendly to me & I believe is a little afraid of getting me displeased. I heard from M. & S. A. in a letter dated about 25th July in which S. A. told me of her illness & your letters (that from N. Y. & Portsm°.) arrived together as generally happens.—I have not heard from W. Belcher,—Sorry Geo did not see the lilly's. I still have my eye or rather mind on 3 girls there & they are Martha,—L. I. Hill & Miss Giles.—Do let me know how the letter *comes* on—don't fail.—You ask is there a prospect of my place growing rapidly. I suppose you must mean New Salem—No; that stopped 2 yrs. since. A town (in a bad place) 2 miles lower down on the River is likely to become the County Seat of a New County which will be made by dividing this one & taking some off of others.—This County is now miles square.—The town (Petersburg) is only one by name having but 2 stores—2 houses & a Cobler's shop.

S. Haven acted indiscreetly in regard to the Turnbull affair—I hardly expected Clarke would go to P.—as I look for him every day & the mail does not go out till the 22d. I will omit till then a conclusive answer in regard to the money: & the article sent by him.

I have no hesitation in saying that money could not be better invested than in land & there is not any question of its safety. Land will always be valuable here as every foot of it is susceptible of cultivation—No stones or broken land to obstruct the free course of the plough. Not less the 7000 acres is entered monthly at the Springfield Land Office & Speculators are taking it up wherever they can find, some individuals have entered 20,000 acres in one day. Prairie & timber adjoining cannot be entered any where in the state.—It is difficult finding where the unentered lands lay, nothing can be found out from the settlers as they wish the range open. The land is not surveyed to the buyer, who must pick the land out & procure the numbers. If the land is adjacent to any he owns, he can guess pretty near—One person is not allowed to enter but 2—40 acre lots & then has to take an oath that he wants them for farming purposes & not for speculation or in trust for another.

I have already entered my 2—40s. Any one can enter as many 80s as they chose. There is some first rate prairie about 2 miles S. W. of this that I should like to enter 160 acres off, as a company intend taking the whole tract and I could almost oblige them to take this. What regards them is the difficulty of getting timber of which there is none to enter any where near this. Distance appears the same on these prairies as on water & in fact as there is no hills 2 miles is as easy to haul over as one with you. I do not know, but that there has been more land entered the past year than there had the five preceding.

M. S. M.

On the night of the 17. Aug.st a tornado passed over this place, laid the fences flat, rooted up trees, blew down corn & done other damage. The next morn by daylight as I was putting up my fence *2 great wolves* walked along unconcerned within 30 yds. of me. I tried to *scare them* by taking off my hat and running *towards* them but they would not quicken their gait—these are the only ones I have seen.

High winds seem to be common every where this year, so the papers say. There has been a flock of wild turkies round my house since I cut my oats and as I had not shot at them but twice they were pretty tame. Seeing them last week I took out my gun which had a great charge in (that I intended to shoot a Bull with who had badly hooked Clarke's horse) and as their heads all go up together when they see any one I let drive & *shot five*, but could not catch but 3, had I a dog or another person with me I would have saved all.

Prairie Hens are very plenty this fall, they are all the color of a 'gray duck' & their feathers lay closer to them than to barnyard fowls. With a trap a person could catch as many as they could eat during the winter. Partridges are too small game to shoot at. If you were only here, we could live like princes.

I do not know exactly where I shall go yet,—but if no better chance offers, I shall teach a private school on Indian Creek, Morgan County, where M. J. S. lives. As N. Salem is the nearest post office, you can still send there. I wish your house, barn and shop could be transported here & then how happy could we all live together. They would be worth $2500 here.

There is still a 40 acre lot west of No. 8 but I can't enter it, but luckily a speculator can't either. C. has also a lot west, which he can & will enter. When we came we could have entered N. W. or South, but then we thought there was so much land in the state that no one would want any so far out & that we could have the use of it for nothing but the emigration has been enormous. If I had laid out $2000 in land round here, (say within 3 miles) when I came, it would have been worth $10,000 now.—but as before said, I had no idea of its value.

A Canal route 2 miles East of my farm & half a mile from my timber is about being surveyed.

Love to all

M. S. M.

Sept. 20th.

M. J. S. very much resembles Mehitable—

TERMINAL NOTE

An inquiry by Oliver R. Barrett, whose collection has this letter, resulted in finding that Matthew S. Marsh, the writer of the foregoing letter, married Martha Jane Short, the woman of whom he wrote so seriously. She was one of three children of Stephen Short, who came from Long Lick, Washington County, Kentucky, to a settlement later named Prentice, Ill.; a land grant dated 1826 refers to lands granted to Short in 1820. Marsh and his wife went to Prentice where he kept a general store.

They later moved to Springfield where he was employed in the land office, again moving to Jacksonville to educate a daughter. Their next place was Chicago where they had a residence on Washington Boulevard. Matthew S. Marsh through life maintained the tone of austerity and piety noticeable in this letter; he died in church while leading fellow-worshipers in prayer.

C. S.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Italicized portions of this letter were underlined in the original.]

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STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Pay-as-You-Go in Building Good Roads

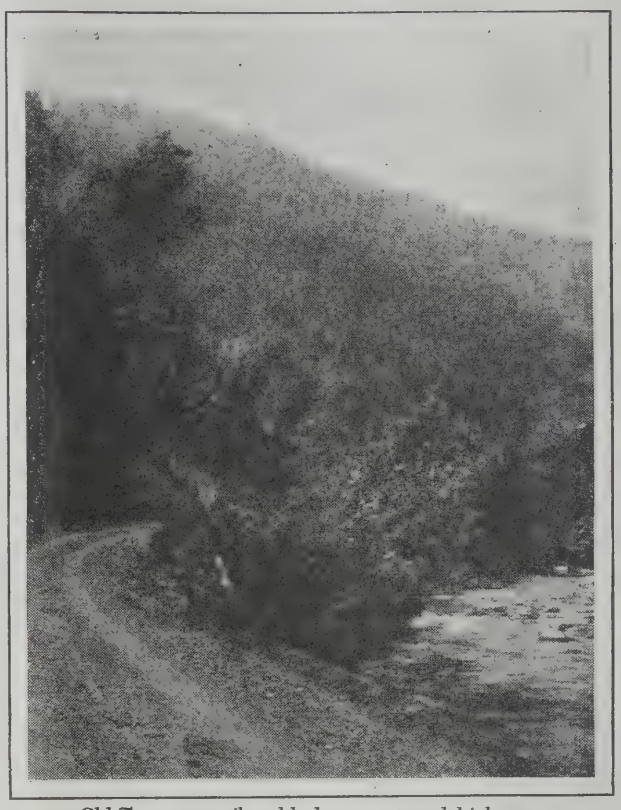
(Continued from page 2)

ment of J. G. Creveling, Jr., who was the first Commissioner of Highways. In those days the people of the state appeared to have little faith in the Highway Department, and so it was the twofold problem of the new commissioner to make better roads and at the same time gain the approval of the public. His successor, C. N. Bass, the present commissioner, when I saw him in his offices in the Memorial Building at Nashville, told me that in the comparatively short time of three years Mr. Creveling succeeded in placing Tennessee in a favorable light on the road map.

'The biggest single forward step of the State Highway Department,' said Mr. Bass, 'was taken before the year 1924, when it took over all the roads designated as state roads, for maintenance, and kept these thoroughfares smooth and passable for the entire year by the expenditure of a small amount of funds. They included fair all-weather roads, county roads and turnpikes. For hundreds of miles, especially in the central section of the state, condemnation proceedings were begun against the owners of turnpikes, tollgates were removed, and the maintenance of such portions of the highway was adopted by the state. Some were operating under charters from the legislature by turnpike companies, but most of them were donated by the counties.

'Roads that were put under maintenance were in most cases narrow and rough, full of chugs, holes and big rocks. The culverts were short and often in places there were no drains at all. The right of way frequently was grown up with weeds and bushes, and in places the ditches were from three to four feet deep and therefore very dangerous to a traveling public. The drainage on most of the roads has been the most expensive feature of the reclamation work. The old wooden and rock culverts are being replaced and lengthened by building culverts having abutments of stone or cribs of poles filled with field stone. The floors are made of locust poles or planks, spiked to pole stringers.

'It is often the case in some counties that a poor road is widened, straightened and cleared of sight-obstructions only to lead to a narrow bridge or underpass which was built in days when travel was principally the traffic of horses and buggies. The false idea of security that a newly widened road gives a motorist often brings disaster when he drives too fast and dashes onto one of the bridges which may be already occupied by another vehicle. The state is endeavoring to relocate all roads which have sharp turns, bad grades and dangerous places and to replace obsolete one-way bridges with modern structures.



Old Tennessee railroad bed, now a paved highway.

Building road through lowlands, from one levee to another.

'Our program differs radic from those of most other sta principally in the methods financing, our idea being to for improvements with cur revenues. We set about to b and finance the system witho large state bond issue, as wished to avoid the creation large state debt. The prog now calls for an expenditure about $14,000,000 yearly; $ 000,000 for construction three to four million dollars maintenance. We have sp approximately $40,000,000 are just now getting into the work. The counties have bon themselves for a total of $13,0 000 and at this legislature, nothing happens to prevent the state will take over this en $13,000,000 bonded debt from counties and will itself carry the entire state program.

'The Highway Department an income made up from sources: auto registration, three-cent gasoline tax, fed aid and county coöperation. auto registration tax is levied license fee on motor vehicles brings in annually $3,500, The gas tax is collected from distributors and nets $4,000, a year. Under the Federal Road Act, and from the annual appro tion of $75,000,000, Tennessee's allocatio $1,700,000. The counties then contri from county bond issues, or in some c from current revenue from land tax, third the total cost of projects within t confines. The last legislature, realizing desirability of an annual road progra from thirteen to fifteen million, author the issuance of short-term notes in amount of five million dollars for biennial period ending January 1, 1927. that date the partment will h actually used half of this amo and will have ried out a fourt million-dollar gram each year. bill which seem have the appr of the coming leg ture provides this 2½ million be combined the money owed the counties and entire debt assu by the state, t paid off with third of the th cent gas tax.

'It is prop that this amort tion shall not b until the end of next biennial per or the year th after, county

)peration being continued until that time, ıfter which the entire financial load will be)orne by the state. By that time the total lebt will be slightly less than twenty mil-ion dollars, which one cent of the gas tax vill easily retire. The gas tax is increasing ınnually at the rate of 33⅓ per cent and the .uto tax at the rate of about 20 per cent. Computing the gas tax at the conservative ate of increase of 25 per cent, and the auto egistration annual increase at 20 per cent, he current revenues from the remaining wo cents of gas tax, and the auto registra-ion fees at the time county coöperation is iscontinued on January 1, 1929, will be leven and a quarter million, which, added o federal aid, will almost make up the rst year the annual budget sought.

'We are paving the roads as fast as we an. A total of 4,892 miles of state road has een taken over; 890 miles, let to contract, re already completely paved; 2,000 other iles are paved with macadam or gravel. Ve are awarding contracts at the rate of 00 miles a year for grading, draining and aving, and in the next five years this will ive us an additional 12,000 miles of paved ighway at a cost in the neighborhood of 45,000,000. Our important job is the aving of the 4,892 miles of highway; the ork of improvement, of course, can never e completed, as it must continue as the ears roll by, but as we view the situation at resent, the sum of $85,000,000 will be eeded to complete our program.

'The greatest single factor in the road ork has been the confidence of the public the Highway Department; that has not me easy, and its accomplishment has been ıe result of hard work on the part of our ficials. Highway improvement has been ıe great influence in reëlecting Governor ustin Peay for his third consecutive term.'

It has been found in Tennessee that the emands of its traffic require variations in avement type, and a general rule has been avoid the use of rigid pavements on cal service roads except in instances of nusual conditions of material supply. nprovements have been conducted through rogressive stages; first comes grading and ainage; then the use of sand clay, gravel ıd waterbound macadam; then bitumi-ous macadam surfacing and a crushed stone ase; then bituminous macadam surfacing ıd a plain cement base and finally a plain ement concrete pavement.

N MAY, 1925, there were, according to a estimate made at that time, 4,650 miles state highway under state maintenance; averaging counts at adjacent points on e highways and multiplying by the stance between points, a fair average was ained of the total vehicle mileage on the ad. The estimate showed a daily total of 9,600 vehicle miles on the primary system; 1,000 on the secondary system and 189,-0 on the State-Aid roads, making a total 1,130,100 vehicle miles daily on state ıd federal systems. This signified 412,-0,000 vehicle miles throughout the year. is expected that by 1930 vehicle registra-on will have increased to 400,000 and the affic will have increased an equal amount.

Meanwhile Tennesseeans are proud of ie record of their state in its program of ighway construction. 'Tennessee,' said ie of its native sons, 'has made marvelous ogress in roads in recent years. Anyone no has done much going about in an tomobile knows that this statement can-not be controverted. The road now from Nashville to Chattanooga is safe, and most of the way ideal. It is practically no drive from Tullahoma to Chattanooga. Roads that have not yet had attention are getting it.

'Our roads are not perfect by any means; nor have we all the roads that we need. It is probable that we never will see any good roads program completed and we will have to keep everlastingly at it to have the most essential ones kept in shape for traffic. But the tourist parade is a great thing for any state and we want to make Tennessee the parade ground of every automobilist who visits Florida or other points south.'

Candles and Candlesticks

(*Concluded from page 15*)

Almost one can see the family procession starting out on a cool autumn day for a bayberry frolic, a holiday that occurred after the first frost; see them returning with baskets laden with the blue-gray berries, a bushel weighing from thirty to forty pounds. It required one quart to make one candle.

Candles and candlesticks came into use in the days of ancient Rome and were called by one poet the 'handmaids of the lamp.' They were in everyday use throughout England in the Elizabethan period, and came to America soon after its first settlement.

Candlesticks were very fashionable among the wealthy, for did not John Hancock send to England a request for sets of them when furnishing his Beacon Hill house? And Thomas Jefferson had in his spacious parlor at Monticello, not only well designed, but richly ornamented candlesticks, together with candelabra and a beautiful chandelier filled every day with fresh tapers, for he made a special point of having his house properly illuminated. The festive board at Mount Vernon, during Washington's régime, was also set with candelabra.

Rude iron and tin candlesticks were among the first articles of purely domestic manufacture in New England.

An important furnishing in the old colonial mansions was the candle-holder known as a sconce.

Brass candlesticks were imported from England, but they were also manufactured in Newburyport and New Bedford, Massachusetts, early in the history of our country.

Early in the 18th Century, snuffers were invented and proved so useful that they became very popular. They generally stood on a table near the candlesticks and were used to trim the candles when they grew smoky. Most of these snuffers consisted of a tray with a box-shaped pair of scissors resting on the top, but there were also cones attached to the candle by a chain.

When candlesticks were first used, they were brought from all parts of the world, including France, Holland and Russia; consequently, there was a great variety. They were made of iron, tin, copper, beaten brass, and crystal. In connection with them were mural sconces and mirror candelabra which were quite expensive. These bring big prices today, especially the hand-type variety. Candelabra are found in sets of three, the center holding three candles and the sides one. The bases were designed to illustrate different subjects, such as Paul and Virginia, Shepherd and Shepherdess, and other pastoral subjects.

Chippendale has left us some of the most beautiful examples, graceful and simple in design.

There is no period with which crystal lighting-fixtures are not in harmony, which makes them popular today. Nothing is so beautiful from a decorative viewpoint, when the pendants, gem-like in coloring, show scintillating rainbow hues and the light catches the dancing prisms, darting shafts of yellow, green and violet which fall across the walls and furniture.

It was the revival of things colonial that again brought candles and candlesticks into fashion, and the fireplace, with its mantel, is a fitting place for the setting of candelabra or a row of brass candlesticks. The hostess of today, more especially she who has inherited fine old pieces, is appreciating more and more the magic of the mellow candlelight.

Hundreds Owe Their Good Health To This Coupon

LAST YEAR a coupon appeared in half a dozen magazines. Today hundreds of the people who signed it owe their good health to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where tuberculosis is being cured on a gigantic scale.

If you are threatened with tuberculosis you owe it to yourself and to those who love you to find out about Albuquerque and its marvelous all-year climate. The coupon will bring you this information in the form of our new book: "Putting 4-wheel Brakes on Tuberculosis", illustrated with more than 130 actual photographs.

It will tell you why Albuquerque is the premier health city of the world; why its location, a mile above sea-level, in conjunction with its southerly latitude, is responsible for winters so mild that you can live outdoors without cumbersome wraps; and summers so perfectly tempered that blankets are necessary for comfortable sleeping even in July and August. From the weather charts reproduced you will note that Albuquerque has but 7.6 inches of rainfall yearly, only half as much as Colorado, and one-fifth as much as Eastern health resorts; that here the relative humidity is as low as in any habitable part of the globe.

It will give you authentic information about living expenses in Albuquerque. It will tell you about the excellent hotel accommodations, the cost of living, the many good sanatoriums and their rates. It will tell about the type of homes and apartments you can rent furnished or unfurnished, and how much you will have to pay for them. It will be sent gratis to the names you suggest.

Albuquerque Civic Council

851 First National Bank Bldg.,
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Gentlemen:

Please send your free book "Putting Four Wheel Brakes on Tuberculosis" to

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Rise of Mustapha Kemal Pasha

(*Concluded from page 3*)

who had been thrown ashore along Gallipoli during the first landing. The Turks held the elevations above the beaches in the face of a most gruelling bombardment from the Allied ships. Fearing that the gross of Sir Ian Hamilton's troops would be set ashore near Bulair, Liman Pasha had rushed there to direct operations, leaving to Essad Pasha the defense of Ariburnu, and to Weber Pasha, another member of the German military mission, the defense of Sid-il-Bahr.

At dusk on April 15, the Allied troops had made but little headway. Over in Kum Kaleh, on a point of the Anatolian coast directly opposite and nearest to Sid-il-Bahr, the French had landed and were still hanging on, while on Gallipoli the British landing parties had a hard time keeping what little ground they had gained. At six on the following morning operations were resumed. Sir Ian Hamilton succeeded in setting a considerable force ashore under the headland of Kaba Tepeh—a little south of the sector that had been assigned to Colonel Mustapha Kemal.

With more transports steaming close to the shore, the commander of the Nineteenth Division had no reason to occupy himself with more than his own task, which was to hold the line from the Kaba Tepeh to Ariburnu, at which latter point the Anzacs had been landed and had gained considerable terrain overnight. Back of that line lay the town of Maiidos, and the bay of that name—part of the Dardanelles. The town was no longer standing. The bombardment of the previous day had razed this fine base to the ground. But Allied troops reaching the bay, and so the Dardanelles, was to be avoided at all costs.

With the British troops master of the peninsula from Ariburnu to Maiidos, the Ottoman troops south of these points—those at Sid-il-Bahr—would have been cut off; and, with the elevations in the Kodjatchemen Dagh and Pasha Dagh as likely sites for British artillery, nearly all of the Turkish coast batteries, which on March 18 of the same year had defeated the Allied armada, would have been subject to dangerous flank and rear fire.

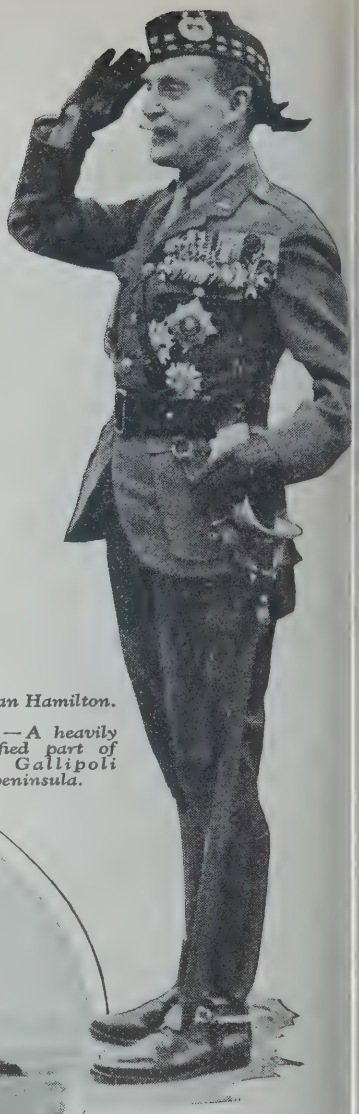
Colonel Mustapha Kemal realized all this, so when the British troops that had been landed under Kaba Tepeh marched north to reinforce the Anzacs, he abandoned the position to which he had been assigned, contrary to specific orders not to do so, and fell into the flank of the newcomers.

Then started as bewildering a series of military evolutions as was ever played on the checkerboard of war. To make his first attack, the commander of the Nineteenth Division marched his men on the double-quick to the southeast. When they reached the Maiidos-Krithia road, they faced about and charged northwest. The British lines broke under the impetuous assault, but their van made off toward the Anzac position, while the rear fell upon the small force Mustapha Kemal had left in position along the beach.

With the Turks no longer directly in their flank, the gross of the Anzacs began to move eastward, toward Maiidos, and for a time it seemed to the colonel that what he wanted to prevent had been promoted by his action. The terrain being most unfavorable to him now, owing to deep gullies, and ridges on which his men would be too much exposed to the fire of the Allied ships, Mustapha Kemal had to fall back as far as the village of Kodja Dereh. At the cemetery of that place, he rallied his men and then led them in a charge against the van of the Anzacs.

But the Australians and New Zealanders proved valiant enemies. Several rushes by the Nineteenth Division failed to dislodge them from the foothills of the Kodjatchemen Dagh. Meanwhile, the British who had landed at Kaba Tepeh were moving into the flank of the Nineteenth Turkish. By noon, Mustapha Kemal Bey was fighting the Anzacs ahead of him, whose progress he had now arrested, and was holding off the Kaba Tepeh landing party in his flank.

To leave the Anzacs in the terrain they had gained would have been most dangerous. They were less than a mile from the ruins of Maiidos and the Dardanelles shore. Meanwhile, even the hardy Turkish infantrymen had come near the verge of exhaustion. To leave matters in that state would have meant that Colonel Mustapha Kemal would have been held responsible for a very nasty situation. Essad Pasha, his immediate superior, famous as the man who held Yanina during the late Balkan War and as such was the last Turkish general to evacuate the Balkans, was too good a soldier not to have foreseen at least



Sir Ian Hamilton.

Oval—*A heavily fortified part of the Gallipoli peninsula.*

in part that the command of the Nineteenth would g into the pickle he was in. N at all minded to face a cou martial, Colonel Mustapha Kem decided that the job he had started had be finished.

The losses of the Nineteenth had be heavy, while the British transports we literally casting new troops ashore. T opportunity Sir Ian Hamilton had look for was at hand and not to be slighte Reinforcements for the Nineteenth Divisi were out of the question. Down at Sid-Bahr every man was needed, and the troo personally commanded by Liman Sande were a good eighty miles away. Colon Mustapha Kemal, then was up against t necessity of meeting the situation unaide

His maneuvers grew more brilliant the action continued. Feints by sm parties of his force drew smaller contingen away from the British gross, who were th given attention by the wily commande By three o'clock much of the terrain lo to the British had been regained, and wh the sun sank the Nineteenth Division e trenched itself on ground which during t previous night had been held by the Anzac On the following morning, the British th had landed under the Kaba Tepeh we forced to retreat to their transports wi heavy losses. The Allies never regain that point, nor did they ever again attem

General von Sanders Pasha.

) land there at any time of the operations. There being no doubt that Colonel Mustapha Kemal had saved the day for the urks, he was promptly rewarded by getting higher command. Throughout the riburnu operations he distinguished himself, and when Sir Ian Hamilton landed his cond expeditionary forces in Suvla Bay, August, 1915, Liman Sanders placed emal in charge of the Ottoman troops olding that terrain from the Kodjatchemen agh to Keretch Lepeh on the sea west of uerchuenkoi.

So far I knew Colonel Mustapha Kemal ıly by reputation. He was not especially nd of war correspondıts and was one of the w Turkish commandrs whose guest I had not een. I had seen him at he headquarters of iman Sanders Pasha at alova, but not well ough to recognize him hen I ran into him, as e saying goes.

In the second week August the British ere doing their best to ccupy the Keretch epeh, a point on the ore of the Aegean that arked the extreme ght flank of the troops der Kemal Bey. To e how matters stood I tended going to that nt, and for the purse Liman Sanders had laced one of his few tos at my disposal. he field gendarmes of the Turks were a quick and wary crowd—fellows who often shot first and asked questions afterward. It was best to stop when hailed, but this time I was in a hurry and told the driver to go ahead. To get to the Keretch Tepeh I had to go over several high ridges exposed to view from the Aegean, and the British small craft that patrolled the beaches and coast had the unfortunate habit of shelling anything that came into sight.

But the man in uniform who had hailed us had a good horse, and roads on Gallipoli were not such as to encourage fast driving in a car. For some moments the inquisitive one disappeared in some gardens close to the village of Tuerchuenkoi; when I saw him next he had driven his horse over a hedge. Both steed and rider landed neatly in front of the car, though the road floor was fully ten feet below the top of the hedge.

It was an angry face I looked into. I had mastered enough Turkish to understand what the chap wanted. He wanted to see my papers. The papers he found in order, but he gave me to understand that these papers did not include the privilege of my visiting the front at Keretch Tepeh. That was true enough. The documents I held from Enver Pasha, then Ottoman minister of war and vice-generalissimo of the Ottoman forces, as well as those Liman Sanders Pasha had given me, simply allowed me to be at the front—visits to sectors strictly subject to the approval of the sub-commanders. Still under the impression that the man was an officer of field police, I gave him to understand that I would take this matter up with Colonel Mustapha Kemal Bey, to whose headquarters I would report anyway.

To my astonishment, the man on horseback informed me that I would not have to report at the Kemal headquarters—that he was the man I wanted to see there. In future it would be best to secure permission beforehand, he added. This time I could go on.

By that time I was more interested in the colonel than in his front. I began to interview him. What was he doing in the rear—in a tunic that showed no rank, was indeed devoid of any military insignia? Well, came the answer, the field police also needed some attention. Some of the fellows preferred the shade of the olive trees and cypress groves to doing their work. With so many Greek spies around, and with so many Armenians taking French leave of the working columns in which they served, that would not do.

Kemal Bey became quite talkative as he rode beside the car. Yes, that had been quite an adventure down there at Kodja Dereh. He remembered seeing my write-up of it—published in the papers of Constantinople through the Milli news agency. Presently, he said that he was glad having met me, and that he would appreciate it did I have supper with him that night.

Colonel Mustapha Kemal Bey was in many respects a most extraordinary soldier when measured by the standards of the old Ottoman army. Not only was he a good tactician and strategian, but he also went to pains for those under him. Kemal Bey would raise the roof when the food of his men got too bad—of good food there never was the question in the Turkish army. He would make the rounds and taste the *pilaff*—concoction of rice and mutton and raisins all boiled together; he would see to it that there was at least enough bread when all else failed, as often it

Santa Sofia Mosque, Constantinople.

Angora, Turkey, an uninviting city, but safe from enemy attack.

did. He even interested himself in coffee and cigarets for his men, and saw to it that medical attention was as good as it could be made.

Always master of the situation on his own front, he was able to send his troops into rest. He was probably the one commander on Gallipoli who never tired of digging trenches and covered ways of communication. Best of all, he rarely lost an action. Most of the heavy losses sustained by the British in the Suvla Bay theater of war were due to him. Still very young, energetic, untiring, and above all a gifted soldier, Kemal Bey came to be a byword on Gallipoli. His prestige traveled to the very front, and when débâcle finally overtook the Ottoman empire, the one man who could rally the Osmanli about himself was the same Mustapha Kemal.

His campaign against the Greek army on the Anatolian high plateau must be rated as one of the most brilliant performances ever made by an army that had been defeated by the misfortunes of its allies. Often likened to Enver Pasha, Kemal Bey was by far the abler soldier—the former knew how to pick his commanders, Kemal proved to be a genius not only in that, but he could attend to the details of military matters with judgment.

In his point of view, Kemal Pasha is distinctly of the West. Like nearly all the younger officers in the Ottoman service, he was in matters of religion an agnostic. And in Turkey that meant much if not everything. What the Occidental is pleased to call Orientalism is largely a matter of faith in Islam and Mohammed. The Ottoman empire was a backward state because of the ultra-conservative religion its government and ruling classes subscribed to.

Kemal Pasha did not believe in the wooden water-buffalo cart, and the two ruts in which it traveled. He used to say that the only safeguard of the Turkish state was modernization in everything—from motor truck to *muezzin*, starting with the *muezzin*, if that was necessary. Like all his class—and that class was large already when Turkey entered the war—Kemal had little patience with the vaporings of the Arabian camel driver—*devedji*.

The day came on which Mustapha Kemal turned his back on the sultan the Allies had set up in Constantinople. With the remnants of the old Ottoman army he retired to Anatolia, and made Angora the capital of Turkey. London and Paris fumed and threatened, and the League of Nations went through its natural function of looking displeased.

Kemal Pasha assembled a new Turkish parliament and advised it to fashion a Turkish republic, with the Swiss Federal Constitution to be the model for it. Though as yet Mustapha Kemal was not absolut his advice was promptly heeded even b those who found it hard to break with th traditions of the Ottoman sultanate an the caliphate. Kemal Pasha informe them that the past was dead, while Turke had to live. Thus the Turkish Republi came into being.

With one of the best constitutions t start with, the new Turkish government of which Kemal Pasha got to be more an more the major part, decided upon a rathe thorough revision of its laws. The old saw of the Kadis as taken from the Koran an modified to suit successive ages went by th board, and Turkey adopted a code which i largely Swiss in civil and criminal practice and mostly German in what concerns purel socio-economic legislation.

The Turkish Republic was to be modern state. Polygamy was abolished Western solar time and calendar were intro duced and made legal. Even the fez had t go. Taxes under the sultans had beer farmed out, much as in the days of Rome they are now being collected by the govern ment itself, and the taxpayer is getting some of his money back in better roads public buildings, better mail service an police protection. For the first time i centuries, the Turk has something to say i local government; officials are elected, in stead of appointed by the Sublime Porte.

The Little Paris Trades

(*Concluded from page 13*)

Savoy drives him toward the soot of the city for all the autumn and winter months. A snowbound little *chalet* pitched up on a steep path—is this the nostalgic vision which makes so soft in his blackened face the look of his dreamy eyes?

A mountaineer, too, is the *marchand de marrons* (chestnut seller). But unlike the *ramoneur* he comes to stay. The bleak Auvergne, rich in picturesque sites, rich in children—and rich in chestnuts—is poor in everything else. As she cannot export her sites, she exports children and chestnuts, the former selling the latter. Clad in a homespun suit and blue and white checked apron, his face half eaten by a fan-like beard, his tough black hair peeping from under a broad-rimmed hat, the Auvergnat *marchand de marrons* is, by tradition, a Parisian silhouette.

He dwells on the boulevard sidewalks, at any street corner. To prevent the rain from rusting his frying pan he borrows one square meter of the café's veranda of which he is as close a neighbor as is the parasitic ivy to the oak. The smell of roasted chestnuts curls off in light blue smoke from his rickety stove and the ten sous of *marrons* quickly wrapped in a paper cone provide with calories the numbed fingers of the *midinettes* hurrying to the autobus, warm up the schoolboys who, on their way to the home of Latin declensions, get a free course in Auvergnat dialect: '*Chauds, les marrons, chauds!*' (hot, hot, hot chestnuts).

Chestnuts are a ready-made dessert served any time of the day, but the Paris streets supply their passers-by with special delicacies for breakfast or luncheon. When the rows of flickering street lights begin to fade out at the peep of day, the night workers on their way home meet the day workers on their way to work around the bowls of *cafe au lait* and *chocolat* set steaming under the shelter of doorways. Bowls and cups by the dozen piled on the very sidewalk, tin cans of milk washed by the rain and

watched by a tribe of cats, coffee slowly filtering on an alcohol stove—this means breakfast for the early Parisian tide.

Two hours later tin cans and bowls have disappeared and the second tide of toilers will find only the cats licking the spilled milk which runs in tiny rivulets between the cobblestones. A smell of fried fish and potatoes invades the street and I frequently cannot resist the temptation to join the *midinettes* who are waiting in line for the five sous of golden *frites* which will be, with a *petit pain* (crusty bun), the only course of their lunch.

Voices echoing in the light atmosphere, making a whole symphony in honor of fruits and vegetables: the *marchands des quatre saisons* (sellers of the four seasons) thus bring into Paris the colors and perfumes which the four seasons spread lavishly over the open country. Each *marchand* has a particular song evoking visions of winding streams, trees in blossom, and a free sun bathing the fields. '*La Montmorency, Mesdames!*' And that means for *mesdames* the riant red of ripe cherries. '*Le cresson de fontaine, la sante du corps!*' (watercress, health for the body). And for all the little gaudily clad and gay prisoners, the feathered balls which warble, cackle, whistle, twitter, and quarrel amid the overhanging flora of the Parisian balconies, here comes the '*Mouron pour les p'tits-z-oiseaux!*' (chickweed for little birdies).

Then, even during the darkest winter days, the flowers of the Azure Coast, velvety golden mimosa, masses of carnations, roses, lilacs, for a few sous brighten with the rainbow of their colors the gloomiest dwellings.

Pushing their carts along in the most congested thoroughfares the *marchands des quatre saisons*, like their immortal brother, Anatole France's '*Crainquebille*,' are forever breaking the law.

Forces That Are Reshaping Mexico

(*Concluded from page 12*)

Maya Indians of Mexico, who typify the result of first-class schooling.

human problems. But the experience of the civilized world was exactly the thing the new statesmen did not want—what they set themselves to do was nothing less than to create a new civilization.

In this they have been gorgeously egged on by foreign radicals at loose ends—Jews from Russia and New York with a sprinkling of other Europeans and Americans. There are radicals and radicals—those who have something real to work out are for the most part engrossed with it in their own lands. Those who have haunted Mexico are principally undisciplined, egocentric personalities who find themselves at war with all societies which man has so far succeeded in organizing and so join hands enthusiastically with the *mestizo* politician in the job of creating a new one.

A Mexican scholar wrote recently, 'Traveling those sections of Mexico away from the beaten path, sections which comprise ninety-nine per cent of its territory, I have come to realize that the progress of the nation is entirely superficial, and even that is localized in a few prominent centers.

'The greater part of the republic is still unbelievably undeveloped and neglected. The extent to which the virtues of the people are lost in their abject poverty explains in part the moral, economic and political instability into which the declaration of rights precipitated the country.'

What are the hopes for the Indian, for that twelve million of sick, unimaginably poor, sub-civilized people, who, none the least, there is now no color line in Mexico. But the *mestizo* spent his formative years in the pathetic position of the higher mixed-breed everywhere, humiliated by his kinship with the dark masses beneath him, denied the fraternity he yearned for with the white few above. His spectacular rise to power has not yet released those energies his long suppression atrophied—rather it has evoked the megalomania which so often the inferiority complex calls out to cover itself.

After the fighting was over the task of the new directing class lay before it in the three primal needs of the masses: health, bread and education. Not one of them, on their simpler levels, depended on the recognition of their government by the world powers, and there was not a civilized country on earth but would gladly have contributed of its experience and its technical knowledge to the working out of these universal

A letter-writer on a sidewalk in a Mexican town, taking dictation.

less, one feels, have such a contribution to make to human happiness, if only they could get half a chance to make it? And what of the children, in whose eager, formative years such miracles of awakening and personality-building might be performed? Suppose we, in America, had the will to help in their upbringing, to whom in Mexico could we proffer this help?

We should find some voluntary organizations, most of them still weak, some of them still incipient, which, none the less, constitute the most promising sign on the social horizon. For the Mexican is incredibly lacking in the power to organize with his fellows to achieve a common end.

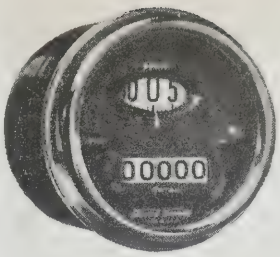
When, therefore, he has succeeded in doing so, when his organization has survived those jealousies, disloyalties and irresponsibilities which tear most of them to shreds at the beginning, one may be sure that the active members are persons not of vision only but also of purpose, of force and of self-control.

In these voluntary organizations women are taking a leading part. And perhaps this is the most hopeful thing in the whole situation.

For in many of the qualities that must be brought to bear if the nation is to be regenerated, the Mexican woman is immeasurably the superior of the Mexican man.

Some of his defects she shares, for she has been subjected to the same unfavorable natural environment as he. But also she has been subjected to him, to his egocentric-ness, to his self-glorified incompetency, and it has developed in her patience, self-sacrifice and a passionate maternalism.

When these qualities have been vitalized by that 20th Century outlook which the upper class *mestizo* woman is now acquiring, the future of Mexico will look brighter than it does.



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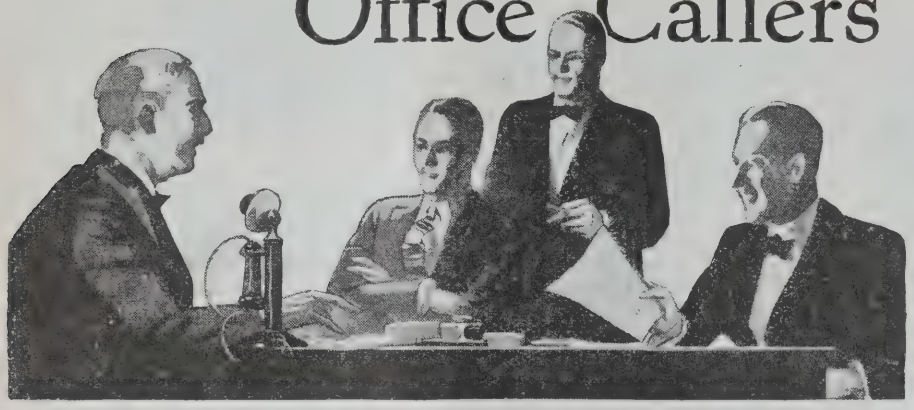
STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER

Tells your speed and mileage accurately—in all temperatures—because it has a Compensator.

Perfect size to fit your instrument board—a handsome addition to your car. Ask your dealer.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Chats *with* Office Callers



There was a discussion by ***the Lawyer*** of men born before their time. 'Take the case of Robert Owen, who died fifty-eight years ago this month.

He was laughed at in his day as an idealist, for he advocated such extraordinary things as an eight-hour working day, and the abolition of child labor in factories, and universal education, and healthy dwellings for workmen, and an examination of the monetary question and banking and currency problems. He approached the English Parliament, offering a suggestion by which pauperism was to be abolished by the simple plan of finding work for paupers and paying them enough to enable them to maintain their self-respect. He told ignorant lawmakers of existing conditions, as he knew them; of twenty-five per cent of mill employes being children between the ages of ten and fourteen, while their fathers, driven out of work by cheap labor and the competition of their own flesh and blood, were idle.

'But Owen was not an idle theorist. He was an executive, first manager, then owner of mills. And he was willing to back his theories with his pocketbook. So he financed schools for children. He put his businesses upon a five-per-cent-profit basis, turning excess profits into sanitary improvements. How many in this day of great industrial enlightenment would be willing to go that far?'

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And one day something was said of recent developments in human society, with a man growing quite unnecessarily angry about what he called the Tendency of the Age, and short skirts, and bobbed hair, and brick-colored cheeks, and thickly powdered noses. He was in an ecstacy of denunciation. But ***the Cynical Gentleman*** from Baltimore, not Mencken, by the way, opened his heart in this way: 'Short skirts and loose conduct! Nothing of the kind. In the whole history of mankind, dress has had nothing to do with conduct nor conduct with dress. People were furbelowed and frilled and petticoated and covered up enough in the days of Charles II, but all we have to do is read Pepys for information as to their conduct. Here is the unexplained thing in all this discussion. How is it that women, so careful in their appearance, so keen to hide the slightest deformity, will jump to reveal their physical imperfections at the call of fashion? That's what I don't understand. For never was such revelation of widespread ugliness as we have today. Fashion decrees this or that, and only a small percentage of the female population has courage enough to defy fashion and dress with individuality enough to set off their own particular beauty to the best advantage. But mark what will happen when some witty caricaturist gets in his work, when women begin to see themselves as men see them.'

❦ ❦ ❦

The Book Reviewer remarked: 'More often than not, the best seller is the result of fashion, just as collars and ties and hats are, forgotten as soon as popular, killed indeed by its popularity. Who can tell offhand the best sellers of twelve months? Who reads Michael Arlen? Who would dare to broach the *Green Hat* at a dinner party? As well try to get up an excitement about free silver.'

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Said by ***a Father*** of five children, when someone remarked that the fashion of the day seemed to be for children to attempt the training of parents: 'I don't mind being lectured by my children so long as they have something vital to say.'

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And from ***a Louisianan*** comes a story of a talk with a negro at a country fair. It was in the poultry exhibit, and a colored man was holding forth. The writer asked him what breed of chickens he considered the best, and the negro made answer: 'Well, all kinds has merits. You see, the w'ite Leghorns is easiest to find, but the Dark Barred Rocks is easiest to hide after you gits 'em.'

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'The other evening I saw a marvelous display of the control of mind over body,' said ***the Theatergoer*** as he dropped into the office. 'It was Houdini's opening Detroit performance and he forced himself through the two hours and a half of it with a ruptured appendix. He went through one stunt after another and finally wound up with an open forum on fake spiritualistic mediums. After composedly answering many questions shot at him from the audience, he stated that he was tired and ill —walked off the stage and collapsed. I saw him for a minute afterward and learned that his temperature throughout the show was 104. When operated on this afternoon the surgeons found that he was suffering from acute peritonitis and had been in that condition for some hours. It was an exhibition of magic seldom witnessed —the magic of self-control. Since seeing this, I can understand the Spartan ability to withstand torture.'

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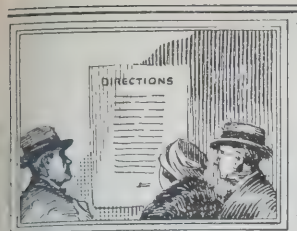
'Behold the learned man and his reconstruction of the past!' exclaimed ***the Humorist***. 'A man in Georgia found a stone axe on the banks of the Oconee River, and carried it to a gentleman of scientific bent who had written a treatise, a portly and learned volume. Now the axe, they say, weighs 300 pounds, and measures 29 inches from back to edge. So, it would seem, if the man who had used it was in any mood rude, coarse or boisterous, it behooved those fronting him to acquiesce in his point of view. For consider the manner of man he was, this reconstructed primitive. And we are assured that it is simple to reconstruct him, theoretically. Thus: If a ten-pound axe is used by a 180-pound man, what weight would a man be who used a 300-pound axe? Now, being of those who was used to turn to the answers in the back of the book, we gave the problem to a Scholar, who verified the learned gentleman's findings thus:

$$\frac{180 \times 300}{10} = 5400 \text{ pounds.}$$

And if a man who stood six feet weighed 180 pounds, then, proportionally, a man weighing 5400 pounds would stand some 180 feet in height. But then what would be the size of a proportional hypothetical ox? For had the oxen been the size of those of our own day, the man would not have used so crushing an axe, any more than a man of today would use a barn door for a fly-swatter. And tremendous oxen seem to imply gigantic grasses; and trees; and leaves and nuts. Especially nuts. Imagination fails in the promised largeness, as Shakespeare puts it. Almost one grows skeptical as Voltaire.

'A certain author of two volumes of involved character, considering similar huge stone battleaxes and trying to account for them, advanced an interesting theory of an erratic planet which approaches this earth at times, coming so close that its careless giant inhabitants either drop, or fling their weapons on our earth. So there are two interesting hypotheses or speculations, both by men of acumen.

'Let me,' begged the humorist, 'add another, wildly problematical, based upon the assumption that primitive men played. That they made things for ornament. That they fashioned miniature things such as tiny arrowheads, because they were pleased to, or wished to amuse the children. That they made stone dolls, no more intended as idols for worship than you intend the doll you give your child to be taken as an idol though you expect your child to have an affection for it. And my theory, quite unscientific, is that primitive men, having time and imagination, and finding a likely stone, chipped out a huge axe for the fun of it; exactly as they etched pictures on stone and tusks for the fun of doing it.'



Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: What is the area, popula-on and wealth of the United States?

ANSWER: The area of the United States 3,026,789 square miles; the population as estimated to be 113,493,770 in 1925; ie wealth is estimated to be approximately 320,800,000,000.

QUESTION: What is the value and eight of gold?

ANSWER: The unit in weighing gold the troy ounce. A 'fine' ounce means an nce of pure gold. The mint value of gold es not fluctuate but remains constant at 20.67183462 per fine ounce.

QUESTION: What per cent of the stu-nts who enter West Point graduate?

ANSWER: Records at West Point show at during the period 1800 to 1917—7 years—the average percentage for aduation as compared with admission was proximately 59.35 per cent. For particular asses the figures fluctuate between 52 d 59 per cent.

QUESTION: Did President Lincoln at y time offer to pay the Southern slave-lders for their slaves if they would set em free?

ANSWER: On July 14, 1862, President ncoln sent the following message to ngress: "Fellow-citizens of the Senate d House of Representatives: Herewith the draft of a bill to compensate any ate which may abolish slavery within its nits, the passage of which, substantially presented, I respectfully and earnestly commend.'

QUESTION: Where are the Indian res-vations? How many Indians live on em?

ANSWER: There are Indian reservations Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, aho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minne-ta, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Ne-da, New Mexico, New York, North rolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, uth Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wiscon-n and Wyoming. There are 326,309 dians living on them. Of these, approxi-ately 225,000 are under the supervision of e Indian Bureau.

QUESTION: Where did the name 'taps' riginate, as applied to military salutes?

ANSWER: In the daily life of the soldier, e sounding of 'taps' at eleven p. m. is e signal for 'lights out,' announcing the d of the day, implying that the cares and bors of the soldier are ended for that day. signifies 'rest in peace.' From this practice the daily sounding of 'taps' comes the stom of blowing 'taps' at the burial of e soldier. It is a custom that involves deeply felt sentiment, signifying, as it does, the end of his day—the 'lights out' of his life—his 'rest in peace.'

QUESTION: How many deaths were there in the American Expeditionary Forces?

ANSWER: The War Department states that 77,771 men in the A. E. F. died while abroad.

QUESTION: Under the pending debt agreement with France, when do the payments begin, and what is the amount?

ANSWER: Payments were supposed to begin on June 15, 1926, with $30,000,000. The pact had not been ratified by the French Government, or by the American Government, on that date, so payment was not made.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Is the United States dispute with France in the matter of the French indebtedness to this country concerning the debts contracted prior to the Armistice or since the Armistice? If the debt now in dispute is for the money this country advanced France prior to the Armistice, is France paying this country the debt she contracted since the Armistice?

ANSWER: According to a statement made by Secretary Andrew W. Mellon on July 16, 1926, the pending French debt settlement calls for payment only of the money which was advanced to France after the Armistice was signed. The debt to the United States which France incurred during the war has been cancelled.

QUESTION: Can we find in Washington a record of the services of our great-grandfather who was killed by the Indians as he carried the United States mail near St. Augustine, Florida, during or perhaps before the Indian War? Please tell us to whom to write and if information will be free.

ANSWER: The Post Office Department advises that these records have all been destroyed, and that there is no other department where records of this nature are kept. However, a letter to the Post Office Department, Washington, D. C., giving name and dates, might elicit some information. There is no charge for this service.

QUESTION: What would have been the consequence to the late President Wilson if he had refused to declare war against Germany after the Senate had voted in favor of it?

ANSWER: Congress alone has power formally to declare war, but where the President finds an actual state of war existing he may take the necessary steps in the absence of Congressional action. A formal declaration is unnecessary; a recognition of a state of war by engaging in acts of hostility is sufficient. Any statement as to the effect on President Wilson if he had refused to declare war would be opinionated.

QUESTION: Give percentage of protection in Republican tariff bills back to McKinley Bill.

ANSWER: Under the Dingley law, effective July 24, 1897, dutiable goods paid a tariff of 46.52 per cent. The percentage of protection for all goods, free and dutiable, was 25.49 per cent. Under the Payne-Aldrich law, effective August 5, 1909, dutiable goods paid a tariff of 40.73 per cent, while the percentage of protection for all goods, free and dutiable, was 19.32 per cent. Under the Fordney-McCumber law, effective September 22, 1922, dutiable goods paid a tariff of 36.35, while the percentage of protection for all goods, free and dutiable, was 15.03 per cent. These figures cover the period up to and including 1924.

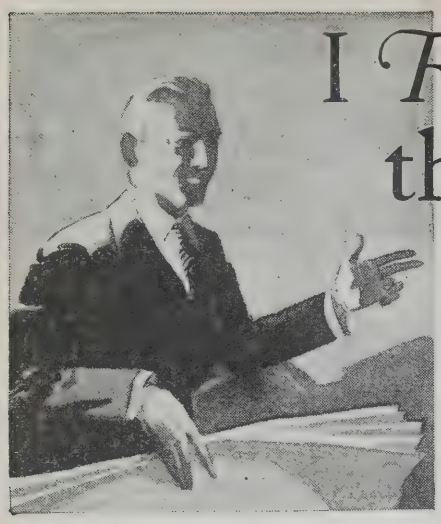
QUESTION: What was the amount of money in circulation in the United States at the close of the World War?

What is it at present?

ANSWER: The estimated amount of money in circulation in 1918 was $4,366,000,000; in 1925, $4,774,000,000. However, it should be noted that official estimates of volume of currency in actual circulation in the United States are not accurate, and they are no longer made the basis of judgment by economists. They are arrived at by taking from the estimated volume of money the holdings of the Treasury and Federal Reserve Banks, not more than a third of the banks in the country. They cannot, of course, include hoardings, pocket change of individuals, counter change in business houses, or the increasing volume in use in foreign countries. Losses by the destruction of money, in various ways, are not known.

QUESTION: Was the Walker tariff passed under a Democratic administration?

ANSWER: Yes. The Walker tariff was passed in 1846, during President Polk's administration.



I *Read* in the Papers

What is a 'coast'? Is it a border, or does it include a hinterland? No less a body than the judicial committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain has the deciding of the question in its hands; and on its decision will depend the outcome of an investigation which has extended over twenty years. Lexicographers do not help much in determining the niceties of meaning comprehended by this five-letter word. One good authority describes it as the 'land next to the sea; the sea-shore.' Another, also a bulwark of reference, defines it as 'the sea-shore; or land near it.'

A Five-Letter Word Meaning What?

To aid the Privy Councillors in their deliberations, four tons of documents have been collected, requiring two court rooms for storing. Newfoundland is the proponent of the definition which would extend inland; the Dominion of Canada would confine it to the shore alone. The stake is barren Labrador, whose seaboard is conceded to be Newfoundland's. The question is: Where does the coast end and the rest of the country begin?

Few legal battles have lasted so long or have required so much testimony. The interior of Labrador is believed to be rich in mineral deposits, and in the possibilities for hydroelectric development, so the decision is of vast importance to the parties concerned. No decision is expected for several years.

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A minority party has one advantage—it builds up a great reputation for virtue.—Los Angeles *Times*.

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With sociologists and legislators doing their utmost to devise a means for stemming the crime wave, surprise is expressed in many circles at the proposal in Texas to erect a memorial to Billy the Kid, probably the most notorious renegade in the history of the Southwest. Efforts have been made of late to picture the outlaw as a man much maligned and much persecuted who shot only in self-defense, but the fact remains that at the time of his death (at the age of twenty-one) he had, by his own count, killed twenty-two persons 'not counting negroes and Mexicans.' And it is generally conceded that it requires something more than the plea of self-defense to justify the slaying of a score and more of humans.

In Memory of a Renegade

The estimation of Texans at the time Billy the Kid was shot some fifty years ago is probably a better one than that of sentimentalists of this generation who would make a hero of him. At that time it was the widespread belief that the world was well rid of 'the most desperate and cruel outlaw in the annals of crime in the Southwest.' When his career was ended by the well-aimed bullet of a sheriff a breath of relief went up from all Texas. But in the reversion to sentimentalism an attempt is now being made to paint Billy the Kid a glowing white, and the sheriff who put him out of the way as a treacherous murderer.

A cowboy who once rode the plains with Billy suggests that 'the friends of the sheriff and the twenty-one men the Kid killed might well be consulted as to the propriety' of the proposed memorial. And the Houston *Post*, sharply criticizing the attempt to make homicide a virtue and hold up a desperate outlaw as a model for youth to follow, asks why it is necessary to 'single out one killer of a particularly despicable type.' If monuments are needed, why not one to Wild Bill Hickok, thoroughly as renowned as the Kid, and a man who did his killing on the side of the law? Or, the *Post* adds, still more appropriate, a memorial to Texas pioneers would be 'a covered wagon with children's faces peering from the oval in the rear.'

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Gullible Chicago pays $7,000,000 a year to fortune tellers. Most of the victims are told, 'You will probably meet a swarthy man with a gat.'—New York *World*.

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Colonel the Master of Sempill, the eldest son of Lord Sempill, a Scottish laird, in a paper read before the Royal Aeronautical Society, has pointed out that the Bible contains many references to petroleum products. 'For instance,' he said, 'we read in the account of the building of the Tower of Babel: "Slime had they for mortar." ' The slime was bitumen.

Petroleum in Ancient Times

The speaker further mentioned that Pliny and other ancient writers refer to the use of 'Sicilian oil' for illuminating purposes. The Dead Sea, originally named the *Lacus Asphalites*, provided bitumen which was sold to the Egyptians for embalming purposes. In the East the petroleum industry was a going concern long before the Christian Era. Earlier than this the Chinese and the Japanese had sunk oil wells and ventilated the shafts by means of bellows. In Japanese history it is related that the 'burning water' was found in the reign of Tenjitenno, which was about 1,260 years ago. About the year 1600 a Japanese named Magara found oil, which he subsequently distilled. The product was sold as an illuminant and it is thought that this provides the first instance where an attempt was made to split up the crude oil into its component parts.

The Master of Sempill is a noted aviator and has made a special study of oils both ancient and modern. His family name is Forbes-Sempill, and in accordance with custom in the Scottish peerage, the eldest son of a baron is called the 'Master.'

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Investigations show that the story of Joshua and the walls of Jericho seems to be true, thus crediting Joshua with the invention of the saxophone.—The Detroit *News*.

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Fragments of navy cloth, a piece of shoe leather, a block of oak from an ice sled and a whitened skull, picked up by Peter Norberg, a trader, on Thunder Cove, Adelaide Peninsula, near King William Land, are believed to be relics of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition, an account of which recently appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The fragments were found near the point where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were abandoned seventy-eight years ago. They were taken to Edmonton by an inspector for the Northwest Territories and Yukon branch of the Canadian Government. Anthropologists and surgeons who examined the skull pronounced it that of a Caucasian. Only one tooth, a molar, was found in the jaw, the bone of which is pitted as though decayed with scurvy. The navy cloth is similar to that used for generations by the British Admiralty. The oak strip is part of a rib from a snow sled shaped and cut off at one end with a saw. The leather is evidently part of a white man's shoe. Thunder Cove is almost in the direct line which the survivors would have taken had they followed the west coast of King William Land south to Simpson Strait and then headed south toward the Great Fish River.

Franklin Relics Are Found

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Crocodiles are said to fraternize with the natives on the Gold Coast of West Africa. This is all right so long as the supply of natives holds out.—New York *Evening Post*.

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Front page item of *Le Matin*, of Paris: 'Thirteen members of the French Academy had a session yesterday . . . The plural of "maximum" had been discussed at a previous session [for the official French Dictionary]. The advice of the most able members, notably M. Picard, permanent secretary, having been given, it was decided yesterday that one may write the plural either as "maximums" or "maxima." '

'Maxima' Can Now Be 'Maximums'

This is good news for America, and some of us will accept French advice and spell the plural, if we ever need it, 'maximums.'

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Briefly Told

THE LONGEST WORD IN literature, *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, occurs in the first scene of the last act of Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost.*

NEATNESS IS CITED by the Boston University as one of the chief obstacles to a happy marriage. Husbands are said to prefer orderly but not neat wives.

ONE CHARLES NEWBOLD, of Burlington, New Jersey, took out the first American patent on a plow in 1797. Newbold's plow could be drawn by two oxen whereas other plows required strength of eight or ten.

A NEW BRITISH BANK has as its armor a special steel which, if attacked by an oxy-acetylene torch, will send out a shower of sparks of such magnitude that the burglar will be driven away.

FEWER SPANIARDS BECOME American citizens than any other type of immigrants, only about ten per cent becoming naturalized.

BARBERS AT A RECENT convention estimated that blondes have 150,000 hairs on their head and redheads only 30,000, on the average.

PIE IS NOT BAD for the digestion, according to the editors of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS was the record price paid for a teacup in Tokio recently. It belonged to the late Marquis Inouye.

A NEW YORK GIRL has a dress made of thousands of tiny gold plates put together by hand. The material is so assembled as to resemble the finest silk.

AN AIRDALE WHO travels from door to door in London with a box and sign hung around his neck has collected $500 for a dispensary for sick animals.

THERE IS A SPECIES of ant which carries an umbrella of petals or leaves when it rains.

A HORSE CAN CARRY about one-half as heavy a load as a camel.

A NEW QUARTZ LAMP, recently perfected, is said to detect good pearls from bad.

TUBERCULOSIS MAY BE transmitted to humans through eggs.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE Everglades of Florida is depriving the Seminoles of their means of livelihood. For centuries they have lived on what they could get by hunting and fishing.

DECLARING THAT HE thought a minister should not be paid more than the average income of the people of his congregation, the pastor of a New York State Presbyterian church refused with thanks a salary increase of $500.

POTATOES, IMMACULATELY scrubbed and carefully wrapped in tissue paper, now come from the state of Idaho.

FRIENDLY PENGUINS have been known to make advances to humans by following them about and attempting to present them with pebbles.

A GUN HAS BEEN DEVISED that will throw a rope to the highest buildings in cities. It will be used by fire departments in rescue work.

A 5,100-POUND seaplane was recently shot from the deck of a battleship at San Pedro, California, by a catapult in which a charge of powder equivalent to that used when an eight-pound shell was exploded.

A RUBBER SURFACE HAS been laid in Newbridge Street, London, for test purposes.

GREENLAND IS SINKING into the sea at the rate of six feet six inches each century, according to the report made by a Danish expedition.

RED GLASS IN FORMER times was made by adding gold to the raw materials.

MORE THAN ONE-HALF the people in the United States have names of English origin.

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are 7,000,000 dogs in the United States.

A HINDU MILLIONAIRE of the Jain sect, who believes in non-killing, is experimenting on a large scale in rearing non-carnivorous dogs. These dogs are fed an entirely vegetarian diet, and it is aimed to wean them from instincts of killing and meat-eating.

MORTALITY FROM MEASLES in England in the past fifteen years has been twice as great as that from scarlet fever.

THE SPEEDY MOTORBOAT is taking the place of the picturesque gondola in Venice.

HENS SCRATCHING IN A sand pit on a golf course at Fleetwood, England, uncovered four hundred Roman coins.

TOKIO PETITIONERS ARE being tried for lese majesty for having plotted to present publicly a petition to the Prince Regent. A public petition to the throne is against the laws, regulations and dignity of the Imperial household.

BY AN EXPERIMENT in England whereby indestructible tags were attached to their legs, it was discovered that rats would travel 190 miles to obtain food.

AT THE MODERN WAGE RATE, it would have cost more than $6,000,000,000 to construct the great pyramid of Egypt.

IN THE UNITED STATES there are 47,461,588 church members and 214,583 ministers.

OWING TO THE UNNATURAL heat of the autumn months, chestnut, apple, and pear trees and lilacs have been blooming in France for the second time this year.

A RUBBER COLLAR has been devised to serve as a buoy for a swimmer.

OXYGEN IN LIQUID form may be carried in vacuum bottles, as the result of experiments by M. Garsaud, of the French Academy of Science. This is a boon to aviators who fly to great altitudes.

LIVE HOGS ARE BEING tattooed in an attempt to trace diseased pork back to its source.

PORTRAITS OF SIXTEEN Presidents of the United States and nineteen other persons prominent in American history have been used as the subjects for our stamps.

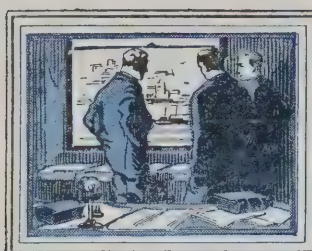
A TOY BALLOON, WITH a note attached, was sent up by a boy at Manchester, Michigan. It was recovered a few days later at Glendale, California.

SEMAPHORE AND WIGWAG signaling, which has been used since 260 B. C., is to be discontinued in the United States Army. Developments in radio and telegraphic communications have rendered it unnecessary.

A NEST OF THE RARE surf bird, sought for one hundred and fifty years by ornithologists, has recently been found. It was 1,000 feet above timberline on Mt. McKinley.

THE FIRM THAT EXPORTED the celebrated chests of tea that figured in the Boston Tea Party is still doing business.

A STATUETTE OF THE Babylonian Venus having bobbed hair with a fringe or bangs in front has been found.



NOTES & COMMENTS CRITICISMS

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MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the utter lack of necessity for what we call hard times.

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Perhaps we shouldn't; but we want to take just a minute to call your attention to this issue. Frankly, we are proud of it. Every story in it is timely, well written, interesting and readable. And look at the variety of topics: politics . . . good roads . . . Lincolniana . . . the Court of St. James as it is today . . . early American candlesticks . . . newspapers . . . Mustapha Kemal Pasha . . . byways of Paris . . .

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And every story is written by an authority in that particular line. Just glance at the next column. The articles are written by persons who *know* what they are writing about, and who can write so that *you* will know after you finish reading them.

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Allan L. Benson scored fifty per cent with his two recent articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in the opinion of a Chicago reader. The first of the articles met with hearty approval and the second with hearty disapproval:

> It was a great pleasure to write recently complimenting you on the Benson article, 'The Genesis of the Constitution,' but in the next number appears another article by Mr. Benson, with the contents of which I am almost 100 per cent at variance. Based on a rather careful study and observation over a considerable period of time, I have come to the conclusion that the greatest menace to our institutions is the drift away from the theory of the mechanics of government as laid down in the Constitution to direct action of various kinds as endorsed by Mr. Benson.
>
> B. F. Affleck.

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There comes a letter from Sandefjord, Norway, referring to a recent editorial about 'firsts.'

'You ask, "who braved the laughter of society by being the first to use a fork?"' the writer says. 'Perhaps that will never be known. But the first to use one in England was Thomas Coryat who left a book of travels rather enormously entitled *Coryat's Crudities hastily gobbled up in Five months Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Grisons Country, Helbetia, alias Switzerland, and some parts of Germany and the Netherlands.* In it he declares:

> I observe a custom in all these Italian Cities, and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other countries that I saw—nor do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and most other strangers that are cormorant in Italy doe always at their meales use a little forke, when they cut their meate. For while, with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the forke which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whosoever he be that sitting in the companie of others at meals, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers from which alle at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the companie, as having transgressed the laws of good manners . . . I myself have thought good to imitate the Italy fashion by this forked fashion cutting of meate . . . sometimes in England since I came home.'

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All the letters that come into an editor's office may not be complimentary, but they are sure to be interesting. Here is one chosen at random, which happens to be both:

> I have this moment laid the paper down after reading 'The Harvard of Our Forefathers.' It is impossible to express the delight with which I have read it. I have read nearly all of the last number. It is such clean, wholesome reading, and of so intensely interesting a character. I earnestly hope you will be able to maintain the high standard you have set for this, without question, the best paper that comes to my table—and I have several of very high excellence. It contains so little a good reader would be willing to omit, and so much of the finest character.
>
> H. T. BLODGETT,
> Taylor University,
> Upland, Indiana.

AARON HARDY ULM, political writer, served for several years as secretary to the Governor of Georgia and as secretary of the Georgia Executive Department. He was later connected with the national headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. (p. 1)

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CHARLES A. COLLMAN recently visited Tennessee to study the highway situation in that state. (p. 2)

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GEORGE A. SCHREINER was attached to the Turkish military and naval forces during the World War as Associated Press correspondent, and as such served through the military and naval operations at the Dardanelles and on Gallipoli. (p. 3)

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CARL SANDBURG is one of the outstanding American poets. His latest work, *Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years*, is a current best-seller. The article presented herewith will be republished later in book form. (p. 4)

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WILLIAM C. RICHARDS is a well-known newspaperman of the Middle West. (p. 6)

ɤ

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH is known not only as the daughter-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Oxford (Herbert and Margot Asquith) but for her own literary ventures as a writer of sprightly articles. (p. 8)

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HELEN BOWYER taught school in Mexico for a number of years. She is familiar not only with the people but their problems. (p. 12)

ɤ

ANDREE PRATOUCY is working for her doctor's degree at the University of Paris. She studied for a time at Alma College, Michigan, as an exchange student from France. (p. 13)

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MARY HARROD NORTHEND is an authority on early Americana, and the author of many books on Colonial subjects. (p. 14)

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INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK, wife of a professor at the University of Nanking, has lived in China for a number of years. She has a wide acquaintance among the Chinese. (p. 16)

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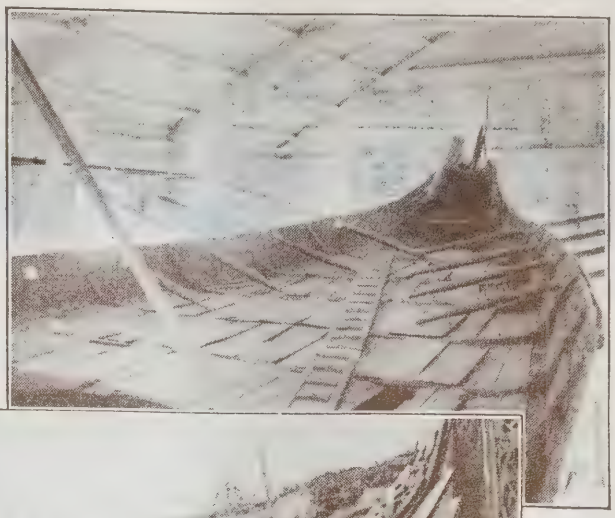
On the CAMERA'S TRAIL

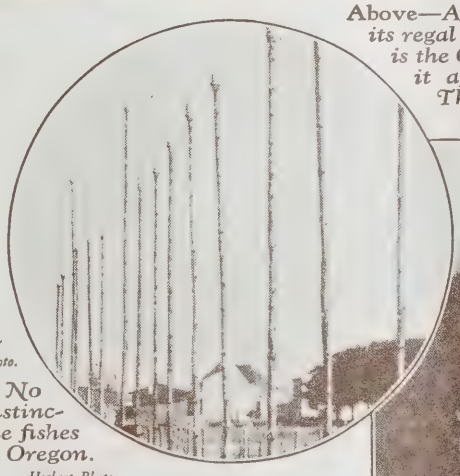
Glimpses *of* Curious Things Around *the* World



Above—A queen's pleasure craft, robbed of its regal splendor by centuries of time. It is the Oseburg ship, of Viking days, as it appeared while being unearthed. The adjacent picture shows this relic restored. —*Publishers' Photo Service.*

Above—'High-hatting' the motorists at Castine, Maine.—*Keystone View.*

Right—*If one is annoyed by garrulous acquaintances, he will be interested in this muzzle, which is said to be effective in stilling tongues which wag. How many, please?* —*Herbert Photo.*



Below—*For perseverance, regard the salmon! No matter the obstacles, it forces its way to its instinctive objective, a place to spawn. Photo shows the fishes trying to jump a waterfall on the Rouge River, Oregon.* —*Herbert Photo.*

Electrically developed beet! Magnostats on masts (circle) *fed wires in the garden.* —*Herbert Photo.*

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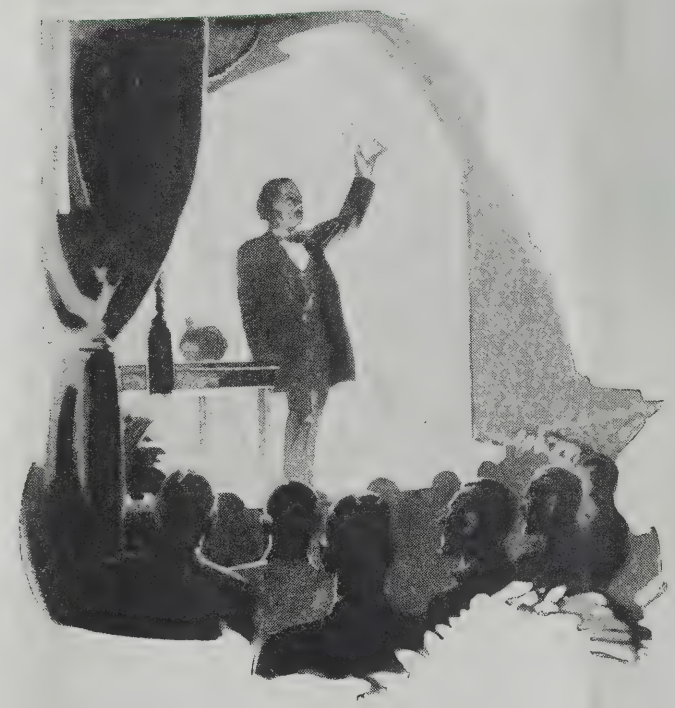
NECESSITY IS RUTHLESS ~ IF A BRIDGE MUST BE HAD, IT MUST BE BUILT ~ ~ ~ WORDS WILL NOT REDUCE THE SIZE OF THE TRAFFIC STREAM ~ ~ ORATORY IS NO SUCCESSFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR BREAD



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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27, Number 6

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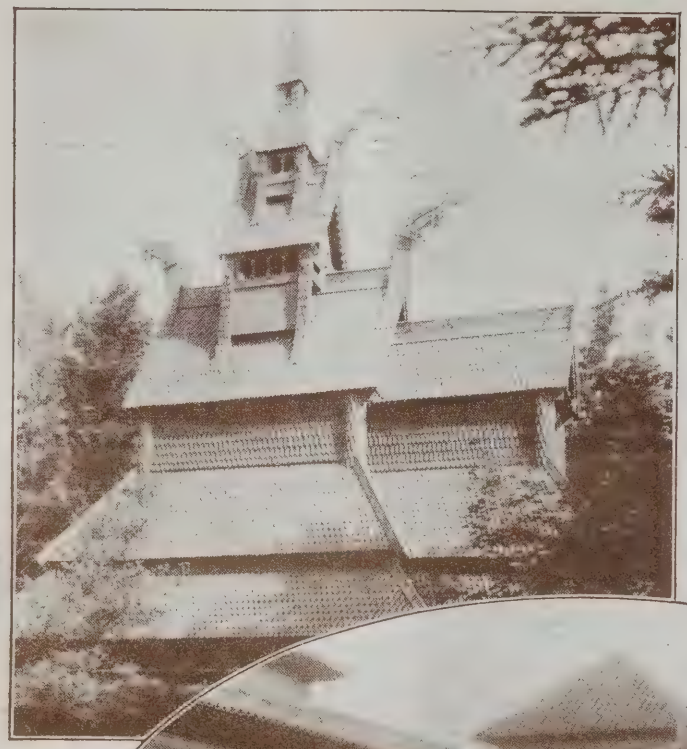
DIAMOND CAVE . . . PILLARS LIKE IVORY . . . HANGINGS LIKE DRAPERIES. (Page 16)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Art of Artisans

Vast Genius Adds Precious Seeing to the Eye



Left—To what country does this structure belong? (Read answer below.)

Right—A touch of Nippon in America. Stone lantern, gift of Japanese to University of Missouri. —Herbert Photo.

Answer—The picture, left, shows the old Fantoft Church. It is in Norway, near Bergen. —Publishers' Photo Service.

Oval—Court of Lions in the Alhambra, Spain. Fine exemplar of Moorish art.—Publishers' Photo Service.

Highest pagoda in China, at Soochow, saved when the city was destroyed in 1860. It has thirteen stories, totaling 265 feet. —Publishers' Photo Service.

Supreme in Mohammedan art—the Taj Mahal, Agra, India, built by Shah Jehan as a burial place for his favorite wife, at a cost of $9,000,000. —Publishers' Photo Service.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

NOVEMBER 27
1926

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Volume 27
Number 6

Stock Market Manipulation And the Federal Reserve System

By GEORGE G. DeMORE

CRITICISM of the Federal Reserve Banking System brings forth a storm of vituperation upon the head of anyone who suggests that it might contain some slight particle of imperfection. Like Caesar's wife it is supposed to stand above reproach. Following the ruthless deflation policy of 1920, criticism and protest met with disfavor. Likewise today, to suggest the Federal Reserve is not only countenancing but abetting unrestrained and unjustifiable speculation in Wall Street is held to be an act of treason, the notion of a rebellious imbecile.

However, the plain facts are indisputable—the most rampant speculation in the history of America has been in progress the last two years. And even yet it shows no signs of terminating.

TWO institutions in the United States are held sacrosanct—the Constitution and the Federal Reserve Banking System. The Constitution has been proved by one hundred and fifty years of successful operation. But the Federal Reserve has been in operation less than twelve years. Conceived in an atmosphere of politics, thrust upon a nation ignorant of its possibilities, it has swept ruthlessly forward to a position of power unsurpassed and without precedent. It is the dictator of all phases of our economic existence.

In November, 1924, there began a series of violent upward swings in stock prices characteristic of a 'bull market'—a period of rising prices for securities listed upon the New York Stock Exchange. This 'bull market' has exceeded all expectations, amazed numerous farsighted economists and brought to grief students of stock speculation who based their calculations upon previously accumulated data.

One by one the shares of industrial and railroad corporations were manipulated to dizzy heights and unloaded upon a gullible public. Every variety of industrial corporation was exploited, not only the standard industries, such as steel, automobile and merchandising, but companies producing breakfast cereals, washing machines, safety razors, threshing machines, motion pictures, soft drinks and yeast, to name a few.

It was during this period that a plan was hatched for a billion-dollar bread trust, and only prompt investigation by Government authorities and opposition of the Federal Trade Commission prevented a wild speculation in the shares of companies producing this essential commodity. The most amazing speculation of the entire period, openly engineered by one of the greatest banking institutions in Wall Street, has been in stock of a company manufacturing food containers of tin. The most spectacular failure was the collapse of a 'pool' operating in the shares of a paint company.

The stock dividend is often just a clever piece of advertising to facilitate distribution. There is a much broader market for shares selling at seventy-five dollars than for those quoted at one hundred and fifty. This is another reason for the capital split-up. Its announcement invariably finds the 'pool'—a group of insiders—prepared to sell out.

In days gone by the 'pool' faced an element of risk. There might arise tightness in the money market. If banking support was withdrawn the 'pool' was forced to liquidate on a falling market before an opportunity was presented of unloading on the public. This happened in the so-called 'rich man's panic' of 1907. But it could never happen today under the present policy of the Federal Reserve. In fact, during the present 'bull market' there has been presented evidence that the Reserve is in reality a bulwark for the Wall Street banker, guaranteeing a plethora of funds to sustain the market until a satisfactory distribution of stocks has been made. This is a grave charge. But the evidence at hand warrants it.

Previous to the Federal Reserve, a 'bull market' had its beginnings in an accumulation of funds in Wall Street from outside sources. Banks in the West having surplus funds forwarded them to New York where they were loaned out on call—which is to say, for stock-market purposes. The 'bull market' terminated when the movement of crops in the West and the demands of industrial centers for expansion funds necessitated the recall of this money from Wall Street.

Today the West calls for funds and industrial centers proceed with ambitious expansions, but the 'bull market' continues merrily on. There is an assurance that funds for 'legitimate' speculation can be had from the Federal Reserve.

Once it was that a series of weekly deficits in legal reserves of the New York Clearing House banks carried a grave warning. Today a deficit means simply additional rediscounting with the Reserve.

In 1919 the average price of twenty industrial securities, as compiled by the *Wall Street Journal* and known as the Dow-Jones averages, reached a peak of $119.62. On August 14, 1926, these averages registered $166.64, or 47 points above the previous high record for all time—virtually a 'bull market' on top of a 'bull market.' This August peak compares with a low of $85.76 in October, 1923.

The average of twenty railroad stocks September 3, 1926, was $123.33, as compared with $91.13 at the highest point in 1919 and with $76.86 in August, 1923. The explanation of this frenzied speculation is found not here but in the practically unlimited funds provided Wall Street to work with.

While in 1922 brokers' loans were estimated as low as $750,000,000, this year they have soared to $3,535,000,000 (New York Stock Exchange figures) and even at the low point have stood at $2,408,000,000 (Federal Reserve figures).

There is evidence that while the furious speculation of last autumn and winter was going on, the public, private speculators, and even the editors of financial newspapers had no hint of the tremendous amount of money being utilized in Wall Street. In December, 1925, the *Wall Street Journal* estimated brokerage loans at $2,800,000,000—a record for all time. However, when on January 6, for the first time in history, there was made public a reliable report of the funds used in speculation, brokerage loans totaled $3,141,000,000.

The 'pools' and insiders in Wall Street were secretly amazed at the magnitude of their operations. All the while a cheerful front was being presented to the public, a frenzied effort was being made to distribute stocks. Delinquent 'pools' worked with feverish activity. The public was gorged with stocks until it would not, could not purchase more.

The last week of February brokerage loans reached their peak and in the first few days of March the storm broke. There were three days of panic, demoralized selling, complete sacrifice of securities such as had never before been witnessed in Wall Street in so short a time. The small speculator and investor's profits, accumulated (on paper) slowly through months of rising prices, were wiped out in a few hours.

On March 2, sales of stocks on the New York Exchange totaled 3,182,000 shares. On March 3, a new record was set with 3,873,700 shares. On this fatal day the stock ticker, printing the record of sales and prices, normally stopping a few minutes past three, the hour the exchange closes, continued printing until nearly six o'clock. Two hours and a half after the market closed this electric machine had not caught up with the frenzied trading which had closed at three o'clock on the floor of the exchange.

That night the electric lights in every brokerage house in Wall Street burned until morning. Clerks were busy calling customers for margin, more margin, and still more margin. But in the case of thousands upon thousands of small speculators there was no more margin to be had. Their credit facilities exhausted, they were ruthlessly 'sold out.' The panic was stopped as only it could be stopped by the buying of bankers and individuals with unlimited credit resources. It is significant that their purchases were made 'on the bottom'—at the low prices prevailing following the decline. In ten hours—the two trading periods of March 2 and 3—the losses of small speculators throughout the country totaled hundreds of millions of dollars!

Could the 'bull market' stand such a blow as this? Wasn't this sufficient to halt for a time at least the exploitation of industrial corporations and the public by the powerful Wall Street syndicates? It was not! Wall Street, drunk with power, swelled with pride at its previous success, bloated with the profits of stocks distributed before the crash, decreed that the 'bull market' should be resumed!

There were pools and syndicates which had not finished distributing to the public. There were the powerful Wall Street interests which had bought stocks at the end of the crash to stem the panic. There were new cliques and 'pools' being formed—some sponsored by banking institutions—with new stocks to be exploited. It was imperative—imperative to Wall Street—that the 'bull market' be resumed. And the 'bull market' was resumed with the aid of the Federal Reserve!

For a time the market was allowed to drift lower while brokerage loans were being reduced—representing the squeezing out of the little fellow. These loans were reduced over three-quarters of a billion dollars. But all the while loans and discounts to individuals of the New York banks were increasing, evidence that stocks were being accumulated by powerful interests, insiders who could 'foresee' that the 'bull market' would be resumed.

Suddenly, on April 22, the New York Federal Reserve Bank reduced its rediscount rate to 3½ per cent. There was no change in industrial conditions or even in the money market to warrant this. The action was arbitrary. None of the other banks lowered their rate. The New York Federal Reserve alone took this action. Immediately the stock market pointed upward.

The previous speculative excesses were again committed, 'pools' again manipulating picked stocks to dizzy heights and the stimulant of stock dividends applied. The shares of two of the leading industrial corporations in the country led the advance, assured that this new outburst of frenzied speculation was countenanced and even supported by the great international banking house which sponsors these two companies.

With the advance well under way, the public was again drawn in as the new expansion of brokerage loans testifies. These loans, as this is written, again top the three-billion-dollar mark. The first of September they were reported by the New York Stock Exchange to total $3,142,000,000, an increase of more than one hundred million dollars during the month of August.

It is significant that with the 'bull market' once again in operation, the New York Federal Reserve Bank on August 13 *raised its rediscount rate to four per cent.* The lower rate stood less than four months, and during this time no other reserve bank changed its rate. At the time this swift manipulation of the reserve bank rate was made, conveniently (for the stock market) downward and as suddenly upward, the loans and investments of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve were advancing to the highest level in the history of the country—August 18 totaling $19,685,000,000, more than two billions more than the 1920 peak of $17,284,000,000, made October 15 of that year.

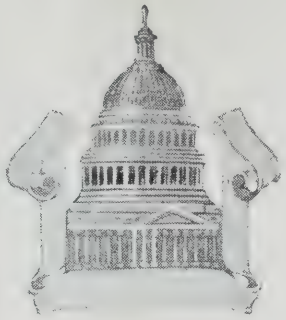
The present policy of the Federal Reserve in regard to (Concluded on page 22)

THE common practice of a 'pool' or syndicate is to manipulate the shares of a particular company to a high figure and then distribute to the public—comprised of green speculators and small investors. News services and newspapers are flooded with 'bullish news'—items favorable to the company—and whenever possible a dividend is declared.

Of all devices of modern finance, let it be known, the stock dividend is the most delusive. It is supposed to capitalize the surplus previously accumulated in the treasury or earnings of former years 'plowed back' into the corporation. But in many instances it is used purely and simply as a bait to attract buyers for stock selling above its intrinsic worth. The stock dividend gives the shareholder additional stock, but all other things being equal it is immediately deducted from the selling price. Thus a one-hundred-per-cent stock dividend on shares selling at one hundred and fifty dollars a share doubles the stock outstanding, but the new shares have a market value of only seventy-five dollars.

This to YOU

An EDITORIAL



From the August 14, 1926, number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE press states that House of Commons criticism of the United States will cease, on the orders of international bankers. Outbreaks against Americans in Paris will be discontinued by the same orders as soon as the diversion created thereby has served the political purpose. That, plainly, is where we have arrived through the handling of our public affairs—we are under the protection, if not in the custody, of the international bankers.

No, patient reader, we are not going to discuss the international debt. We prefer today to discuss YOU. YOU are a somewhat greater mystery than the debt. If we could only understand YOU! If, after reading this, you would write to us and tell us just what YOU are thinking about it.

And here is part of the mystery of you. For ever so many years now you have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel war debts, but to determine the amounts due us, and make the best arrangements for payment that we could. That is what YOU have been told; that is what YOU believed. When you heard that the 'U. S.' was being interpreted as 'Uncle Shylock' throughout Europe, you understood the reason to be that our Government insisted on collecting the debt. It is true that YOU had no greed for that money; you might even have been willing to forgive the debts if you had been convinced that the benefit of such action would have flowed past the bankers down to the pitiful people of Europe. Undoubtedly you would have said: 'Just the principal; not those mountains of interest too.' And if you had chanced to think of the difference between the purchasing power of the dollar which Europe borrowed from us, and that of the dollar we are demanding, doubtless you would say, 'No more value than we lent, not a penny.'

HOWEVER, you were not consulted, and Mr. Andrew Mellon does not do business that way—at least, so you were told. The Republican Party told you the debts would be collected. President Coolidge told you that cancellation was contrary to his policy. As long as you understood this, you understood why Europe howled.

BUT—just the other day Mr. Mellon told you in letter and statement that this Government was not collecting any war debts at all, except from Great Britain. The war debts of France, Italy and the others have been cancelled. We are collecting only the loans made since the Armistice.

Just as coolly as that, Mr. Mellon informed you that everything which you had been told about the loans was not true. And there is not a ripple from the country.

The bludgeoning of the good name of the American people goes on overseas. It is the international bankers, the Press says, who are intervening on our behalf.

YET not a ripple of astonishment, not a word of protest, not a sound of inquiry from YOU—from the American people. Misled, hoaxed, misrepresented—then publicly told about it—and yet dumb. This is not to say whether Mr. Mellon did right or wrong; it is to say that all the while YOU were being told that one thing was being done, it was really the opposite thing that was being done. And you swallow the fact without even faint protest.

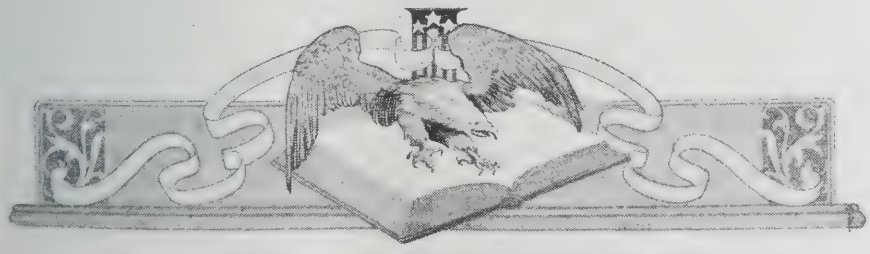
There is a reason for your being so placid—what is it?

But is it any wonder that our public officials think that they can play with you as they do?

Or maybe you are wiser than they, having the deep instinct of the common people that what officialdom may do today means nothing to tomorrow. It may be that Mr. Mellon and Mr. Churchill do not matter after all.

But feelings of nation for nation do matter. There are FACTS which all the nations ought to have. These FACTS as they regard the United States have patently been distorted. And there is not an authoritative voice in the country to declare or even to inquire the extent to which the policy of the United States has been pawned into financial control.

Why is it that you, John Citizen, have been silent about it? There is a reason. What is it?



MORE *From You* Regarding *This to YOU*

PROBABLY the outstanding feature in the majority of letters received by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in response to the editorial, 'This to YOU,' is the sharp strain of pessimism they reveal. The almost complete collapse of the war-time ideals of the Allies has made its impression on the American people. Resentment is expressed at the attitude European nations have taken toward the United States not only in the matter of debts but of participation in the war itself.

A vein of futility also runs through the letters. The question, 'What can we do?' recurs again and again. The people realize they have been fooled in the matter of international loans and debts, but they don't know how they can remedy matters. They are opposed to cancellation of the foreign debts because they know that the chief beneficiaries would not be the people of Europe, but the international bankers who are interested solely in their private loans. They know further that much of the propaganda for cancellation originates with these bankers. But they do not know how to combat it. The letter of Henry P. Zickgray, of Cleveland, Ohio, is typical of many others. Mr. Zickgray writes:

'As a nation I believe the United States entered the World War with as high an ideal as well-nigh any nation has ever done. We felt we had no axe to grind, and that our cause was just and to the interest of humanity in general. America to most of us, I believe, meant peace. It also meant a deep-seated contempt for the jealous, scheming and avaricious rulers of Europe. The American soldier sailed across to Europe with the slogan "war to end war," firm in his heart. Yes we were willing to give "the last full measure of devotion" to make the world safe for democracy. We even believed down in our hearts that our ideals would at least be a little nearer realization, after having won "the war to end war."

'The story of how miserably we failed to realize the least of our hopes is too well known, too tragic to bear repeating. "War to end war," and we gave our blood for nothing more than to give one greedy nation an ascendancy over another. "War to end war," and we have flung at us the uncharitable accusations of those we tried to help. Americans, by nature lovers of peace, have but one

(Continued on page 21)

Newspaper Faking *as a* FINE ART

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

SOME faking is done by American newspapers. Part of it is so raw as to be clearly discernible. Some is deft and cannot be detected by the average reader; some is a downright swindle, and some is harmless and amusing.

An outstanding specimen of faking is the signed article which some sport champion or the principal in the latest scandal is supposed to write. Probably a large part of it was never even seen, let alone written, by the supposed author.

A baseball player participates in a world's series. Three hours later (and sometimes sooner) an article under his signature appears in newspapers all over the country. He gets a fixed sum for permitting the use of his name. In most cases the only writing he does is to sign on the dotted line. He may make a few comments to a trained reporter who reduces those comments to English and expands them to a column. Or he may not even see the reporter. If he doesn't, the reporter will take care of things.

Some years ago one baseball team was on the verge of disruption because of what one player-author was supposed to have said in one of these articles about a player on his own team. Matters were squared when the player-author acknowledged he hadn't seen the article that appeared under his name.

A tennis player takes part in a strenuous championship match. A few hours later a long article appears in a number of newspapers. I presume a lot of people believe that the player quit the net, sat down at a typewriter and wrote that comprehensive story of the play. In some cases he does; in a majority of cases some of the stuff is faked.

Recently a fifteen-year-old girl married an elderly man. Not more than a week later there appeared under her name in a number of newspapers a trashy series of articles on 'How to Make Love.' They were introduced by the statement that in the 'exclusive' series this adolescent would lay down 'the simple rules for happiness in marriage.'

That any one can enjoy that kind of drivel, or any newspaper with an ethical standard print it, seems beyond belief.

Next in the faking line is the growing practice of giving rainbow color to the gray tale, or in other words injecting dubious facts into a story to make it read entertainingly or provide a thrill which might be missed if the bare truth were told.

Under this system some fisticuffs or jostling among two or three men in a crowd becomes a 'riot,' two hot-heads may be identified as a 'mob'; a homely woman becomes a 'noted beauty,' and three or four cheap drug peddlers wake up some morning to find themselves 'an international narcotic ring.'

There is much humor and there is much evil in this quackery. There is as much humor as there is in 'the sacred cow.' This is the name given those stories in which the proprietor is especially interested. These policy stories are more or less a development of the last decade. Most of them are stories in which the business office is interested and they are usually based on some project which is expected to win circulation and good will.

One newspaper buys a polar bear and presents it to the school children of the city. Very well; daily there appears on the first page of the donor newspaper a story 'pointing with pride' to the donor newspaper and giving 'news' of the bear. A star man is assigned, for only a seasoned reporter could make interesting the diary of a bear day upon day. No prima donna could receive more liberal treatment than the bear, and the public is treated to much rot telling how delighted all the little children are or will be when they see the jolly old thing.

The reporter had to cross the ice to an island, and made the journey with horses and sleigh.

It may be a debating contest, a guessing contest, a field meet or spelling bee—all are policy stories; and for weeks the public, whether it gives a hang or not, is treated to such articles on page 1, and indirectly absorbs the impression (or at least the newspaper hopes it does) that the newspaper concerned is a public benefactor and certainly the one the baby asks for when it opens its eyes for the first time.

Faking is not always the fault of the newspaper itself. One paper ran numerous splendid stories on a dog sled expedition taken by one of its reporters. The reporter had to cross the ice to an island to get a special story. He made the journey with horse and sleigh. This was not especially dramatic. He felt the story would be much more satisfying if he made the wild ride behind a pack of mushers, so he said he did. Excitement prevailed in his office when he returned several days later.

'The boss wants a series,' he was told, 'on that dog sled ride of yours.'

Not knowing a great deal about dog sleds, the reporter went to the library and crammed for it. He pored over articles on Alaskan travel. He learned the vernacular, and thus outfitted he

ent to work. He did some mighty fine riting. The newspaper printed the ries and was duly glorified for the itiative of its loyal, adventurous nployе. The story's only drawback as that it wasn't true. That was not ie publisher's fault, however. He idn't know it wasn't true, and prob-bly never will.

Neither was a New York newspaper willing partner some time ago to a ke about a bootlegging floating alace supposed to have been anchored the Atlantic beyond the three-mile mit. A reporter deemed highly de-endable brought in that story. He id he had been aboard. He wrote his ory—later found to have been clever ublicity for a movie.

Competing newspapers scouted the eas next day. They wrung their hands ecause they had been beaten on a orking story. They came back from ie three-mile limit without discover-ig the boat, however. So did Govern-ient cutters. The authorities informed he newspaper its story was not true.

THE editors called in the reporter nd he acknowledged he had faked the arn. That night the paper sent over he wires a story announcing the ccount carried on its syndicate wires as false, publicly apologizing to the eading public.

There have been numerous harmless akes. One dull night fifteen years ago, n Rochester, New York, news was carce. The world was well behaved. Ve were not going to have enough to ill the local columns.

'Can't you tear off something for ne?' pleaded the city editor. 'I've ot to have some more copy.'

I wrote a story. It was a sinless yarn intended to amuse. On a down-town avenue was a zoo. I had two monkeys escape, climb on a street car, dangle on the fare rope, and scramble back and forth ringing up fares as two German conductors pursued them with expletive and umlaut. It was not much of a story, but it answered even though it was untrue. The next evening I was on the way to the office. Behind me was a man, escorting a young woman.

'I had a funny experience last night,' he was saying. 'I was riding downtown on a street car, and right here two monkeys got on—real ones—and got up on the fare ropes. You should have heard the conductor and motorman try to catch them.'

Out West some time ago two political writers staged a hoax which they considered a good one. They went to the office of the state game warden, and won his consent.

The next day their respective papers, widely separated, printed a story which ran something like this:

A deputy game warden, accompanied by his dog, was going along a railroad platform in Apogee. (This was a small town hidden in the backwoods, and was selected by the two fakers because it was outside the area of their newspapers; no one in Apogee would see the story, and consequently no one would rise to call them liar.) There was a pine coffin on the platform, the story went. As the hound came to it he pointed. The deputy, who had reached the end of the platform, whistled to him. The dog wouldn't budge. The deputy walked back to see what the trouble was. He called the station master. They ripped open the box. Instead of a body, they found scores of birds shot unlawfully out of season.

The story was promptly forgotten by the two perpetrators, but not by others. It was not more than three days before seasoned hunters began to write the papers declaring that the story could not be true. No hound, they said, would point for dead birds. The publishers of the papers wired the state game warden. He had been fixed, so he wired back that it *was* true. The publishers were placated. But—

ONE of the hoaxers personally received a letter from a friend in the region of Apogee. He said he had read the story and had been highly entertained.

'Unfortunately,' he said, 'the railroad station at Apogee was abandoned and torn down three years ago and the road rerouted.'

Some years ago I was sent to London, Ontario, to travel on the royal train with the Prince of Wales. Upon arrival in London, I went immediately to the railroad siding where the train was standing, received most genial hospitality from the London newspapermen aboard the train and was told many interesting anecdotes about the Prince. Then I walked up the main street of London to kill time before the departure of the train.

On the street a half-mile away another newspaperman greeted me.

'Up on the Prince, eh? I just got in,' he said. 'How do I get to the train?' he asked.

He said he had *(Concluded on page 19)*

Competing newspapers and Government cutters scouted the seas for the bootlegging floating palace.

LINCOLN and TEMPERANCE
The Truth and the Myth

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

IT IS difficult to talk chastely about chastity or temperately about temperance. Indeed, temperance is a word that we have nearly discarded.

For a long time an honest effort was made to fight intemperance with temperance, but the results were so discouraging that the attempt has been abandoned as a method of warfare. Prohibition might be defined as an intemperate attempt to meet intemperance after the latter had proved an outlaw against all decency. Personally, I am a prohibitionist both in practice and in my approval of the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act.

But I do not delude myself with the notion that either of these is a temperance movement, and I deplore the fact that with our appeal to law we have so nearly abandoned the appeal to reason, conscience and judgment as to persuade men to kill the liquor traffic by inducing them to let liquor alone. But there was a time when the enemies of the liquor traffic called themselves 'friends of temperance' and they were not necessarily or usually prohibitionists.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a temperance man in principle and a very temperate man in his practice. Judged by the standards of his own day, he was almost an extremely temperate man. But his position on the question of the use of liquor has led to a wide variety of statements on the part of those who wish to prove him one thing or the other, and I gladly respond to the request of the editors to tell the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT just what we mean when we speak of Abraham Lincoln as a temperance man. This I do without any attempt to align him with any movement as it stands at the present time, but only to learn the truth.

I think it cannot be proved that Abraham Lincoln was a lifelong total abstainer. It would have been very surprising if he had been so. He came out of an environment in which whisky-drinking was general. Whisky was a medium of exchange. When Thomas Lincoln sold his property in Kentucky and migrated to Indiana he took his pay in whisky. Peter Atherton had set up his still at the mouth of Knob Creek on Rolling Fork, and there he distilled for many years a brand of whisky that became famous.

Anyone who thinks that prohibition has helped the liquor business should visit Athertonville today. The ruins of the Atherton distillery proclaim the effectiveness of the 18th Amendment as far as the big Kentucky distilleries are concerned. Thomas Lincoln was not a total abstainer; neither was he a drunkard. He was a very moderate drinker for his day.

IT WAS not so with all their neighbors, nor even with all their relatives. Thomas Lincoln's Uncle Thomas, for whom the President's father was named, had a tragic domestic experience through the presence of a still on his farm. I have rarely read more touching legal documents than those that tell the story of the family dissension and demoralization that grew out of this still and its effects. The President's Uncle Mordecai, eldest brother of the President's father, died in the winter of the deep snow, 1830-31, partly by reason of the cold and partly because of what he drank to keep out the cold.

Abraham Lincoln saw enough of drunkenness to give him solemn warning. His own family escaped the curse of drunkenness, but that does not mean that they never drank whisky. Almost everybody drank. The minister whom Lincoln first heard preach in his boyhood, the Reverend Mr. William Downs, was excluded from the church for drunkenness. The minister who preached the funeral sermon for Lincoln's mother was in bad standing because of intoxication. Nor were the Roman Catholics any better. The Knob Creek home of the Lincolns looked out on a settlement of that faith, and Mordecai Lincoln married Mary Mudd, a Catholic. The priest who married this couple, and won the first nominal convert in the Lincoln family from their stiff Baptist faith to Catholicism, was a notorious drunkard, whose successor publicly denounced him for that and other sins.

NO CHURCH building was 'raised' without the use of liquor. Subscriptions for the Little Pigeon Church, which Thomas Lincoln joined by letter and his second wife joined by experience, accepted payment of its building subscriptions in 'manufactured corn.' Whisky fluctuated less in value than wildcat currency. Talk was cheap, but it took money to buy whisky, which practically was money.

Coming out of that environment, it is remarkable, not that Thomas Lincoln was not a total abstainer, but that he used liquor in habitual moderation; not that Abraham Lincoln never knew its taste, but that he so seldom touched it as to have the reputation of being a total abstainer. Practically, that was what he was. He sat around the tavern barroom swapping stories, and saw other men drink to excess, and himself let liquor alone.

I think we are not at liberty wholly to cast out the testimony of men who have declared that they remembered seeing him taste liquor, but his partner, William H. Herndon, said that Lincoln did not use liquor because he did not care for it. Whatever the reason, he let it alone. He was practically a total abstainer.

AFTER Lincoln had been in Congress for one term and was not requested to go back, and was vainly seeking appointment as Land Commissioner of the United States, he made a trip to Washington to further, if possible, his interests in this direction. He traveled as far as Indianapolis by stagecoach. In the coach were two men who offered him, in succession, a drink, a smoke and a chew. He declined all three invitations, stating that he did not use either liquor or tobacco.

When they parted at Indianapolis, one of the two men gave Lincoln a little warning. He said he had always noticed that men who had no vices were likely to have very few virtues. Lincoln was fond of telling this story about himself.

So much for Lincoln's habits, and I think this is all that we need ask and all that we could reasonably expect. Now as to his attitude toward the sale of liquor and toward the prohibition question.

There is in circulation a card, distributed by those who seek to discredit the Volstead Law, quoting Lincoln as warning the nation against oppression of those who would destroy their liberties through prohibition. *I challenge the people who circulate this card to adduce the evidence that will show when and where Lincoln said those words.* He did not say them. They are a fraudulent lie.

But unfortunately, good men have

ed almost as badly on the ther side, quoting utterances f Lincoln that cannot be ound in any accredited edi- on of his writings and peeches, and talking like a 0th Century prohibitionist. am not in favor of lying ven when the purpose is to ıstain a good cause.

What do we know about incoln's attitude toward law nforcement, and toward the ıle of liquor? We know so ıuch that we have no need to xaggerate. And that is one eason, and I might give more, hy I wish good people would e content with the truth. In ıe long run the truth is safer, nd is generally good enough ithout doing it violence.

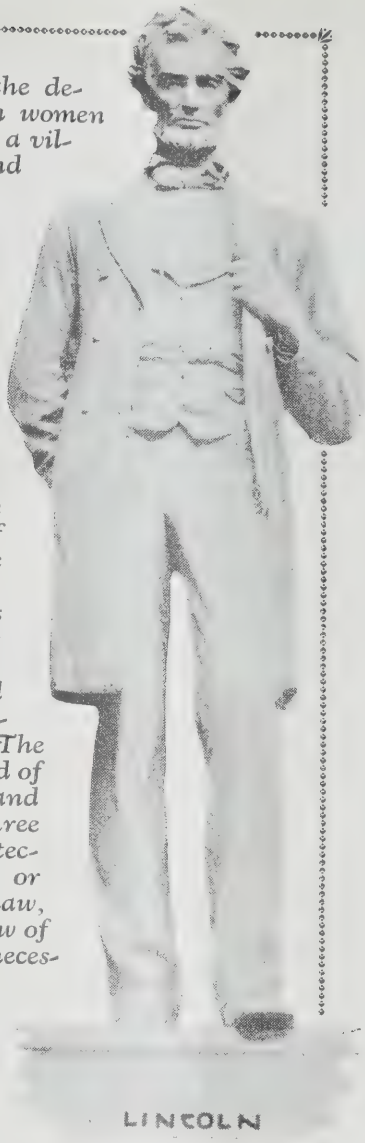
Lincoln believed in law. [e loved freedom, but he new the necessity for re- straint and even for the unishment of crime. His first rinted address dealt with his subject. He was speaking efore the Young Men's Ly- eum at Springfield, January 7, 1837. It was the first im- ortant public address which e gave in that city after he ad removed thither.

The *Sangamo Journal*, also alled at different times the *angamon Journal* and the *llinois State Journal*, owned y Lincoln's friend, Simeon 'rancis, printed the address ı full, and we may be sure nat Lincoln not only fur- ished the copy but read the roofs and saw it through the ress. He had worked hard n that address. He always ked to see his speeches in rint, and he must have had special pleasure in his first xperience of that character.

He was speaking on the erpetuity of American in- titutions, and he spoke with rdor. He based his hope of he durability of free demo- ratic government on the iberty of the people to make heir own laws, and of their evotion to the laws.

He went back to the be- innings of America to show ow sacred a thing this iberty of ours is, and how oyal we all should be to it. o him a law was not a thing o be obeyed if we liked it or ound obedience convenient; t was a sacred obligation, a art of our free heritage as citizens.

Let any man who finds himself empted to say that because he thinks he Volstead Law to have been unwise, ıe will not personally obey it, read what Lincoln said about obedience to law, and about the crime of those who disregard the law, and think if he will what Lincoln would probably have had to say about that attitude:



IN 1855 Lincoln came to the defense of a group of fifteen women who had raided a saloon in a village in DeWitt County and smashed the barrels of liquor. They had provocation, in all conscience, but they had violated the law. Lincoln was not an attorney in the case, but he was present in court. The plaintiff, Tanner, had engaged a good lawyer, and he had the law on his side. The attorney for the defense lacked tact, and the case was not going well. One of the ladies asked Lincoln if he would sit in as associate counsel. Lincoln's partner, William H. Herndon, gives the substance of Lincoln's plea:

'In this case, I would change the order of the indictment, and have it read, The State vs. Mr. Whisky, instead of The State vs. The Ladies; and touching these there are three laws: The law of self-protection; the law of the land, or statute law; and the moral law, or law of God. First, the law of self-protection is a law of necessity, as evinced by our forefathers in casting the tea overboard, and asserting their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this case it is the only defense these ladies have, for Tanner neither feared God nor regarded man. Second, the law of the land, or statute law, and Tanner is recreant to both. Third, the moral law, or law of God, and this is probably a law for the violation of which this jury can fix no punishment.'

Herndon continues:

'Lincoln gave some of his own observations on the ruinous effects of whisky in society, and demanded its early suppression.' This testimony I count as valid as any concerning Lincoln can well be. Lincoln was very loath to give his assent to arguments in favor of 'the higher law,' but in this case he boldly appealed to that law in defense of these women.

The judge took the case away from the jury, not permitting them to retire for a verdict. The judge said:

'Ladies, go home. I will require no bond of you, and if any fine is ever wanted of you, we will let you know.'

'Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution, never to violate in the least particular, the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation in others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his fathers, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.

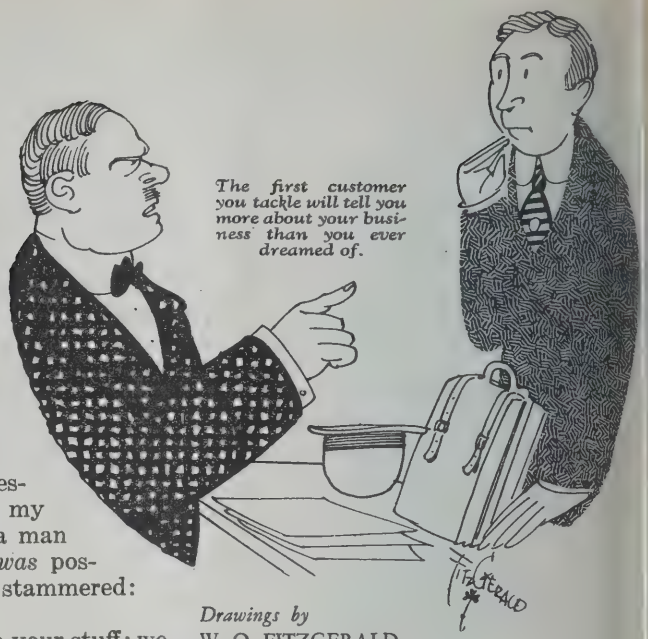
'Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.'

This is sometimes inaccurately quoted; but as here given its text is that which Nicolay and Hay approved for their *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, Gettysburg edition, Volume I, Page 43. I have no doubt that if compared with the files of the *Journal* in the library of the Illinois State Historical Society, it would be found to have followed Lincoln's own copy with strict literalness.

To be sure, Lincoln was not speaking particularly of liquor, but no one can doubt what he would have said to those who hold that if a law is passed which one does not like or approve, he is at liberty to disobey it. Lincoln's *(Continued on page 26)*

Thomas L. Masson
Writes on

The Art of Letting Yourself Go



Drawings by
W. O. FITZGERALD

Mark Twain, once or twice in his life, owing to some accident of subject or matter of memory 'let himself go,' and wrote *Tom Sawyer*, or *Life on the Mississippi*. The rest of his work consists either of fun which will be remembered only as fun or of serious writings (such as *What Is Man?*) which is already forgotten.

—Graham Wallas in *The Art of Thought*.

MANY years ago, inspired by a feeling that I didn't care much what happened, I sat down and wrote a book telling in effect what to do when you feel perfectly terrible ('That Silver Lining') and since then every once in a while somebody comes around and asks me what to do. A considerable experience has convinced me that, in cases like this the best advice is to tell people to let things go. To show what I mean I will tell a story.

About a year ago a young man in whom I was interested got a job as traveling salesman for a large corporation. He had a certain territory assigned to him, and, not being familiar with the business, he was handed a mass of material to learn and digest. Armed with two brief cases and a large bag of statistics, he suddenly landed down on me to get my advice.

It happened at the time that we had a spare room in our house, so I told him to stay overnight. As soon as he had washed up, he brought out his material, started to spread it out on a table and began to talk. He talked so fast that I couldn't get in a word edgewise. He told me how he got the job, what a big job it was, how he was scared for fear he wouldn't make good, and above all what he had to learn. He had a long typewritten paper containing instructions for himself which he had sat up several nights to copy. It apparently contained everything in heaven and earth about economics and in particular about the business in which he had engaged himself.

As soon as he had come to a pause through actual loss of breath, I said to him:

'Can you dance?'

I had to repeat the question before he gathered my meaning. He was like a man possessed. Indeed, he *was* possessed. Finally he stammered:

'Why, I guess so.'

'Then,' said I, 'put up your stuff; we are going to have a party. Meanwhile let's go out and take a ride. There is some wonderful scenery near here.'

'But I came here to talk business?'

'I know you did but you are not going to. For one thing, business bores me. I won't listen. Now you have a new job, and you think the world depends on your making good. It does. Therefore, dump all that stuff in the river, and go out and sell your product—as man to man.'

'But I've got to learn what I'm talking about.'

'You mean that you have got to obscure what you know already by memorizing a lot of useless bunk of which the recital will bore every prospective customer you have.'

'But I must know something about my business.'

'How did you get your job?'

'They sent for me.'

'You didn't know as much about it then as you do now—possibly.'

'But they hired me because they thought I could learn.'

'They did not. They hired you because they sized you up as being a good prospect. That'll be all for today. Pack up your troubles in your kit bags and we'll go out and see things. When you sell goods, take nothing with you. Let yourself go. Put your mind on what you are doing, think out for yourself the why and wherefore, but don't bore other people with it and don't act as if you knew it all. The first customer you tackle will tell you more about your business than you ever dreamed of—he will tell you why he doesn't want to buy from you. There's your start. Come on.'

We had the party and a fine one it was. My young friend got the cobwebs out of his brain. The next morning when he took his leave, his paraphernalia was left behind. 'I get you,' he said as he went away. I saw him recently and he remarked:

'The people in my office don't understand why I get so many orders without any material to work with. They think it's wonderful.'

'It *is* wonderful,' I replied. 'One of the hardest things in the world is to let things go.'

In this same book from which, in the beginning of this article, I have quoted, Mr. Wallas has something more to say about the psychology of letting things go. 'We cannot,' he writes, 'by a direct

(Concluded on page 20)

He started to acquire a mass of information and then threw it all aside and thought it out for himself.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

TO BUY anything merely for the sake of buying, or merely because a thing is cheap, is an unwise and unreasoned principle. As well eat merely for the sake of eating, not to appease hunger or for the nourishment of the body. Overeating will be detrimental to bodily health and doctors' bills will be the inevitable outcome. Senseless buying will have similar consequences as far as financial loss and consequent worry are concerned.

It is a safe principle not to purchase anything until occasion for its use arises, no matter whether the article purchased is perishable or not. If it is perishable, such as fruit bought for preserving purposes when the opportunity for preserving it is not at hand, the fruit will rot and may be entirely lost; if it is a manufactured article of some lasting material, for everyday use, such as a microscope or a mousetrap, and occasion for the use of that article has not arisen or is not in immediate prospect, months or years may pass before it can be utilized, and in the interval it may have depreciated in value because a better article for the purpose has been put on the market.

To get the up-to-date article which has become a necessity, the purchaser of the microscope or mousetrap may have to sell his original bargain at a considerable loss.

Unwise purchases carry with them another serious disadvantage. Although the buyer may acquire something that he may, after some thinking, create a use for, it will be at the expense of something that is really more essential at the time. Another disadvantage of this haphazard buying is that it sometimes becomes epidemic, thus giving rise to an unbalanced demand for certain products, a demand that is frequently illogical and destructive to prosperity.

People bring so-called hard times upon themselves by illogical and prodigal purchases. If things were bought as common sense directed and necessity dictated, the even balance of things would be preserved and prosperity would take care of itself.

The requirements of the moment should always be kept in view; the things essential to the accomplishment of immediate human needs should be the first to be acquired. If things are produced in their proportionate, needful quantities, it will preserve the necessary balance.

Overproducing is akin to overpurchasing. For example, there is no sense in producing 200,000 of a certain object of utility when it is possible to make use of only 100,000. The extra thousands will be produced at the expense of something for which society has a greater need, and both the producer and consumer will suffer. If there was use for only 100,000 quarts of milk and 200,000 were delivered, and no provision was made to take care of the surplus, half of this product would probably go to waste, whereas it might have been converted into butter and cheese for which there was also a real necessity.

However, there never can be a general overproduction of things that are really needed, although there may be overproduction of one commodity at the expense of another more urgently required.

UNWISE buying is one of the disturbing factors of modern economics. To blindly purchase things that cannot be put to immediate use and which may deteriorate in the interval is one of the follies of the modern citizen. Such buying is done at the cost of things that are more urgently needed, thus upsetting the economical balance. If the various essential articles are produced and purchased in their proportionate needful quantities, it will preserve the necessary balance of trade and insure a fair measure of prosperity. The needs of the moment ought to be first considered and contingencies made supplementary. It is only thus that production and consumption can be properly regulated.

The requirements of the moment must always be kept in view; otherwise society will suffer and progress will be checked. That which is most essential is that which is most useful and is that which will confer the greatest benefit to the largest number.

By certain intensive methods of salesmanship and the exercise of mental anesthetics of advertising, people are made to believe that they want lots of things that they do not need. This is in the end bad business for everybody, because the artificial strain put upon the purchasing power reacts upon production and trade receives a blow from which it is hard to recover. Normal buying and normal selling are what are needed. Some high-pressure salesmen will sell a man a gun when there is nothing to shoot, when what he really wants is an axe to split wood for the winter fire.

There can be no prosperity without the exercise of judgment in buying and selling. Prosperity is weighed out in usable quantities by well-regulated and timely production and consumption, and the scales must be in perfect order. Overproduction and wrong distribution of anything may become a huge barrier to legitimate development. A man may become burdened with food or clothes, although normally these things are necessities. The well-regulated production and use of both must be kept in view. So also with all the things that man makes use of in modern life.

Otherwise energy will be misdirected and curtailed, efficiency undermined, waste will increase and valuable advantages will be thrown away.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

That Big Wet Victory

IT WAS to be expected that the anti-prohibitionists would glean a big wet victory from the election. That was the inevitable result of their special brand of logic, a logic which takes into account only those things favorable to the cause and happily ignores the unfavorable. They might just as well have jubilated before the election, for their triumphs, such as they were, all came in wet states where everyone expected that they would win. And even these triumphs have an empty ring. Not one letter of the national prohibition law has been changed; *and even the wets admit that there is not the slightest possibility of change within the next two years at least.*

The referendums, cry the wets, we won the referendums. And so they did, some of them. But which ones? New York and Illinois passed hazy resolutions calling upon Congress to let each of the states determine for itself just how much liquor is necessary to make its inhabitants drunk—a plea palpably impossible of fulfillment.

Wisconsin voted for 2.75 per cent beer, a vote which is not particularly amazing when one considers the one-time leading industry of Wisconsin's leading city. Montana repealed its state prohibition act, as did Nevada, where there are fewer voters than jackrabbits. *But* Illinois elected a dry Senator, Nevada elected a dry Senator and Montana elected a dry Congressman. In California, Colorado and Missouri attempts to repeal the state prohibition laws were beaten.

State referendums for prohibition, however, and state referendums against prohibition have no more actual effect on national prohibition than do the funny straw ballots conducted in wet newspapers. Prohibition is written into the Constitution of the United States; the only way to repeal it is first to repeal the 18th Amendment. This would take a two-thirds vote in each house of Congress, and a majority vote in three-quarters of the state legislatures.

The only effective victory the wets can gain, therefore, is to elect wet Representatives and wet Senators. *But the final results of the election show that 321 of the 435 members of the House of Representatives in the new Congress are classed as dry, and at least 73 of the 96 members of the Senate.* In the face of these figures the big wet victory seems to pale somewhat.

Vikings Turn to Peace

THE Vikings, once the most warlike of European peoples, seem now the most peaceable. For more than a century the North Countries—Denmark, Norway, Sweden—have not actually seen war, with the exception of Bismarck's incursion into Schleswig-Holstein. Nor is this era attributable solely to isolation. The Balkan States are likewise at a distant corner of Europe, yet for generations they have been a breeding place for war. The same irritations which have brought conflict to other nations have also been faced by Scandinavia, but they have been faced and solved more honestly. Even when Norway decided to sever its traditional union with Sweden the break was accomplished amicably, and the two countries are still on the best of terms.

Norse blood once swept over most of Europe, conquering as it went, and Norse ships were undisputed rulers of the seas. And this bold spirit is not lost in the descendants; it is merely turned into other channels. Where the Vikings were once first in war, their sons are now first in peace. Where they once ventured into uncharted seas, they now venture into new realms of science, of literature, and of the fine art of citizenship. It is highly significant that the great Nobel Prizes, established by the Swedish originator of dynamite, are awarded to those whose work in science, literature, and furtherance of the world's peace is considered of most benefit to humanity.

Prophets of Gloom

THOSE gloomy prophets who while away the idle moments by viewing the future with ill-concealed alarm fail to consider the ingenuity of the future in their calculations. Consider the matter of the span of human life: Irving Fisher and other authorities declare that in another century Americans will be a race of octogenarians; that is, that the average life length of fifty-eight years will be increased to eighty years. Good news, this, but the gloom hunters promptly rush forward in a body with their dire predictions of overpopulation.

Suppose there are more humans alive a century hence than there are now; what of it? The earth is not taxed to its capacity to support humanity, and it probably never will be. If more people are alive in the 21st Century, then proportionately that much more will be produced from the earth and from man's machines. An acre of ground will be made to yield double or treble what it yields now; new machines will be devised to yield new commodities in undreamed-of quantities. Problems force their own solution; and this will be as true in the future as it is in the present. Science and religion are steadily making life better. If you do not believe it, compare life today with that in the period of Benvenuto Cellini as expressed in his autobiography. Life is even more complete and more worth the living today than it was a generation ago; and a generation from now it will be better than it is now. The most useless occupation extant is that of worrying about the future. The future will take care of itself.

In Line of Duty

CADET Aviator Charles M. Wisely, of the United States Army, died in line of duty. But duty in his case took on a strange and unfamiliar tinge. News dispatches state that he 'met death while playing the part of a German aviator for a motion picture' in which 'the play called for him to simulate a dive into the American troops advancing up a hill.'

A motion picture is a commercial enterprise, just as the manufacture of silk hosiery is a commercial enterprise, or the making of wooden toothpicks. An employer who requested the loan of United States troops during harvest to pick peas for his cannery, or a private contractor who asked for a corps of Army engineers to help him build a bridge would be laughed out of the country. Yet the theory seems to have gained credence among some high officials of the Government that it is perfectly permissible for movie magnates to obtain the services of American soldiers and American sailors, gratis, for the making of their films. A bridge spanning a large river serves fully as important a purpose as a motion picture, but the bridge builder must go into the open market to hire his labor while the movie producer borrows his from a benevolent Government.

A year and a half ago a widespread protest was voiced against using the graduation exercises at the United States Naval Academy as a background for the making of a commercial picture. The protest was overridden and the film was made, with the help of the Secretary of the Navy. The garish publicity attendant upon the whole proceeding may have helped the movie, but it is doubtful if it helped the Navy. Subsequent to this the Government was again made ridiculous when one film company boastfully announced that it had exclusive right to the services of the United States Marines in the making of its productions—a 'right' that was vigorously assailed by its rivals.

And now the matter, which has heretofore been largely absurd, takes a tragic turn with the unnecessary death of an Army aviator. The practice of lending American soldiers and sailors to money-making movie companies is far more subversive to the dignity and prestige of the armed forces of the nation than a hundred soap-box orations by red agitators. It is to be deeply regretted that an American cadet had to die to bring the practice before the American people.

The Last Laugh

THE Toronto turfman who bequeathed $700,000 in brewery stock to six worthy Methodist ministers on the condition that they draw dividends and vote in the management for ten years may have thought he was placing them in an inextricably embarrassing position.

Possibly he was; but he was by no means creating a situation that is new. The problem of so-called 'tainted money' has agitated clergymen in the past and it no doubt will in the future, and it will never be settled to the satisfaction of everyone. But in late years it has largely been shunted aside in favor of more important things, with the general agreement among most churchmen that it is sanctionable to accept money from dubious sources, provided the money is used for wholesome purposes.

The present instance differs slightly from those which stirred the people a decade or so ago, in that the clergymen must participate in the active management of the brewery in order to benefit by the bequest. Perhaps this will form an insurmountable obstacle in their minds. On the other hand they may reason that the brewery will continue to operate whether they vote in the management or not, and that it will continue to produce just as much beer.

Then, too, it may be that they themselves possess almost as great a sense of humor as that so widely heralded in the jolly turfman. It might be that they would derive keen enjoyment from spending the proceeds from beer brewing to spread the gospel of prohibition. Theirs at least is the advantage of the last laugh.

The Judge Resigns

JUDGE ENGLISH followed a wise course in resigning before his impeachment trial came up in the Senate. Even had he been acquitted of the charges brought by the House, much of his usefulness as a jurist would have been impaired; and had he been convicted an unwarranted shadow would have been thrown over the entire federal bench. The noteworthy feature of his case is not so much that a federal judge should have been accused of malfeasance in office as it is that so few have been thus accused. The federal courts have been an integral part of the Government since its founding a century and a half ago. The number of judges has been gradually increased through the years until now there are approximately one hundred and eighty. And yet of all that have served during the life of the nation, only three have been found guilty of high crimes and removed from office. The record speaks well for the type of men who occupy the federal bench.

Cotton

OF THE many remedies proposed for the relief of cotton, has anyone included a suggestion to increase its use? Much has been said of the overproduction and of storing the surplus against another year, and of cutting down the area to be planted hereafter. Much of the proposed relief seems to hinge largely upon credit for the cotton planters, but credit is at best a temporary and unsatisfactory remedy. And all these plans intimate that America has reached her limit in the use of cotton. This most certainly is not so. There are possibilities that synthetic gasoline can be made from cotton. Substitute silks are already in use. Numerous other valuable co-products can be derived from cotton with proper study.

Things to Be Considered When You Say

'I Want *Exactly* the Same Color'

By DONALD A. LAIRD

ANYONE who has ever tried to match a piece of dress goods has discovered the hazards with which it is beset. Sometimes the sales clerk is blamed for the match which looks so impossible when the goods are home. It is not the sales clerk, however, who is responsible. The trouble lies in our own eyes.

This psychology of color causes the artist much anguish and justifies the long and careful study the successful ones give to the color of a scene they want to paint. It is also responsible for many of the failures of camouflage early in the war, before the National Research Council had organized a group of scientists familiar with the psychology of color to eliminate the errors which you and I make when we try to match a ribbon.

When we go to the theater, for instance, moonlight is represented by blue lights. In paintings blue is also used. But is moonlight really blue? It is not. It is merely pale white light, weak reflected sunlight. To the human eye it looks like blue, and the artist and stage technician must know this or their productions will appear unreal.

The little boy who wondered how the polecat could stand its own odor was on the verge of a sound psychological fact. This fact is that our senses are fatigued sooner or later by continued stimulation. In smell, for instance, the first few minutes we are in a tannery or rendering works the air seems positively unendurable. In a short time, however, we no longer notice the odors. The sense of smell has become fatigued so that it no longer responds.

Red is used here as a background, but it is such an advancing color that it seems to be in front of the remainder of the picture.

A great part of the danger of mine gases lies in this gradual fatigue of the nose so that the presence of the gases is not noticed until a disaster occurs.

The eye is fatigued by color more rapidly than any other sense organ. If you have been looking at a piece of red dress goods and then examine a sample of green, the green will look greener than it actually is. Or if you have been looking at a red and then turn to a yellow it will seem to have a tinge of green. When the red and green are placed side by side each one appears more saturated with color. For accurate matches only brief glances should be taken.

Counters where colors are to be matched or seen in their true values should be especially equipped for this purpose. The expense of this is very small. The surface of the counter should be covered with a medium gray, or psychological neutral gray, on which colors are not distorted. Other bolts of colored goods should be kept beyond sight. And a special electric bulb should be provided in case artificial light has to be used.

The electric bulbs used in most homes give a light that is predominately red and yellow. Colors seen under these bulbs have their true hues somewhat altered, the red and yellow being accentuated. I have seen a housewife furious at a sales clerk because the ribbons matched in the store did not match at home when viewed under the electric light.

'Wait until morning,' she was advised. 'They may match in the daylight.'

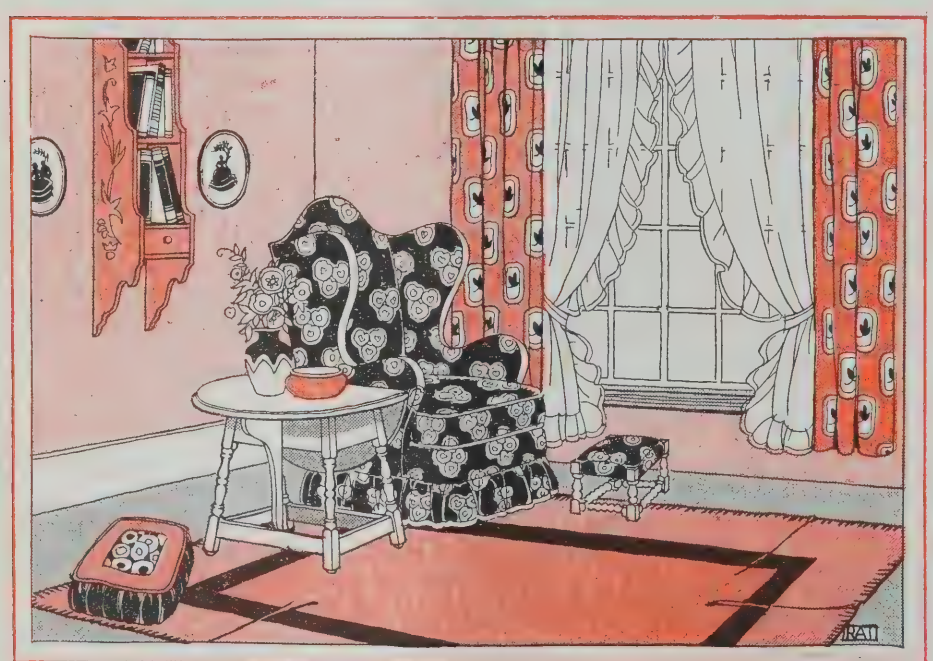
In daylight the colors were a perfect match.

Many department stores provide small bulbs that duplicate daylight for matching colors; but of course that is not surety that the colors will match under all kinds of light.

The mercury vapor lights used in filming motion pictures so alter colors that if an actress were to be made up with the same colors as the flapper her cheeks would appear sunken. Special make-up has to be used which will look right under the peculiarly colored Kleig lights.

The story is told of a Hollywood actress who invited several of her rival actresses to a party at her home. The actress guests were powdered and rouged as they would have been for appearance on the street. But their hostess had her home lighted with Kleig lights. She was powdered with this in view. The result was that one movie star appeared beautiful and the others looked like beady-eyed witches.

When the kindergarten pupil covers a paper with blue crayon, and then marks over it with yellow, green is produced. Early in the war when



This picture of the interior of a room, compared with the one on the facing page, will show how color can create a warm or cool 'feeling.'

Note how differently and unobtrusively the blue background serves in this picture, as compared with the same illustration on the opposite page.

painters were employed to camouflage objects they would cover them with blotches of blue and yellow paint. The blotching made the outline indistinct and deceptive. They had thought that the yellow and blue would also blend *in the eye* to give the appearance of green.

But yellow and blue blend in the eye to give gray! The psychology of color is radically different from the mixing of paints.

A criminal case not long ago hinged largely on circumstantial evidence. A figure had been seen fleeing the scene of the crime which took place at twilight. Witnesses of the figure said it wore a dark blue or black jacket. The defense attorney then introduced evidence to show that the defendant was wearing a red sweater at the time of the crime.

The state's attorney recalled part of his course in general psychology and introduced as witness the psychologist from the local college. The psychologist testified that in dim illumination, such as twilight, red appears black while yellow will be seen as yellow. This, he said, is the Purkinje phenomenon of twilight vision.

To convince the jurymen, a red sweater and a blue sweater were placed side by side and the courtroom darkened. Both sweaters looked alike in color!

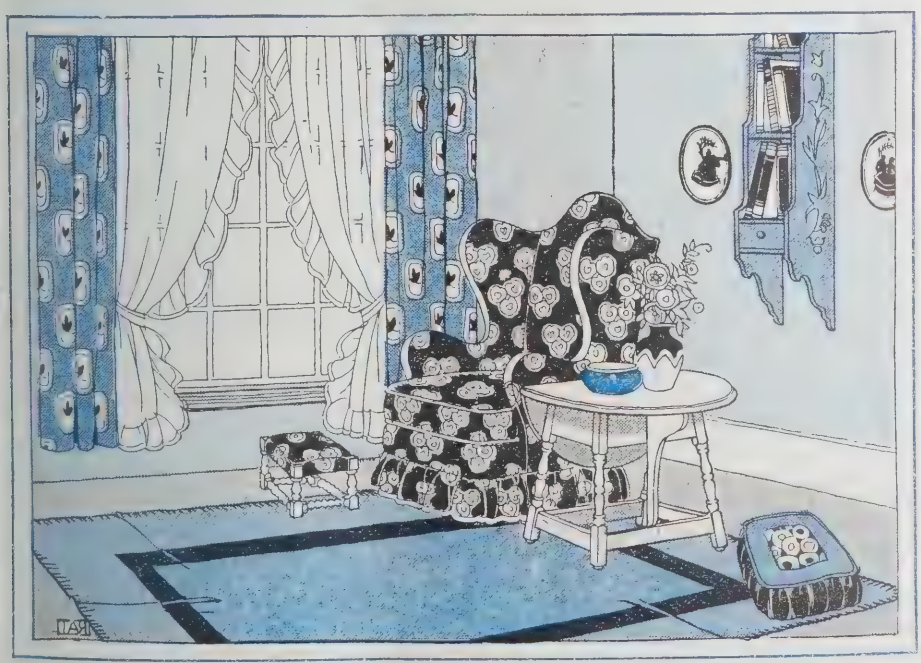
Billboard advertisers a few years ago were not aware of this phenomenon. Large posters with red lettering on a blue background were used. Of course the red became invisible with twilight and much of the effectiveness of the signs was lost.

Colors can be used to make a room look warm or cool. Reds and yellows are known by psychologists as warm colors. A furnace advertisement has the impression of heat intensified if the rug in the illustration is in reds. On the other hand, an electric fan seems to be more effective if it is advertised on a blue or green background, since these are cool colors. A summerhouse with blue drapes and upholstery seems mentally cooler than it actually is.

Red objects also appear to be larger and nearer than blue objects. The setting sun appears to be larger than at noonday because of its reds.

A picture with a red background does not have the right appearance since red is an advancing color and sometimes looks as if it were actually an inch or two in front of the picture.

So we cannot recommend red to the large woman who wants to appear small. In conclusion it may be said that the blue color of the sky, according to Lord Rayleigh, is due to the scattering of light by small suspended particles and air molecules, which is most effective in the case of the shorter light waves (blue). The green color of the sea water near the shore is also due to the scattering of light.



Reforestation *as a* Phase *of* Farming

THERE is some inferior land on nearly every farm which will never be used for agricultural crops, but which could grow good timber.

A Senate committee held hearings in sixteen different states on the problem of timber supply, and was particularly impressed with the possibilities of making forest products one of our great staple farm products.

The committee found that there are two reasons why the old law of supply and demand is not automatically solving the timber problem of this country. The first is the immense fire hazard confronting the owners of forest lands; the second is the unscientific method of taxing growing timber crops.

An average of 33,500 forest fires occurred annually for six years, burning over more than 7,000,000 acres of forest land. Most of this loss was in the South, where eight states had no organized fire protection. There are now several belts in this country known as 'black belts,' because they have been charred by fire until they are almost worthless. These black belts total about 80,000,000 acres.

Annual taxation of growing timber compels the same crop to pay taxes many times. An outstanding present need, the committee said, is a system that will defer the principal burden of taxation on growing forests to the time of harvesting the crop.

Effective interest in reforestation dates only since the Roosevelt Administration. Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot believed that the starting point should be to place the forest lands in public ownership under a form of administration designed to protect and renew timber growth. So Roosevelt created the National Forests out of the public domain in the West. In 1911 Congress carried the policy of National Forests to the East. There being no public lands in the East, the forests had to be bought. In a short time 2,500,000 acres of forest lands have been acquired.

On account of local opposition, which crystallized in Congress, Roosevelt and Pinchot were never able to complete the task of putting all the available forest lands in the public domain under the National Forest System. Congress even went so far as to pass a bill taking out of the President's hands the power to create National Forests in most of the Western states. Roosevelt felt constrained to sign this bill, but in the ten days of grace allowed him Roosevelt added about 80,000,000 more acres of the public lands to the State Forests

Primitive gem-cutting mills with undershot water wheels, on the Idar brook.

The Gem Cutters *of* Idar-on-the-Nahe

By EDWARD H. KRAUS

TOURISTS in the United States and abroad are familiar with the ubiquitous little shops or bazaars which specialize in varied assortments of souvenirs. In these small establishments the visitor usually finds a number of pieces of jewelry and other articles made of the striped and brilliantly variegated mineral known as agate. As he handles them and notes the careful workmanship of their cutting and polishing, he perhaps wonders what the story may be which lies behind the preparation of this mineral, sold the world over in an infinite variety of forms and colors.

In Western Germany there is a quaint little village called Idar-on-the-Nahe where for centuries the agate industry has flourished. Precisely when the inhabitants of this region began to cut and polish this material is not known. However, according to tradition, as early as 1454 two of the small shops where gems were cut and polished were in need of repair.

It was natural that the inhabitants of this region should become interested in this industry, as agates were found in abundance in the valley of the Nahe River, and its tributary, the Idar brook, furnished the power necessary for the fashioning of the stones. Small gem-cutting mills developed along the course of the stream, a guild of the workmen was formed in true medieval style, and the products were sold at town fairs and by peddlers wandering from castle to castle.

The guild enjoyed a monopoly of agate-cutting and in succeeding centuries the industry was restricted almost completely to the vicinity of Idar. In this way it continued to flourish until the unsettled times of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period when the workers were compelled to abandon their guild regulations, and the monopoly which they had possessed so long was destroyed.

By the treaty of Luneville of 1801 the district was brought under the control of Napoleon and the workers were recruited for the French armies. But with the return of peace the industry was resumed and even encouraged by the Oldenburg Government which controlled the Birkenfeld region in which Idar is located.

The next difficulty which the agate workers encountered was a threatened lack of raw material. The resources of agate in the Nahe valley were being exhausted, and unless material could be imported the industry would be ruined. By a curious accident an adequate supply was discovered. Some German musicians had emigrated to South America where they formed a small band and wandered from place to place. In Southern Brazil they recognized agate occurrences similar to those in the Idar district.

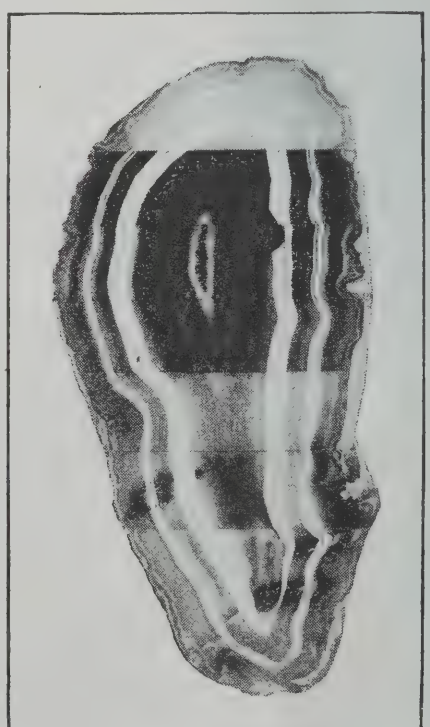
These agates were more accessible than those in the Nahe valley, for whereas the German agates required blasting from the rock, the South American variety could be easily picked up from the stream beds. Moreover, the area of occurrence was large, extending into Uruguay and Paraguay. Since 1834 these South American agates have formed the supply for the Idar workers.

Today, with the great demand for gem stones of all kinds this agate industry flourishes for about ten miles up the Idar valley and the occupation has been expanded to include gem-cutting in all its various branches. In a population of about seven thousand, nearly three thousand are engaged in this work, and although modern methods of industry are gradually being introduced, there are many survivals of medieval craftsmanship both in organization and technique.

The factory system is quite generally absent, for the work is done either in the many small gem-cutting mills which dot the course of the Idar brook or in the homes of the workers, nearly every house having a room or two devoted to some phase of the industry. This extreme decentralization and scattering of the work among so many separate establishments is counterbalanced somewhat by the strong unifying force of a medieval institution, the guild.

All the workers of the entire district are members of this organization which protects the industry as a whole by legislating on its behalf, fixing prices, and regulating the quality of the product. Today the guild possesses in the village of Idar a *Gewerbehalle*, or central guild and exhibition hall, where samples of the skilled workmanship of its members are displayed and sold.

The small, mill-like buildings which follow the course of the rapidly flowing brook are equipped for the cutting and polishing of agates and other gems.



Agate, naturally gray and white (as at the top) cut into seven sections. Six have been artificially colored at Idar, Germany.

Electrically operated lapidary shop, where gems are cut, polished and fashioned.

Each of these one-room structures contains four or five huge grindstones mounted in parallel fashion and in such a way that only a part of each wheel is above the level of the floor. The wheels are of sandstone and are generally about five feet in diameter and from fourteen to eighteen inches thick. Deriving their power from an undershot water wheel, these gigantic grindstones make about one hundred and fifty revolutions a minute.

The entire arrangement is simple and in some cases is so primitive that water is used as a lubricant for the bearings. The raw material is first hewn with a hammer or cut by diamond saws or carborundum wheels into the desired shape and then is held against the surface of one of these rapidly turning grindstones. If the material is to be finished with a rounded surface it is held in one of the grooves which have been ground into some of the grindstones.

When installed these large wheels resemble ordinary grindstones. To secure greater economy each wheel is used by two cutters who begin to work at opposite edges. Due to abrasion these edges are replaced in time by broad, sloping surfaces.

The method of working at these grindstones is unique. To obtain the pressure necessary to grind the gem stone, the operator lies face down, on a specially constructed support and braces his toes against cleats on the floor behind him. The whole weight of the body is thus thrown against the grinding wheel and great pressure can be exerted on the gem material which is held unmounted in the hands. The facets which are cut and polished by this method are determined wholly by the eye, while the material is manipulated in the fingers.

The remarkable skill and expertness of the workers are revealed in the amazing accuracy and symmetry with which the facets are cut. This general method has been employed for centuries but is very injurious to the workers. Because the position requires that the support of the body rest on the stomach and chest, a tubercular tendency often develops and this condition is aggravated by the unavoidable inhalation of fine, sharp particles of the gem material.

At present a more modern and hygienic system of cutting is gradually being adopted. By the new method the operator sits upright on a special type of chair, the grindstone is mounted above the floor and the worker, in directing his force against the wheel, presses on the collarbone instead of the chest. The final polishing of the gems is done in these same small establishments often by women and children using grooved, revolving cylinders of wood with tripoli or infusorial earth.

More modern in arrangement and method are the lapidary shops which are replacing slowly the older gem-cutting mills. In such establishments modern machinery and electrical power are employed. The cutting and polishing are done on small horizontal carborundum wheels so placed as to provide a comfortable position for the operator. The material is mounted on lapidary sticks and with the better general equipment can be cut and polished with greater accuracy and rapidity than by the older method. The lapidary workers seem to specialize on certain gems such as amethyst, tourmaline, topaz, opal, jade, and synthetic rubies and sapphires.

A special group are the workers who devote themselves exclusively to the cutting of diamonds. In the Idar district they number about three hundred and, as is usual among gem cutters, form an aristocratic class.

In addition to the fashioning of the raw material there are certain more specialized phases which constitute an important part of the industry as a whole. One of these is the boring process which is essential to the making of beads. The method used is simple and primitive, yet the operation is so delicate that it cannot be performed by machinery. The worker sits at a table with the beads before him cemented in orderly rows to a plate. Under his left arm is placed a lever to which is attached a drill with a diamond point. The movement of the arm controls both the pressure and the position of the drill, while the motive force

In nearly every house in Idar some phase of the gem industry is carried on.

(Concluded on page 22)

The OZARKS
AN ALABASTER LABYRINTH

There are formations like lacework, like molded wax, like suspended lusters.

BY
CHARLES J. FINGER
DRAWINGS BY
PAUL HONORÉ

WE SAW things in the Ozark country of the kind which stand out in memory to become part of one's life. There was Tonitown for example. No man interested in sociological matters should miss that place if he is in the neighborhood. It is a corner of Italy transplanted, and by it you may gather something of what transplantation may mean. For the experiment has succeeded in every way, quite as well as a similar experiment made in 1837, when almost a whole village of people moved from Lake Bala in Wales, to Chuput in The Argentine.

Tonitown's population, its industries, its social atmosphere are all strongly charged with a flavor of Italy. For, some decades ago, there was a good priest who bought a parcel of land in a warm fold of the hills, then took his flock to settle there.

All went to work in the way they had been used, planting and tending vineyards and making wine, though the last they had to give up; but they turned to the making of vinegar and grape juice.

So now, everywhere in that vicinity, you see long straight lines of rich massed foliage, and countless clusters of dark grapes, a glory of color when the sun strikes the valley at dawn. As for the people, as I have said, they are Italian, but with something added and with something lost. Of the sunny idleness of their forefathers they know nothing. Nor are they over-vociferous in the manner of their countrymen who live in Calabria. Something, it may be climate, or it may be economic conditions, or perhaps it is due to different ideals, or maybe to experience, but something has made a change some time. That vivacity which you expect to find in Italians is not in them.

They are a quietly energetic people, full of self-respect. And they still have the agreeable cordiality of Southern Italy. But, I think that to some extent they have lost their native love of color; also something of their original delight in music. And certainly they have not that individuality in the home and its appointments which you expect to find in Italians.

Then there is Eureka Springs which stands out well in memory as a very un-American-looking town. It is built on a mountain side, therefore is a place of crooked and narrow streets. There are grottoes and rockeries; and there are winding ways from which you look down upon house roofs; and you find unexpected paths which lead to unexpected steps, those in their turn leading to unlooked-for streets on levels high above the streets you have left.

It is a clean town, an oddly interesting town, a town of gardens riotous with flowers. And being there, if you are fortunate, you may discover a potter, a handicraftsman of taste as well as skill, who will fashion a vase for you, a well-proportioned piece, making it out of the native clay which is strangely stratified blue and gray and red and white and yellow. But if, instead of going to the potter, you should follow the high road which twists and turns, you will soon find yourself in a climbing valley which leads to a plateau. From that, you may see, far off, the long line of the Boston Mountains, often shrouded in a delicate mist. So Eureka Springs seems to stand like a gate to what is beyond.

But the quaintness of the town may hold a certain drawback, if what a blacksmith's boy told us was true. For he said that because of the nature of the streets and the hilliness of the country round about the place, no circus had ever been there, nor was likely to get there. He went on to emphasize his opinion of his forefathers who had chosen so unpromising a site for a town, all the while quite unmindful of, or quite indifferent to what the mineral springs may mean to honest men who have been careless or injudicious in their diet. However, things balance themselves. For while the lad had a fine and equal disregard of indigestion as well as of wealth, there are people owning property in the town who affirm that in the whole wide world there are no waters with the curative properties of the springs about Eureka, an opinion which may well be born of excessive civic pride, if not of economic interest.

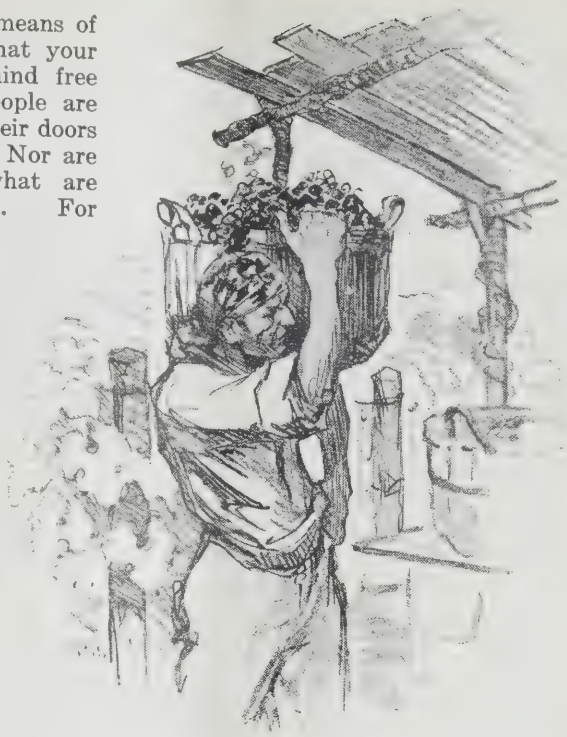
To get back to our journey. We crossed the plateau, and between noon and sundown found the town of Jasper, in the heart of the mountains. I say town, but it is really a village, although a county seat, yet for all its primitive smallness a place to give infinite joy to anyone pleased to accept things as they

ar, and who does not foolishly look
o city things where things of the city
hould not be. For there are such
or who try to arouse that sort of
aghter which is like the crackling of
hrns under a pot, saying silly and
houghtless things about country places,
cffing and deriding to display their
nibleness of wit. Yet, to put the shoe
on the other foot, all the world would
a a man a lunatic who made merry
ecause there were not village pumps,
or uggies, or plows to be seen in a city.

Jasper is Jasper, unpretending, car-
n little what lies beyond the hill or
oss the river, standing itself four-
quare. It is a frontier settlement
nch as Ozona was when Crockett
County, Texas, formed part of the
Wd West; or as Ely, Nevada, was
ore that destroying and short-lived
gol rush. It is a place without history
n without fame, but by no means
vinout interest. The spirit of ac-
cumulation is not in its people. They
ae not been swept into a cataract
of xpense for things they can do with-
u

The river is Jasper's waterworks.
Th town has no electric light plant.
f you send a telegram there, the
nsage must be relayed from a distant
on over country telephone wires,
n it may be, as it was in our case,
h; if you are bound there you will
rive before your message. No rail-
oil touches the town. If you would
oto it from a certain direction you
ust ride on horseback. There is
ther amusement park nor motion
icture theater there. If you opened a locksmith's shop there, as a means of livelihood, you might find that your business largely left your mind free for higher things; for its people are honest and trustful, leaving their doors unlocked when they go out. Nor are men overmuch given to what are called 'businesslike' qualities. For instance, consider the inn. Its keeper greets you as if you were a personal friend, invites you cordially to the homely comfort of his house, remembers you and calls you by name if you have been his guest before, will entertain you by the stove-side telling of the destinies of the place.

As for other things which struck me as being interesting, there are these, among many. The art of bread-making is still known to women, and the bread has flavor. The butter is home-made, and is rich and creamy and delicate. At evening and early morning you may hear the soft tinkle of cow-bells as the animals dawdle and loiter on their way to the milking place. And when a man has a notion to paint a sign for his business house, he sets to work boldly and spiritedly, giving his fancy free rein, quite careless of critics of art, doing what he has a mind to do with an abundance of detail. One such sign Honoré and I looked at with great interest. It was inspiriting and imaginative and unaffected, boldly done in strong colors.

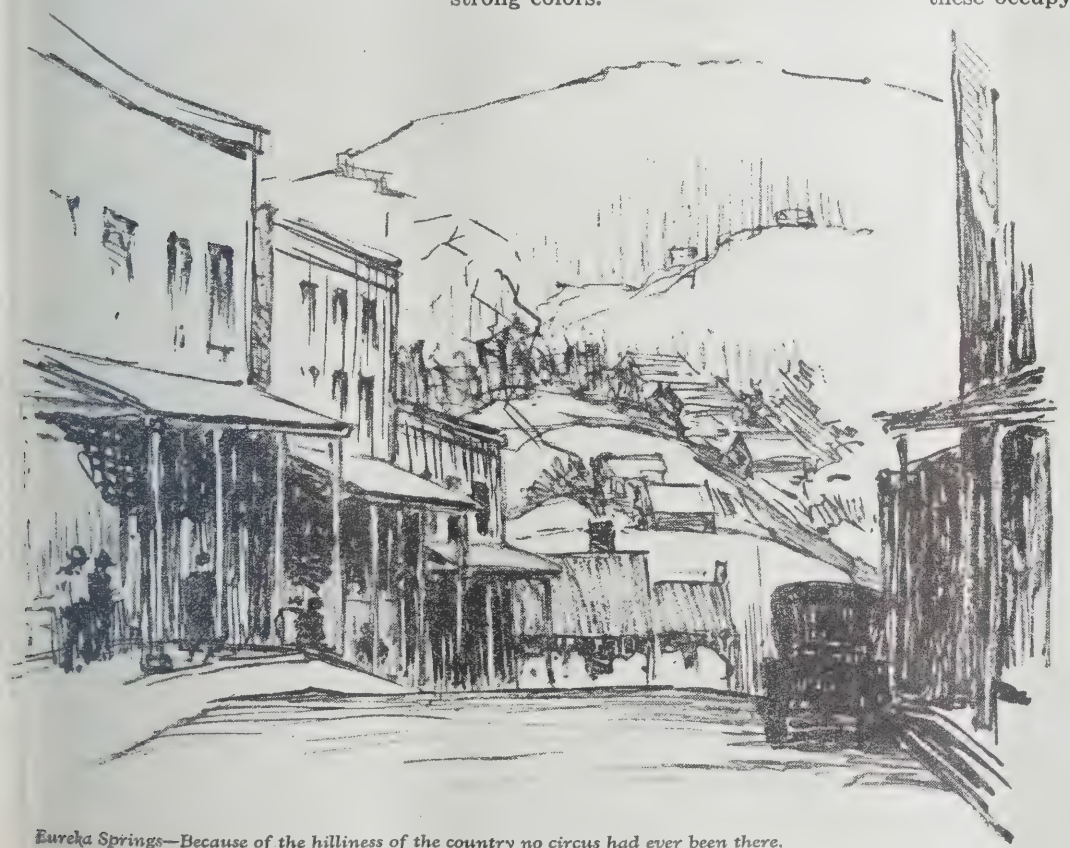


Tonitown—As for the people—they are Italians.

Jasper, I hold, is a pleasant place in which to stay awhile; pleasant because restful; pleasant because its folk are full of contentment and live lives which are not to be hurried through as if existence were a service of special express trains. Questions of state, of political factions, of commercial crises, these do not much interest them. But questions of loyalty, and of fidelity to friends and neighbors, these occupy them, and very strongly. The welfare of one is the happiness of all. The loss of one is the grief of all. And he would be a fool who went to them with an idea of exercising influence or of molding opinion. As for the small change of conversation, the sale of a horse or a cow, the late arrival of the stage, the state of the roads, the health of an ailing neighbor, the daily happenings at the cave—these are entirely sufficient.

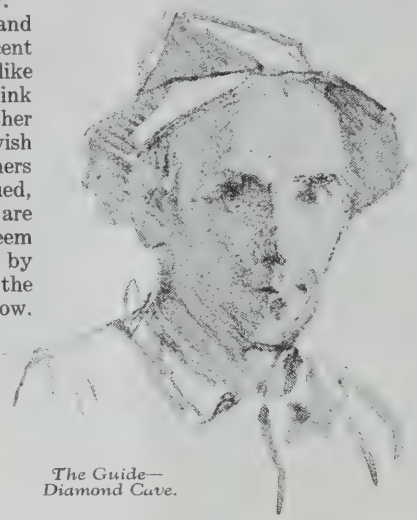
I spoke of the cave.

There are many caves in the Ozark country, some well known, some partly known, some which remain to be explored. This particular cave is four miles from Jasper. Long ago, someone named it the Diamond Cave, and the name has been retained in spite of its unsuitability. For the word 'diamond' connotes hardness, and brilliancy,



Eureka Springs—Because of the hilliness of the country no circus had ever been there.

and durability, among other things; but the cave does not suggest those qualities. Better, I think, would have been the name Alabaster cave; for alabaster it is, a glory of Oriental alabaster.



The Guide—Diamond Cave.

There are halls and passages of translucent mineral, sometimes like onyx so that you think of an Arab mosque. Other passages are yellowish milky in color; others again are orange-hued, like sardonyx. There are tall pillars which seem like ivory touched by moonlight. There is the softness of wet snow. There is pearl and there is mother-of-pearl. Or you get glimpses of crystal efflorescence against walls of cadaverous white. Or at a turn you seem to be in a vast and gloomy cathedral built from an apocalyptic dream, in which faintly luminous wraiths peer at you from shadows. Or you are in some legendary palace where fantastically beautiful pendants have the white softness of satin, where from ceilings hang fringes which are almost iridescent when the light strikes high.

At such times the whole cave appears to have the texture of tapestry. But never, never, never is there a sense of hardness, and surely the word 'diamond' prefigures that. Neither is there any flashing brilliancy, for the tone is one of subdued harmonies. As for durability, you do not have the feel of it. There are hangings like tremulous draperies. There are formations like lace-work, like molded wax, like suspended lusters which might vanish with a wind. And in the massing of lights and darks you have a sense of arrested flow—as if, suddenly, all that dripping and dropping, and flowing and gliding, and pushing and sliding had ceased, momentarily, for your inspection. But you do not feel durability. Rather it seems as though, when you turned to leave the place, the movement of the ages would go on; as if all that enameled panorama had slid out of bitumen and black, paused for an instant, then, unseen, would go gliding into gloom from everlasting to everlasting.

My first impression in the cave was a sense of overhanging calamity. In places over which we passed there were great rocks, many tons in weight, which had fallen from the overhead blackness. Looking up where the roof was lower, I saw other rocks quite as mighty, apparently insecurely lodged. So there came fear. But that fear fled when I saw stalagmites a foot and more in height on the fallen rocks, for by those it was evident that the roof had fallen long before Leif the Lucky saw Vinland.

But swiftly a new terror shot into my mind. For the passage of time must have brought nearer that moment when other rocks would come down. And what if that moment was now? In spite of myself, my mind conjured up the crashing down of vast stones, the dislodgment of others, a thundering avalanche! Then black darkness; and blind groping trying to find a way out. And strange things felt and heard. Blood-chilling ululations and roarings. Perhaps vast living creatures. For tradition has it that the cave is twenty miles long—is forty miles—is a hundred miles! Some have said that it is endless, and winds about and about forever, down into the bowels of the earth where are swift and black rivers; down to silent, moveless seas. The truth is that the passages reach a length of less than five miles.

Our guide told us that, and he had the appearance of a direct and truthful man, and all that he said to us we found to be true. What is more, he struck us as being a giant of capability in his way, as indeed he had to be, having spent the best part of fifteen years of his life in that underground place. So his massed knowledge was something to wonder at. He could point to a broken stalactite and tell a tale of some vandal. He knew the different depths of the cave river, to an inch. He had made experiments in petrifaction and showed us things which he had watched for years, and warned us against touching, lest his experiment be marred.

Jasper—One such sign we looked at with great interest.

Deep in the cave he pointed out to us stalactite about the thickness of a man' arm, which had been somehow broken of But depending from the broken piece was new growth, the size of a lead pencil, bu very much longer. What, he asked, coul have broken the great piece? A man Certainly not. The smaller stalactite showe that the break had occurred many, man thousands of years ago. A wanderin animal from the outside? No known anima could have found a way there along thos passages, about that labyrinth and alon the narrow way through which we had t wriggle, prone. A blundering bat? No ba was heavy enough, or had force enough i its flight. Earth pressure? But the stalactit had not touched its stalagmite when i broke; besides, why was only that on broken? Then, like a wise man, he left u wondering, stating the problem but offerin neither solution nor guess.

At another time he spoke of cave life so I pricked up my ears, having explore there before with the entomologist Baerg at which time we came to the conclusio that no life existed down there, but th guide said that he knew of 'a white kind o lizard, deadly poison,' and also 'a whit kind of bug,' both far in the recesses of th cave. He gave a swift description, the drifted into his usual talk, calling attentio to fanciful figures, telling what someon had said, offering statistics.

But an hour or so later we came to pool, one so dark and still that it was har to believe that water was there. The cav man stooped, pointed, flashed his light, an we bent, peering closely. And, sure enough there at the bottom of the pond was th creature; a salamander, agile and etiolated So again multitudes of questions presente themselves. Upon what could such creature subsist? Did they devour each other? A for the 'bugs,' they were white and wing less, he said, with long legs. Then he wen on, talking as he walked largely about 'scientifi doctors' who wanted t persuade him to captur the creatures so tha 'they could pull 'em t pieces,' which he con sidered an aim wholl absurd. To such, if h suspected them, he woul show neither salamande nor insect, and he alon knew where they lay hi So I believe that th character he gave h salamander when he said it wa poisonous was rather in the na ture of protection for his pet.

Thus ended our cave explora tion. We went underground i the light of late afternoon, an came out between nine and ten a night. Out of that white stillnes we climbed, to find ourselves i a beating rain. But it wa good to take deep breath to feel the sharp sting wind and water on the fac The world, with its energy and joyfulnes its ardor and its genial fellowship, struc us as being a sweet and desirable place.

There are other worlds than ours whe sunshine and rain are non-existent and r flowers grow, but in which we need no dwell. In this thought there is comfort.

It was good to be alive.

Newspaper Faking as a Fine Art

(*Concluded from page 5*)

ben to the telegraph office filing a little yrn. Later I picked up the paper con-tning his 'little yarn.'

It was a plain fake. He told, among oer things, of stumbling upon the Prince in the railroad yards the night before, of t Prince asking him for a cigaret and of tiir joking back and forth. (Isn't it just li a Prince to go wandering around dark r road yards late at night and exchanging nry banter with anyone who happens to b up in the darkness?) At the hour the sty was printed, the reporter who wrote it adn't even located the train.

A woman reporter had a tremendous fdness for dogs. They helped a story so rch, she insisted. This flair reached such a pnt that she had a dog in nearly every hman-interest piece she wrote. One morn-in she was sent on a story involving two cldren. A photographer went with her. Te children owned a dog, much to the dight of the reporter, but the dog's attude didn't please her. If ever there w a vicious dog, he was one. He re-fud flatly to be photographed.

The sob sister simply *had* to have a dog. Sl went searching the neighborhood. Down th street suddenly trotted a beautiful coie. He gave the girl a couple of friendly wrs.

'Come pose for your picture, dog,' she nted.

The collie seemed to know at once what wa wanted of him. He walked over to the tw children, put a paw on one child's kne, and looked into the camera. One wld have sworn he was a dog that some nespaperman had trained just for such pitures. At noon the paper came out with th story and a four-column picture. One nor later the police department received a elphone call. The collie was a blooded nmal which had been stolen three months ere.

With a million dogs in the city, I had to ick that one, of course,' said the woman reprter drily.

The police got in touch with the parents of he two children. They said they didn't knw anything about the collie and the pose sniggered in disbelief. Didn't the nespaper say it was *their* dog? When the reprter confessed the truth, the police did't believe her any more than the hildren. The muddle was cleared only wh a house-to-house canvass of the nighborhood finally revealed the stolen nmal.

That vicious faking takes place on some enspapers is true beyond doubt. Much of t is inexcusable—in fact, pretty nearly all o . I know, personally, a score of pub-lishrs who would not countenance the prctice if they suspected some of this embroidering that goes on under their noses. Others, of course, with eye to finance, antion it tacitly if not openly.

This style of newspaper writing revealed itself in a recent trial which engrossed the Mi le West. One night my editor talked to e over long distance.

What about the riot today? There's nothing in your day or night report about it,' aid the news editor.

What riot?'

'Well,' he said, 'one of the afternoon papers carried a "banner" in its last edition saying there was a riot and that two women were hurt.' A 'banner' is an eight-column headline extending across the page.

I assured the editor the story was wrong and the incident was closed as far as my paper was concerned.

There was no riot and no semblance of one. There was a crowd in the courthouse lobby at noon awaiting the opening of the doors, but there was no disorder. If there had been, the state police on duty in the building would have quickly put it down. The crowd sat around on the stone floor playing cards and eating the lunches they had brought with them. The story simply had been 'blown up.' Some newspapers print six or seven editions. It is a rule that on a 'breaking' story where news develops regularly, each edition shall carry a fresh lead, particularly if public interest is high.

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Art of Letting Yourself Go

(*Concluded from page 8*)

effort of will make sure of feeling happy, or sorry, or angry, or grateful, at any given moment, or in any particular situation . . . the mental processes which constitute the higher forms of thought, and which lead to the formation of new and useful ideas or decisions by distant and unaccustomed links of association, are very imperfectly controllable by any direct of will.'

Mr. Wallas, who is an English teacher of psychology and the author of many books distinguished for their common sense, tells in his book about one of his students, a young native of India, who had passed through a native university and during his stay in England had obtained high honors. 'All his thoughts, or rather all the phrases and words which he selected from the books of the recognized authorities, apparently came to him as visual images of paragraphs in an examination answer.'

Mr. Wallas despaired of doing anything for this boy, although he had unusual self-control. He was given a severe course of study, involving much mental discipline. But apparently no progress was made until, 'At last,' the boy said, 'I began to feel my way a bit. My teacher had been all this time dinning into my ears, "I want to know what you have got to say of your own." '

Later, after many severe strains and failures, he began to feel what he had never felt before, 'an emotional stimulus.' Mr. Wallas then adds significantly to his story, 'If my Indian student had, from the age of twelve, been familiar with the elements of thought-psychology, he need neither have waited so long for thoughts of his own, nor suffered so severely during their birth.' In other words, he didn't know how to let himself go.

What, indeed, does letting yourself go mean? It undoubtedly lies at the heart of all real success. It is the basis of all real art and culture; it is the keystone of all genuine achievement. So remarkable and so rare is this trait, that it serves as perhaps the best test of the world's greatest men.

We need to know more about ourselves in a purely impersonal way.

A large proportion of those who have the greatest achievements to their credit paid but small attention to public opinion.

If, as Mr. Wallas suggests, all parents and all young people could be made to see, by a few simple instructions in this same thought-psychology, just what it really does mean, our whole society would be raised to a new level.

To put it simply, letting yourself go is merely to put aside all outside formalities and just be yourself. When my young friend the salesman got rid of his trappings, he freed himself by so much. He immediately became human. He learned from his customers. During the war General Foch expressed it when he said that he got his information from the enemy.

In the *Personal Memoirs of General U. S. Grant*—a book, by the way, that every American citizen should read once a year—is a perfect instance of this principle. In charge of a regiment first at Palmyra (before he became commander), he was assigned to the command of a sub-district embracing the troops in the immediate neighborhood of Mexico, Missouri. He states that since the Mexican War the arms had been changed and Hardee's tactics had been adopted. 'I got a copy of tactics and studied one lesson, intending to confine the exercise of the first day to the commands I had thus learned. By pursuing this course from day to day I thought I would soon get through the volume.'

You will notice that right here, Grant was doing exactly what my salesman boy-friend started out to do. He was trying to master a technic imposed upon him by someone else. Now, see the result:

> We were encamped just outside of town on the common, among scattering suburban houses with inclosed gardens; and when I got my regiment in line and rode to the front I soon saw that if I attempted to follow the lesson I had studied I would have to clear away some of the houses and garden fences to make room. I perceived at once, however, that Hardee's tactics—a mere translation from the French, with Hardee's name attached—was nothing more than common sense and the progress of the age applied to Scott's system. The commands were abbreviated and the movement expedited. Under the old tactics almost every change in the order of march was preceded by a 'halt'; then came the change, and then the 'forward march.' With the new tactics all these changes could be made in motion. I found no trouble in giving commands that would take my regiment where I wanted to go and carry it around all ob stacles. I do not believe that the officers o the regiment ever discovered that I ha never studied the tactics that I used.

Here it will be seen that Grant did no despise the tactics he did not use. He re spected them but realized that he could no use them. Now we may say, and the would be much truth in it, that this kin of genius which made Grant—togeth with Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon an others—cast aside all precedents, was di to a combination of courage and imagin tion. Still, we must also remember th Grant let himself go in other ways especially after he became President, whi was not altogether to his credit—and th when Alexander let himself go, he kill his best friend in a fit of rage because th friend refused to endorse his divinity.

The right kind of modern psycholo makes this plain. There are unfortunate wrong kinds of modern psychology whi do not add much more than bad teachi to bad beginnings.

Without going further into the intrica matter of psychology, a highly controversi subject, if we now look over the list of t world's greatest men, we shall find that very large proportion of those who have t greatest achievements to their credit h what may be termed a kind of shamele ness. They paid small attention to pub opinion. Thus genius has come to mean a general way an erratic, unstable quali

YET this is true only of a part of t world's greatest men. These men also themselves go, *but they did this, not far as their tempers or their appetites w concerned, but only so far as breaki precedents.*

'In the year 1776,' writes Henry Thom Buckle in his *History of Civilization*, 'Ad Smith published his *Wealth of Natio* which, looking at its ultimate results, probably the most important book that h ever been written, and is certainly the m valuable contribution ever made by single man toward establishing the princip upon which government should be base This first statement is in my opinion ex gerated, but allowing for that, we may s as Buckle goes on to declare, that 'such the way in which great thinkers cont the affairs of men, and by their discover regulate the march of nations.' Adam Sm undoubtedly let himself go. In other wor he did what my salesman friend did— started to acquire a mass of informat and then threw it all aside and thought out for himself.

The fact is this: We need to know m about ourselves in a purely imperso way—not to further our own selfish p poses, nor to achieve the power to m others small, but only because this rea knowing ourselves is the most interest occupation in the world. And because i this, it is the most useful. Death thus comes an incident.

Letting yourself go means in real making yourself more human, so that share everything with everybody e while, conversely, everybody else sha everything with you. Naturally you h to inform yourself. You cannot be i At the same time, you learn to discar as Grant did—information which is appl ble only to other conditions. You learn trust yourself.

More From You Regarding This to You

(*Continued from page 3*)

ltrnative. Forget the hideous nightmare f war to end war." '

A long letter comes from William L. iiards, Fargo, North Dakota, salesman. t ntains many novel thoughts that are at a worth careful consideration:

The press today is full of ideas, reports statistics advanced, submitted and com- il respectively by men who are known as notchers. They make more or less of a ness of bursting into print either from alt or for purposes of remuneration. In th words, we hear from artisans. Houses, ar statues and articles are alike con- ted by men who have specialized in er in forms of the mechanics of fabrica- o That is all fair enough. Far be it from e even to attempt to change it. But after l s the great mass of the citizenship of he United States properly represented? e use a man can write in such a way that ecle will pay to read his copy, must we el ve that he is equally capable of study- g he reactions of his fellow man to such n xtent that he is able to tell the wide rol just what his fellow man has been ding and what his reactions have been ndoubtless will be! I don't think so. So nu for the professional writer.

We have yet to deal with the genius nche politician. We can dismiss the latter it a short sentence. We all know that he illay in public only that which he knows illbrove beneficial to his personal ends in e uture. When he speaks of his public, e ill employ complimentary terms ex- usively. As for the genius, we are told or early childhood that a genius has to more or less cracked or he would not be gnius. Very well then, let's ask him to ell us about his particular line. There is ned for him to tell us about any other r we wish to learn of another line than is e can go and consult some other ens who has specialized in that par- cur line.

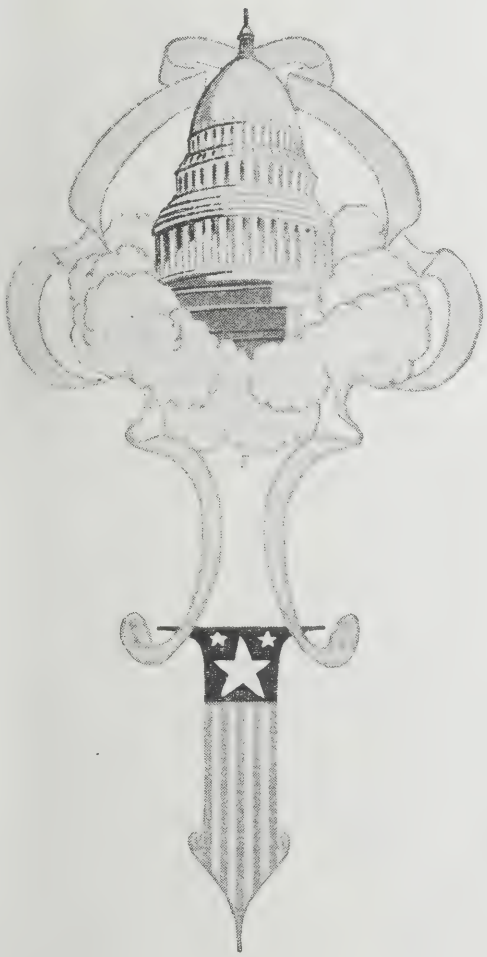
Now we come down to me and my as I am one of the middle class. I am ot genius. I am not a politician and ou already know by the above that my am has never been attached to a manu- ri . I have never before written to a agzine except to state that I enclosed a nec and would they see to the rest of it. Now you and I may differ but it seems to e at I am better qualified to answer your dit ial than any member of the three ass s I have mentioned. Like many men kn w, I am a college graduate who spent a cions doing jobs that were different nd n different parts of the United States nd abroad. I have worked in factories, mines and in the oil fields. I have been in ffic and am now a salesman. I was born nd aised in the East and came West a year go more for my health than anything else. am twenty-five years old and have a wife nd wo children.

'You see I am almost extraordinarily rdinary. It is that fact alone which makes my message worth while. Now that that s out of my system, let's get on with the message.

'The sum and substance of the whole matter is that I don't care a hurrah on a dime night what Mr. Mellon does or what Mr. Churchill does or what the papers say they do. You have answered your own question in your third from the last paragraph. I would only add that not only does it make no difference tomorrow, it doesn't make a bit of difference today. That is the reason that I and the millions for whom I am writing have remained silent. But that is not all. There is a further question. Why is it that we feel as we do? Why don't we care?

'In the first place the House of Commons will continue to knock us just whenever they feel like it regardless of a boatload of international bankers. That is, the papers will say that we are being knocked. We all know that we are probably not being knocked at all. We further know that reports concerning such knockings and concerning outbreaks against Americans in Paris have to be put in periodically in order to sell the papers. I have been abroad while outbreaks have been going on according to reports at home and I must say that peace and quiet were almost oppressive where I was.

'There is feeling of course. Any man who has ever lived in a city across a river from a small town ought to know that as long as we represent the city, the countries across the ocean are going to play the part of the small town with all its petty jealousies. There is nothing in the world more natural. To carry the simile even further, you and I know that we can go to that same small town and we will be treated politely and respectfully so long as we treat our hosts respectfully. But if we must yelp and shout around about how we are big boys and there



is no place like our grand and glorious city, we will doubtless be taken in hand by some people who have every right to be proud of the town in which they live even though it may not be the biggest and wealthiest.

'As for the debt itself, it will not make the slightest difference to me or to the many millions whether it is ever collected or not. In the first place, what the President, the Cabinet and the Press say to me doesn't cut any ice anyway. I know why they say it and I know they don't mean it. I further know that they can't mean it for just about the time something is about to be done it comes along another election year and then everything is all off anyway.

'If they have told me for years that every cent of the debt was going to be paid, they wasted their breath for I didn't even hear them. Politics is their business and promises are their stock in trade. That is the part of your editorial that I almost resent. You seem to think that we millions believe all that rot. Why the only reason I vote is to prevent some man that I think isn't quite so good from getting the job away from the man that I think isn't quite so bad.

'Why should there be a ripple, Mr. Editor? What good would it do if any one or any million of us would ripple or create a tidal wave? Mr. Mellon would still be Mr. Mellon. He is without doubt a fine man. Members of our Cabinet are all fine men and so is our President but they are just as much in business as anyone else. What right have we common people to interfere with their directors' meetings? Where would we get if we did? The public officials aren't playing with us. We just won't play. They are playing all right but it is among themselves. Big business, very big business, is all that will be affected by the international debt anyway and they are the ones that are playing. They are the ones that make politics. When they make promises they are talking to themselves . . .

'No, Mr. Editor, we millions are not in the least worried. We have been so properly force-fed on rot of that kind that it is a luxury to read the funny paper.'

A defense of the European sentiment is uttered by Joseph A. Letourneau, Boston insurance man. He declares:

'My three sons who were born in good old New Hampshire are ex-service men, as well as John Citizens. None of us have given much thought as to whether or not some $12,000,000,000 or more are paid back to the U. S. A., because if such a gigantic sum is repaid, who will get it? Will it have any material effect on the price of a loaf of bread, or the price of a gallon of gasoline?

'Furthermore, are we entitled to all this enormous sum of money? If we entered the war in 1917, why not in 1914? The German of 1914 was not different from the German of 1917. England lost billions of dollars in sunken mercantile shipping. Wherein do we share in material compensation? We were allies, were we not? England and France lost more than 2,000,000 men, killed in battle, not counting more millions of wounded veterans. We lost 50,000, killed in battle. Wherein do we share (in the final reckoning) in this human holocaust?

'As John Citizens, we are perfectly aware that our opinions count for nothing, inasmuch as we realize that our Government is a government of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich, but to satisfy your query "This to *YOU*," you have our answer.'

Frank J. Wilson is frank in acknowledging he has been deceived. He writes from Albuquerque, New Mexico:

'As Will Rogers says, "All I know is what I read in the papers." I did not know that the only money we want from France are the debts created since the Armistice. Anything they got before that time or during the war, has been given them. Ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred are in the same boat. I think the same thing could be said of all Frenchmen, also, Italians. In intelligence, I am an average American. In-so-far as I am concerned I would be willing to cancel all foreign debts to Europe. If they would use the money for any purpose, but war equipment, or getting ready for another war. Of course, France is a little nervous on account of having been jumped on twice by Germany, during my life. If all our European debts were cancelled, they would just get ready for the next war. I except England from this statement. The Common European ought to hear the facts.

Harry Neelly, attorney, of Searcy, Arkansas, declares that the people can be awakened to the full import of the situation only by being personally affected:

'In response to your editorial, "This to *YOU*," will say that if a direct tax of $2 were levied upon each citizen of this country, a howl would go up in this country that would make the shrill of a wild-cat whistle sound like an evening zephyr. On the other hand there could be levied an indirect tax of $100 and nothing would be said about it.

'The trouble is that the average American is doing fairly well, most of them reading the baseball scores and the market quotations. The people of this country have been told so often that they were the Government that they fail to grasp the truth of this statement. Further it is almost impossible to get a concerted action from among the mass of people except during election time and then the candidates are usually elected because of their ability to shake hands, organize voters and the exuberance of their promises. No one wants to go to the trouble to organize and fight for a principle that does not directly effect them. Most of us are too busy running our own business and let the politicians run the country unless they make such a mess of it as to effect us personally. And last but not least, I am of the opinion that there isn't one person in a thousand that has given any thought to the war debt or have any idea about its workings.

Stock Market Manipulation

(Concluded from page 2)

rediscount rates is at variance with the policies of the majority of foreign central banks of issue, most prominently the Bank of England. In London the rediscount rate is kept above the open market rate to discourage borrowing. Thus on August 13, when the Bank of England rediscount rate stood at five per cent, call money was quoted 3½ to 3¾ per cent and six months paper 4½ to 4⅝ per cent. The policy of the Federal Reserve appears to be to keep the rediscount rate below the open market rate. This tends to encourage rediscounting with the Reserve.

Today, with industry aiding in financing itself with a quicker turnover and smaller inventories, it would seem the Federal Reserve goes to Wall Street to earn an honest penny. In doing this it lays itself open to the charge of aiding and abetting unrestrained speculation through supplying practically unlimited funds. It is also in danger of more serious charges. Why was the New York Federal Reserve Bank rediscount rate lowered in April at a time when the stock market visibly needed stimulation, only to be raised again in August?—during which time no other reserve bank deemed it necessary to change its rate. Even so orthodox a publication as the *Wall Street Journal* has expressed disquietude regarding Federal Reserve methods. The following was published November 21, 1925:

As almost everybody is eligible for the Federal Reserve Board in Washington, even a banker, it is timely to offer a little friendly counsel which should be taken in good part. A banker, and above all a central agency which is to set an example to all bankers, should know that we must avoid even the appearance of evil. There is a certain sloppiness about Reserve Board methods, as inferred in the recent past, which is disquieting.

A Federal Reserve center cannot change its discount rate until the resolution of its Board of Directors to do so has been approved in Washington. Here is the regulation, a ruling of the Washington Board itself:

> 'Announcements of rate changes which have been approved shall be made as nearly as possible simultaneously by the Federal Reserve Bank concerned and the Federal Reserve Board, and such announcements shall be made immediately after the close of business at the bank concerned *on the day on which the rate change was approved and not sooner.*'

Although it is not the custom to italicize in these columns, the clause of this rule contained in the last thirteen words is vital, in view of the possible market effect of bank rate changes. If a Federal Reserve Bank, as for instance Boston, decides to advance its rate from 3½ to 4 per cent and its Board of Directors communicates the resolution to Washington; if there is no reply from Washington for a week and the Boston bank repeats its action, the prospects for a leak are by no means unremote, while the reserve center concerned in the meantime does not know where it stands.

As a matter of record it may be said that the recent advance by the Boston Reserve Bank is credited with more market influence than it could possibly have had, that the similar action by Cleveland merely coincided with a weak day's trading and that in the case of Philadelphia any market influence had completely waned. A ruling of the Reserve Board says, 'Directors and officers of Federal Reserve banks are cautioned to refrain from discussing prospective and actual rate changes.' It is to be hoped and expected that those associated with the Board in Washington will be equally circumspect. An advance in the rate in Philadelphia was generally expected in Wall Street on Wednesday, was denied on Thursday morning and was announced on Thursday afternoon, after the close of business.

No imputations are here made beyond a certain slovenliness of which the Reserve Bank of Philadelphia may perhaps be assumed to be guiltless. The Reserve Broad in Washington cannot possibly make it too clear that its rulings apply to itself.

In face of the present unrestrained speculation in securities, the operations of the New York Federal Reserve Bank in regard to its rediscount policy and the tremendous volume of stock market loans, is it not permissible, in fact obligatory, that the country at large inquire into the degree of Federal Reserve influence upon stock market manipulation?

The Gem Cutters of Idar-on-the-Nahe

(Concluded from page 15)

is furnished to the drill by a string and bow drawn by the right hand.

Another special phase of the industry often carried on in the homes of the workers is the coloring of agates. Although the agates that were obtained from the Idar region possessed interesting colors, the product imported for nearly one hundred years from South America has lacked this quality which is so large a factor in the attractiveness of jewelry.

But the Idar workers have overcome this deficiency by devising and perfecting certain methods of coloring the stones. Most of the technique by which gray, neutral colored agates can be transformed into bright and interestingly colored stones is a trade secret. But the fundamental principle of the processes and some of the more usual methods are known.

Agate is a mineral formed of layers of quartz deposited in cavities in the rock. These layers possess different degrees of porosity and therefore will absorb liquids in varying amounts and ways. To produce alternating bands of black and white, an unattractive South American agate is soaked for a time in a solution of sugar having the consistency of honey. It is then treated with sulphuric acid which chars the sugar and forms the black bands which alternate with the white or gray of the uncolored portions. By the use of various solutions many bright colors may be obtained.

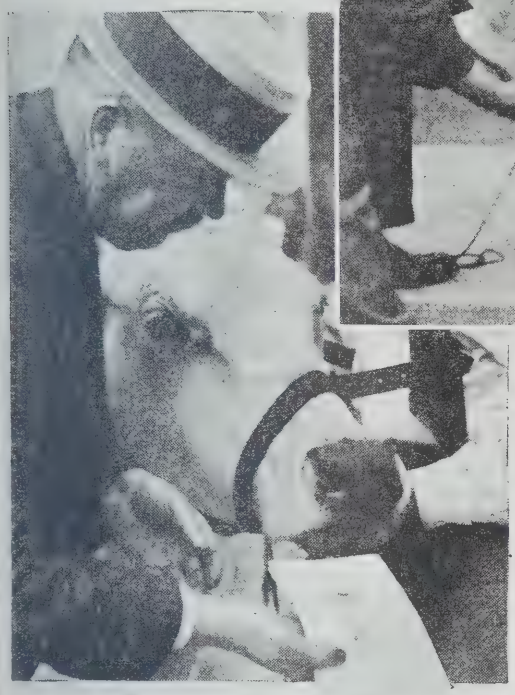
Some of the agates contain iron salts which cause unattractive colors. When such stones are heated the iron compound changes and the color becomes red. Thus in a variety of ways, the latent possibilities of the rough gem material are developed to the full by ingenious artificial means.

Another specialized branch of the Idar industry is that of engraving. This work demands an extraordinarily high degree of skill and the Idar workers have become famous for their remarkable workmanship. Some of these engravers are so clever that it is possible for them to cut cameos from no other likeness than a photograph.

Many of the Idar workers are also engaged in making from agate, smoky quartz, rock crystal, jasper and other semi-precious materials, articles of a more or less utilitarian character. The umbrella, cane and knife handles, the jewel cases and match boxes, the paper weights and chess sets and the crystal beads which are found commonly in the shops both here and abroad are all examples of the skilled craftsmanship of these workers.

It is noteworthy that the Idar gem cutters possess a rare artistic ability which combined with their unusual technical skill, has produced exquisite work with relatively primitive methods. Their sense of the beautiful is revealed not only in gems deftly cut and polished and cameos perfectly engraved, but also in the most common articles, each of which has been fashioned with the spirit of the artist as well as that of the artisan. Buyers of gems from every nation flock to this district, and material from all parts of the world is sent there to be cut and polished or engraved.

PETS Recorded *by* Nose Prints



—National Photo.

Perhaps the first nose print will be good—or maybe the dog won't appreciate the general idea at all. Left—'Bossie's' nose print which will be filed for identification purposes.

UPPOSE that you are the owner of a handsome, faithful dog. Some thief may come along and steal Bowser. If the robber clipped your dog or otherwise disguised his appearance, how would you identify him? Could you recognize your dumb friend—if he did not identify you immediately—if you visited the kennel or dog pound in which he might be confined with hundreds of others?

Nose-print records have proved dependable for identifying pet animals.

A number of sheets of mimeograph or newsprint paper about four inches square and some black stamping pad ink are necessary equipment. Ordinary writing fluid or blue or red stamping pad ink will not be suitable. Smooth-texture papers cannot be used.

Having secured the right kind of ink and paper, wipe the dog's nose dry with a piece of flannel; then press the stamping pad well-inked—against the dog's nose. Attach the piece of paper to a small slab of wood and then press it against the inked nose of the dog. Begin with the lower edge of the paper at the base of the upper lip and roll upward the face. Wipe the ink from the dog nose and nostrils and the task is finished.

Certain special glands underneath the skin of the dog's nose which form little spots, lines and grooves, no two of which are exactly alike, are the identification signs.

Nose prints have been made of the noses of puppies every month during their babyhood and no changes in the identification spots, lines and markings have ever developed. Of course, an enlargement of the nose occurs as the dog grows older, but the spots and marks remain the same.

Fraudulent dealers who handle purebred and registered dogs sometimes substitute mongrel animals of poor breeding that resemble full-blooded prize-winners and sell them under bogus registration papers. When the system of nose-printing dogs becomes commonplace, such frauds will be detected. Furthermore, it will serve to discourage the theft of prize pets whose owners have the nose-print identification records.

A nose print of a cow is made in exactly the same way. The average cow perspires freely through her nose so you will have to be careful to make the prints as soon as possible after wiping away the moisture from the animal's nose.

One of the largest dairy farms in the country made nose prints of more than 350 cows. The records show that the nose marks are dependable sources of identification for the bovine family. The branding of cattle is a cruel practice and wastes valuable leather in the resultant hide.

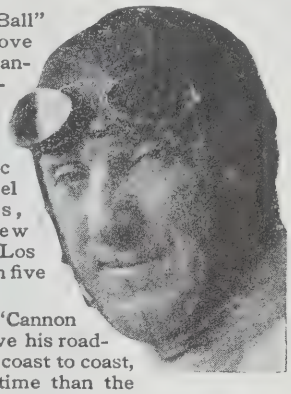
The nose-printing method may also be used advantageously in proving the identity of horses.

Most of the animals which you see in the ordinary zoölogical park can be dependably identified by making paper print records of their noses. The monkey is the single exception, since it has a hand much like that of a human being. Any expert, however, can quickly tell the difference between a monkey finger print and that of a man.

"Cannon Ball" Baker

Smashes Records with

TUTHILL SPRINGS



"Cannon Ball" Baker drove his own standard roadster, equipped with Tuthill Titanic Alloy Steel Springs, from New York to Los Angeles in five days.

Briefly, "Cannon Ball" drove his roadster from coast to coast, in faster time than the trip has ever been made in any motor vehicle with one man driving.

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And the Tuthill-Titanics took the punishment without injury — protecting car and driver that this epochal feat might be accomplished.

This is another proof of their amazing stamina, which makes it possible to guarantee Tuthill Hump-Center Titanics against center breakage.

What Baker Says:

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"I can heartily recommend Tuthill Springs."
"CANNON BALL" BAKER

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'Monymusk,' an Old Dance's Home Tow

By J. GRANT FORBES and ALEXAND KEITH

Dancing competition at a Highland gathering.

'MONEY MUSK' is one of our most popular dances; a favorite now as it was with our forefathers. In the following article the history of 'Monymusk'—to spell it correctly—is given. For the facts which make up this story we are indebted to the research of the Reverend J. Grant Forbes, Minister of Monymusk, and Alexander Keith, M. A., a distinguished graduate of Aberdeen University, both authorities on the subjects which make up this interesting contribution to that knowledge of the past which leads to our better appreciation of the present.

ABOUT eighteen miles northwest of Aberdeen, Scotland, under the shadow of the 'Mither Tap' of Benachie, so dear to every Aberdonian's heart, in the fertile valley of the Don, lies the parish and village of Monymusk.

Monymusk differs very little from its neighbors, save that in beauty it outshines them all. The parish is about six miles long and three broad and contains 10,816 acres, one-half of which is woodland and moor and the other half agricultural land.

The hill of Benachie, which a Scottish poet calls 'the Fujiyama,' or sacred mountain of Aberdeenshire, stands slightly less than 2,000 feet high, but can be seen from every corner of the county, among the Cairngorm Mountains and from the shores of the Moray Firth. Charles Murray, the foremost poet of Scotland today, who was born a little farther up the river Don in the vale of Alford, has often sung its praises.

Monymusk is a sizeable place as villages go, for it has about 1,100 inhabitants. Anciently it was called a town from the fact that there was once a priory there, and that the residences of those who lived on the church property were called the 'toon' or 'kirkton.' There may be some cottages in the 'toon' of Monymusk which still have their thatched roofs on which golden stonecrop and olive-green mosses flourish, but the majority are of the modern type with slated roofs and built of glittering gray granite from a hillside quarry, for the present laird and his father have been mindful of their tenants and constructed a model village.

Some have gardens in front, in which primroses and pinks bloom almost all the year round, and where there is always a sprig of southernwood to be picked, or a bit of rosemary or mint. At the rear the kailyard, relieved from its severe utilitarianism by a sweet-scented brier bush or two.

At one time any convenient barn was the scene of local festivities, if it was big enough, but now there is a community hall in Monymusk—the laird has seen to that—where the village folk and their rural friends

The House of Monymusk.

for miles around hold their da and other 'shines,' particu in the 'lang nichts' when the are white and the glens rend more remote through imp transportation. The Donside are proud of their dancing t tions, and the district has prod some fiddlers without equal i wide world of reels, jigs, fl and sprightly strathspeys.

What the word 'Monym means no one knows for cer Undoubtedly it is Gaelic. suggestion is 'monie,' which m a 'moss' or 'peat' bog, 'musgach,' which means 'di Another is, that the 'musk Irish Gaelic 'mosg,' which means And yet another is 'manadh,' meani 'hill,' and 'uisge,' meaning 'rain' or 'wa None of the derivatives are satisfactory, all we can say for certain is that it mea 'moss' or peat bog of some kind. A some authorities say that the name is rived from two Gaelic words meaning hill by the river,' and others m tain that it comes from the s words, but with the meaning, hill and the marsh (or low grou It is seldom, however, that any Celtic 'authorities' agree as to interpretation of a place name.

The ancient Priory of M musk was without doubt the seat of Christianity in the Gar district of the county of Aberd The priory is first heard of a 1200. Here the poet Gavin Dou was prior in 1496 and later bec Bishop of Dunkeld. His transla of Virgil's *Aeneid* into 'braid S entitles him to rank as one of great early Scottish poets. He longed to the Douglas family famous and powerful in Scot history.

Here in Monymusk the gi poet, John Skinner—admired Burns, and who is the autho *Tullochgorum* and *The Ewie*

Crookit Horn—was schoolmaster in 1740. Skinner, who was born in 1721 and died in 1807, was the author of many famous Scottish songs. It was at Monymusk that he wrote his first Scots poem, *The Monymusk Christmas Ba'ing*, describing very humorously an old game, no longer played, which somewhat resembled Rugby football, but in which no sides were taken, every man (and woman) playing for his own hand and sadly battering the shins and persons of their opponents in the excitement.

It may be that Skinner gained his fondness for Scottish dance music while he was at Monymusk. For years afterward, when he was an Episcopal minister at Ingside in Buchan, he wrote songs to dance tunes, like *Tullochgorum* and the *Marquis of Huntly*—both reels—and other airs. At Monymusk, Skinner also wrote an English poem, not a very good one, unfortunately, on the beauties of the Don and the site of 'Paradise.'

Here on two occasions, 1761 and 1764, John Wesley preached in the parish church, paying a remarkable tribute to the singing. He says: 'Thirty or forty sung an anthem after the sermon with such voices as well as judgment that I doubt whether they could have been excelled in any cathedral in England.'

For long the lands of Monymusk were in possession of the Forbes family. First they gave the monks loans of money and in the end became the possessors. In 1713, like many of the county families of the time, the Forbeses found themselves in financial difficulties and sold the land to Francis Grant. This Francis Grant was born at Ballintome in the parish of Knockando, Morayshire. At the age of fifteen he was sent to King's College, Aberdeen. He then went to Edinburgh and Leyden to study law. Returning to Scotland he practised at the bar and soon acquired an extensive connection. He was made a baronet by Queen Anne in 1705, and was raised to the bench in 1709, taking the courtesy title of Lord Cullen, after the estate which he owned in Banffshire. Selling his land in Banffshire he bought Monymusk, then little better than a ruin. That he 'rued his bargain' we know definitely. However, under the capable management of his eldest son, Sir Archibald Grant, who succeeded him, in a very short time a remarkable reformation was effected. In a few years he transformed a bare, bleak, neglected countryside into a region of fertility and beauty.

Sir Archibald Grant introduced turnip-growing into Aberdeenshire—turnips are now the staple food of the herds of purebred cattle for which the county is so famous—and was the first to plant trees extensively in that district. His descendants have followed his example of constant public service and attention to their estates.

It is said that Sir Archibald planted no fewer than 48,000,000 trees on the estate. The Norway spruces in Paradise, on the banks of the Don, were planted in 1720, and the other large trees there in 1740. Some of the spruces are 120 feet high, while the larches are well over 100 feet. So kindly did the trees take to the soil that Sir Archibald lived to see some of the trees he planted two feet in diameter. Dr. Keith, in his book on agriculture published in 1811, says: 'His son and grandson have already sold wood to the amount of much more than the estate cost a century ago.'

Sir Arthur Grant, Bart., of Monymusk.

There are several beauty spots in the parish. There is Paradise, already referred to, known far and wide and much frequented by picnicking parties. At one time a large staff of gardeners were kept here, and here in the summer months Lady Grant and her family spent the afternoons. There is also New Paradise, with its lake and moss-house, once the pride of Monymusk but now a duck pond.

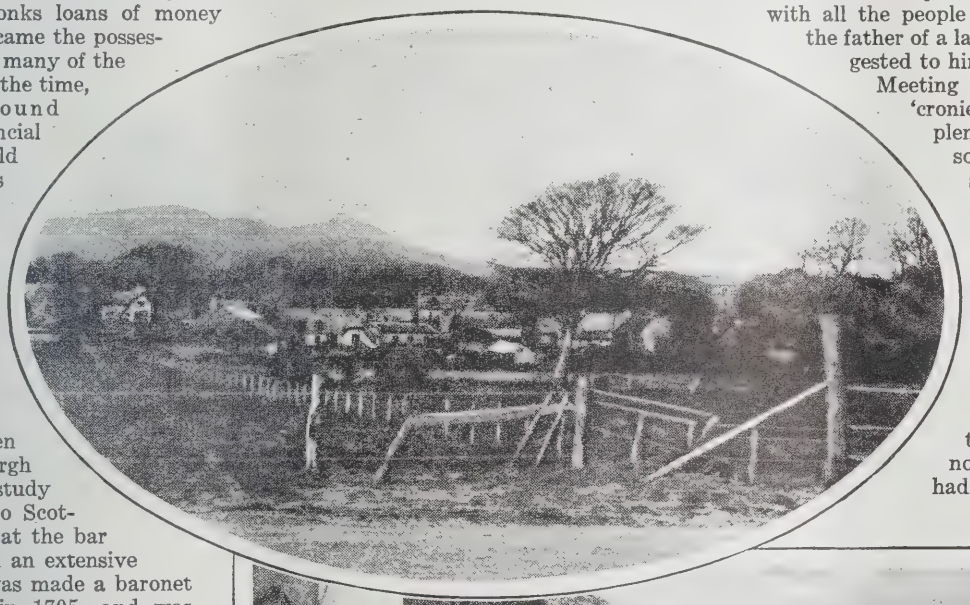
There are two Druidical circles near the village, and about half a mile from the House of Monymusk is the Campfield where Robert the Bruce's army is believed to have encamped on the eve of the Battle of Inverurie, which marked the turning point in the Scottish War of Independence.

There is a story told about the custodian and chief gardener of Paradise, John Thomson, who was rather fond of a dram. On one occasion Sir Archibald chanced to catch him very much the worse for liquor and dismissed him on the spot. Relenting at parting with an old servant, Sir Archibald asked if he had anything to say for himself. Old Thomson, standing with a spade in one hand, and holding the branch of a tree with the other to steady himself, looked Sir Archibald full in the face and said:

'How lovely is thy dwelling place
Sir Archibald to me;
The gravelled walks of Paradise,
Their like I'll never see.'

The whine in the 'never' and the tears at the final 'see' softened the heart of the good laird, and with a hearty laugh the sentence was revoked and Thomson told to go on with his work.

Not so many years ago there was a distillery in the village, and many are the stories that are told of the 'worthies' of the place. For example, an exciseman of the name of Mackay was 'good-fellow-well-met' with all the people of the district. Being the father of a large family, his wife suggested to him the keeping of a cow. Meeting with two or three 'cronies,' and whisky being plentiful, the 'gauger' was soon more than 'half seas over.' Instead of buying a cow he bought an old horse. Arriving home with his bargain he hastened to the house to get his wife to come and milk the 'cow.' To her amazement, on arriving at the byre, milking pail in hand, the good woman saw not the bovine animal she had expected but the brok-



Paradise Road, Monymusk, and, in oval, a prospect of the village.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

en-down steed. For some days afterward the 'gauger' was scarcely seen in the parish.

The Grants of Monymusk, being Edinburgh lawyers, spent much of their time in the Scottish capital. In the Edinburgh society of that time there was no couple more popular than Sir Archibald and Lady Grant. The historian Hume, in a letter dated 'Edinburgh, 5th June, 1770,' speaks of them as 'Making everybody in love with the marry'd state.' This accounts for the Edinburgh musician and violinist Donald Dow naming his famous Strathspey after them.

Donald Dow was born in Perthshire in 1732 and died in Edinburgh, January 20, 1783. He was a teacher of music and concert-giver in Edinburgh from 1763 till the time of his death. He published various collections of Strathspeys, in one of which 'Monymusk' appears under the name of 'Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk's Reel.' The date of this composition is somewhere about 1774.

Dow was a member of the famous Neil Gow's band, which used to make a circuit of the Scottish country houses, and Monymusk House among them.

Probably to this tune more than to anything else the parish of Monymusk owes its fame. Many, who do not know where Monymusk is, know this King of Strathspeys.

The tune appears in a very rare collection of Scottish music, *Davie's Caledonian Repository*, first series, which was published before 1829, and it is mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's *St. Ronan's Well*, the scene of which is also laid in the beginning of the 19th Century. The first part of the tune used to be sung to a still more ancient folksong, for these happy Scottish cottar folk danced while they sang and sang while they danced, a custom which is not entirely forgotten.

At the 'Highland Games,' as the athletic gatherings held in the fall of the year are called in Scotland, dancing forms one of the principal attractions, and 'Monymusk' is as much of a favorite as it was a century and a half ago.

Burns has sung of the music of 'the trembling string,' and Scott has eulogized it in his references to Neil Gow, the master fiddler of them all. The bagpipe is not the national instrument of Scotland, but only of the Highlands and the Celts of the Borders. There are five fiddles for every chanter in Aberdeenshire and all the districts outside the Highlands. Neil Gow, the composer of *Caller Herrin'* and many other celebrated tunes, was a Perth man. Marshall who furnished the tune to Burns' exquisite lyric, 'O' a' the airts the win' can blaw,' was a native of Morayshire; and both were fiddlers. Burns himself played the fiddle, and John Skinner, in the *Marquis of Huntly's Reel*, writes:

> Tune your fiddles, tune them featly,
> Play the Marquis' reel discreetly.

The House of Monymusk, the residence of the laird, occupies one of the fairest sites on the banks of the winding Don. With Benachie for a background and the smiling valley in front, a more beautiful spot can scarcely meet the eye. The ancient parish church is a Norman building and belongs to the 12th Century. It is hoped that some day it may be restored to something like its ancient splendor.

Lincoln and Temperanc

(*Continued from page 7*)

own attitude on the Fugitive Slave Law in point: he did not like it, but he believ that so long as the Constitution recogniz slavery, a fugitive slave law was a necessa part of the legislation to make the Constit tion effective, and that the South was e titled to such legislation till the time, which he hoped, when slavery itself shou be made illegal. He did not approve t violation of the Fugitive Slave Law, mu as he disliked it.

But five years later Lincoln delivered address in Springfield in which he definit did speak of the sale and use of liquor. T was his address before the Washingtoni Society, February 22, 1842. Here again have Lincoln's own printing of his speec

'Of our political revolution of '76 are all justly proud. It has given us a degr of political freedom far exceeding that any other nation of the earth . . .

'Turn now to the temperance revolutic In it we find a stronger bondage broken, viler slavery manumitted, a greater tyra deposed; in it, more of want supplied, mc disease healed, more sorrow assuage By it no orphans starving, no widows wee ing. By it, none wounded in feeling, no injured in interest; even the dram-mak and the dram-seller will have glided in other occupations so gradually as never have felt the change, and will stand rea to join all others in the universal song gladness. And what a noble ally this to t cause of political freedom; and with such aid its march cannot fail to be on and c till every son of earth shall drink in ri fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts perfect liberty. Happy day when— appetites controlled, all poisons subdue all matter subjected—mind, all-conqueri mind, shall live and move, the monarch the world. Glorious consummation! Ha fall of fury! Reign of reason, all hail!

'And when the victory shall be comple —when there shall be neither a slave nor drunkard on earth—how proud the title that land which may truly claim to be t birthplace and the cradle of both the revolutions that shall have ended in th victory. How nobly distinguished th people who shall have nurtured to maturi both the political and moral freedom their species.'

This is uncompromising. Lincoln h been speaking of the sacrifices which h secured the political freedom of Americ and he counted those sacrifices worth whi But he believed that two things remaine one to make all men politically free, a the other to liberate humanity from t bondage of strong drink. That deliveranc he maintained, could be accomplished wit out bloodshed, and even the liquor deale would be the better for it. He want America to lead in that revolution whi should banish both slavery and drunkenne

Inasmuch as Lincoln indubitably sa such things, it seems a pity to invent othe which can add no weight to these utte ances. And that is why I do not like su stories as are told of his having deliver prohibition speeches in 1855 with t Reverend Mr. James B. Merwin. That M Merwin himself delivered such addresses beyond doubt; that Lincoln joined him in prohibition crusade in that year is not on unproved but wholly opposed to all pro ability.

It ought not to be necessary for me to ge reasons for this statement, but I am ›pared to do so. And because this is the ›t of this article that is sure to bring to r letters of protest, I think I must do so. r already I see readers reaching for their npots to write to the editor or to me, demding whether I knew that the Reverend M. James B. Merwin was a holy man, and lt what I am saying implies that I think ıdied.

I do not wish to imply anything except vıt I am saying, and I am saying just vıt I intend to say. I do not believe that A aham Lincoln in 1855 made one single nıibition speech in company with Mr. Mrwin. Here are the reasons:

First, Mr. Merwin's own speeches are or record. He went up and down Illinois sne born out of due time, trying to induce eple to favor the enactment of the Maine ‹r in Illinois. By the way, the bill that vı introduced into the Illinois legislature nrporating this feature is alleged to have ben framed by Lincoln. Not much framnı was necessary, for it was virtually the Mne Law, and I have no opinion that I a here and now to express whether Abaham Lincoln performed the wholly elless task of preparing such a bill, which va already prepared, for presentation to a eglature of which he was not a member.

Mr. Merwin made speeches, and the od newspapers tell of them. If one single od newspaper tells of Abraham Lincoln s eing present and speaking also, I have o found it.

Abraham Lincoln was at that time, next o tephen A. Douglas, the most prominent na in Illinois. He could not visit even Chago, much less Smithville or Jonesboro, nget away without mention in the papers. Dthe Smithville *Bugle* and the Jonesboro *Gatte* give large space to an unknown man, Merwin, and totally neglect to tell of the rence of the noted Abraham Lincoln?

SO FAR as I can learn, Mr. Merwin's rs printing of this story of Lincoln's anpaigning Illinois with him in 1855 an 1910, sixty-five years after the events hh he thought himself to have remembered. If it was true, why did he not elt fifty years sooner?

Mr. Merwin many years afterward was cstomed to display a watch which he adhad been presented to him at the close f tat campaign, and in the back was an ngıved inscription, declaring that it had ee presented by Abraham Lincoln. That he watch, or *a* watch, was so presented, there s eidence in a local paper; but the paper s sent on the one thing that would have nterested its readers most and would nos interest us, namely, the participation n te event of Abraham Lincoln.

Secondly, I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln joined in such a speaking tour beau he had just come through a campaign n wich he made an unsuccessful attempt to eete the senatorship from Illinois, and he ad been beaten by Lyman Trumbull. Lincoln had been out of his office a long imand he was neither professionally nor inancially in condition to go out on another ampaign.

Thirdly, if any man will name a place nda date where he claims that Lincoln and Merwin spoke together, in the year 854 I will very nearly promise to prove an alib! For when Lincoln got back to his cou work in that year he worked so persistently that he can be found at one or another of the fourteen county seats of the Eighth Judicial District on almost any day when he might have been speaking for prohibition. That was a year when Lincoln had to work hard to make up lost time. And we know where he worked.

Fourthly, the prohibition question was not an issue in the campaign of 1854 and was not to become an issue in 1856 or 1858, and Lincoln was preparing for those two dates. He received 110 votes as a candidate for Vice-President at the Convention of 1856. He had come back into politics under the conviction that the slavery issue called for his whole moral support, and he was looking forward a long way. He was not at that time hunting up issues that would divide his constituency and defeat the ends for which he had reëntered political life.

Fifthly, Abraham Lincoln needed every vote he could get, and especially needed the German vote. The Irish vote was Democratic, almost to a man; and the Irish were engaged in railroad building and were capable of being loaded into wagons and transported to two or three poling places on the same day, and as an actual fact this was done.

THE Germans were naturally Democratic except that they did not love slavery. Their having left Germany as a result of the revolution of 1848 was Lincoln's basis of hope for their vote, and in the main he got it. He left no stone unturned to secure that vote. He secretly bought and owned a German newspaper, and personally sent copies of 'our new German newspaper' to prominent Germans in Illinois requesting them to secure subscriptions.

I have myself seen the contract, in his own handwriting, under which he made this purchase, and he owned the paper till after his election as President. I have also seen and handled some of those letters. Now the Germans were not as a rule drunkards, but they were almost to a man beer-drinkers, and Lincoln could have driven that whole vote from him by one futile and foolish prohibition speech in 1854, that would have accomplished nothing for prohibition and have lost him his largest single block of votes. Lincoln was an honest man, but he was an astute politician. He held the German vote.

But there is one thing that ought to be remembered, and I think it significant, because, like this story of the German newspaper, I discovered it: On January 23, 1853, while the Illinois legislature was in session, the Reverend Dr. James Smith, Lincoln's pastor, delivered a sermon on 'The Bottle, Its Evils and Its Remedy.' The text was *Habakkuk* 2:15. Dr. Smith took the ground that it was not fair to condemn the saloon-keeper for making men drunkards so long as the state accepted his license money and derived a profit from his sales. He called on the legislature then in session to pass a law forbidding all sale of intoxicating liquor excepting for medicinal, mechanical and sacramental use.

SUCH sermons were common enough forty years later, but rare in 1853. That sermon was heard with profound interest, and the thirty-nine men who heard it, and called themselves 'Friends of Temperance' joined in a letter thanking Dr. Smith and requesting a copy of his sermon for publication. It was published, with Abraham Lincoln's name in the list of those who had asked for its printing.

Now let it be said and admitted that not all of those thirty-nine men may have approved of every position taken by Dr. Smith; but they certainly were in hearty accord with his main position, and Abraham Lincoln was one of those men.

So I do not spend much time arguing about the possible and the improbable in the utterances of Abraham Lincoln on the liquor question. The indubitable truth is good enough for me, and ought to be good enough for all friends of temperance and righteousness and the sanctity of the law.

I shall be asked, Did not Lincoln and Berry have a license to sell liquor in their store at New Salem? And I shall answer frankly that they did have such a license, and did sell liquor with other goods, as was the universal custom at the time.

But there are two other things to be said about that. One is that the sale of liquor was in Lincoln's mind so incidental a feature of the business of the store, so inconsequential in his thought of what constituted their merchandise, that when Stephen A. Douglas in 1858 accused Lincoln of having kept a grocery, as a saloon was then called, Lincoln denied it, and said, 'Lincoln never kept a grocery, either there or anywhere else.' And the other thing is that if Lincoln had never hated liquor before, he found reason to do so in that very enterprise; for his partner was the best customer of that part of the store, and Lincoln came out of the wreck loaded with a debt which took years to pay.

Considering the character of the society out of which he emerged, the almost universal habit of the people of the time, the customs of the taverns in which he spent a portion of his life, it is a very remarkable fact that Abraham Lincoln was practically a total abstainer from the use of alcohol in all its forms, and not only so, but that he did not use tobacco.

These are the indisputable facts about Lincoln, and not a word he ever is known to have said can give comfort to any wet or scofflaw. Lincoln was no lover of the bottle in the hands of others nor was he a user of it in his own office or home.

NO ONE knows what he would do if he were living now. Of one thing I am sure; he would not countenance law breaking, and he would not make any more use of liquor than he did in Springfield and in Washington, which was virtually none. He did not use it himself nor offer it to others.

The enemies of prohibition will not hesitate to invent any story about Lincoln which they think will aid their cause. They will write speeches which he never delivered, expressing sentiments which he would have denied. The friends of temperance and prohibition have no need to do so, and should be far above such methods.

When Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, his Springfield neighbors offered to assist in preparing for the delegation that was coming to Springfield to bring official notification. Especially they offered to supply him with wine. He refused it and his guests drank water and only water.

He did not use liquor on his own table. He habitually refused it when it was offered to him. He was a member of a temperance society. He knew the evils of strong drink and in effective manner went on record against it.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

The Preacher was talking: 'Now, after the course of long centuries, it would appear that not only does the Bible circulate with increasing volume, but that the Book itself has attained a greater material value than that of any other printed page. A vellum copy of the Gutenberg Bible was recently purchased from the St. Paul monastery in Carinthia by a bibliophile who is said to have paid $305,000 for this first printed edition, in addition to a government tax of ten per cent, a commission of ten per cent and a contract stamp tax of two per cent. It is held by the purchaser to be the finest copy of a Gutenberg Bible in existence, bearing the appearance of having been printed only yesterday, with remarkable illuminations, the covers being original and in perfect condition. The price paid is described by the National Arts Club, Gramercy Park, New York, where the owner is exhibiting his collection of incunabula, as "the highest price ever paid for a printed book."'

* * *

The Analyst followed the preacher. 'Here is a fine example of inaccuracy taken from an article, the tendency of which is to denounce inaccuracy and to warn the world against fake statistics,' he said. 'The passage runs: "It is safe to say that 80 per cent of all the metropolitan grocers of the Republic have an English vocabulary limited to something under 150 words."

'Now mark this:

'"Roland G. Kent, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Pennsylvania, points out that fifty words compose half of all words written. They are:

the	it	at	dear	has
of	is	on	are	were
I	as	by	me	would
in	not	my	one	or
you	be	his	they	her
and	was	we	from	very
to	will	he	all	been
a	have	but	so	she
that	with	this	if	there
for	your	which	had	an"

'Assuming that the hypothetical grocer used each and every one of the fifty above given, and it seems fair to assume that much, he would then have left only a hundred words to use in dealing with all the names of things seen in the street, in the home and in the motion picture theater, to express himself in the course of the common amenities of commercial life, and to name the stock on his shelves. It seems to me that when gentlemen write articles in which they show themselves to be indignant at misrepresentation, they should not indulge in it themselves.'

* * *

'There is a certain age with most individuals,' said ***the Inventor***, 'when the mind seems suddenly to jell; to freeze into a certain set mold incapable of further changing. In some it is a superiority complex brought on by a subconscious knowledge of an actual inferiority which the conscious mind refuses to admit; in others, a mere laziness of intellect which is too ennuied by past events to get any kick out of new ones.

'Inability to absorb new things with enthusiasm is a warning of approaching age, and of impending greased skids under the business. When one becomes obsessed with the idea that finally all his decisions are right, and the young man or old gets a swelled head, it is merely a sign that a teacher is needed and that one has got to a stage where he cannot see his own mistakes. The world will move on just the same whether one's ideas are changed or not, for it is the individual, not the world, that will be left behind.

'Many a man still wants to drive a coach and pair in memory of the days when he was young. He does not yet admit that the motor car is an advance. He will soon pass on. His grandson is in aviation.'

* * *

A Scottish Vocalist touring America called. We asked him the meaning of the lines in the old favorite Scottish song: 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond.'

Oh! you'll tak' the high road and
I'll tak' the low,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye.

'There is a sad story attached to this refrain,' replied the vocalist. 'It is the swan song of one of the Jacobites before his execution by the English after the battle of Culloden. His sweetheart set out to overtake the English army and actually did so at Carlisle, just across the border from Scotland. She managed to see her lover before he was hanged and his head displayed over the walls of the city.

'According to a Gaelic legend, anyone who suffered a violent and sudden death traveled instantly by an underground pathway to the place of his birth, and from there passed to heaven. Thus the girl would take the high road back to the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond, their former home, but her lover, going by the low road of death, would be there first and would have taken his final departure before her arrival.

'Much of the long-standing popularity of the song is due to its sweet and plaintive tune, which is a very old one.'

* * *

'By what *vestigia* will today's civilization be interpreted and described, in the year 3926?' mused ***the Archeologist***. 'Will future archeologists stumble upon heaps of bones and dumping grounds, in which the broken ginger-ale bottle will have as its companion the empty cold-cream jar? The dumping pits of the ancients are ransacked and their treasures hailed as valuable finds. In many of the largest cities of America today, fills are being made, water areas drained and the ground spread out; and in all of them, rubbish is being carefully buried away. From such refuse, the broken bottle and the discarded jar, future students may seek to read some of the riddles of this generation.

'Just as in Hertfordshire, England, the Roman rubbish heap is now furnishing thrills to modern scientists, so may those of today provide unknown data for the talented diggers of the future. Maybe we should plant a few articles of useful value in the heaps—that Americans may not seem have been altogether vain and lackin culture and energetic pursuits.'

* * *

'It is not given to many of us to po legal training,' said ***the Writer,*** perhaps that is why we find it so ha understand all the ins and outs of the We read in the papers day after day, after week, and month after month, chronicle of some long case which ever has not ended.

'Tonight after you have read in evening paper the verbatim report of day's murder trial, turn back to the *Wo land* of your childhood days and re again that famous case whose satir even more delicious today than when I Carroll first penned it.

"Are they in the prisoner's hand ing?" asked another of the jurymen ferring to some verses).

"No, they're not," said the W Rabbit, "and that's the queerest t about it."

"He must have imitated somel else's hand," said the King.

"Please, your Majesty," said Knave, "I didn't write it and they prove I did; there's no name signed a end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the K "that only makes the matter worse. must have meant some mischief or you'd have signed your name like an ho man."

'More than one judge has wished dealing with a recalcitrant witness, tha had the power of the Kings as set fort *Wonderland.*

'The poor Mad Hatter was on the st

"That I can't remember," he said.

"You must remember," said the K "or I'll have you executed."

'Needless to add, the Hatter rem bered.

'And so, as you read along, you com the eloquent exposition of the poetry, g by the King to the jury.

"If there's no meaning to it," said King, "that saves a world of trouble, know, as we needn't try to find any. yet I don't know," he went on, spreading the verses on his knee and looking at t with one eye, "I seem to see some mea in them, after all. (Quotes)

'Said I could not swim'—

"You can't swim, can you?" he ad turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly.

"Do I look like it?" he said (whic certainly did not, being made entirel cardboard).'

* * *

And this good story was told by ***Humorist***. 'Sir, I have no home,' b the panhandler, 'and—' 'No taxes to pa rent, no grocer bills, no worry over the cost of living! Let me congratulate you have no job and—' 'Lucky again! job. No chance of being fired.' 'B am serious. I have no money, and—' money? Then no temptation to wast giving it away to able-bodied beg You are fortune's favorite. I envy y

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Is Baltimore, Maryland, a ohern or a southern city?

ANSWER: Baltimore is south of the ſon and Dixon's line and is geographiaſ a southern city.

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QUESTION: If an American woman goes ɔ ermany and marries a German man, ɔd the woman be a citizen of the United t:es?

ANSWER: If she is an American-born tien, she will not lose her citizenship nſs she swears allegiance to a foreign ɔvrnment. In the case of a naturalized tien, however, the law reads as follows: Were any naturalized citizen shall have ɛed for two years in the foreign state ɔ. which he came, or for five years in ny other foreign state, it shall be preıed that he has ceased to be an Ameriıcitizen, and the place of his general ɔce shall be deemed his place of residence ıng said years: Provided, however, ıasuch presumption may be overcome on ıeresentation of satisfactory evidence to ·plomatic or consular officer of the ned States under such rules and regulaɔr as the Department of State may reribe.'

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UESTION: Are hides on the free list in ıe Fordney-McCumber Bill? Are leather ɔɔs or shoes protected? What per cent?

NSWER: Hides are on the free list. erally speaking, all leather goods are ıtble except shoes and saddlery, but the ıte on different articles vary greatly. ıe Government Printing Office, Washgtn, D. C., will furnish upon request a ɔp of the Tariff Act of 1922, which will vɛschedules.

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UESTION: From what nations do we ɔp't wheat, and is the 'milling in transit' ivege yet in force as regards Canadian ıet, the provisions of which exempt it ondduty?

NSWER: A considerable quantity of ıe: is imported from Canada, but imɔrt from other countries are so small as ɔ ı negligible. Under the 'milling in ant' provision of the Tariff Act of 1922, ɔ cty is paid on the imported wheat, but ıe ıw makes it imperative that all of the ɔumade from such imported wheat must ɛ ɛported from the United States; or ıe ıll duty may be paid at importation th wheat, and a refund of 99 per cent of ıe ıty is secured upon the exportation of ıe our or other by-products made from ɪpɔted wheat. These provisions are still ı fɛe.

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UESTION: If an alien came to this ɔurry in 1916 as a tourist and stayed ɛreuntil the present time, what effect ɔu that have in the event of his applying ɔr ıturalization papers?

ANSWER: Naturalization is granted by ıe ɔurt only where evidence appears that ıe ıien petitioning for naturalization has ıad full compliance with the immigration ıwsin other words, that he has been lawıllyexamined under the immigration laws by the proper officials and permanently admitted to the country, after such examination, medical and civil, and payment of head tax. What the courts would do as to an alien who entered as a visitor prior to the present laws limiting immigration is largely problematical, of course, but it is likely that the action of the court would be influenced by the attitude of the immigration officials toward such admission. Visitors admitted in 1916, a date prior to any quota restrictions, would probably be given by immigration authorities, if they remained in the country, a verification of arrival, which would be accepted as evidence of compliance with the immigration laws, on the ground that the same formalities at that time had to be complied with for entry by a visitor as by one seeking permanent admission. Anybody entering as a visitor since the first quota law effective June 3, 1921, could not be certified by immigration authorities as having been duly admitted for permanent residence. Presumably such candidates would not be granted naturalization by the court.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

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QUESTION: Is it true that the 370th (Illinois) Infantry received more citations and Croix de Guerre than any other American regiment in France?

ANSWER: No. The regiments of the 2nd Division far exceeded any regiments of the A. E. F. in the number of French citations and Croix de Guerre awarded, having received 3,804 Croix de Guerre. The 370th Infantry was in the 93rd Division, which received a total of 379 Croix de Guerre.

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QUESTION: What salary do the United States air mail pilots receive? How long are they in training?

ANSWER: The base pay is from $2,000 to $3,600 a year, depending upon the character of the country over which they fly. They are also paid mileage at the rate of 5, 6 and 7 cents a mile for day flying, and 10, 12 and 14 cents a mile for night flying, in addition. The Post Office Department does not train pilots. Only men thoroughly experienced, with 500 hours or more flying experience, are put on the eligible list, and after one is chosen, he is given a test to show that he is able to operate the plane satisfactorily. They must also furnish credentials and references which are satisfactory to the department.

QUESTION: What can I do to retain my citizenship? I have been out of the United States one year, five months. To whom should I write?

ANSWER: Register at the office of the American consul in the town nearest you. He will be able to advise you what you should do.

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QUESTION: What is the amount of appropriations from the Treasury and the total amount per year spent on the National Highway System since it was inaugurated?

ANSWER: The total amount authorized up to and including the fiscal year 1927 totaled $690,000,000. Of this amount, $591,200,000 has been appropriated to date. $445,732,398 has been spent on projects that are completed, and $154,776,992 has been allotted to projects under construction and a portion of it spent. The amounts spent per year are as follows: 1917, $34,337.85; 1918, $574,816.30; 1919, $2,915,282.76; 1920, $20,340,774.24; 1921, $57,462,768.07; 1922, $89,946,603.64; 1923, $71,604,708.75; 1924, $80,447,823.78; 1925, $97,472,506.13, and 1926, $87,754,534.57.

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QUESTION: When did the United States Government survey the first six-mile-square township? What is the correct description of that township?

ANSWER: The first township was surveyed in July, 1800, by Alexander Holmes, and is located in Ohio, township 9, north, range 3 west, on the Ohio River base line.

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QUESTION: What age must a girl be before she can work for the United States Government Secret Service? How may I become employed by the government as a secret-service worker? Where can information be procured concerning employment with the Government Secret Service?

ANSWER: When an examination is announced by the Government, to fill vacancies in the secret service, both men and women may make application for a position, but in the past only male applicants have been selected. Full information may be obtained from the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

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QUESTION: What was the amount paid by the Treasury Department Bureau of War Risk Insurance, as compensation claims of beneficiaries in 1925?

ANSWER: Disbursements on account of death and disability compensation paid to beneficiaries by the United States Veterans Bureau for the fiscal year 1925 totaled $129,597,457.

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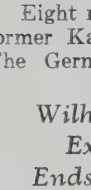
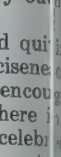
QUESTION: Is there an organization of Spanish-American war veterans, and what is the secretary's address?

ANSWER: There is a national organization known as 'United Spanish War Veterans,' with offices in Washington. The secretary is James J. Murphy, 712 Woodward Bldg., Washington, D. C.



I READ IN THE PAPERS



Eight months from now the exile of the former Kaiser officially comes to an end. The German law excluding him expires next July. There may be a great deal of difference between the two statements, before the year rounds to its close. Apparently the former Kaiser has his plans all made. Preliminary arrangements have already been completed for his taking up residence in Hamburg. His wife, the Princess Hermine, is said to be active in furthering the negotiations.

Wilhelm's Exile Ends Soon

It is doubtful whether the German Government, at least as at present constituted, will sanction this return, even though only for the summer. Other laws excluding him can be passed to replace the one soon to expire.

It will be a quirk of fate if von Hindenburg has thrust upon him the duty of signing the decree keeping his erstwhile sovereign across the borderline.

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Yet the pews are seldom empty unless the sermons are.—Detroit *News*.

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Lovers of chop suey may be surprised to learn that it and other dishes served in Chinese restaurants in this country are unknown in the Orient. P. W. Kuo, president of the University of Nanking, China, says a Chinaman knows how to order real Chinese food in these eating places, but the regulation standard dishes with Chinese names are made entirely for American consumption.

Chop Suey Is Alien to China

Chop suey has a peculiar origin. Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman, was touring America some twenty years ago. He longed for his native food and had some prepared. Reporters found him eating and asked him what he ate. He hurriedly replied: 'Chop suey,' which means 'miscellaneous bits.' At once the craze for something typically Chinese began and everyone asked for chop suey. The quick-witted Orientals, sensing the situation, invented the dish we now know as chop suey and as a result many retired on the money they made through its sale.

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Englishmen are again beginning to travel, a news item says. They probably want to get a look at the Prince of Wales.—El Paso *Times*.

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Great excitement has been created among the Jewish population of Palestine by the action of the British Government in granting the contract for the repair of Rachel's Tomb to an Arab. Members of the Jerusalem Chief Rabbinate and representatives of the Jewish Community Council have lodged an official protest with the Governor. The English are reported to find it difficult to understand the grievance.

Repairing the Tomb of Rachel

Although the Jews have a praying place at the tomb, so also have the Moslems, and as a matter of fact it is revered alike by Christian, Jew and Arab.

It is related in the book of *Genesis*: 'And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day.' But it should be remembered that there was an Esau as well as a Jacob, and that the descendants of one have as much right to venerate the tomb of Rachel as have those of the other.

Rachel's traditional burial place is today marked by a small modern building surmounted by a dome. For many centuries the tomb was marked by a pyramid of twelve stones, each stone representing one of the tribes of Israel. The Crusaders erected a building on the site, and since then the tomb has been repeatedly restored. It is another restoration that has caused the present rumpus.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

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History repeats itself, and we suppose 150 years from now some Rupert Hughes of that day will announce to a shocked and indignant country that it's all a mistake and the real Calvin Coolidge spent money like a drunken sailor and drank a quart of corn liquor every day of his life before breakfast.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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Among other things Mustapha Kemal Pasha has done is to abandon the traditional marriage customs of the Turk and introduce those of Christian Europe. Hitherto marriages in the case of Mohammedans have been celebrated in the presence of an Imam, or Moslem church official, and the bride and bridegroom each had to provide two witnesses. As the bride had to be veiled and was not supposed to appear in public, she was sometimes represented at her wedding by a proxy. When the marriage took place in the bride's house, she stayed behind a door and the Imam called out in a loud voice, 'Do you agree to take——as your husband?' This question was repeated three times and then the marriage was considered binding.

New Marriage Customs in Turkey

Until Kemal took things in hand, a girl of nine could marry with her parents' consent, but now the age limit is seventeen for a girl and eighteen for a man. According to the new civil code the Imam is no longer to officiate at marriages. Only the bridegroom or his proxy will have to appear before an official called the 'marriage clerk,' and the license will consist of the words: 'We, the undersigned, betrothed since——declare by these presents that we have decided to get married. Please carry out necessary formalities.'

This is quite businesslike, and qui accordance with the military concisene Kemal's other decrees. To encou marriages under the new code, there fee, unless the ceremonies are celeb outside the mayor's office, when a t $2.75 is charged. But perhaps the drastic change that Kemal has introd is that the Turk must now be content one wife, notwithstanding the sa Moslem law which permits every Mo to have four.

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One broadcasting station that does need a license is the sewing circle.—Birmingham *News*.

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D'Annunzio is a lucky chap. He succeeded in isolating himself from all side diversions. He has withdrawn wi his secluded nook pulled the doo after him. No ca No creditors. body, not even family, may see He is enduring his self-imposed exile in villa at Gardone Riviera. The soldier- is laboring as much as fourteen or six hours a day over two ambitious m works. In addition to this, he is assembl and revising for publication in a s volume a number of his little-known p and verse pieces. He writes stea stopping only for brief meals or baths. bends over his manuscript far into the under the light of an antique lamp. retreat is silent as a tomb. The doors t poet's villa are bolted and two fai servitors stand guard all day and mo the night.

D'Annunzio Enjoys Seclusion

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There seems to be some question as which are more help to a lady swimmer tugs or children.—Hollywood *Citizen*.

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A Chinese whistling arrow, which se the purpose thousands of years ago tha modern tracer bullet of anti-aircraft does today, has added to the co tion of other reli the mystic East the United States tional Museum Washington by Colonel E. H. Humph of the United States Army.

A Chinese Arrow That Whistled

This ancient weapon resembles ordinary arrow except for a hollow on the front shaped like a large acorn, w the arrowhead should be. This hollow is slit with crescent-shaped openings thr which the air rushes when it is in fl producing a shrill whistle. The ar museum officials state, was used in an China to indicate the course of flight well as for a signaling device and a m of terrorizing the enemy.

The whistling arrow is said to have introduced into China by the Tar When besieging towns at night the an tribesmen fired the arrows high over walls. Legends tell how terrorized th habitants were. They believed the w noises were the howls of flying devils.

BRIEFLY TOLD

OPER AS HARD AS steel was made by the ...ecs of Mexico thousands of years ago.

WHEN A MAN APPLIES for a license to drive an automobile in Duffield, New Zealand, he is taken to a small yard dotted with tall cans and ordered to ...e an irregular course through them to ...opposite side. This accomplished successfully, he is bidden to repeat his trip in ...erse gear.

...E KING OF Great Britain holds a clerical ...pointment entitling him to preach. He ...s official head of the Church of England.

...N OF THE LONGEST prison sentences ever ...sed was given to a mayor of Alba, ..., in 1893, when he was convicted on ... counts of forging public documents. ...e was sentenced to 3,083 years in prison.

...E'OLD STOKOWSKI, conductor of the ...iladelphia Orchestra, plans to eliminate ... usual disturbances from his concerts. ...hall will be darkened during concerts ...he orchestra will not be in sight.

...E AVERAGE AMOUNT of absolute rest ...ng a night's sleep is only eleven and ...alf minutes, according to a professor ... the Mellon Institute, there being muscular ...ental action during the remainder of ...me.

...E WILL BE AN eclipse of the sun visible ... the Northern Hemisphere at the end of ... 1927.

...IMAIDS LIVE LONGER than either married ...en or bachelors, according to some ...cial authorities.

...IMALDS ARE SO POPULAR just now that ...,00 a carat is being paid for the best ...ecnens. The best diamonds bring only ...,60 a carat.

...EW BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS arriving at the ...ith Museum Library number about ...,00 a year. The library has to preserve ...pies of all books published in the United ...ingdom.

...E EXPORT TRADE in motorcycle making ... Britain last year amounted to $30,000,- ...

...ARTHQUAKES, TYPHOONS and heat storms ...ve greatly impaired the goldfish production for this year in China and Japan. ...ars of the specially constructed lakes in ...hich they are breeded were destroyed.

...E PORCUPINE CANNOT shoot its quills at ... enemy, as is often supposed. It simply ...aks them stand out like fur on a cat's ...ail, and they come off at the slightest ...uch.

... WASHING MACHINE has been devised in ...gland that can wash more than 300 ...ece at one time.

THE DEEPEST RECORDED spot in the ocean was recently found by the Japanese navy off the Izu Peninsula.

GEOLOGICAL CONDITIONS believed responsible for the production of petroleum will be imitated in an effort to manufacture oil. By the use of great pressure and varying temperatures geologists hope to produce in a short time what it takes Nature centuries to make.

A PENNSYLVANIA FARMER raised 688 bushels of potatoes from an acre of ground, according to reports from Pennsylvania State College.

NEAR BODMIN, in Cornwall, England, is a granite cross known as the Prior's Cross, bearing the figure of a hook and crook, commemorating the privilege which allowed the destitute to gather firewood in Dunmere Wood in the 16th Century. Such wood had to be collected from boughs and branches which could be reached with a hook and a crook—a stipulation which gave rise to the phrase still used, 'by hook or by crook.'

ABOUT 17,000 PEOPLE were killed in accidents in homes last year. Half of those killed were mothers of families.

THE EDITOR OF THE Wabeno *Advertiser* of Wabeno, Wisconsin, made his own news recently when he lighted a match to peer into the gasoline tank of the engine which operates his plant. He is now setting type without eyebrows and eyelashes.

THE HUM OF THE MOSQUITO is to be broadcast throughout England. The song of the nightingale, caught by the microphone in woods thirty miles from London some time ago, proved such a success that the buzz of insects is now to be given a trial.

A YALE SCIENTIST has found that carbon dioxide is necessary to the life of bacteria.

THERE IS ONLY ONE newspaper in the Empire of Abyssinia. It is called *Berhanena Salem*, which means 'light and peace,' and is printed in Ethiopian script.

THE THINNEST AND toughest leather obtainable is made from the skins of frogs.

THE GREEKS AND TURKS used the seed of the horse chestnuts for curing glanders and other ailments of horses; hence the name.

IT WAS RECENTLY discovered that the French ministry of war was using Napoleon's mahogany desk as a telephone switchboard.

THE NEW YORK CITY Chamber of Commerce, organized in 1768 and incorporated under a royal charter from King George III, was the first institution of its kind in America.

AN INTERESTING MIXED foursome competition was recently played over the Kemnay golf course near Aberdeen, Scotland. The prizes were one hundred 'lost' golf balls which had been recovered by dogs trained for that purpose.

A BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, barber estimates that it takes 133.3 feet of razor strokes to shave the average man.

THE FAMOUS BRITISH MUSEUM was founded by lottery, $500,000 being raised to purchase the collection of Sir Hans Sloane.

PING-PONG, THE MOST popular indoor sport of the nineties, is again coming into favor in London and New York.

THE DARKER KERNELS of wheat are found to make the most nourishing bread, starchy types being inferior, according to tests made by the United States Department of Agriculture.

TWENTY-SIX MARRIAGES have been performed in the Luray Caverns of Virginia.

FEARING THE COMPETITION of the smiles of lady barbers, the men barbers of Honolulu have appointed an anti-flirting committee to watch feminine shops.

A FRENCHMAN IN 1736 began the first scientific study of rubber.

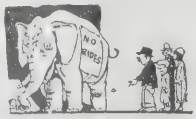
THERE ARE 10,000 women employed in connection with the mines in Great Britain.

THE AMERICAN COIN called the 'nickel' is seventy-five per cent copper.

FINNAN HADDIE, OR smoked haddock, originally came from Findon (pronounced Finnan), a small fishing village in Scotland; hence the name.

A MICHIGAN MAN WHO OWNED a pet porcupine offered it as a gift to anyone who would take it away, after it had become too friendly with strangers, rubbing its quills into their legs.

FOR STEALING TO BUY a dance dress, an English girl was sentenced to go to bed at 10 o'clock every night for three years.



A RARE WHITE ELEPHANT has been loaned to Regents Park Zoo, London, upon condition that no one be permitted to ride upon it.

BY THE APPLICATION of radium rays, a New York professor has converted yellow diamonds into blue gems of apparently first water.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISM

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the relation between purchase and production.

❦ ❦ ❦

Two weeks from today comes our Christmas number. It's an issue that breathes the very spirit of Christmas, the old-time, joyous spirit and not the strained, commercialized thing that occasionally passes as its substitute today. The writers and the artists have caught and confined on paper something of the Yuletide glow; their stories will give you renewed understanding of the meaning of Christmas.

Prohibition, apparently, is a subject close to the hearts of many readers. Being somewhat controversial, it evokes numerous letters. Here are three that speak for themselves:

Cadiz, Kentucky.

I do not remember to have read a more concise, clear-cut, straight-to-the-point article than the opening one in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 23, written by John Bolster Hatch. It 'hits the bull's eye' and will go far toward removing the tension among many who 'do not know where they are' in the state referendum. While writing I want to take occasion to say that in our section THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is the most talked of publication that comes to our office.

J. W. CRANSHAW, M. D.

New York City.

. . . The story ['New York's Little Joke on New York'] is the best analysis of the situation that I have seen.

Arthur J. Davis,
State Superintendent,
Anti-Saloon League of New York.

Charlotteville, Va.

I will not renew this year as the paper is getting too 'dry.' Pardon this; even the greatest of us have our lighter moments. Aside from the stand taken by your paper in prohibition, I have enjoyed my subscription immensely. I enjoyed those articles on the prohibition question, in fact, in those instances where I had the time to find material on the other side of the question

It's difficult to be fair in a proposition such as that, however, and if you're sincere in your proclamations, I wish you luck. I wish it were possible to get a popular vote on the question, each man to vote according to his thirst. Then we could probably see how difficult it is to find a public officer intelligent, although dry.

JUDGE ARMSTRONG.

Praise and censure are distributed impartially by a Pacific Coast sportsman, who writes in to comment upon recent editorials:

Macdoel, California.

In your editorials of October 16, there is one entitled 'Fun in the Killing,' which might be considerably misleading to anyone not having had some experience with both hunting and with butchering. Stag hunting may be an exception to the general sport of hunting, but deer, duck and goose, quail, sage hen, grouse and any and all hunting that I know anything about from actual experience is a more noble form of procuring the daily meat than butchering. Like all true sports, it has the spirit of fair play, while butchering has not.

Butchering either on the farm or in the slaughtering houses does not give the animal the slightest chance for its life, while all the hunting I know anything about does give the animal a chance, and quite often a good long chance. The fun is not in the killing, else butchering would be more fun, as it offers opportunity for more killing. The fun is in the same way that all true sports are fun—the pitting of your strength, endurance, steady nerve, intelligence, etc., against some moving animate thing, whether it be animal or human. Any tightly contested sport has more of a kick in it than an easy walk-away, and in hunting—the bigger the game, or the more fierce when wounded, the more fun to the hunting, or the more cunning or fleet—in other words, the more nearly a match they are or the tighter the contest the more the fun.

As for the humanitarian aspect: if I were an edible animal I would rather have a fighting or a running chance for my life than be butchered in cold blood, with no slightest chance.

Sincerely,

H. A. GRIPE.

P. S.—Your editorial in the same issue entitled 'A Senator Speaks' is fine and should do a great amount of good. The Senator's carelessness did the French people a great injustice, which your editorial will help to correct.

DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON'S article outlining Lincoln's attitude on the liquor question will undoubtedly provoke wide discussion, as do most of his stories. A spirited controversy is now raging around his story about the sleeping sentinel, which was published some weeks ago. The article, 'Lincoln's Vein of Poesy,' printed in the October 30 issue, moves a Western woman to a brisk rejoinder, not because of anything Dr. Barton said about Lincoln, but because of his remarks about an old-time song:

Entiat, Washington.

I have received your magazine quite regularly for a year, receiving much pleasure, some information, and no cause for complaint until I read in the current number the article on 'Lincoln's Vein of Poesy' by William E. Barton.

I don't happen to know Mr. Barton and he doesn't happen to know my well-loved friend Tom Moore, for he has mis-spelled and mis-interpreted his Irish ove song, and mistaken his English in a way that Mr. Lincoln could not. I refer to his comment upon 'bathing the lady' I learned the poem when I was a romantic school girl, many years ago, and I insist there is nothing ridiculous about it, as an Irish drinking or love song. I am Irish myself.

MRS. WINIFRED M. VAY SAGE.

❦ ❦ ❦

Atwood, Kansas.

The article by Donald Hough [Exploding the Myth that Our Ancestors Were All Hardy and We Moderns Are All Weaklings] strikes me as being very timely . . . I have lived all my life in pioneer country, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, have traveled some of late years and know from actual contact that so far as the edges of civilization are concerned the pioneer stock of this date is just as hardy and able as of any generation in the past.

FRED HOWARD.

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GEORGE G. DEMORE is a financial w who has made an extensive study of the Fe Reserve System. (p. 1)

❦

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS is a newspaper of wide experience. (p. 4)

❦

WILLIAM E. BARTON (*Life of Lincoln, True Story of Lincoln's Letter to Mrs. B The Influence of Chicago on Abraham Lin* etc.) has done invaluable work in destroying truths about the Martyred President. (p. 6)

❦

THOMAS L. MASSON (*Our American morists, That Silver Lining, Why I Am a Spir Vagabond*, etc.) writes in a humorous philos vein that has won him a large following. associate editor of *The Saturday Evening* (p. 8)

❦

DONALD A. LAIRD is professor of psych at Colgate University, editor of *Indus Psychology*, and the originator of tests which attracted wide attention in educational ci He is also the author of numerous mag articles and books. (p. 12)

❦

EDWARD H. KRAUS is director of Mineralogical Laboratory of the Universit Michigan, dean of its Summer School, a member of numerous scientific societies. a recognized authority on minerals. (p. 14)

❦

CHARLES J. FINGER was once du 'Squire of the Ozarks' by Carl Van Doren. title is highly appropriate, for few know Arkansas mountains as intimately as the one- sailor, musician, cowpuncher, miner, contra railroad manager, editor and now succe author. (p. 16)

❦

ALEXANDER KEITH, assistant editor o Aberdeen *Press and Journal*, is autho numerous books on Scottish folklore. (p. 24

THE REVEREND J. GRANT FORB minister of the parish (Church of Scotlan Monymusk. (p. 24)

The JOY of LIVING

'A Little Work, a Little Play To Keep Us Going . . .'

Above—*An idle song, and the sky for a roof!*
Just hear that ditty,
'Laugh and the world laughs with you, Weep and the world laughs at you . . .'
Or maybe it's 'The Prisoner's Song'!

—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Above—*Jack heard that all work and no play makes one dull, so he took up golf. But the feeling he now has after eleven strokes in this hole is not akin to dullness! His sixteenth stroke dashed the ball under the bridge—and he took the showers.*

—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Right—
First Sailor: 'The man who sings is a happy man.'
Second Sailor: 'Yes, but how about the man who has to listen to him?'

—*Wide World Photo.*

Circle—
Wanted: A governess who is a good stenographer, to take down my clever sayings.

—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo*

Left—
'Gather a shell from the strewn beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.' —*The Sea Limits.*

—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

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MOST of all to be remembered are those friendly circles gathered so often round the winter's fire; not the stove, but the fire, the brightly blazing, hospitable fire . . . There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are serious and gay by turns, or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon, or perhaps the great danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers! Meantime the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home-grown exotics, gathered from three realms—doughnuts from the pantry, hickory nuts from the chamber, and the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar. And then, as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks majestically towards nine, the conversation takes, it may be, a little more serious turn, and it is suggested that a very happy evening may fitly be ended with a prayer.

—*Horace Bushnell.*

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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'We took a last wistful look at the great peaks and this almost virgin country. Men openly grieved that the trip was over and that they were compelled to return to civilization. No one needed to tell his neighbor that the mountains had moved him.' HUSTON THOMPSON (article, page 14)

WILLIAM E. BORAH

The New Diplomacy

'RESERVATIONS'

"A Word in Season"—Safety!

When a woman's holiday activities have the added comfort of safe, carefree motoring, she conserves time and energy for the crowded days—and the festive season takes on new joys.

It is largely this matter of Safety which makes Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons so popular with the woman who drives. On snowy hills, or slippery streets—on any treacherous footing she knows the safety angles of the broad tread will hold the car true in its course.

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With woman's loyalty toward these things which serve her well, she who has enjoyed these benefits will insist on Gum-Dipped Balloons ever after. Your Firestone Dealer will be glad to call and fully explain their advantages.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER .. Harvey S. Firestone

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

DECEMBER 4 1926

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Reservations—*the New Diplomacy*

Will the So-Called Senate Safeguards Actually Protect America From Dangerous Foreign Entanglements?

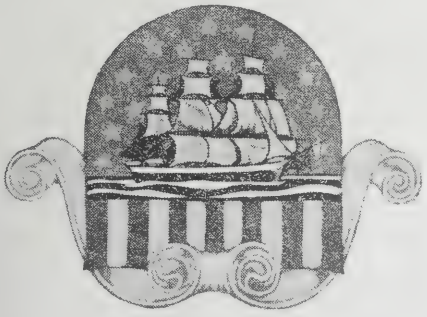
By WILLIAM E. BORAH,
CHAIRMAN, SENATE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

IT SHOULD be constantly borne in mind that those who advocate our joining the League of Nations without reservations and those who advocate our joining with reservations ultimately reach the same destination—that is, full membership in the League. Both by their course accomplish precisely the same thing, that is, the abandonment of our foreign policy as heretofore maintained. Each would take us into European politics and both would entangle us in European affairs. They propose to do so upon slightly different terms, but the goal of each is that of full activity in European affairs. The reservations do no more than seek to modify the terms of the Covenant. But after modification we are to become members and full participants in the activities and duties of the League.

In announcing the foreign policy of this Government, under which we have so long prospered and strengthened, Washington declared that the controversies and politics of Europe were essentially foreign to our concern; that therefore we should never through treaties or alliances or leagues involve ourselves in European affairs; that while we should cultivate peace and harmony with all nations and that all with justice and in good faith, nevertheless, if we wanted to preserve our independence and enjoy our free institutions, we should not interweave our destiny or involve our affairs with other nations or entangle our peace and prosperity in the schemes and ambitions of other peoples.

Do the reservationists propose to preserve this policy? Not at all. It is as completely abandoned as it would be if no reservations were offered. No reservation can, and no reservation offered proposes to reserve this policy. This great policy, dear to the American people and vital to their happiness and to our prestige as a nation, is as supinely surrendered by the reservations as it would be by the Covenant in its original terms. The substance, the vital principle, is forfeited, surrendered, abandoned. The reservations would change the terminology, phraseology, of the Covenant, and to some extent the machinery of the League, but in the end and as a practical proposition, they drive for European affairs and plunge into European concerns with the same ultimate result as would follow the acceptance of the League as first proposed.

During the debate on the League, Viscount Grey, of Fallodon, the distinguished English statesman, came to Washington. He was deeply interested in the League and one of its ablest advocates. After studying the reservations offered and finally adopted by the Senate, he wrote a letter home advising that the other governments willingly accept our reservations because, as he declared in effect: Once the United States is a member of the League, the reservations will amount to but little or nothing. He was perfectly clear in the proposition that once our traditional foreign policy was abandoned, the reservations proposed would be of no avail in protecting the interests of the United States as against the general program. He entertained no doubt that as these reservations would



RESERVATIONS have come to be the dominating strategy of our foreign policy. No plan for 'world peace,' no scheme for the administration of international justice, can be regarded as safe without reservations. And no scheme for 'world peace,' no league, no court, can be regarded as unsafe if we are permitted to tack on a few reservations. Every proposition for international cooperation is to be rejected unless we can add reservations. Any proposition is to be accepted if we can write in some reservations. Without reservations, the scheme is highly dangerous, must be rejected; with reservations, it is entirely safe and may be accepted. It behooves us, therefore, to consider the possibilities of reservations in the matter of preserving our rights and interests and protecting the people of the United States against involvements in foreign affairs.

in practice be construed and applied and executed by the League, their force and effect would be brief.

The great struggle in this whole controversy over the League has been to preserve the policy announced by Washington. The isolationists, so-called, have been criticized because they would not be satisfied with these reservations, as it was urged they protected our interests. Our view was, and is, that they surrendered the real principle for which we were contending. The reservations seemed to us to be the spawn of expediency, the dire resort of those who thought it dangerous to go in and impolitic to stay out, so they compromised by going in and professing to stay out.

ARTICLE XIV of the Covenant of the League of Nations provides for the creation of a court, which court is to be a part of the League system. When the committee of jurists was appointed, it was advised by the secretary of the League that 'the Court is to be the most essential part of the organization of the League of Nations.' This was clearly understood upon the part of the committee. Elihu Root, one of the members of the committee, declared:

'We must consider that this new court must be provided for as a part of the system of the League of Nations. We cannot accept the invitation of the Council and recommend a plan for a court which is not going to form a part of the system of the League of Nations.'

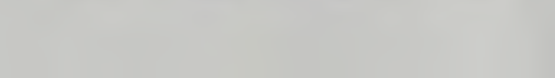
The report of the committee, after it had finished its task, declared: 'The new court, being the judicial organ of the League of Nations, can only be created within the League . . . As it is to be a component part of the League, it must originate within the League and not from a part outside of it.' The committee clearly understood that it was to create a court which was to be a part of the League system. It had no other purpose or design and undertook no other task. It did not understand that it was to create an independent judicial tribunal, one wholly separated from the League, but that it was simply creating what Judge Loder, now a member of the Court, declared a court which occupies the same place in the League of Nations that our courts occupy in the different states. They finished their task in full fidelity to their instructions—they organized and set up a dependent of the League, and that is the department we have signified our willingness to join.

We have, therefore, this situation. The League creates the Court. It elects the judges. It fixes the salaries of the judges. It pays the judges. It provides for the increase in the number of judges. It pays the salaries of the employes of the Court. The Court is the adviser and counsellor of the League, not by reason of the statute creating the Court, but by reason of the Court's relation to the League. Its judgment and opinions are to be enforced by the League. The League controls the accessibility to the Court. No one not a member of the League can use the Court other than upon the conditions provided for by the League.

If the League breaks down, the Court must go. When we become a member of the Court, we are a member of an institution which is the most 'essential part' of the League system. We are a member of the department which is the adviser, the counsellor, the attorney-general of the League.

Now, what has been the effect of all these reservations as far as separating the Court from the League or changing the relationship of the Court to the League? I venture to say that the actual working relationship of the League to the Court and the Court to the League will be precisely the same in the future as if no reservations had been offered and accepted. I am assuming, of course, that the proposal of the United States is ultimately accepted. The League will still elect the judges, fix the salaries of the judges, pay the judges, have the power to increase the number of the judges, pay the salaries of the employes of the Court. The League will still have power to call upon the Court for advice and counsel relative to 'any dispute' arising in Europe. The League will still enforce the judgment of the Court. It will still control the accessibility to the Court. In fact, the reservations have not in any substantial particular whatever changed the relationship of the Court to the League. So far as European affairs are concerned, they have not even modified the relationship.

UPON the important and vital question of separating the Court from the League, no step whatever has been taken. The final result, in other words, of the reservations offered to the League would have been the complete abandonment of the policy so long maintained by this Government against all entangling alliances with foreign governments. The final result of reservations offered to the Court s ute is that they leave the Court precisely the same relationship to League that it sustained in the instance. We will be a member of institution which the League may upon for counsel or advice concer 'any dispute' in Europe. We will member of a department of the Lea and that department is the 'essential part' of the League.



What is the difference betw being a member of the Court w advises and counsels concerning E pean affairs and being a member of League which advises and coun concerning European affairs? The difference is that by being a mem of the Court and not being a membe the Council, we have the disadvant of being the agent instead of the p cipal, of being in a position where may be called upon to act with sitting at the source of power w we might prevent action or deter the kind of action to be had.

SINCE the action relative to Court at Geneva, there has been m interest in Reservation Five which proposed as a condition to our adhe to the statute of the Court. Reser tion Five deals with the advis opinions of the Court, and advis opinions, it will be remembered, provided for, not in the statute of Court to which we would adhere, in the League which we have not joined. Suppose it should become accepted construction of and the set practice under the Covenant of League that the Council of the Lea has the right by a majority vote call for an advisory opinion of Court upon 'any dispute' which engage the attention of the League.

Suppose it becomes—if it is already—the opinion of the C that it must, in respect to the fun mental law relative to advisory o ions, respond to any request thus m by the Council. Suppose this opin requested were concerning a ma in which the United States claimed interest. Would not the questions have to go to the Court? Because power to ask for an advisory opin is provided for in the Covenant of League and not in the statute to wh we have adhered. The fundame law which controls is the Cove and it remains the fundamental until it is changed.

We are not a member of the Lea and have no say in the constr tion of or change in the Cove But we are to join a Court wh is thus controlled and guided the Covenant of the Lea Suppose the request is made the Court proceeds to consi the question submitted, what we to do?

(Concluded on page

Two WISE MEN *of the* EAST

A Week-End With Gandhi and Tagore

By BISHOP FREDERICK FISHER

MAHATMA GANDHI! Rabindranath Tagore! These are magic names in the Empire of India; an empire, to equal which in population we should have to lump together the people of the Philippines, the entire Hawaiian group, plus the entire United States, the Dominion of Canada, Alaska, all of Latin America, Mexico with her 16,000,000, Central America, the entire South American Continent with its fourteen republics and 58,000,000 people. Let us add the populations of all of the Atlantic islands east of our shores, the British Islands, France and Belgium.

In this vast empire these two names are magic words; words which are familiar to every man and woman of the 320,000,000.

Not only have these two magic names penetrated into the far jungle areas of India, and up to its mountain peaks, but they have reached out into the Western world. Tagore has been translated into every language. The story of Gandhi has seeped into the souls of all humanity. Hundreds of editions of Tagore's poetry have been published and sold in the United States, and a few years ago this great Indian poet was brought to America for a lecturing and reading tour. Santiniketan, where Tagore lives, is at Bolpur, the heart of Bengal.

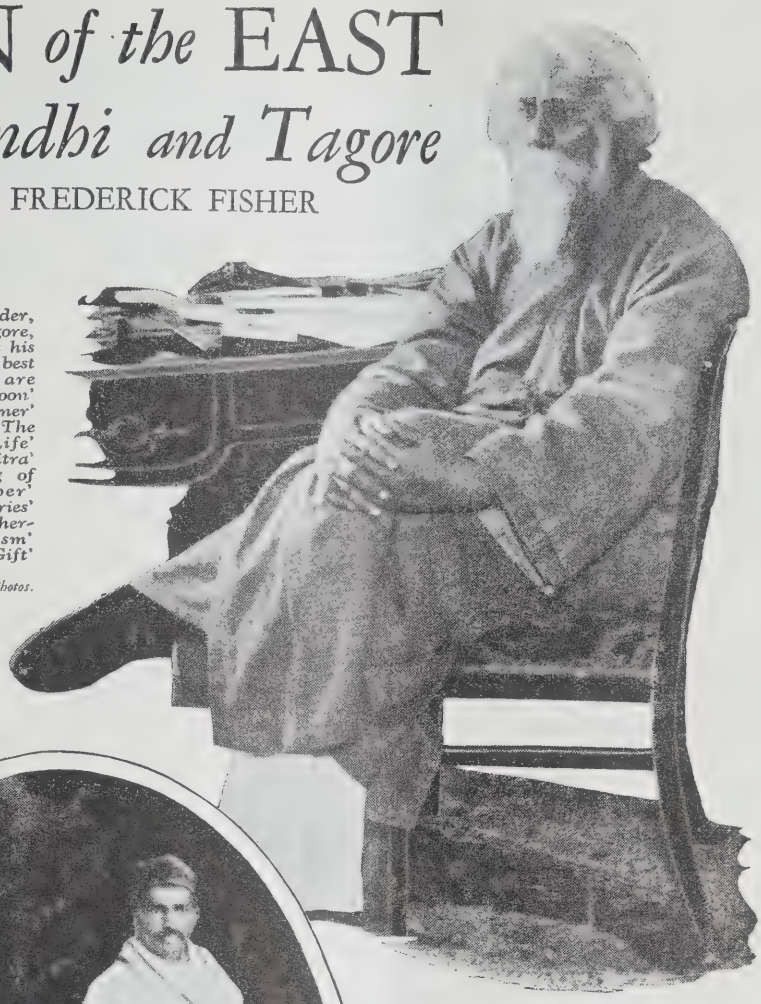
The Abode of Peace,' which for generations has been the home of the Tagores, a distinguished Indian family of culture and wealth, patrons of art and beauty, is the gathering place of the intellectual and spiritual leaders of India, as well as the rendezvous of all of those of the Western world who are interested in seeing the leaders of India.

To this beautiful spot came Gandhi, India's greatest political leader, and the day I had the honor of visiting its greatest spiritual leader, India's greatest poet.

The living room was wide, great columns at each of the four corners supporting arched passages which led to the guest rooms which one could see from the great central apartment. This great room was open on all four sides into a beautiful garden, with the majestic mountains in the distance.

In the center of this living room was a long low stone table, low enough to recline at, on which lay the working materials of the poet. It was covered with brown sheets of paper on each of which were scribbled innumerable lines.

This great room was open to the rising sun. To the south the warm winds penetrated, to the west there was the red glow of the sunset, and to the north came the cool breath of the plains.



India's spiritual leader, Rabindranath Tagore, 66 years of age at his study desk. His best known writings are 'The Crescent Moon' (1913); 'The Gardener' (1913); 'Poems'; 'The Realization of Life' (1913); 'Essays'; 'Chitra' (1913); 'The King of the Dark Chamber' (1914); 'Short Stories' (1915); 'Fruit Gathering'; 'Nationalism' (1917); 'Lover's Gift' (1918).
—Wide World Photos.

Oval—*Mohandas Karamchand (Mahatma) Gandhi, 57 years of age, and his wife.*
—Brown Brothers.

The floor was covered with rich oriental rugs, with lounging mats scattered about.

Into this beautiful chamber came the poet. All India calls Tagore simply 'The Poet.'

His entrance was unobtrusive. Like all Indians, he had risen with the first faint streaks of dawn to get his work done before the intense heat of the day.

Tagore is six feet two inches in height. He has deep-set and kindly brown eyes. His eyebrows are shaggy like the crags of Mt. Everest, his forehead is high like its giant cliffs. The hair, parted in the middle, flows down over his shoulders, as white as the mountain snows. His nose is aquiline, his mouth broad, his chin firm. Thrown around his shoulders is a long flowing robe of gold-colored cloth. His entry through that eastern opening down the path of the rising sun, his sandaled feet gliding across the rich oriental rugs, makes an unforgettable picture.

When he speaks his voice is soft and languid. He makes one feel at home. It seems that one has always known Tagore, and that he has been taken into the heart of the poet's innermost sanctuary.

That was my first glimpse of this intellectual Mt. Everest.

After a few words the poet stepped out into the garden and disappeared. He had not asked me to follow him, so I remained in the big living room.

I looked out after a few minutes, and saw two strange happenings:

On the other side of the inclosing hedge I saw an Indian boy herding goats. Then I heard a call from the poet. The boy left his goats and nimbly leaped over the hedge. He ran up to the poet, who gathered him into his arms and kissed his cheeks. Then they walked over to Tagore's favorite rose bush and the poet plucked a bloom and gave it to the little brown shepherd boy. I thought of that beautiful verse in which Joaquin Miller describes the scene when Jesus took little children into his arms and blessed them:

Then reaching his hands he said, lowly:
'Of such is my Kingdom' and then
Took the little brown babes in the holy
White hands of the Savior of men;
Held them up to his heart and caressed them,
Put his face down to theirs as in prayer;
Held them close to his
cheeks and so,
blessed them,
With baby hands hid
in his hair.

The little herder of goats had hardly gone before I heard a whistle. I could not tell whether it came from the poet's lips or elsewhere, but in a minute a tiny brown girl climbed over the hedge from another direction and with a little run leaped into the tall, white-haired poet's arms. Then the poet, with a lilt of laughter, carried her to a fountain from which the birds drank and let her slake her thirst. Then he gave her a kiss on the cheeks, a rose from his garden, and sent her off, laughing into the sunlight. Turning from this rendezvous with childhood Tagore walked through his garden.

The wind blew through the open sides of the great room where I was standing and scattered some of the brown papers across the floor. I picked them up and put them back under the stones on the low table from which the winds had snatched them.

One of these fluttering papers had a poem on it entitled 'Broken Prayer to Jesus.' The poet stepped in unexpectedly as I read this before putting it back.

'Ah, I see that the good bishop is stealing my fruit,' Tagore remarked with a friendly smile.

'I'm just drinking out of one of your other fountains, like the little girl. I've been reading your beautiful broken prayer to Jesus.'

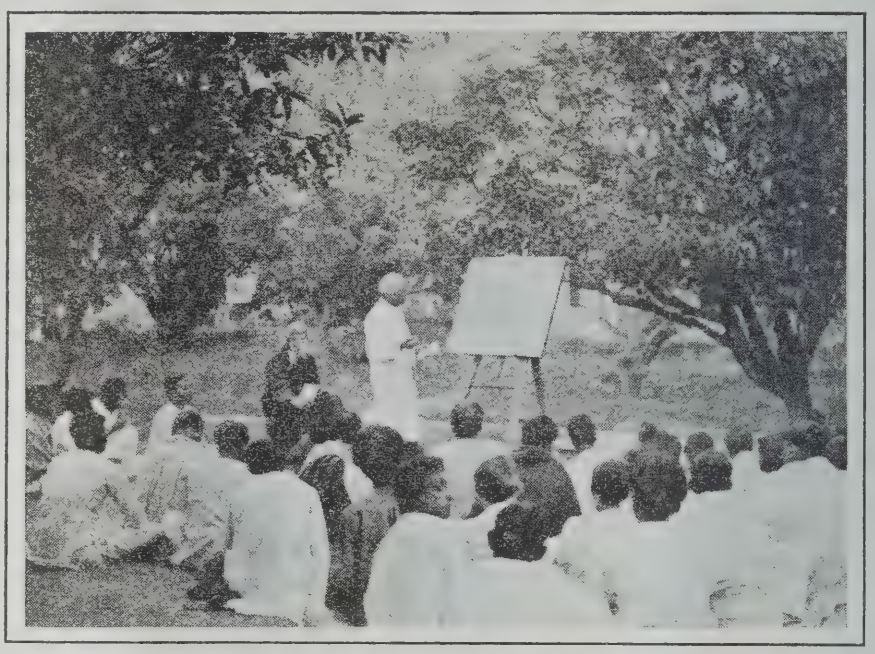
'I don't know that anybody can ever finish a prayer to Jesus,' said Tagore, adding, 'And our lives are certainly all of them broken prayers to Jesus—prayers full of pain.'

'The wind blew your papers to the floor and I was putting them back, Mr. Poet. Will you read it to me?' I asked him.

'No! You read it to me,' replied Tagore.

Then he seemed to change his mind and added in evident haste: 'I'll read it to you!'

There as we stood in the early dawn —for it was not yet the full-blown dawn—the room glowing with the new sun and the garden taking on a new light, in soft well-modulated voice he read:



Class at the university founded by Tagore in 1921, as a cultural meeting place between the East and the West. Study includes rural reconstruction; Western science; Sanskrit literature; Buddhist philosophy; Islamic, European, Chinese and Japanese culture.

'Accept me, O Lord, accept me,
I have wandered in pursuit of voices that
drew me, yet led me nowhere.
Do not turn away thy face from my heart's
dark secrets,
But burn them until they are alight with
thy fire.
My world is still, with the expectation of the
great pain of thy coming into my life.
Thou hast done well to send me thy fire
of pain—
For my incense never yields its perfume till
it burns, and my lamp is blind till it is
lighted.'

My heart, too, was 'still' as he read. I said to him: 'Do you realize that you have caught the secret of Christ's coming into a life better than half of those who worship him in our Western World?'

'What do you mean?' the poet asked me, bluntly.

'I mean that the coming of Christ into a soul, or a nation, means pain. It means giving up things. It means giving back unfairly gotten gains. It means destroying old idols. It means suffering, and sacrifice, and—pain—just what you have said—I had never seen it quite in that light before:

"My world is still, with the expectation of the great pain of thy coming into my life."

'That is the secret of Christ's coming. You have caught the real meaning of it better than we of the Western World have caught it!'

'But you must remember, Bishop Fisher,' admonished the poet, 'that Christ was an Oriental. He was a brown man. We understand him here in India—perhaps—better than you in the Western World—perhaps—after all?'

And suddenly into the midst of this discussion came the other of India's great figures, Mahatma Gandhi.

Tagore is the Mt. Everest; Gandhi is a cataract.

There is a way in which a cataract flings itself down the mountain side into the valley in sheer torrent and beauty. There is also a way that the cataract has of turning the wheels of commerce, lighting the city streets and homes, warming the valley's hearths. There is a way also that a cataract has of turning the desert into a garden until it 'blossoms as the rose.' Such is Gandhi. He throws his life away in reckless abandonment, and the millions in the valley find refreshment and light from his power.

Gandhi was graduated from the Indian schools in his own land and learned the English tongue with fair success. He then went to the University of London to study law. For several years he had law offices in London, South Africa and India. He was the head of a prosperous firm and always a friend of the poor.

When he heard the call of his countrymen in Africa, he went among them.

(Concluded on page 26

Have You Ever Seen a GHOST?

OR Do You Only Think You Have?

By DONALD A. LAIRD

She turned toward the dining room. There was a bright face!

A COUSIN of mine saw a ghost not long ago. Her mother, who had lived on the farm with her, had been buried only a few days before. While pparing the evening meal Cousin D. sa her mother's face in a doorway.

I am sure this was not a mere phntom of the imagination.

At first the face was indistinct, and sn disappeared. D. paused in bewlderment, and the face reappeared, as f to reassure her of its genuineness. Sme of the details of her mother's fetures could be seen on this second apearance, which occurred only a scnd or two after the first.

Cousin D. was on the verge of spaking to the apparition when it agin disappeared. She was so awed tht her eyes would not move off the spt in the doorway. And, after a sl htly longer interval, the face apeared a third time! It was less distnct this time, but 'a sad, comfortale expression was on mother's face.'

The ghost disappeared and D. cdapsed into the kitchen rocker, where h husband found her a few minutes lar when he came in from the chores. D was in a nervous sat, rubbing her eys as though the lis were growing tocther.

Even now when sh recalls this episde she is seized with a involuntary shudd, but she always smiles sympathetically at the memory bcause of the portat of the comfortae expression on h mother's face the lat time it appeared tht evening.

Had her mother rlly appeared in the dorway?

D. was busy prepring a winter supp in the farmhouse kitchen. A flickering kerosene lamp stood in a wall bracket on one side of the stove. The kitchen was dimly lighted.

She lifted one of the round lids from the stove top to place the teakettle over the opening so that the fire would start the kettle's song sooner and make the house seem less lonesome. Just before D. set the kettle over the opening she looked intently at the fire to see if it needed replenishing. The glowing bed of coals fascinated her and she had to 'pull herself together' to hide them under the kettle.

Then she turned toward the dining room, mindful of lighting the lamp hanging over the table and setting the table. As she walked toward the dark doorway of the dining room she stopped in astonishment.

There was the bright, rosy face; it was indistinct but nevertheless there!

Note all of the above details, then make this experiment for yourself:

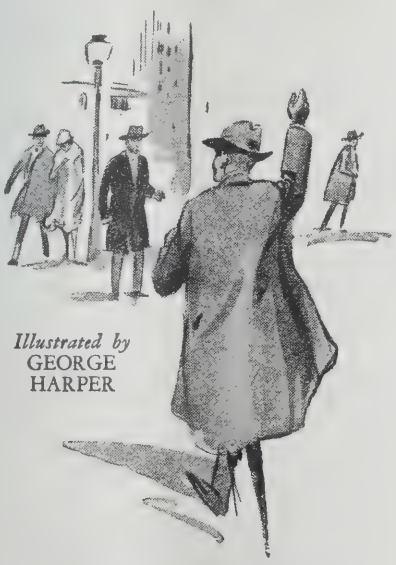
In a dimly lighted room light an ordinary household match. Look intently at its flame until it is just dying away. Then close your eyes. You will see the outline and color of the match flame wavering in front of your closed eyes.

That isn't imagination, is it? You really see the flame, it is not like a daydream. And yet we can't call it the spirit of the match.

But you may not have to close your eyes to see the ghost of the match. With a little practice you can get the after-image of the match, as it is technically called, to follow your eyes wherever you look. If you look at the ceiling you will find the phantom flame there, if you look out of the window you may see the flame applied to your neighbor's house.

After a second or two the phantom will disappear. If you close your eyes, though, it will soon appear again, and again. I can oftentimes see these recurrences as many as eighteen distinct times, each time a little fainter than the preceding.

Cousin D. saw the after-image of the glowing disc of *(Concluded on page 21)*



Illustrated by GEORGE HARPER

I was thinking of a former student as I passed a young man. I recognized his face as that of the former student.

When the Newspapers Are Dripping With YELLOW INK

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

LET us agree at the outset that much of the criticism of newspaper readers against the emphasis on scandal and crime news, the chief cordwood of sensation, comes from persons whose good taste is honestly offended.

They shrink before the daily news and particularly before that part of it which seems to them to canonize crime. Their embarrassment is justified, especially in a new type of pictorial journalism which has come on the market recently and goes a distance farther than all but a few newspapers ever dared or cared to go.

On the other hand we have a class of critics whose blushes are manufactured and whose outcries are hypocritical. They are not as embarrassed as they would have us believe. And there is the third group—a great mass whose fealty is pathetic at times and which is sufficiently comforted by the daily journalistic boiled dinner of funnies, cartoons, dress patterns, crime, want ads and news of filibustering and pork-barrel statecraft.

I say that cant is rife on this point because for one person who complains against the printing of some lurid story, 500 write to take sides, if the matter be controversial, and street sales always mount during the progress of some sensational trial. During a recent case of criminal assault brought by a college girl against the son of a wealthy manufacturer, a subscriber wrote to my newspaper to say it was a pity newspapers printed such trash. She asked us to forego future reference. At no time did the reader stop to figure publicity as a bayonet in the side of potential assaulters.

After the verdict, she wrote a second letter: 'I wrote you some time ago asking you to suppress the —— case. It was disgusting and I was pained by your attitude. *I read every word of the stories that followed* and there was no improvement in their tone.' (The italics are my own.)

A gray-bearded citizen once testified at a meeting in Denver:

'I get up an hour earlier in the morning to read those terrible exposures of vice in the *Rocky Mountain News*.'

Are newspapers on the whole sensational? Often in our moments of discouragement we get a wrong perspective. Especially is this true if we incline to dwell on the good old days. Styles change in everything. If something does not seem to measure up to old standards, part of our disappreciation and intolerance may be in our inability or unwillingness to accept the new order.

I rather side with the managing editor of a Toledo paper, Grove Patterson, when he says:

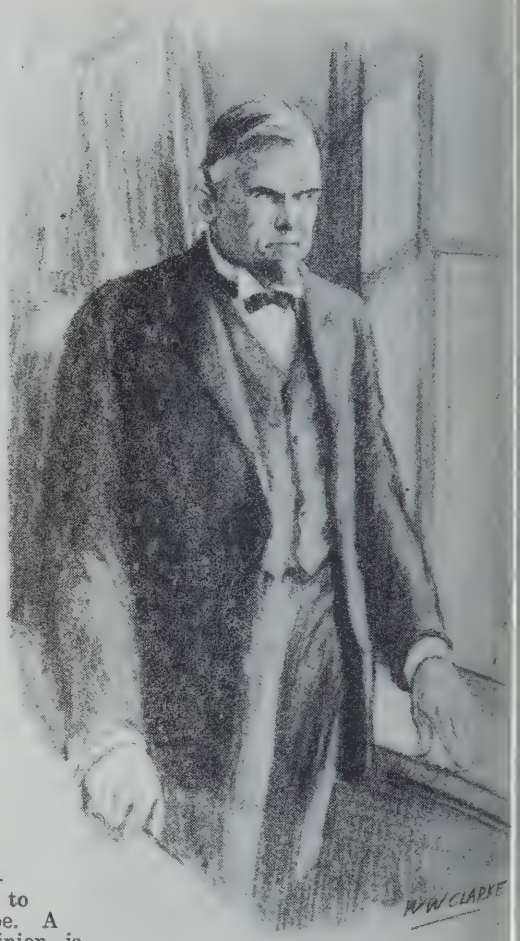
> Much of the criticism of newspapers is based upon ignorance as to what a newspaper is meant to be. A newspaper, contrary to common opinion, is not meant to be a record of the day's events. It is meant to be a record of the day's unusual events. The modern newspaper grows out of the herald of old, and no herald of old ever lashed his horse to foam to bring the waiting multitude the news of a commonplace.

When we say sensational, we mean sensational in the light of what? I do not find a definition of 'yellow journalism' in the reference books, but I find sensationalism interpreted as the doctrine that all knowledge originates in sense perceptions.

We are in the throes of evolution. Newspapers evolve into new patterns as civilization takes on new form. Twenty years ago we would have gagged over the customs, writings, dramatic pieces of today. Whether the evolution is good or bad is beside the point.

NEWSPAPERS are in flux. They change, as the world changes. They change in answer to demand, usually. If so-called yellow newspapers were printed and no one bought them, or if certain newspapers which printed an excess of crime and scandal were ostracized, we should have no yellow papers. 'Yellow' news is printed because there is a public for it.

For the most part a publisher permits his editors their fling in judging news values, and if their judgment is vindicated by leaping circulation—



The publisher ordered a sordid story boiled to the bone, despite the fact he could see a mob on the street below calling for the rival paper which was running this story in all its details.

and that is the general barometer of the day—the newspaper owner would be a singular fellow if he said the editor didn't know what the public wanted. Of course, the perfect formula of news never has been discovered.

Not that the publisher is always quiescent. The successful referendum of the pennies and the publisher's good taste do not square many times, and I know several publishers who stand out against public demand because they cannot reconcile it with their personal ideas of decency. I know one who ordered a sordid story about a motion picture actor boiled to the bone, despite the fact he could stand at his private window and see a mob on the street below calling for the rival paper which was running this particular story in all its most intimate details.

The Old Man came into the local room a few months ago with a copy of the morning paper.

'What are you trying to do—dramatize this thug?' he exclaimed. He pointed to a story on Gerald Chapman sent out by all the press services. Two days later Chapman expiated his crimes and the news editor, to whom the Old Man's wishes had not been transmitted, threw a line of big type across the top of the page

'he boss was sardonic that morning 'ha he arrived at the shop.

What I say doesn't count, I sup- os' he said. 'I presume tomorrow oning we'll have a lot of emotional ss fras about the funeral. If we do ndit gets on the first page, there'll e house-cleaning here.'

he next day's follow-up, two ar graphs in length, was found with iff ulty under some ads in the back of ne aper.

ensation is on the brain, however. Vhe I was writing the above, a mes- enger boy delivered at the desk a eleram from a staid New York ubishing house which said:

Gilbert Frankau, famous English ovlist-publicist, arrives your city iving the date). He has been es ged by press in cities visited thus ar, as he talks *sensational* copy on te national relationship and wo- en'

Ve find more conservative news- apers drifting to big type and detailed ca lal than we find sensational papers ak g the veil of conservatism. And e re entering even a new stage of en tionalism. We find certain pic- ured papers cashing in on the Chinese ro erb that a picture is better than 0,00 words, and setting new and gly disputed standards of decency nd ndecency.

broad the outcry against sensa- or lism has crystallized in Lord Dar- ng bill in the English House of ors to regulate press reports of er in law cases. Under this measure, ul ication of any 'indecent matter' wh h comes out in court would be pun- sh ble by imprisonment not exceeding tw months or a fine not exceeding $2,500, and a special prohibition would be put on publishing medical, surgical and physiological details which 'might injure the public morals.' In divorce cases the newspapers would be confined to the printing of the names, addresses and descriptions of the parties to the suit; the grounds on which the suit was brought and defended, as set forth in the legal papers; the action of the jury and the judgment of the court, provided none of these violates the general clause prohibiting the publication of indecent matter. France has a similar law.

To this an American editor retorts:

'Libertines would rejoice at such a press gag.'

RUSSIA has erected a unique editorial council called the *Gosizdat* which must pass on every manuscript before it can be set up in type. Peru has had a quaint sort of punishment in store for errant writers since 1823 under a law which provides:

'Authors or publishers of printed publications described as obscene or repugnant to good morals shall be liable to a fine equivalent to the value of 1,500 copies at the selling price, and if they are unable to pay the amount in question, they shall be required during the period of four months to inter corpses in the cemetery.'

Brazil has taken a flyer in advanced legislation by prohibiting the publication of advertisements of quack medicines which are not approved by the director general of public health. China solves the problem of the emotional sob sister by explicitly prohibiting 'any statement which tends to excite the public to plead in an unauthorized manner in a criminal case.' Colombia makes newspapers and periodicals state their 'political color.' In Italy there is a prohibition against the publication of adherence to 'another form of government.' It is not a Mussolini measure. It dates to a period nearer the time of Garibaldi. In Persia there is a very strict law against the publication of articles or pictures 'against honor and chastity.'

The Archbishop of York says:

'The pollution of the public mind by the wholly unnecessary publication of unsavory details in judicial proceedings where sex matters are involved is one of the most serious evils with which we have to deal. In one leading Sunday newspaper in London 238 columns of such matter were counted within a year.

'The evil lies particularly in the insidious suggestion made day after day by an accumulation of this scandalous testimony. It is perfectly demonstrable that the total effect is to defile the imagination and the mind of the people and especially the young. We feel indebted to the managers of most of the newspapers of the country for the expulsion of matters that are really obscene or indecent, but the evil does not lie so much in that as in this continual pressure of sex suggestion.'

When the Archbishop of York argues for suppression of sordidness on the ground that the evil of one man may influence another to evil, he is repeating a psychological fact that is known in every newspaper shop. The fact is that many American newspapers assented years ago *(Concluded on page 21)*

On Mothers-in-Law

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

It is the man's mother-in-law who comes to stay and perpetually puts the fat in the fire.

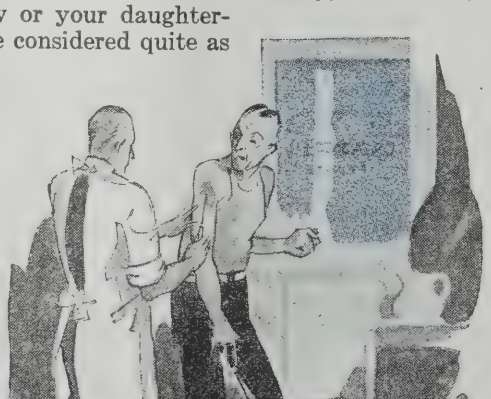
I WILL instruct my sorrow to be proud' is one of the staunchest lines in Shakespeare.

An admirable resolution, but some afflictions, thus unsweetened as they are by any redeeming dignity, refuse to be thus instructed. Among these trials ranks high that of being on bad terms with either your mother-in-law or your daughter-in-law: such a calamity seems to me not only disagreeable but also a disgrace. How could one bear a misfortune so humiliatingly commonplace—so actually proverbial? What a pathos thus to qualify as a music-hall jest! To become a butt for the most elementary humorists!

To suffer through your mother-in-law is a moral misfortune equivalent to such physical misfortunes as mumps, or slipping on orange peel.

I suppose the mother-in-law so dear to low comedy usually refers to the mother of a man's wife rather than to the mother of a woman's husband. It is the man's mother-in-law who wears impossible hats, comes to stay for six months, and by interfering, eavesdropping, and tale-telling perpetually puts the fat in the fire.

'While thy wife's mother lives expect no peace' grunts a pessimistic old proverb. But then there is an equally gloomy one which tells us that 'The husband's mother is the wife's devil.' So evidently humanity regards both these relations as natural enemies, and no doubt this form of facetious fatalism has been very harmful. These kinds of troubles are exceedingly infectious and in reality cases of ill-feeling should be isolated in the same way that cases of sickness are isolated. Quarrelers should be condemned to so many weeks of quarantine. And could not some form of inoculation be devised? As for being *seen* on obviously bad terms with your mother-in-law or your daughter-in-law, it should be considered quite as culpable as going about wearing the rash of an infectious illness.



Could not some form of inoculation be devised for cases of ill-feeling?

To expose anything so ugly as a family quarrel is an offense against the public. 'Assume a virtue if you have it not.'

Leaving aside the crude characteristics of the mother-in-law of low comedy, there are, of course, more subtle troubles which threaten the relationship between a man's mother and his wife. But a measure of good will, tact and forbearance should easily smooth the situation. There is no reason why a good (in the sense of a fond) mother should make a bad mother-in-law. I suppose her danger is a tendency to be either jealous or else contemptuous, presenting her daughter-in-law with the alternative of being disliked as a rival or despised as a nonentity.

Which is worse, I wonder, to be resented as an intruder or tolerated as a mere appendage? A certain type of mother seems to want her son's wife to be no better than a squaw. She never considers her as an independent entity, but merely in relation to the man she has married. Suitability to him is all that is demanded of her, and she is no more to be thought of independently than is his shoe, or his spectacles.

Memory, too, is often mischievously misleading. A mother is apt to idealize not only her son, but her own relationship with him. How easily she persuades herself that previous to his marriage all was perfect, that there was no fly in the family ointment until this ignorant young woman stole his heart and spirited him away from mother apron strings.

For her part the young wife is a[p] to accept her husband's good qualiti[es] as natural, and to consider his failin[gs] the result of bad training. 'I do thin[k] your mother might have brought y[ou] up to be punctual,' she complain[s] 'Fred never used to be depressed [or] miss his trains,' sniffs his sore mothe[r] shrouding the past in mists of sent[i]mentality.

It is obvious that children are ve[ry] likely to prove stumblingblocks b[e]tween a man's wife and his mothe[r] Fred's mother sees no reason wh[y] Fred's children should not be broug[ht] up in precisely the same way as he wa[s] Nursery methods change very rapid[ly] and it is as natural for the elderly [to] mistrust 'newfangled notions' as it [is] for the young to pin their faith in t[he] latest panaceas, and so ensuing d[is]agreements often lead to what an i[n]tolerant daughter-in-law considers u[n]warrantable interference.

But since all these and many mo[re] possible pitfalls are so obvious, sure[ly] there can be very little excuse f[or] plunging open-eyed into their squalo[r].

Sympathy and intelligence on t[he] part of all three, and kindliness, su[f]ficient to make each anxious to avo[id] saying or doing anything to impair t[he] mutual benefit and delight of the oth[er] two, is all that is required to keep th[e] family triangle in tune.

To excel first as a daughter-in-la[w] and then as a mother-in-law would [be] by no means a mean ambition for [a] woman to set herself in life.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE only thing worth while in this world is to help one another. It is the only real incentive to action; the motive power that begets beneficial accomplishment. We are here to assist one another to overcome difficulties that are obstacles to the happiness of the whole.

There are always motives behind words as well as behind actions. If you tell a man what is on your mind—it may be merely a story, it may be an account of something that interests you and which you think might interest him—the underlying idea is generally that you want him to know as much as you do yourself, but sometimes it is egotism impelled by the idea of displaying how much one knows. But even egotism has its uses. A man unburdening his mind in this manner is nature's method of giving information, of advertising certain facts.

Nature itself abounds with such methods. The nectar-giving flowers and blossoms attract the bees by their bright colors. They flaunt their flags of pink and white and gold so that the treasure-seeking insects may know where to find them. Each has its particular odor fulfilling the same purpose. In the same way birds find their food and, as is well known, fishes will follow the most brightly tinted lures.

It may be that when one man unloads his mind to another he may be only telling how much he thinks he knows instead of revealing that which he actually knows, but even in this there may be helpful information. He may strike the keynote of an idea which can be developed to some useful purpose. By such intercourse, carried on in the right spirit, with an honest intention of rendering service or of giving pleasure, much good may be accomplished. An interchange of ideas is invariably beneficial. A blend of ideas, no matter how trivial each individual idea may be, often forms a serviceable whole, and leads to some result that otherwise might have been unattainable.

Once during a great flood a man was borne away by the swift current when he managed to cling to the branches of a tree. There was much confusion of advice as to how he might be rescued before the flood carried him off, and wise heads suggested this method and that; but it was the village simpleton who pointed out that a boat attached to a rope and allowed to drift with the current would follow the same course as the man had done, and a rescue was effected. So also with the steeplejack who, owing to the detachment of his scaling apparatus, was stranded on the summit of a very tall chimney. When all plans for his rescue had failed it was his wife who signaled to him to tie a piece of brick to the unravelings of his sock and thus provide the means of drawing up a string to which a rope was attached. So also nations have been saved and battles won by words let fall by someone who was not credited with knowing a remedy but whose words implied that they thought they knew.

WE are in this world to help one another. Nothing else is worth while. Most of us do help one another without being aware of it. There are motives in words as well as in actions, and when a man may appear to be egotistical he may merely want you to know as much as he does himself. It is nature's way of advertising some of the good things she has in store and wishes others to share. Generous impulses are frequently hidden in what appears to be a hard covering of selfishness. Big achievement often emerges from the most unlikely places, and benefits are imparted by the most trivial minds. Progress in real endeavor is thus assisted and the way opened for far-reaching service.

Sometimes when an idea is put forward or service is offered, the man who does so may think that there will be some reward, that he may make some money out of it; but subconsciously the main idea is to help someone, because human nature is good at bottom and the good will come out on top irrespective of material gain.

It is human nature to help, not to destroy or to gain advantage at the expense of a fellow man. This motive invariably lies within the shell of egotism, or self-glorification, or personal reward by which it is inclosed. The shell will be broken when the time comes for the use of the meat within. Men are in this world to help one another, and money is only an incident, not a governing motive.

A man may think he is only doing things for the dollar, but he is really doing it to help somebody. It may be to buy a winter coat for his wife or to send his son to college; but what supplies the motive power is the desire to help. He thus, consciously or unconsciously, fulfills one of the great laws of nature.

There may be times when selfishness gets uppermost, but this invariably brings its own disillusionment, for selfishness does not pay. Kings and politicians, financiers and profiteers have tried it, but in the end it is invariably found that their harvest of ambition has failed or that the fruit they have been storing has rotted in their hands.

In the course of real endeavor very little progress would be made if it were not for that which urges a man to make known to his neighbor what he thinks will add to his happiness.

Almost everyone is worth listening to if we only knew it. Pearls of great price lie concealed in unsightly shells in sand and silt, waiting for the light of day to show their beauty and value. So also nature impels a man to disclose his merits in a way that will give good service to his fellows.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Blundering Through

THE British coal strike is over; but it is not settled. It has been one of the most costly experiments at economic adjustment ever attempted and it has accomplished exactly nothing. The underlying causes which brought it about still exist. There is as much bitterness between the miners and mine-owners as ever. They have arrived at no common ground of understanding, no plane from which even a discussion of the grievances both undoubtedly have can start.

The sole concrete result which stands out sharply against the drab background of failure is the staggering cost—$1,250,000,000, according to the conservative estimate of the Board of Trade: *a sum nearly equal to one-third of the English war debt to the United States wasted in a few months of useless bickering!* And this sum must be paid not by the miners (although they have lost heavily in wages) nor by the mine-owners, but by the British public, that innocent bystander which had little to do with the brewing of the trouble and little enough with its ending.

The mine-owners have won, but theirs is a Pyrrhic victory. Men starved into defeat will not make good workmen. They will harbor resentment, and this resentment will inevitably seep into their work. And it does not take much of a prophet to predict that they will be ready for another strike when the next good opportunity offers.

All parties to the strike have blundered. The miners were unfortunate in their choice of leaders and policies; they erred fatally in accepting bolshevist gold for the continuance of the struggle, for in accepting the red aid they lost the sympathy of a large portion of the British people, and thus assured their eventual defeat. The mine-owners, through their stubborn refusal to reorganize and modernize the mines, displayed at the very least a lamentable lack of good judgment. Justified or not, a feeling grew up that they were trying to crush the miners into submission without providing any remedy for their real grievances. They allowed their actions to be dictated by the die-hards rather than the progressives within their ranks, and as a result reaped for themselves a rich harvest of distrust and condemnation. Nor was the government—representing that third party, the public—any more fortunate in its moves. To the outsider it seemed as though the government missed several opportunities for forcing a just and equitable settlement upon both miners and mine-owners, and left them to fight out their differences no matter who might be hurt.

The mining industry in Britain, like that in this country, is not on a basis of service. The minds of the mine-owners seem centered upon present profits rather than future development. Experts have testified that through the installation of modern machinery and the elimination of waste, through the abandonment of some mines and the intensive utilization of others, not only could higher wages be paid to the miners but coal could be supplied to other industries at less cost than at present. But this, protested the mine-owners, could be done only at great expense.

And so the war-torn nation has been put to the *unneeded* expense of a $1,250,000,000 strike; the mines are in poorer condition than ever; the price of coal is higher; and hundreds of thousands of miners are forced to accept lower wages and a correspondingly lower standard of living.

Un-glorifying the Murderer

THERE are times when it is difficult to repress a whoop of admiration for the way the English handle their yellow journals. Freedom of the press exists in the tight little isle, but it is freedom within the limits of common sense and common decency. Those American newspaper readers who are nauseated at the glorification of the American thug, nauseated at the intimate revelations of a sixteen-year-old moron, nauseated at the adulation accorded despicable and cowardly murderers will welcome the news from England that a prison head there has been remanded for trial for supplying the sensational press with details concerning the hanging of a slayer. The English attitude is that the warden violated his office by pandering to the sensation-mongers, and he is being prosecuted under the Official Secrets Act. The publicity broadcast at the time of the death of Gerald Chapman or the execution of Richard Reese Whittemore will stand as a perpetual monument to the shame of the American press.

Universities Take Notice

FOOTBALL, baseball, ping-pong and skiing are heralded in their season with great ballyhooing, but little has been said of the great American game of corn-husking that is being played throughout the country. Warriors of the baseball diamond and the gridiron are not the only ones who are in strenuous training. Country corn-husking contests last an hour and twenty minutes, and it takes a good husker to follow a wagon down the field without missing out. Judges trail along to pick up ears missed, while other judges weigh the husks left on the ears in the wagon. The contestants with the largest scores after deductions for these two items are the winners. It's a clean game and a hard game requiring stamina and alertness and is one of the few sports into which the amateur-professional controversy will not enter.

The Andrews Attitude?

IT IS impossible, of course, to know whether Mrs. Lincoln C. Andrews speaks officially for her husband. That is largely a matter for them to determine. When, however, Mrs. Andrews in a newspaper interview expresses certain views *as being those of her husband,* then the matter becomes one of public importance. Particularly is this so when the statements expressed are of so extraordinary a nature as those attributed to Mrs. Andrews by the Chicago *Tribune.* She is quoted by that newspaper as declaring:

> Neither Mr. Andrews nor myself was eager for prohibition. While in office he will enforce the law as long as it remains a law. When the people prove they no longer want it Mr. Andrews will gladly step down. His has been a thankless job from the first.
>
> Vicious rings of bootleggers are the staunchest supporters of prohibition and make repeal of the act ever more difficult. The richer and more powerful they grow, the harder it becomes to get rid of Volsteadism. Neither myself, my husband, nor our son has touched liquor since the law became effective, but that does not mean we would not welcome the day when actually non-intoxicating beverages could be brought into our own home without fear of breaking some law.

Prohibition enforcement from the very outset has been in unfriendly hands. Prohibition has been given no fair trial. If it has failed in any particular, it is because it has not had the sincere sympathy of those charged with its observance.

A Matter of Geography

THE villages and the farms of America have been the dominant influence for nearly a century and a half in shaping the course of American government. Most of the nation's great leaders, most of the great political reforms, have sprung not from the cities but from the country. Not until recent years, however, with the rise of political gangdom in the cities and the resultant schism between urban and rural communities has this influence been particularly noticeable.

The growing breach between city and country in political thought is a matter for grave consideration. Political machines in the larger cities are nothing new. Some of them date back for generations. But heretofore they have been largely content with manipulating municipal affairs. Now they are reaching out for state and even national power. The recent election furnishes excellent illustration of this trend. In virtually all of the large Eastern commonwealths city and country voted against each other, and in nearly every instance the city vote was victorious.

It was the massed vote of New York City, sweeping away the up-state Republican plurality, that carried Governor Smith and Senator Wagner into office. Likewise in Massachusetts Senator Butler journeyed to Boston with a plurality vote, but he was buried under the landslide of metropolitan ballots for his opponent. The same thing occurred in Pennsylvania, with party labels reversed. There the Democratic candidate had a plurality of 50,000 throughout the commonwealth (almost unprecedented in Republican Pennsylvania), but the machines in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia functioned smoothly enough to ease Vare into the saddle. In Illinois Chicago voted against the rest of the state and was beaten only by a narrow margin. Similar conditions existed in other states—in Missouri, where the St. Louis vote carried the day, in Maryland, where the potent Baltimore vote did the same.

The machine-made vote of the city is a grotesque anomaly in supposedly popular government. It is autocracy within democracy: the autocracy of political bossdom. All too often it mirrors the views of the bosses rather than the views of the public; and the views of the bosses are governed by circumstance and not by conviction. Tammany Hall in New York bears the label of the Democratic Party, and the Vare organization in Philadelphia rejoices in the title of Republican; but the two are as alike as though they bore the names of Tweedledum and Tweedledee. And we have this on no less an authority than that of Mayor 'Jimmy' Walker of New York City, shining light of the Tammany constellation. Said Mayor Walker on a recent visit to Philadelphia, where he was hailed by Vareites as the next President of the United States:

> Politics is all a matter of geography. If Bill Vare, Freel Kendrick and Charley Hall lived in New York, they'd be Tammany leaders; and if John McCooey, Judge Olvany and Jim Eagan lived in Philadelphia, they'd be making up the Republican slate . . . I don't believe in taking politics too seriously.

Canada's New Rôle

WITH the appointment of her own minister to the United States, Canada takes another step toward definite nationhood within the British Commonwealth of Nations without weakening in the slightest degree its position as an integral part of that great Commonwealth. Not only is the appointment important to Canada, but it is of prime importance to the rest of the British Empire, for Canada more and more is assuming the rôle of interpreter of American actions and American thought to England. Canada 'speaks our language,' she understands our problems and our ideals and our little idiosyncrasies, and she has a neighborly interest in our affairs which is impossible to a country some three thousand miles away, however friendly that country may be. The record of one hundred years and more of peace between Canada and the United States is a record to be proud of. The international boundary is one of the few in the world which does not bristle with forts and armed barricades. The two great North American countries are alike in many ways, and they have wrought their bond of friendship without harming in any way the tie that binds Canada to England. The establishment of a Canadian legation in Washington will do much to strengthen this understanding.

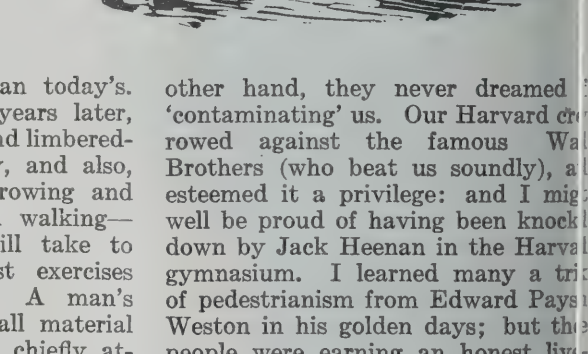
GRANDPA'S *Physical Culture*

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

HOW do our bodily training and condition, a lifetime since, compare with what they are now?—a question hard to answer, just as it is hard to compare the performances of actors of a past generation with those of their successors of today. Yet these matters are not unimportant, because, as Einstein says, everything is relative, and if we don't know what we were, we can't be sure of what we are.

I am no expert on the stage, dramatic or operatic, though I saw my first pantomime at the old Drury Lane Theater in London in 1856, and from 1860 on I followed Edwin Booth, Ristori, Salvini, Forrest, Patti, Kellogg, and scores of their contemporaries, with joy and profit. But, as old country ladies say of art, 'I don't pretend to be a judge, but I know what I like!' On athletics and gymnastics, however, I may speak with some assurance, for I have been actively 'in' them for more than seventy years, and conversant with the various theories of physical exercise as they came to birth one after another.

I had the good fortune to live during my childhood in the country, with the fresh air and activities which that implies; and at the age of seven, in Liverpool, England, I made my first acquaintance with a regular gymnasium —Huguenin's—which was much the same sort of thing that one sees nowadays: wands, clubs, dumb-bells, rings, horizontal and parallel bars, trapezes, 'horses,' and so on. We have added rowing-machines and some other particulars, but the principle is the same. Huguenin himself was a vast, good-humored Swiss, who had been a Samson in his day, but who was then a smiling diplomatist, skilled in selling his condensed exerciser, one of which my father bought for my benefit, and when we returned to New England in 1860, it went with us, and functioned for several years in our barn in Concord. It did me good, no doubt, in the way of keeping me aware of my joints and muscles, chinning, swinging and pulling —till I went to Harvard in 1863, and became an addict of the old gymnasium there, which was by no means as sumptuous as that which succeeded it, but turned out athletes quite as efficient, if less scientific, than today's. I emerged from it, four years later, quite sufficiently muscled and limbered-out in the gymnastic way, and also, and better, practised in rowing and long-distance running and walking—which I still take to be the best exercises for youth. A man's body, and all material objects, are chiefly atmospheric, and the more fresh air we pump into ourselves the better.



But one must learn to take a live personal interest in these things. We, as a nation, are deeply interested in baseball, tennis, polo, and track athletics; but where one of us participates, ten thousand sit and look on, and go home afterward as pulpy and slack as we came, and with a cigaret-taste in our mouths into the bargain. But vicarious exercise—athletics by deputy—is no good. Greece and Rome fell fo that reason. The English do muc more wisely; they not only look o by millions, but they imitate as we as admire, and they pay much les attention than we do to the mone end of the games and competition A college man, in my time, woul have felt ashamed not to pay his ow way in baseball or rowing; a 'galler —paid admissions—never entered int his innocent calculations; the so profit in the matter, looked for obtained, was physical, not pecuniar

Professionalism was as far from u as Dan from Beersheba; so much s that we were not in the least afraid contact with professionals; and on th other hand, they never dreamed 'contaminating' us. Our Harvard cr rowed against the famous Wa Brothers (who beat us soundly), a esteemed it a privilege: and I mig well be proud of having been knock down by Jack Heenan in the Harva gymnasium. I learned many a tri of pedestrianism from Edward Pays Weston in his golden days; but th people were earning an honest liv hood by the sweat of their brows, wh we went into the thing for the pars crown—for fun and good health. anybody had suggested *paying* —Heaven help him!

It may or may not be due to mor considerations that we in America so eager, not to compete merely, t to win. That means that we care l for the game than for the champi ship—with the result that almost ev other athlete you meet is a champ of some sort, and the title inevita loses its value.

Seventy years ago Tom Sayers w the British champion of the ring a as such was bound to meet all com and he did so. Our Benicia B John C. Heenan, came over to fi him, and I, being in England at

—Brown Brothers Photo.

International contest between Heenan and Sayers at Farnborough, 1860.

ıne, was consumedly in-ıterested in the event; but ; was only thirteen years ıd, and parental orders ıevented me from getting ithin less than a hundred iles of the ring.

I knew how to read, owever, and the news-ıpers were not withheld om me; and one happy ıy I stood in front of a otel in Liverpool, in a owd that packed the reet, and saw two figures anding on a little bal-ny of the second story; ıe was tall, the other ıorter by six or eight ches, and each of them eld before his stomach a Diamond Belt' of victory; r though neither of the ıen had been victorious, ıey had fought for hours, ll one was blind and the ther had lost an arm, and ıe police had broken into the ring. nd since nobody could determine hether the blind or the cripple would ave lasted out, had they been al-owed to go to a finish, the twin belts ere the answer.

It is more pertinent to take a lance at the training methods of the eroes of those days. Heenan told me hat he used to run, during the months efore the fight, thirty cross-country iles every day, and that the staple of is nourishment consisted of beef early raw and stale bread, to wash own which voluptuous delicacies he as allowed a quart of water a day, ut most of that to rinse out his mouth —not to swallow. He came out of this rocess not so much a man as a column f tempered steel with arms and legs f the same.

HEENAN was a man 'naturally' trong, as were the other great 'bruisers' f his time; and he never dissipated etween fights. Even so, he didn't ive long. At the time of my brief cquaintance with him at Harvard, ıe was a fine, tall fellow, with a big lark moustache and splendid in his ttire; his manners were quiet and indly. That was the bare-knuckle era; ounds might last from a few seconds to hours, depending on when one or the other combatant was knocked down. Foot-work was unknown; you stood up and slugged.

Heenan impressed us college boys to the extent that we thought his training methods were correct, but we modified them somewhat; for our training was not for the ring, but for rowing. The training tables of the crews were spartan enough; stale bread, rare meat, a potato or two, and a couple glasses of water: morning and evening runs of four or five miles, and the rowing itself, which would be from five or six miles to an occasional twelve! In winter we would be faithful at the gymnasium, and a fourteen- or fifteen-inch biceps was not uncommon, with other muscles to match. For my part, being an enthusiast, I kept to the diet during all my four years at Harvard, and I thought nothing of running the fifteen miles from Concord to Cambridge upon occasion —sometimes before breakfast. All this was good, and to such practice I owe my present good condition at four-score. Not many of my college mates were so assiduous and persistent, and now all of them are gone. Big-muscled youths are prone to get fat, inside and out, as they grow older; they eat as much or more, and exercise less.

It will be more useful, however, to recount my mistakes than my successes. At Harvard, at the age of twenty-one, my weight, trained for a race, was 170 pounds. Five years later I weighed two hundred and ten pounds, with a chest girth, expanded, of more than forty-eight inches, and a waist, indrawn, of thirty-seven. I was spending an hour or two at Wood's gymnasium in New York every evening, where I worked on the parallel bars and the trapeze, and curled and put up the 200-pound dumb-bell, of which I had almost a monopoly. At the same time, five or six evenings a week, I would run a measured mile, covering the distance in not more than 4.40, and sometimes in a second or two less. I was eating plenty of whatever I wanted, and drank much water, a pint or two of beer, and sometimes a glass of wine. My health was excellent. My height was 5 feet 10½ inches.

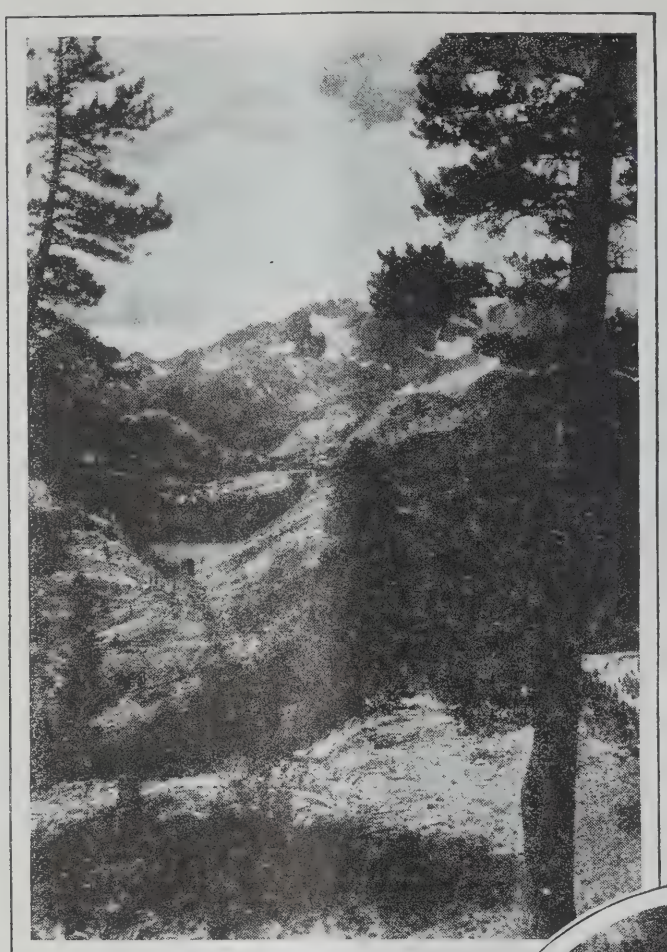
But one day I took account of stock and decided that I was going wrong. I was six and twenty years old now; what would I be like at forty or fifty, should I live so long? These big muscles were not only of no practical use in my daily life, but they were also so much extra weight to be carried about and fed: how long could my heart and lungs support such a burden?—or my stomach?

THE heavy-weight principle in exercise was prevalent in this country then (about 1870); indeed, there is a good deal of it still. It makes strong and large muscles, but it does not proportionately increase the strength of the heart, and little, if at all, the capacity of the lungs. Was there no better way?

Then I remembered my old friend, Dr. Dio Lewis, who had visited Concord in 1861 or 62, and sought to instill into the boys and girls his light-weight, or free-hand, principles. His apparatus consisted of little wooden dumb-bells and clubs, weighing three or four pounds at most, and of a great variety of 'free' movements, doubtless derived from the Swedish principle, but simpler. He himself was a sturdy man of medium height and weight, but very strong; I once saw him, on a wager, hold out at arm's length a five-pound dumb-bell, for thirty-five consecutive minutes —an astounding feat! I doubt if Jack Heenan could have done it. His muscles were not hard and knotty, but smooth and tough, and he was very flexible all over. He was very light and active in his feet, too.

He ascribed all this to faithful practice of his system, and he persuaded Emerson, and Frank Sanborn, the school-teacher, of its superiority, and in the end he had all the school and most of the rest of Concord doing his movements. Soon after, he bought a big empty hotel in

(Continued on page 22)



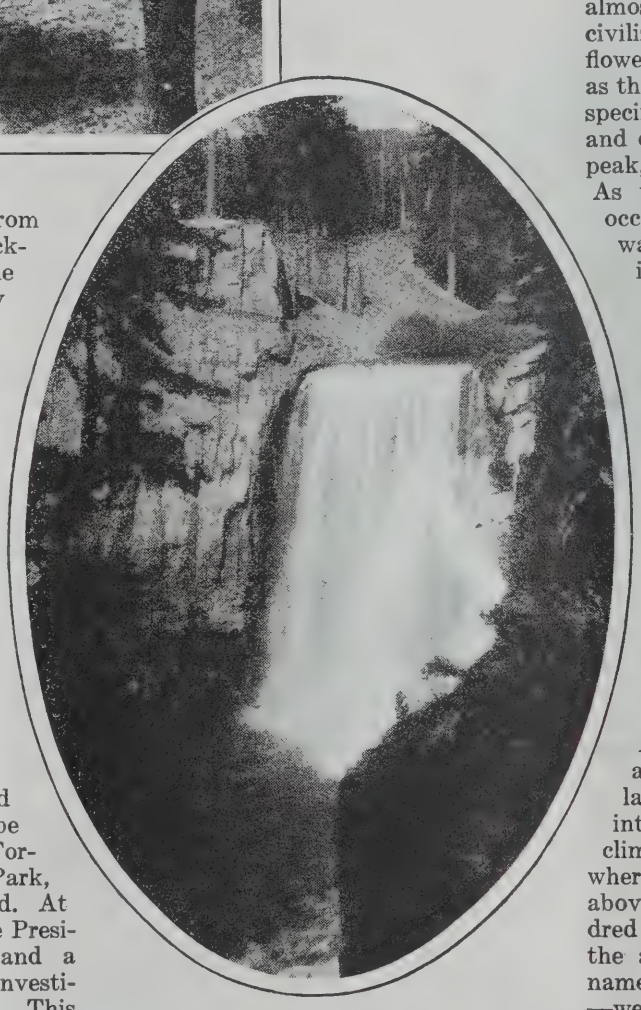
The LURE *of* Sky-Line TRAILS

Higher Altitudes Bring Higher Thoughts, Making Better Men

By HUSTON THOMPSON

'Those mountains, that seemed in the twilight so far off, now appear within a few minutes' walking distance.'

Oval—Rainbow Falls, part of a rushing mountain river of icy water.



IT WAS midsummer, and from the Atlantic Coast, the Rockies, and the Pacific, we came trekking across the country by ones and twos, to assemble on the lofty and inspiring eminence in Yosemite Park, called Glacier Point.

From the hotel veranda as the hub, our guides pointed out a fan-shaped tour within whose sides and curve was encompassed row upon row of giant granite mountains that rose in ascending tiers to a background of lofty peaks. The objective was thos peaks and the country behind them.

This objective had been selected for us by the Federal Government, which was about to determine whether that far country, including peaks and open space beyond, should be withdrawn from our National Forest and included in Yosemite Park, to which they had once belonged. At the instance of Congress and the President, a 'Committee of Six' and a secretary had been chosen to investigate the territory in question. This committee was headed by a Pennsylvania Congressman, of dignified mien, and intelligence, once an Eastern college professor, who taught his students American history by taking them right out on the early Indian and pioneer trails that once led from the Atlantic seacoast over the Western Pennsylvania mountains, and up through the Ohio Valley. The students aga traveled those trails, and in imagin tion lived the experiences of the ear days.

We left the hotel with a gre flourish, as our cavalcade took to t trail. Cameras clicked. Goodbys we shouted back and forth, as the hors began to jockey for position, to esca the dust. Soon we were strung c along the trail with the riders in fro and the pack train behind.

Many of the party were strange having met for the first time the nig before at the hotel. The strangen began to be removed by the mounta almost before we were out of sight f civilization. Those in love w flowers were soon calling to one anoth as they spied some unusual or beauti specimen. Others turned in their sadd and directed attention to some dist peak, or some unusual nearby tree.

As we descended into a valley, occasional mule, dissatisfied with way its pack was adjusted, registe irritation by trying to roll the pa off. Some of the horses that h been brought up from the ranch and were not altitude-brok were already heaving audib while others whinnied a frien call to a mate somewhere al on the trail.

It is almost miraculous way mountains move men sh ed the superfluous and rev their humanness. As we star to climb, a rider turning to neighbor soon forgot to add him as 'Mister.' The sec day out formal appellations w dropped as easily as the trees s their cones.

As we reached the higher altit and intimacies began to devel last names were frequently thro into the discard. When we climbed to the top of the divi where men saw each other face to above the mists of the valley, the dred spirits surrendered completely the appeal of comradeship and n names—man's password for friends —were coined.

On that first day, after about hours out, when the ranch horses w heaving and their cinches creaking, halted for a rest and to dip our cup in the cool stream. Those recently fr

te swivel chairs flung themselves for a ɔment on the welcome ground, stretch-ig their muscles in the joy of complete laxation, while the old-timers stand-ig by winked and slyly jested at the sfties' plight.

The trails were a series of ups and owns, with the riders climbing to the p of a ridge, descending sometimes cause of the lack of a trail over ulder fields, down into the canyons gulches, and up again over a still gher ridge, and again rising above e snow to the very top of the divides.

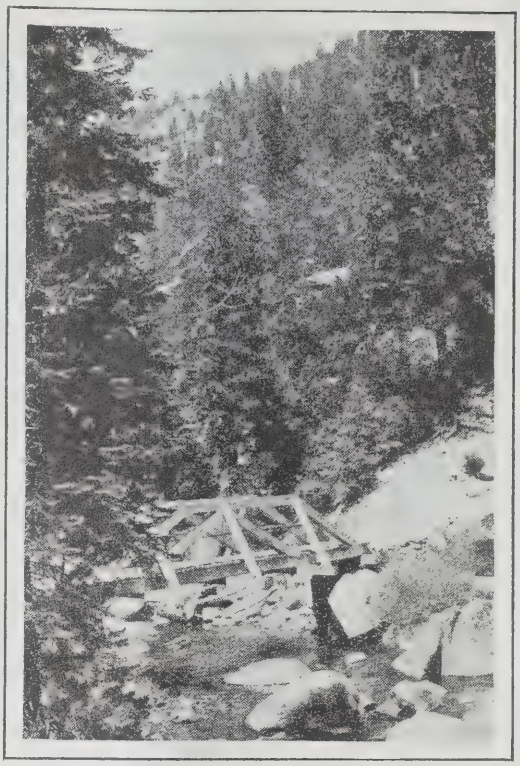
A curious accumulation of enormous pieces of stone, called 'The Devil's Postpile.'

At each vista there was a halt. Maps were consulted and field glasses brought into action. Then the committee huddled together, took observations and made suggestions and criticisms. The more meticulous would retreat to the cover of a bush and jot down hurried notes.

The supervisors stood by as an information bureau to be consulted with regard to the lay of the land, while the camp followers were an inarticulate jury listening to the debate over the feasibility of this or that mountain or lake or canyon as park or forestry land.

So it went day after day on the trail, with good-natured chaffing, growing comradery, and a complete oblivion of the irritations of civilization. Somehow, those mountains and their ranges and ridges and lakes and trees kept moving the men of the trail in such a way that even the twenty miles of cross-country riding brought them into the home stretch good-humored, keen in anticipation of a plunge in an icy stream, and with an appetite for supper sharpened to razor edge.

Selecting a camp for a pack train, with pasturage for our riding horses and mules, about thirty animals in all, in the high altitudes of the Sierra is no simple thing, particularly when the camp is above the mountains and close to where the peaks begin. Besides grass and water, one of the essentials is an open space of sufficient area for the mules to roll, after their packs have been removed. The men need shelter from the cold wind that steals down from the peaks at dawn and creeps close along the ground, attacking every opening in one's blankets and sleeping bag.



San Joaquin River.

Each day the master of the pack train was given a destination for the night's camp. When the committee had completed the day's work and reached the camp, it was already set up, the mules were rolling, and the hobbled animals were far away in pursuit of pasturage. It seemed just as necessary for us humans to have a plunge in the icy stream, or mountain lake, as it was for the mules to roll.

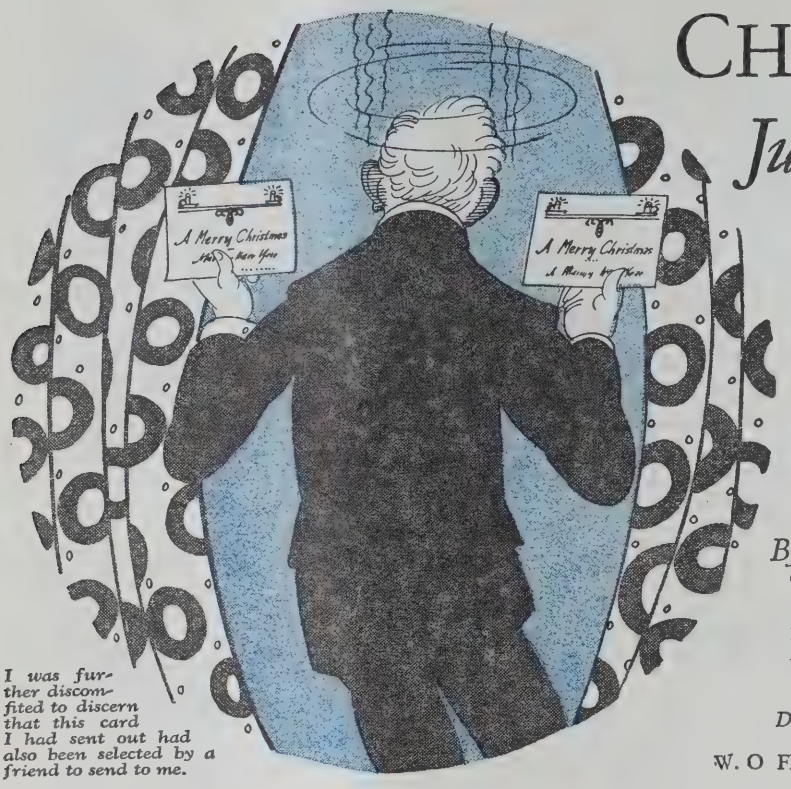
Into the water the men, ranging from the youngest at thirty-six to the oldest at sixty-eight, and averaging about fifty, plunged with greater eagerness, more shouts and unalloyed pleasure, than youths into the old swimming hole. Often, in the midst of a water fight, brought on from pure animal pleasure or desire to keep circulation going, the publisher would slip up slyly and snap pictures.

After the evening meal, while the cook is cleaning up, the supervisors and the rest of the party locate pine stumps and other easily ignited, fast-

(Continued on page 18)

'Breakfast is over, the riders are off for the day over the mountains and down into gulches and canyon.'

CHRISTMAS CARDS
Just WHAT *Do They Mean?*



I was further discomfited to discern that this card I had sent out had also been selected by a friend to send to me.

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Drawings by W. O FITZGERALD

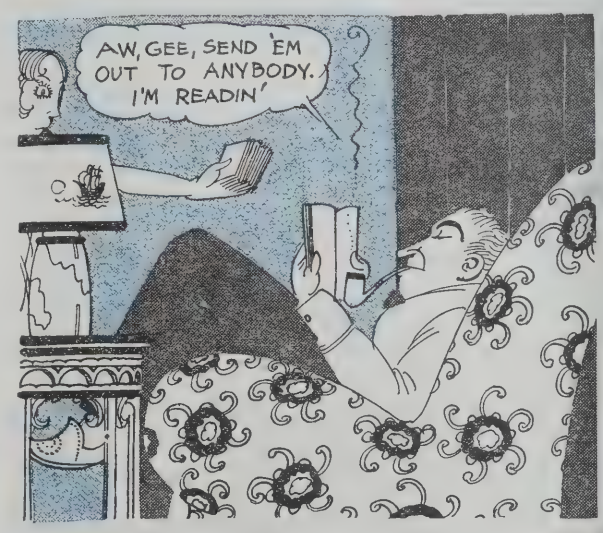
I HAVE here no intention of giving a detailed history of Christmas cards except to remind the reader that, as far as we know, they have been in use about eighty years, the first one having been designed in 1846 by J. C. Horsely, R. A. It was not, however, until after 1860 that they came into general use, John Leighton, in 1862, having made designs for Messrs. Goodall of London.

A few years later they were increased and doubtless beautified by German and French artists and printers, but they did not reach their mid-Victorian perfection until they were produced by Messrs. de la Rue and Marcus Ward. Some of these early cards were very beautiful; more beautiful, indeed, than so many of the designs of today. Others were stilted and conventionalized; but that is always true of every period of art.

While I am no applause-maker for the glories of past ages, I must say that we have not improved greatly in our Christmas cards, except in respect of smartness. Meanwhile we are deluged with them. The whole affair appears to have degenerated into a trade; and I am inclined to think it is one of those signs of the times of which we may be the least proud.

There are of course exceptions. Occasionally at Christmas one sees a card which reveals the real spirit of Christmas and true sentiment. But this iconoclastic age stops at nothing and in too many instances the holiday season is merely an opportunity for smart people to be vulgar and irreverent.

Two or three years ago one of our well-known writers sent out a card which read: 'Mr. ——— announces the birth of Christ.' This was received with unholy joy by a considerable circle of sophisticated admirers, mostly gentlemen who plume themselves upon their total ignorance of anything really permanent or worth while.



The Christmas card of today is too often a cheap subterfuge for evading even the thought of Christmas.

The Christmas card of today is too often a cheap subterfuge for evading even the thought of Christmas, which to people burdened with the onerous responsibility of not missing the next meretricious movie have no time fo what they regard as an annual annoy ance. After all, there is something t be said for old Scrooge, who at leas was downright honest in his meanness

But a Christmas card is too ofte a circular letter, either in standardize sentimentality, or in unstandardize glibness. I am glad to record that mos of my own friends are not guilty putting their souls more or less int their annual Christmas greetings. In deed I feel discouraged when I thin of how much time and thought the give to original sentiment, plus perer nial affection.

The Christmas card of today undoubtedly an outgrowth of the callin card, the origin of which is very ol It seems, however, to have become custom more or less familiar to th 18th Century. Printing came out Germany and as far back as 1770 w have elaborately designed calling card In this country the calling card, such, is distinctly passing. In busine it is used to some extent, bu like the bicycle only whe strictly useful.

As for the Christmas car it seems to have but two firs class functions: to overburde the postmen, and to relieve th sender from further respons bility. It is very much lik listening to a radio sermon Sunday and then believing tha one has discharged one's r ligious duty.

There was a time within th memory of some old inhabitan when people paid calls. Now t many of them don't even pa their bills. There was a tim when people met and co versed; now they signal hu riedly in passing. So at Chris mas time the neighbors 'droppe in.' Fancy doing this now!

I recall, however, surrept tiously (I mean without m wife's knowledge) making this mistak some years ago in a fatuous spirit old-time comradeship. In the afte noon of a Christmas day I decided 'drop in' on some friends I had know for about twenty years.

Their surprise and indignatio thinly concealed under an outwar show of enforced friendliness, linge with me unpleasantly yet. The arrangements had been made long b fore, according to a schedule drawn u

probably by a couple of secretaries—for they were moneyed folk—and I still believe they loved me, but on Christmas only at a distance, for their love was not scheduled for that afternoon. I withdrew in as good order as possible, only to be rebuked by my discomfited better three-quarters who remarked sadly: '*Now* they must have the idea that you had nothing better to do.'

Indeed, is there today anything more humiliating than to make an attempt to cultivate the society of one's friends?

This leads me to consider the difference between sentiment and sentimentality and to wonder if our Christmas cards by their increasing numbers do not show a lack of that something which is as necessary as anything is necessary.

It seems to be true that while people have no time to exchange true sentiments, they have, along with this, developed a kind of savagery in their indulgences. Instead of friendships, we have temporary attachments, depending upon mutual self-interest. Instead of love we have too many frank indecencies. Instead of Christmas, we have merely an annual opportunity for certain people to get the best of certain other people.

What is the difference between sentiment and sentimentality? Every year I hear the same things said, namely: 'If it weren't for the children, I wouldn't give a rap for Christmas.' 'Do your shopping early.' 'I wish it were over.' The admonition to do one's shopping early is certainly right, considering the vast numbers of overworked employes.

But is it not obvious that a widespread state of mind which has come to be impatient with the one period of the year which should induce love and tranquillity and peace must be a sign of widespread racial disharmony? And we know that this is true. For if we lack true sentiment, it cannot be said that we lack sentimentality.

Ye MERRY CHRISTMAS
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year (Good Heavens! Again?)
A Merry Xmas to You (I'll bet we don't get a thing from them)
A Merry Christmas (This confounded annual nuisance)
Season's Greetings (With a Yawn)
I sincerely hope that you enjoy yourself
Merry Christmas Rubber Stamp Salutation

Meanwhile, we are deluged with Christmas cards. The whole affair seems to have degenerated into a trade.

And it is from this sentimentality that our crimes breed—so common among us as to excite the contempt and ridicule of our British cousins. I saw recently, from the chief proprietor of one of those confessional periodicals, a leading editorial which was a perfect example of the kind of pernicious philosophy which is leading astray so many of our young people. It dealt with *romance* and as an unblushing invitation to everyone within range to dream dreams, left nothing to be desired. Of course that was consistent, that was the basis upon which he had built up a large fortune and upon which he had induced millions of light-seeking young people to read his papers. The idea is simple: each one of us can be a *hero*—in his mind. We need do nothing—just sit and dream of ourselves.

The let-down from this glittering delusion is sudden and revolutionary. When you pass your time in dreaming you are a hero, and wake up to find that you don't know where the next meal is coming from—this is what makes gunmen.

Too much stress is laid on early environment and lack of education. The slums are bad enough, God knows, but the appeals to this hero stuff are much more dangerous. Indeed, if we do away with these things, the slums will go. The slums are the crop of these pernicious teachings. Strange that with so many deep thinkers, so few see this.

Thus on the same day this editorial appeared, one of our most notable intellectuals, present at the hanging of a notorious criminal whose 'adventures' had been played up in all the papers, remarked that there were few who could die like that. And the next day this remark was carried into the headlines. The glorified criminal, standardized model for all youth, and the glorified heroine who leaves her husband and children for an affinity are twin products of a process that begins with sentimentality and ends with murder. Sentimentality is merely a kind of sexualized selfishness.

Ah, but, you say, one must dream dreams. There must—you insist—be some outlet from the monotony of life. Now that things—you keep on—have become so settled (fancy that!) one must live through adventures in one's mind; otherwise we shall all go mad.

(Concluded on page 23)

The afternoon of a Christmas day I dropped in on some friends I had known for twenty years. Their indignation lingers with me yet.

The Lure of Sky-Line Trails

(Continued from page 15)

burning wood for the camp fire. The stumps are soon heaped in a pile and touched off with a match. The canvas that has covered the mule packs is spread out on the ground, and for a backing the bags of feed, the pack equipment and saddles are brought up and placed in a semicircle around the fire and canvas thrown over them. Then all hands, like the Indians who camped there ages before, make themselves comfortable, light their pipes, and as flames lick the turpentine and resin that flows from the stumps, the committee gathers for a powwow over the day's proceedings, checking each other's impressions and the facts, and writing up their diaries with care, since they will possibly have to appear before Congressional committees.

The powwow lasts for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, during which time the camp followers stretch out on the ground and gaze complacently into the flames and embers, watching fantastic figures come and go, thinking no thoughts, but yielding to the glow that comes over one after a day in the open, supper, and the heat from the camp fire. When the committee has talked itself out, the conversation becomes general. The discovery on the trail during the day of flint arrowheads, and the rock from which they came, brings the conversation to Indians.

Each man contributes what he knows about the red man. It soon develops, however, that the former university president is the real expert, having spent his youth among the Indians, picked up a speaking acquaintance with their language, and learned many of their dances. With joyous spontaneity he demonstrates the dance, and with the encouragement of the crowd strips himself to the buff, twists a few pieces of cloth around into a headdress, and throwing a blanket over one shoulder, calls on the others to join him in the dance. A can is used for the tom-tom, and as the rhythmic beats stir the air, man after man jumps to his feet, and with the former university head leading in song they dance around the fire.

The stunt so appeals to those having movie and still cameras that they insist that they be given a chance to record the dance. Although these men of fifty or more are somewhat winded by the high altitude, they again go creeping and leaping through the steps of the dance until out of breath, but laughing like children, they throw themselves upon the ground, wrap their bodies in blankets, and stretch out again in front of the fire to smoke a pipe or two before retiring.

Here and there one hears a rustling, restless sound among the sleeping bags, of men not recently accustomed to the narrow space, and the almost choking feeling that one has when he changes from the freedom of a bed to this method of repose. But even the restless are soon silenced by the cold night air, and pass off into sleep as the pine knots continue to crackle and flame into the night.

In time, the last dismal howl of the coyote has ceased to echo. The owl, obtaining his prey, has quit his mournful call and sought some dark recess in which to sleep and contemplate during the daylight. The stars are so low they seem almost to touch the top of the peak across the canyon when the morning bird begins to peep, and here and there a sleeper, partly awakened, rises half out of his bag and resting on his elbow beholds the first streak of dawn creeping above the peak just across the way.

Those mountains, that seemed in the twilight so far off, now appear within a few minutes' walking distance. The snow that blankets them seems revealed to the observer for the first time.

There is a rustling around the camp, and the figure of the cook is outlined as he stoops and picks up a few embers from the night's fire for his kitchen stove. The cold breezes that are now making flank attacks on the sleeping bags cause the occupants here and there to twist about, dig in and wrap themselves more tightly to keep out the enemy. Each twist awakens the sleeper a little more. Finally the noise of the packers chasing the hobbled horses and mules, the preparation of breakfast and the smell of the bacon make the call too strong for the sleepers to resist. One by one they pull themselves out of the bags and half dressed race in the cold morning air as quickly as possible to the kitchen fire. Then having warmed themselves they start for the nearest stream to perform their morning ablution.

By the time the cook's welcome call of 'Come and get it' is heard it is broad daylight. The warmth of the sun heats the campers and they start a cheerful chatter as each one lines and passes along by a piece of canvas. On this canvas are placed the knives, forks and dishes, cafeteria style. Instead of sitting down to eat, as one would expect, with backs to the fire they stand and eat, and talk and plan for the day's trip.

Breakfast over, the riders are off for the day over the mountains and down into gulches and canyon, leaving the pack train to make its way the best it can.

One of the most interesting studies about camp life is the pack train, composed mostly of mules. If mountains move men, they certainly move mules. Those quiet animals, that seem never to be hurried or worried or flurried, are in some respects as temperamental as a prima donna.

One mule in this pack train insisted always in following the horse ridden by the commander-in-chief of the pack train, who rode at the front. Wherever his horse went that mule was sure to follow, and no matter how one might try to ride in between the two, the mule would quietly watch its opportunity and at some turn or stop slyly slip back again into its self-assigned place next to its leader. Another mule was an Ishmaelite. It had a superiority complex. It would follow no leader. It was invariably breaking from the ranks and dodging and running along the line through the timber to get up ahead of the whole train. Every time it did so it caused a flow of language from the boss that could be heard a quarter of a mile away.

To be a successful boss of a pack train one must have a powerful voice, think aloud frequently, and use profanity with absolute freedom. The boss must be constantly inspecting, and every half-hour or so he stops the train, and either he or one of his men rides along looking at the packs, for it is not only a disgrace but sometimes very dangerous on a steep trail to have a pack come loose or fall off.

Somewhere along in the pack train the cook rides, generally with one leg thrown carelessly over the horn of the saddle, an incongruous straw hat crowning his head, and dressed in a way totally out of keeping and unfit for the rugged outdoor life. A

The Minarets, Banner Peak and Mount Ritter as viewed from the top of Agnew Meadows Trail.

cigaret dangles from the side of his mouth. Carefree, for the time being at least, he knows that his job will not begin until the order is given to halt for the night, and they begin to unlimber the packs from the backs of the mules.

With the pack train were two Indians, who had brought some of their own mules. Some distance down the line one of the Indians rode at the head of his animals, and his companion brought up the rear.

The contrast between the Indians and the two white men in the pack train was inescapable. The boss, as I have said, rode at the front and had the responsibility of guiding the pack train to its destination. He was constantly calling to his associates and he and the other white man blackguarded the animals when they broke from the ranks. Unlike their vociferous white brothers the Indians did not speak often to their mules, but when they did, it was with voices that seldom reached to the next rider. They moved about quietly, and yet they observed with the keenness of a hawk. They were short, stocky, and thick-necked, and called themselves 'Yosemites,' having been born and raised in that mountain country. The way they treated their horses and mules, one could see that they knew the characteristics of these animals. So unobtrusive were the Indians in camp that one almost forgot their presence.

PROBABLY the glories of the sunrise, or the beauty of the sunset, had no effect upon these red men, but undoubtedly in a subconscious way this kind of life answered the instinctive call within them.

We of the city could not but notice the way the mountains affected those who dwelt among them. The men of the Forestry Department, and the National Parks, had something that we lacked.

They knew the trees, and the ways of things outdoors, and never once showed any weariness at the endless questions of the inquisitive.

In a burst of confidence one of them said, 'I believe far more in a God since I have lived out here away from city life. Nature has taught me many lessons. See those clumps of trees over there?' pointing to some lodge pole pines that were dying. 'Some bug is killing those trees. No one has yet been able to locate the bug or find the way to kill it. Notice that young growth beside each dying lodge pole pine. The moment one of the pines is dead, another tree springs up near its trunk and takes its place. It will be of a different and better species.' Noting his auditor's continued interest he added, 'Man can't beat nature, and man can't beat God who is behind nature.'

As we reached the apex of our trip and started down the steep trails to the low country in the parks, we took a last wistful look at the great peaks, the glaciers and this yet almost virgin country. Men opened up their hearts to each other as men seldom do in the city, and grieved openly at the thought that the trip was over, and that they were compelled to return to civilization.

The publisher gave vent to his feelings in no uncertain terms. The thought that within a few hours we would be in reach of the nemesis of his happiness, the automobile, made him so peevish that his companions rallied and jollied him, though secretly sympathizing with him. There were the universal expressions of reconsecration to the conservation of our forests and parks from predatory human beings who think it foolish to preserve these breathing spots and places for restoring worn-out nerves, and reviving the soul. No one needed to tell his neighbor that the mountains had moved him. Each knew how the other had felt as he lay looking up at the stars . . . Or in the early morning hours when the pink dawn tipped the tops of the peaks how the minds of his companions, as well as his own, thought like the mountaineer Isaiah, who beholding the sunrise exclaimed, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.'

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Faults *of the* 'Little Red Schoolhouse'

Consolidation of Country Schools Is the Remedy for Existing Evil Conditions

By MYRA CARY

IT WAS with round-eyed, avid interest that the little teacher watched the skillful handling of classes by the rural supervisor. It seemed to her almost magical the way system and order were evolved under the management of one to whose visit she had looked forward with fear and trembling.

Even the children recognized the touch of a master hand, and were soon responding with enthusiasm to the guidance of one who had had years of successful experience in country school-teaching.

They too had at first been nervous and timid. But now the busy hum of work filled the room. Occasionally a happy laugh was heard as some point in a lesson was linked up with familiar daily living. With wisdom born of knowledge and experience the supervisor emphasized the important parts in the day's lessons. By her questions she showed acquaintance with country life, its problems and its interests. The children no longer felt her a foreigner but one of their own community with larger experience of the life they themselves were living.

In the conference after school between the teacher and the supervisor over results that should be brought about, over ways of combining classes, over methods of making instruction vital, there came into the mind of the teacher many specific questions to ask her mentor and guide.

'When you come again,' said the teacher, 'I am sure you will find I have made use of many of your suggestions.'

The problems of the teacher had been many, notwithstanding the fact that her training and experience had been unusual.

It was three months before the supervising teacher again found herself in the neighborhood. She began recalling the problems of the school. She remembered being told that the district was chiefly of a shifting, tenant group. 'Because we live near the city,' the teacher had explained, 'we have children who have been in town to school; children who have been in many different country schools and some from the city schools of Chicago.'

What would three months show? As she approached the red brick schoolhouse with its homelike lines and angles, she saw the flag fluttering from the flagstaff in a warm and lazy breeze. A spirit of serenity permeated her whole being as she entered the busy atmosphere of the schoolroom. No one saw or heard her, for everyone was occupied. Presently the teacher spied her and asked that she run through as many classes as she could to see if the required work was being accomplished.

Typical old country schoolhouse which housed eight pupils.

THE little red schoolhouse is no doubt excellent as sentiment and effective in rhetoric, but it lacks many advantages as an instrument for the instruction of our children.

Wisconsin, in an effort to lessen the deficiencies of the small, one-teacher rural schools, has instituted the practice of having supervising teachers, who are thoroughly familiar with the problems confronting the instructors, tour each district to aid where they can with counsel and recommendation.

At the end of the first few moments the supervisor was able to notice great improvement. The teacher had aroused in the pupils a sense of responsibility, and had stimulated their initiative—two of the greatest factors in teaching.

One of the very serious problems of rural education is a home for the teacher. For many teachers it is practically impossible to find a place to live. One young teacher was given for her sleeping quarters the family storeroom, unheated. Many a winter morning she came out of the room with fingers stiff and blue, with the temperature below zero. The only sitting-room was the kitchen, which was pretty well occupied, at least in the evenings, with the husband and wife, children and hired man. Washing was in progress every day so that clothing hanging about the stove to dry was an ever-present inconvenience.

For luncheon she was given a cold pancake (bread was never baked in this home) and a slice of boiled pickled pork. She was her own janitor at the schoolhouse three miles away. No home was open to her nearer the school. During a part of the year she rode on horseback in the dusk of early morning to build a fire that the room might be warm for the children. Sweeping and dusting her schoolroom at night, and preparing the lessons for the next day, brought her home long after dark.

It was truly a spirit such as martyrs and missionaries are endowed with that enabled her to endure the experience for the full school year without telling her family how nerve-racking and physically wearing it was. She was spirited and determined not to be a 'quitter.' Half of her salary of $50 a month was paid for board and room.

We blame young men and women for shunning teaching service in the country school; but the hardships are so great, the appreciation so slight, the tenure of position so uncertain, and the salary so small that as a rule only beginners or persons who are too inefficient to be sought after elsewhere furnish instruction in one-teacher schools.

It was with the hope of relieving conditions that the State of Wisconsin in 1915 enacted a forward-looking piece of legislation regarding rural education. This act provided that each county might have one or two rural supervisors according to the number of schools in the county.

Problems of administration, of hygiene, of social welfare are taken up by the supervisors. They are encouraged to present their specific problems for discussion at regular meetings, problems that have been revealed to them during their work in the field.

A supervisor in a county in which there is a large proportion of foreign element told how she found a little teacher who had decided that the most helpful thing she could do in her district would be to teach English to the adult foreigners. She hoped at the same time to instill American customs and ideals into her charges. She announced that every Saturday she would conduct free classes in English for adults. Her kindliness had won over the whole district. They were willing to follow her lead and suggestions to a degree that would never have been dreamed of before.

Consolidation of country schools is the greatest single remedy for the evil conditions that exist; but it will be generations before consolidation is brought about extensively except in a few states. Even in the most favored states in this respect there will be out-of-the-way districts with one-teacher schools that will continue to need the shepherding care of the supervising teacher.

The crux of the whole difficulty with our country schools is that too many patrons cry: 'It was good enough for our fathers and for us; it is good enough for our children.' It was good enough for the fathers only because it was the best they could get under the circumstances.

Have You Ever Seen a Ghost?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

coals only three times, when she swooned.

But how could an after-image of a stove-hole have the details of her mother's features, as the third appearance did?

This summer I was going through a small village north of Chicago when I happened to recall that a former student of mine lived there. I was thinking of him as we passed a young man sauntering along the sidewalk. In a flash I recognized his face as that of the former student. But as I turned to look at his departing figure I plainly saw that he was much too short and fat to be the student, and on this second glance the illusion of his features became apparent.

Everyone has had these experiences of mis-recognizing. When we have an appointment to meet someone on the corner of Eighth and Main and are impatiently waiting, every distant face looks for an instant like that of our expected friend.

This same mental mechanism made the after-image look to D. vaguely like her mother about whom she had been thinking.

All day long we are having these after-images, but habitually neglect them. Psychological students sometimes become distressingly handicapped after their first laboratory work with them because they spend the following week or two in seeing on every hand these after-images they had previously ignored from force of habit.

Under certain conditions, however, these phantoms become so vigorous that they force themselves upon our attention. That is what happened with Cousin D. That is what makes possible the motion picture, what causes apprehension among railroad engineers, and what made a parrot curse.

An engineer who takes the crack Overland Limited across the plains from Laramie to Rawlins told me that he dreads the winter runs because he 'sees things.' 'Each time after the fireman stokes the firebox,' he said, 'I always see freak signal lights ahead on the winter runs when darkness comes early. One time when we passed within sight of a familiar ranch house I thought it was on fire. I rubbed my eyes and looked ahead. There were those freak signal lights!'

Plainly 'he was seeing after-images of the open fire box.

The motion picture screen is in complete darkness sixteen times a second. A shutter passes in front of the lens each time a new picture is jerked down by the Maltese Cross mechanism to prevent a blurring of the screen. But nobody ever notices this complete darkness of the screen.

In the early days of the motion picture they were flickery partly because the projection lights were not strong enough to make a vigorous after-image, and partly because specially silvered screens were not available to catch all of the projected light. And even a parrot can see after-images, which are sometimes mistaken for ghosts. The parrot, however, does not call them ghosts!

In a mid-western psychological laboratory a cage was arranged so that the parrot would see an after-image of his perch, if it were possible for the parrot's eyes to act as ours do in this respect.

The parrot saw the after-images of his perch. Just as our phantom match went wherever our glance turned, so the parrot's perch wandered around his cage. After trying several times to step on this phantom perch he was rather plain spoken in his remarks about his experimenting friends.

Yellow Ink

(*Concluded from page 7*)

to the suggestion that, in cases of suicide by poisoning, no reference to the kind of poison would be made. It became apparent from study of hospital records that mention of the instrument used in some unusual poisoning case led to an epidemic of suicidal efforts with that poison.

What is news and what isn't news probably will remain a moot question for centuries, for even newspapermen disagree among themselves.

A survey taken some years ago in St. Louis revealed that the first department inspected in the Sunday newspapers was the comic section—the colored comic strips whose great-grandfather was the Yellow Kid from which yellow journalism derived its name. That survey, and others, have cemented one newspaper, at least, in the belief that the wants of the reading public rate in this order:

First—Love.
Second—Riches.
Third—Adventure.
Fourth—Humor.
Fifth—Information upon which one may act for pleasure or profit.
Sixth—The general knowledge of persons, their enterprises and ambitions.

There comes to my mind a newspaper whose editor was a brilliant character and an esteemed individualist. On the first page daily appeared a column under his signature. Surrounding it was 'clean' news. It was a pretty fair little paper, it pursued a wholesome life, but few read it and few advertised in it. Circulation never went above 25,000, and eventually it was sold.

'The good people cheered for my paper,' commented the editor without rancor, 'but they bought, and took their ads to the others.'

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Grandpa's Physical Culture

(*Continued from page 13*)

Lexington, six miles away, and turned it into an institution for the physical training of girls, who came there, in their youth and beauty, from all parts of the United States, hundreds of them, and kept their youth and improved their beauty until, a few years later, during a summer vacation, the building caught fire and burned to the ground, with nobody but the doctor himself, and one of my sisters, who happened to be on hand, to try to put it out. It was never revived; the doctor was a restless person, and spent the rest of his life (he died of blood-poisoning twenty years afterward) spreading his doctrines over the country.

I WOULD have done wisely to have remained a Lewisite; but the exercises seemed too easy, and the progress in muscular development too slow. The muscles, however, when developed, were of finer and more enduring quality than the heavy-weight product, and the general suppleness of the body much greater. The doctor, but for the poison, would have been alive and strenuous yet; he was right: but until Edward Checkley appeared, he had no noticeable successor: Checkley turned up about 1890, but he didn't know how to advertise. Meanwhile I return to 1870.

I left Wood's gymnasium and finally went to live in Sag Harbor, Long Island. There I walked, ran, rowed, swam, and made the Lewis movements every day, but never again touched a 200-pound dumb-bell or any other gymnasium implement. At forty, I was very fit, weighed 175, and my general health was perfect. At seventy I was still running three to four miles before breakfast, and did the 'movements' as before; today I walk instead of run, and see nothing to prevent the movements in the future. I am down to 160, but don't wish to be heavier, or lighter.

I think that my heavy-weight experience was an error, but I was fortunate in abandoning it betimes. And I think Lewis and Checkley were right, and that nobody is too young or too old to follow their regimen. Checkley, however, had ideas of his own. He published a little book, but he was not a good writer, and his success was with his personal pupils: he was something of a mystery in fact. I knew him well, and caught the spirit of his idea. It may be condensed into the reply he made to an aspirant who asked him how much one ought to exercise. 'All the time!' was Checkley's answer. That sounds foolish, but it was the truth when understood aright.

Nature's plan involves bodily symmetry, a matter of unsuspected importance. The ancient Greeks understood it, and the marble forms which they have left to us show their success. Symmetry is itself health and strength, for it implies all-round harmonious development. When an unskilled man strikes a blow he uses but two or three muscles; the trained boxer calls into action almost every muscle he has, together with his weight, and though his strength may be not half of the other's, the result is four times as effective, because the entire body, coöperating in any effort, must greatly outdo any effort not so supported.

We demand symmetry in our race horses and motor cars, but are content to be slab-sided ourselves; and we sacrifice grace and good carriage into the bargain. How few are the athletes, even, who know how to walk and stand right! They slouch and swing and shamble. They seem to be alive only in spots. The cadets from West Point and Annapolis are taught better, and you can pick them out in any company. They poise their shoulders, carry their heads and step out with self-respect and poise, and except for a little over-rigidity they are models worth studying.

We are more scientific in our exercise than we were seventy years ago. There were no organizations for athletics or gymnastics in schools and colleges, and no experts to take an average boy and develop him, point by point, into an athlete. There were no 'coaches,' nor regularly enlisted teams to be coached. Youths who were naturally strong and active, or who happened to have had opportunity for practice, or proclivity for it, would of their own motion tend toward taking up baseball or rowing in college, or they might devote themselves to cultivating powerful muscles in the gymnasium for their personal benefit or amusement.

SUCH youths would become as strong as the best of today, and they would generally have greater endurance. For persons naturally strong seem to possess an interior core of strength—an innate quality, not easily described or clearly understood—which makes them superior upon the whole and in the long run, to those not so endowed, and who have been built up (as we might say) scientifically or artificially. We may observe that athletes of today are handled with great caution by their coaches, and that they are easily injured, and begin to fall off early.

It was not so in the past. The good men were more robust, exertion long continued and often excessive didn't hurt them, they could stand almost anything with impunity. A man would be as good as ever at thirty, or sometimes even better, and at forty or fifty he was still in fine shape. If, in addition, he was moderate in diet and handled himself with intelligence, he was safe for a hearty old age. His vitality and virility were not sapped: like Moses in the Bible, his eyes were not dimmed, nor his natural force abated.

Our population, during the last seventy years, has doubled in quantity but not, physically speaking, in quality. Athletes are more numerous, but not better equipped. They are more prone to break, go stale, or dissipate. They know more and discuss more, but they don't do more, and it is doubtful if they *are* more than the men of their grandfathers' time. By 'they' I mean the average—not that giants are no longer born and bred, but that the proportion is less. And that is simply because we breed so many more artificial and transient giants than we used to do.

Athletics offers far greater temptations to fame and money now than formerly, and hundreds of youths are beguiled into making overdrafts on their proper resources because the premature development made possible by artificial means enables them, for the moment, to excel. They pay at their leisure!

It is futile to say that we have not too many athletes, for every man and woman ought to be athletic in a degree, but altogether too much competition in public, and too much craving to win in the competing individuals or team; and also, that these competitions begin too early, before the body has attained its stability. But the stars in their courses fight against us in these respects. The spirit of the age baffles common sense.

Schools turn out 'teams' of children, and colleges aim at the highest mature achievements in their 'stars,' who may be little over twenty years old, or less. From the outset begins the clamor about championships, and that siren call urges on its victims to the end. Here and there, from time to time, arises a physical prodigy, who sets a mark which the others exhaust themselves in rivaling. It is against nature, and the account must be settled. Now in addition come the newspapers and the spectators, with their headlines and their uproars. The boy is made to believe that his actual importance is to be measured by his notoriety. He will know better by and by. Nobody cares a finger-snap for *him*, but only for his record—till that be surpassed. And finally, we have various discoveries, improvements, devices, in the instruments and conditions of athletic performances, which render our records, as compared with those of the past, misleading.

The athletes of today are not better than those of seventy years ago; quite possibly they are not so good; but the timer's watch and the measurer's tape make them seem to be so.

YES: the 100-yards is but 98 or 99 now; the twenty-six-foot jump is not more than twenty-three or four; the high jump is barely six feet, the pole vault not more than eleven or twelve, and the rowing regattas are won in times that were equaled way back in the 1860's and 1870's. In other words, it is the conditions and the appliances that have improved, and the 'knack' of the performer, who, advantaging thereby, and not because he is a better man, nevertheless appears to be better on the testimony of the stop watch and the tape. If the man of today would run his century on the rough tracks of seventy years ago, and without the new science of getting away from the mark: if the leaper and vaulter had no better 'take-off' than formerly, and would forego his skill in throwing his body sidewise as he goes over: if the oarsman would row in the old boats without the clever mechanism of the sliding-seat: the results might surprise him. And yet, if our physique is not better than it used to be, of what avail is it to proclaim our better records? Machinery and knack cannot take the place of native brawn and sinew; but that is just what our records pretend.

Take, for example, the racing shell of the 1860's, in which I rowed. The crew numbered six; there was no coxswain: the bow-oar steered: no sliding-seats.

The course was on slack-water, and we had to turn a stake midway; the distance was three miles. And look at the times made, for three miles, by the Ward Brothers for instance. Remember that turn at the halfway post, and that races today are rowed downstream instead of on lake-water. After due consideration of these points, what would you wager that the best six oarsmen of today could defeat the Ward Brothers, or the best college crew of that epoch, under the same conditions?

My point is, of course, not to deny that we are vastly improved as to machinery, and even as to technic, over what we were; but to suggest that on the square physical basis, man for man, we are no better and perhaps not so good. And that, if it be a fact, is a good thing to think about: an unrecognized truth that it will do us no harm to recognize.

Christmas Cards

(*Concluded from page 17*)

Any man who has had only a meager acquaintance with the sterner side of life, such as holding down a job and trying to raise a family (even if it is just a little bit of a family), knows very well what will happen to him if he goes about with delusions of grandeur. He must hustle to keep up his end. The best compensation he gets in this hustling is the divine privilege of forgetting himself.

And right here is the great gulf between dreaming and idea-making; between impotence and power. The victim of sentimentality, which leads into hero-stuff forced upon either him or her through these lurid modern commercialized agencies, is doing it for himself alone—I repeat. The boy is always a Napoleon—for himself; the girl is always a star actress—for herself. Nobody else counts. To be a human juggernaut is the high ideal.

But when you make ideas—which certainly call into play all the powers of the imagination—you do this for the race, for country, for the world, for all time. There is more idiotic drivel written and published about adventure today than ever before in history. It is the most insidious character underminer there is, for it works while you sleep.

This is no disparagement of activity, of sport rightly accomplished, of outdoors, of hunting and fishing and natural exercise. But the true adventurer is the man who uses his mind to create accurate invisible realities first, which, having been thought out, will certainly be externalized for the permanent good of the greatest number. And this occupation is the most completely satisfying occupation in the world, proved so time and again by the world's greatest people. Also, it is open to all.

Some years ago, moved by that slavish spirit of imitation of appearances which all good Americans feel, I got out a Christmas card, or rather ordered one sent broadcast from my stationers. I sent it broadcast to friends, and even to relatives. After the horrid deed was done and I had to go out and meet those friends, for some time thereafter I could not fully understand the secret sense of shame I felt at these meetings.

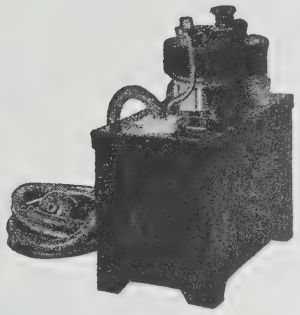
It then occurred to me that every time my card was admired by someone, this expressed admiration was only in response to something which was precisely like what I had sent out to others. For my card was merely one selected. Then again, I was further discomfited to discern by accident (for one is bound to overlook some cards until long after the event) that this same card I had sent out had also been selected by a friend to send to me, so that each one of us had bought the same stereotyped sentiment (written by a total stranger) for money and we had merely exchanged this bought-and-paid-for sentiment through the mails.

Prostrated with remorse, I resolved that the following year I would originate my own Christmas sentiment. Time flew, until I was told it was too late. Another year passed and this year I'm resolved to take time by the forelock.

Alas! I was told that to have the thing properly done, I ought to begin to think of some clever sentiment in summer. In the midst of the dog days, reeking with moisture, I had to conjure up affections frappéed with frost, with which to face my circle of friends for whom there would be no time to exchange the ordinary verbal courtesies of the season. I tried it but couldn't. So now I am entirely alone in the world, cowering behind my ramparts, the only man in the world who doesn't send out a Christmas card.

I want people to love me to a reasonable extent, but I cannot ask them to love me for the cards I might send but cannot. When this year my friends don't get any card from me they will understand that—at this writing—the weather is too warm, and that flesh and brain are—so to say—desentimentalized.

An Ideal Christmas Gift



USL Trickle Charger

Converts any "A" storage battery into a complete and continuous "A" power supply and keeps the "A" battery always at full charge. Price 60-cycle unit $10, 25-cycle unit $11.

PERHAPS you are wondering what to give Dad or Brother for Christmas. And probably they are wondering what to give you. Why not get together and select something the entire family will enjoy—something to improve your radio?

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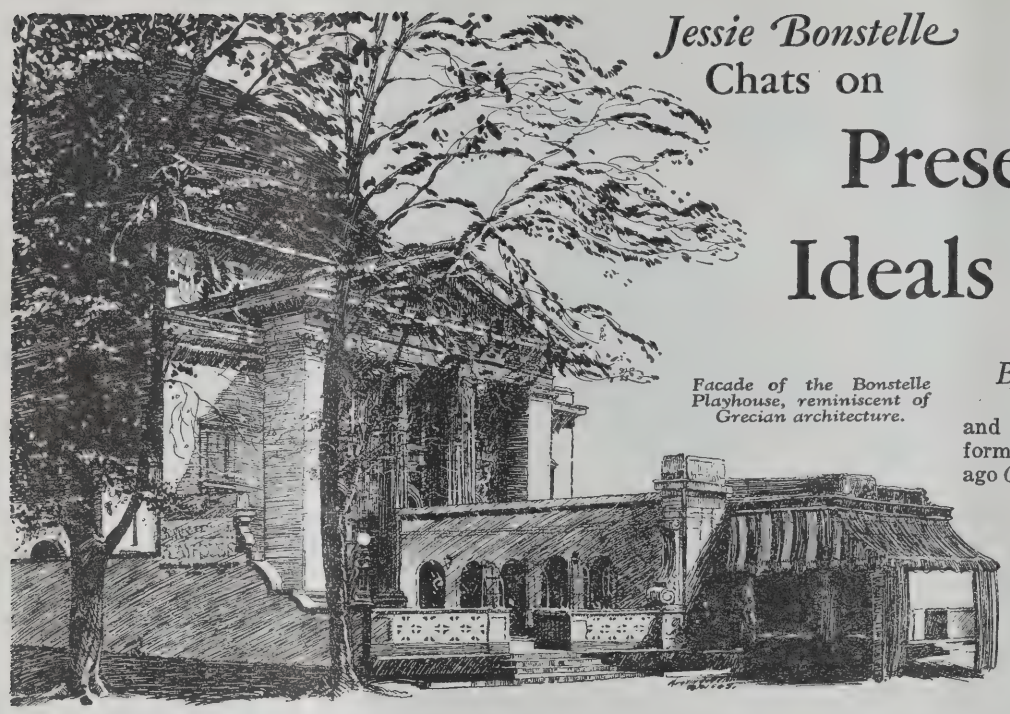


Facade of the Bonstelle Playhouse, reminiscent of Grecian architecture.

Jessie Bonstelle Chats on

Preserving *the* Ideals *of the* Stage

By GLADYS CALLAWAY

CHANGES in manners and morals of the drama have been so numerous and radical in the past few years that students of the theater are constantly wondering to what ultimate destination the devious trend will lead.

Many barriers of convention were let down during the war, and frank, open talk was substituted for polite reticence. An epidemic of sex struck the legitimate drama, and numerous editions of revues and musical shows were produced specializing solely in nudity and obscenity.

Now the hue and cry for stage reformation is so vociferous among the influential portion of the public that even censorship looms ominously near. Undoubtedly an extensive cleaning up is in immediate order.

Jessie Bonstelle.

Few persons alive today have been so close to and so much a part of the drama scene and for as long a time as Jessie Bonstelle, who since her eighteenth year has been player, director, manager and producer. She has watched every change and analyzed every new fad; she has seen constellations of stage stars rise to the heights and pass from view; a goodly number of today's eminent actors and actresses have been under her tutelage

Today she is at the head of a playhouse, bearing her name, holding fast to the ideals which the theater in general has lost.

'The era of salacious plays *must* be near ing an end,' she declared in her office, called the Green Room. 'The theater has passed through many phases—the idealistic, the realistic, the impressionistic, and now the expressionistic—if anyone can define that term. We have touched upon every delicate subject so that there doesn't seem to be anything left to try.

'The stage will free itself of its sex affliction,' she asserted confidently, 'but meanwhile we who love the theater—we who have devoted our entire lives to it—are frightened lest a strangling censorship should be imposed before it has had time to do its own repairing and mending.

'That would be very bad. It would heal the condition only on top, leaving it to break out in a different place. The disease must be treated from within.

'Those persons actively engaged in the theater can handle their own problems better than anybody else, if they will only permit themselves to see the need of doing this. Application of the remedy must begin with the revues and musical shows—they enjoy such a wide range of license that it is difficult —almost impossible—to clean up and sustain good legitimate drama.

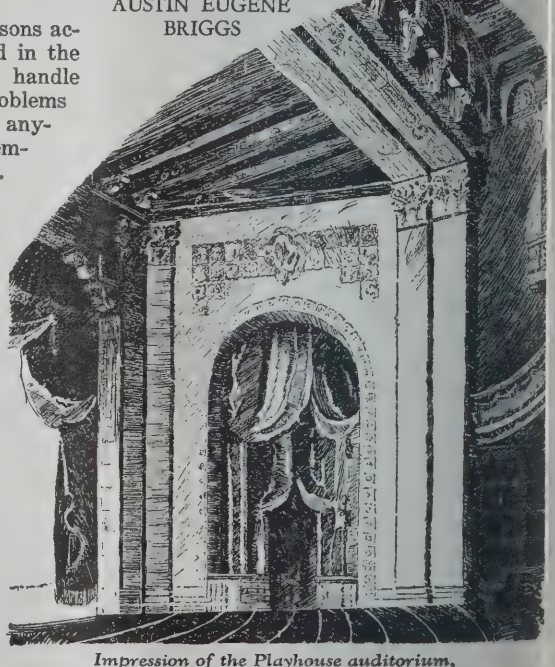
'The unhealthy indications which have appeared so startlingly were seething under the surface for years. They are now so much part and parcel of the spoken stage that rapid recovery may be out of the question. But correctional steps must be taken—from within. Else we'll have to suffer censorship.

'About eighteen years ago, New York City claimed George Bernard Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* to be highly immoral and stopped the producer from giving performances. Not more than five or six years ago *Our Betters*, by Somerset Maugham, was killed in the same city because one of the characters called a woman a vile name. The same expression was hailed later with great glee in *They Knew What They Wanted*, which, season before last, won the Pulitzer Prize for best expressing manners and morals. *What Price Glory* also made use of the expression which had been found so objectionable in the earlier play of Maugham.

'It is curious that a man who would instantly discharge his chauffeur for using profanity will pay a high price to take a woman to hear profanity from the stage. He will take her to see a joke enacted as a "skit" that no guest at his table would dare to relate. Furthermore, he will permit his daughter and his son to see this show.'

Miss Bonstelle was reminded of a story about Adge, the famous woman lion-tamer whose act required her to enter a cage in which her lion, 'Prince,' was confined. This goes back twenty years. The public of that period declared her act 'too tame,' and her manager asked her to create interest by disrobing while in the cage. This she did until she was revealed in only pink silk tights. 'Prince' was amazed and with a roar of disapproval tore the clothes she had re-

Drawings by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

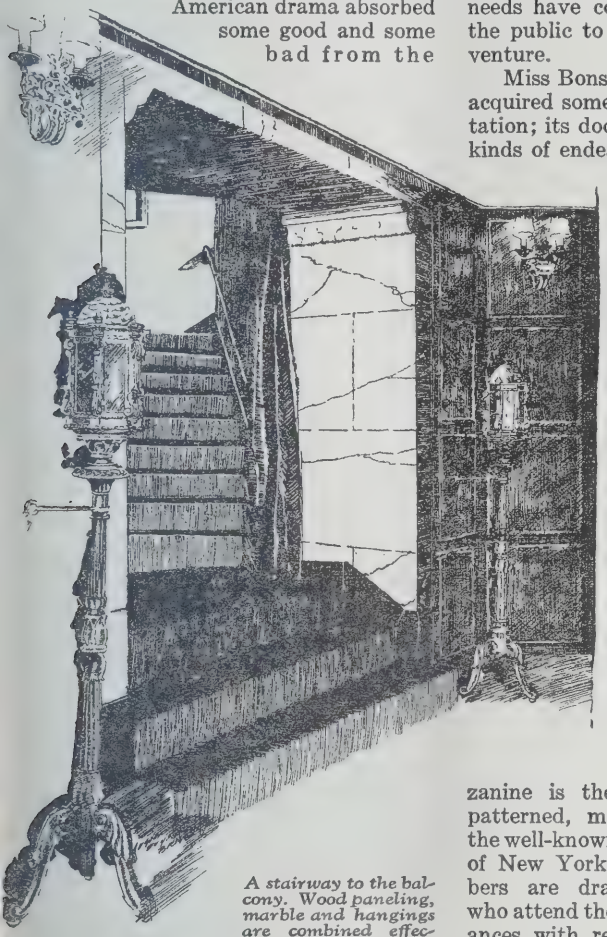


Impression of the Playhouse auditorium, which finds beauty in rich tones.

noved into shreds. Afterward Adge confessed, 'Oh, I cared little for the *audience*, but I was so mortified before that *lion!*'

We wonder what effect, if any, that lion would have on a modern girl-show?

Miss Bonstelle feels that foreign influence has left a heavy imprint on the American stage. She cites the modern morose and morbid Russian art as an example, with the opinion that she sees no reason why the positive, light, happy American spirit of play cannot be enacted just as artistically as murky sordidness and misery. She believes that the American drama absorbed some good and some bad from the



A stairway to the balcony. Wood paneling, marble and hangings are combined effectively.

French drama, and that it derived much that was good from the German and the English. The mixing of clean English drawing-room humor with the American rough-and-ready comedy was good,' she stated.

'And there is no reason why we cannot bring joy into our amusements. Everything that nature accomplishes, undisturbed by man, is joyous and beautiful.

'Love of romance isn't likely ever to die, and I feel that the future of art and of the church lies very largely in the hands of our young people.

'These young people are the ones I am striving hard to reach. For me, it is a very happy effort. They must be educated to appreciate and to prefer the truly fine old standards of the theater, just as they should be taught to recognize other values in life.

'Most patrons of the theater attend because they have an indefinable desire for something beyond themselves, and a wish to be entertained without being ashamed. These facts all place a tremendous responsibility on the producers. If they don't awaken to this responsibility they will be certain to find themselves losers. I would close my doors rather than produce one of those salacious, unwholesome plays.'

For nearly two years her theater has operated on this principle, and despite some contrary prophecies, has succeeded well in holding its own against the sharp competition of the flashy extravaganzas with their nude tableaux.

Operating a large house and presenting a large company in the current approved dramas is so enormously expensive that one needs have considerable faith in the public to undertake such a venture.

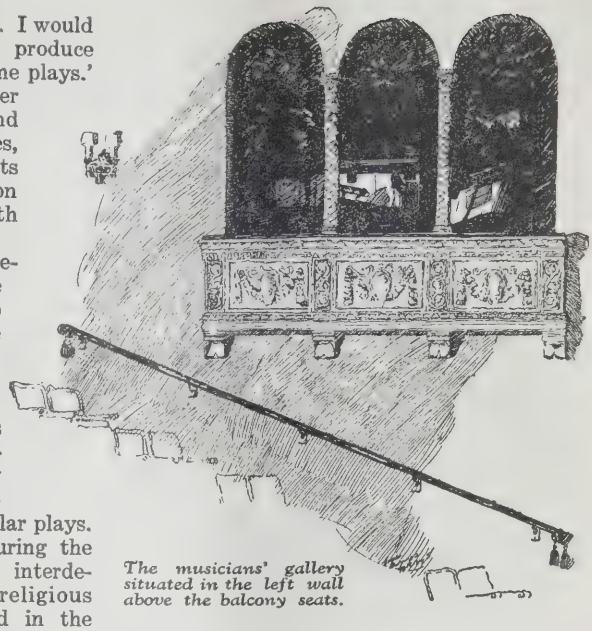
Miss Bonstelle's Playhouse has acquired something of a civic reputation; its doors are open to many kinds of endeavor besides the presentation of regular plays. For instance, during the Lenten season, interdenominational religious services are held in the auditorium. Business and social organizations make the Playhouse part of their program, utilizing it for banquets and meetings before and after the performances.

Playhouse attachés render assistance to non-professional ventures about the city, giving particular attention to the public schools.

Local artists exhibit their canvases in a gallery on the mezzanine. This room is cleverly built in right under the inclined balcony.

Among the groups which meet on the mezzanine is the Bonstelle Guild, which is patterned, more or less, after the well-known Theater Guild of New York. The members are drama lovers who attend the performances with regularity. These persons are consulted about the selection of regular plays to be produced. The main purpose is to stimulate public interest in worthy plays, as a step toward bringing the theater back to normalcy.

'I have always wanted to see the drama placed upon as firm and as fine a foundation as any of the other arts,' said Miss Bonstelle. 'The ideal theater, of course, would be a national institution owned and operated by the United States Government. Its logical location would be in Washington. Such an institution would function as a



The musicians' gallery situated in the left wall above the balcony seats.

clearing house, for there the unknown playwright might have his play produced and the unknown actor might find his opportunity. In this way real talent could be brought to light that under the present scheme of things may never be discovered. Next to my dream of a national theater, I should like to see every city of any size own a theater and maintain a resident company of professional players, with a dramatic school in direct connection with it.

'There should also be a school of playwriting, and a sort of laboratory-theater where students could design and make scenery, write and produce plays and act in them. If one such theater could be established in a city large enough so that it could be self-supporting, other cities would soon follow suit.

'I think the fact that amateur groups are springing up all over the country proves that there is a great desire for good drama. A few years ago the Little Theater project was a joke; now several of the big magazines have Little Theater departments.

'The dearth of traveling companies has caused a hunger to see good plays.

'Therefore, the advocates of the Little Theater and amateur theatrical ventures will find the public not only willing, but fairly anxious to coöperate. This is not meant to imply, however, that such enterprises will have an absolutely perfectly easy experience in achieving their goal.'

Studied pose in a stage presentation by two of the members of the Playhouse dancing school.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Two Wise Men of the East

(*Concluded from page 4*)

He gave up his social position, his wealth, and lived among his people. He suffered for them and with them. He defended the cause of the Indian farmers and laborers until he was cast into prison for them.

Then came the World War. At first he placed his powers on the side of the Allies.

But in the midst of the war there came an awakening. One Sabbath morning, in the presence of Tagore, he said: 'The cry of the trenches changed the course of my life. I looked upon carnage and saw that it was bad. The murder and bloodshed sickened me. I was raised a Jain, the son of a Hindu mother and father who thought it an unforgivable sin to take any life, even that of a cow or a goat. We never ate flesh of any kind. Life was sacred to us—all life.'

Gandhi went back to India after the war and so identified himself with the life of the people that he decided to find out what the average wage of the Indian peasant was. Then he limited his own expenditures to that figure.

He said to me: 'My revolt against European industrialism came because of certain political and economic acts on the part of the British rulers.'

He launched the world-famous coöperative movement, pledging the people not to wear any British-made cloth; to weave their own cloth made with their own hands. The spinning wheel came back.

It is a new thing to find a man fasting, rather than fighting for a political and social cause; to find him nonresistant in an age when conflict has been made a virtue; and renouncing wealth and accepting poverty in an age when luxury and ease are more general than at any other time in the world's history. He is the Tolstoy of this generation—only a greater power.

Said Tagore that morning as we discussed this thought: 'The great seers have not been those who got joy out of life, but those who got sorrow and pain and suffering.'

Contrasted with Tagore, Gandhi is physically a sorry figure. He is frail and diminutive. He wears a little cotton cap and cheap cotton clothes.

TAGORE represents the heart of luxury with his cultured home and golden robes; Gandhi stands for poverty and simplicity.

I shall never forget them as they stood together that morning; the one tall, the other small; the one with flowing white hair, the other bald; the one strong and healthy looking, the other small and wizened from his terrible fasts.

They got to talking about India and her idols. Said Gandhi: 'Let them keep their idols. Do not take what little they have from them!'

Tagore thundered back his answer to Gandhi: 'I'm ashamed of you. You are an educated man. You ought to know better than that. If I had my way I would walk up and down India and sweep every crutch out from under the armpits of every Indian. I would destroy every one of their idols and props and stays. I would let them fall if need be and then I would pick them up gently and give them something in place of their idols and their crutches.'

The lightning of repartee flashed between these two great hearts of India. Reference was made to Gandhi's living so simply and he replied:

'The peasants live on eight cents a day. I live on that. When the peasants get ten cents a day I'll live on ten cents a day also, but not until then.'

I brought the conversation back to Tagore's poem and had the poet read it again so that Mr. Gandhi might hear it. He was evidently deeply impressed with it.

'Let's get joy! Soul be happy! Have JOY! JOY! JOY! That's the spirit of the age. But the coming of Christ into any nation, or any soul, or any industry, will mean pain and suffering!' added Gandhi.

The New Diplomacy

(*Concluded from page 2*)

Where in the Covenant is there any authority which allows a non-member of the League to step in and stay the procedure? The point is that the entire jurisdiction and procedure relative to advisory opinions are provided for wholly outside of the statute to which we would adhere.

It could well be contended that these advisory opinions are for the benefit of the League—and it is so contended now—that no one else is interested or affected by them and that the constitution of the League controls and not the statute to which the United States adheres. These suppositions are based upon contentions which have been made ever since the creation of the Court. They are in part already accepted and endorsed not only by leaders in the League, but in some respects by members of the Court. Under such a construction, Reservation Five would be absolutely worthless. This supposed situation only gives us a peep into the interminable turmoil and controversy into which we are to be led.

What, therefore, is the full purport of these reservations to the League and also to the Court? Their full purport is at best and at most to give the United States slightly more authority and more influence within the League or within the Court. If all the reservations to the League were accepted and we should thus join with these reservations, we would still be embroiled in every controversy or dispute arising anywhere in the Old World.

If all the reservations which we have suggested as conditions for adhering to the Court are accepted, we shall still be a member of a tribunal controlled by the League and which has jurisdiction when called upon to advise with reference to all the controversies arising in the Old World. Reservations do not preserve or conserve in any respect or to any degree whatever the foreign policy of this Government as it has been established and maintained for one hundred and fifty years. We surrender everything and we get in return for this policy a few reservations which will be construed by a foreign-controlled Council and a foreign-controlled Court.

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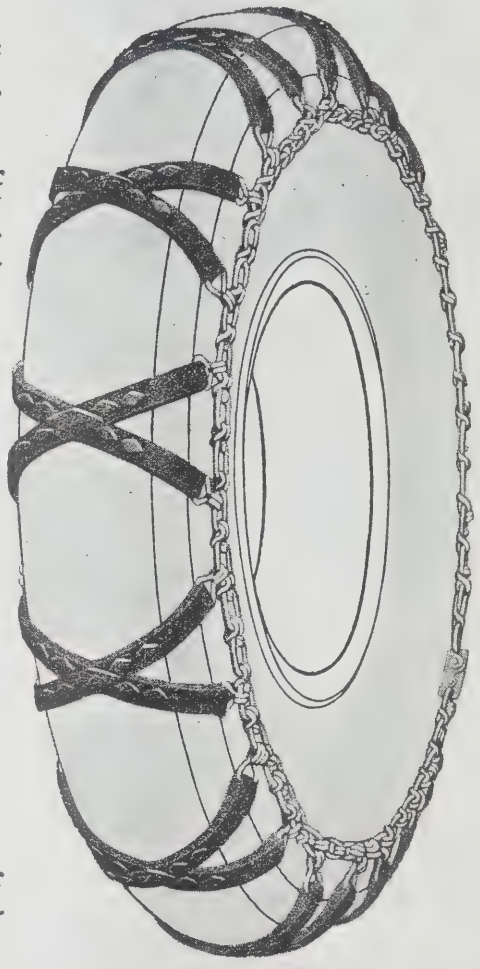

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

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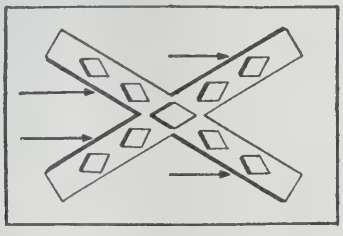
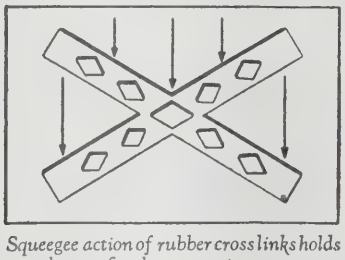


Angularity of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise



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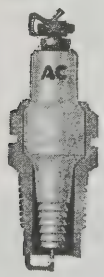

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

The talk turned to politics and ***the Texas Politician*** was asked whether the 'Solid South' was really solid. As is always true of typical politicians, that reminded him of a story and he related the following:

'On the day after the election of 1908 a cowboy out in Western Nebraska mounted his powder-faced cayuse and rode sixty miles to Chadron after the election returns for the gang.

'While making a night ride on the return trip, the lone bearer of great tidings drowsed in his saddle, the result being that his malevolent broncho executed a coup long contemplated and often deferred by throwing the unsuspecting rider high and far.

'Two weeks later, the cowboy regained his faculties in a hospital with a white-clad nurse bending over him. Smiling up at her he said:

' "It shore do beat Hell how Missouri went!"

'The last conscious thought, etched deeply on his brain, had survived two weeks of coma, still standing out vividly.

'And small wonder, at that.

'Missouri had been a bulwark of the Democracy, and her apostasy came without warning, fairly taking the breath of a nation which had been wont to consider the border states as staunch as any south of the line.

'It also furnished the first proof that no state is fixed eternally in a political division.

'Since the advent of Missouri within the Republican camp the banners of the border states of Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma have swayed precariously there, while Iowa, Michigan, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas have shown a growing tendency to incline a kindly ear toward the Democratic orators.

'The political thought of the country, formerly fixed in two sharp divisions, with a border zone of doubtful states between, has softened to a flux within the last decade, but we have continued to refer to the "Solid South" as a known quantity.'

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'We're trying something new in the way of horse breeding,' said ***the Army Officer*** in the lobby.

'We are sending three thoroughbreds to Fort Robinson, Nebraska. We plan to breed them with wild horses on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Montana. The wild horses we will use are the remnants of herds that once roamed the Rockies and from which the mustang cow pony of early days sprang. These wild horses are the descendants of Arab horses brought over by the Spaniards 400 years ago.

'The present-day mustang is a wretched, spiritless animal. We believe that with the introduction of the thoroughbreds we can bring forth a new generation of riding horses that will be a credit to the army. In time of war you can speed up the manufacture of war necessities such as clothing and guns but you can't speed up nature in the matter of horse breeding.

'One good sign for the future is the return of the riding habit. In the East they are taking to the hunting field and bridle path.

'We may have something to offer the public in a few years if our plans with the Blackfeet horses materialize. We shall build up a new line of riding horses with a strain of mustang spirit and endurance crossed with the thoroughbred sires.'

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'The theater is more realistic than the novel,' declared ***the Youthful Dramatist,*** 'because there is no interposition of the author. Yet it is more artificial because things don't happen like that; because you explain things in drama that you don't explain, don't speak of, in life.

'So the theater might draw up a set of bargains: the Audience agrees to pretend that it is real; the Author, to make the audience forget that they're pretending. The theater program might well be written as such an agreement. In *Julius Caesar*, for instance, the audience must concede that Roman soldiers shall speak English blank verse. On the stage, we must pretend that the room showing three walls has four. But the audience should not be reminded after that of the pretense. And therein is developed what is termed technique, which one actress has aptly defined as "something you work all your life to get, and when you get it you don't recognize it."

'Modern drama has become more sophisticated. Soliloquy and asides have been banished. To Ibsen—Saint Henrik Ibsen—must be given the credit for the most striking revolution in the English drama.

'He recognized that life could beat him in melodrama, so in his plays the action, the plot, is over before the curtain goes up. His drama deals with the analysis of motives. Machinery, artificiality, of stage and play, he ruthlessly casts aside. The romantic conventions, the movie element, he discarded, for he reasoned that it was not the crises in life, but the everyday happenings, that develop character. He is said to have claimed: "I came not to save sinners, but the righteous." Hence he exposes the shams of modern morality and of the theater. Consequently, the average person has the "There but for the grace of God go I" feeling after one of his plays.

'Shaw followed Ibsen closely, but wrapped up his teaching and philosophy in a jam of farce or melodrama, and so ventured to attack institutions.

'Galsworthy is in the same group, and disinfects his plays with righteous indignation; and after all one can't write supremely well with one's fists clenched.

'So taking it all in all we find that there is the great play, the good play and the amusing play. The amusing play may be a bad play—neither good nor great. The good play satisfies; it contains good ideas, is genuine and sincere.

'The great play is rare. It has stood the test of time. Its ideas and characters are so true and permanent that they are accepted and appreciated by succeeding generations. The consolation of the struggling playwright is that he will not be here when his plays receive—or fail to receive—this stamp of "Great Plays."'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: When was the last enumeration for representatives or readjustment of the Congressional districts made?

ANSWER: The present representation in Congress is based on the census of 1910, and the bill authorizing same was passed in 1911.

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QUESTION: In what part of the country is the unsurveyed Government land and how it is situated?

ANSWER: There are unsurveyed Government lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming. The Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., will furnish, on request, a pamphlet showing the counties in which this land lies.

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QUESTION: What is the Esch-Cummings Act? How does it affect the public and the railroads? How many Democrats and how many Republicans voted for it in the House and Senate?

ANSWER: The Esch-Cummings Law, otherwise known as the Transportation Act of 1920, was passed by the House of Representatives in November, 1919, and by the Senate in December, 1919. It was signed by President Wilson in February, 1920. A detailed explanation of this law is given in the *Congressional Directory of the 69th Congress*, first session, page 395. It is somewhat too long to give in this column. A copy of this directory should be available at your public library. One hundred and seventy-five Republicans and 28 Democrats voted for it in the House. Thirty-three Republicans and 13 Democrats voted for it in the Senate.

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QUESTION: What amount of money as shown by the Senate Investigating Committee has the Anti-Saloon League collected from the public?

ANSWER: Wayne B. Wheeler, General Counsel and Legislative Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of America, in his testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee on June 23, 1926, stated that the total amount that had been put into the fight for educational and all purposes during the 30 years the Anti-Saloon League had been fighting this issue was approximately $35,000,000.

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QUESTION: What is the actual value of the silver dollar, and is it redeemable in gold?

ANSWER: The metal in the silver dollar, at the present price of silver, is worth approximately 41 cents. This varies from day to day, with the price of silver. The Constitution of the United States does not prescribe what metals shall be coined or say that their legal value, after being coined, shall correspond with their intrinsic value. A dollar, while intrinsically worth only about 41 cents at the present time, must be accepted at its face value of one dollar. Silver dollars are not redeemable in gold.

QUESTION: What was the average protection provided by the Wilson tariff and the Underwood tariff? Give percentage.

ANSWER: Under the Wilson Law, dutiable goods paid a tariff of 41.58 per cent. The percentage of protection for all goods, free and dutiable, was 21.02 per cent. Under the Underwood Law, dutiable goods paid a tariff of 25.37 per cent. The percentage of protection for all goods, free and dutiable, was 7.77 per cent.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Is there a limit to the restriction of the right of a citizen to vote for presidential electors and other federal officers? In a state where a poll tax is exacted, can a man vote for federal officers holding a current receipt, but is delinquent for three years?

ANSWER: Citizenship does not confer the right of suffrage, essential qualifications for which are still within the power of states, except that sex, race, color, or previous condition of servitude shall not be a bar to citizens otherwise qualified. Technically, there is no federal office for which the citizen can vote. Presidential electors are state officers, elected to represent the state in the electoral college. They do not meet with those of other states even, but at their own capitols, where they vote and appoint a messenger to carry a certificate of the result to Washington.

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QUESTION: At the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861, how many commissioned officers appeared on the Army register? How many remained loyal to the Union? What number resigned, deserted or dropped from the rolls, or were dismissed and had taken up arms against the Union?

ANSWER: There were 1,074 commissioned officers in the Army at the outbreak of the Civil War. There are no official figures as to the number joining the Confederate army, through desertion or otherwise, but reliable historians give the figure as 286.

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QUESTION: How can I arrange to spend a year in a foreign country and yet retain my citizenship in the United States?

ANSWER: A naturalized citizen of the United States may reside two years in the country of his birth, or five years in any other foreign country, before it is presumed that he has lost his American citizenship. A native-born American may remain abroad indefinitely without loss of citizenship.

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Lets you Sleep!

Nerves aren't affected by this kind of coffee! It's real coffee—not a substitute—but the caffeine has been taken out. The real coffee taste unaltered; the quick, bracing qualities still there; only the harmful effects removed.

Drink all you want of this good coffee. Even late at night. For it can't keep you awake. It can't affect heart or kidneys, either.

The day you try Kaffee Hag is the day you settle the coffee question. At grocers; or clip the coupon now.

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10¢
1441 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).
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Best Adapted To Your Instrument Board

Easily installed and becomes a handsome part of your instrument board because it is designed especially for YOUR car. With the trip dial eliminated a compact instrument—with less wearing parts—is made possible. Trip figures are found in total mileage.

Price reduced to $10

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Congress will have many knotty problems to face when it reconvenes within the next few days. The present body will hold over until March 4, when the 70th Congress, chosen at the recent election, will come into office. Because the present Congress is more strongly Republican than the new one will be, several Administration measures are expected to be taken up as early as possible From reliable sources it is reported that the President will include in his annual message the following subjects:

Many Problems Await Congress

Action on taxes.

Fixing of a merchant marine policy.

Railroad legislation as to rates, consolidations, and the Gooding Bill.

Coal legislation to meet or offset the prospect of another stringency.

Banking legislation.

Regulatory legislation for the control of radio broadcasting.

Legislation looking to regulation of highway transportation in interstate commerce.

Disarmament.

Pending treaties, and our relations with foreign governments, particularly Mexico.

Cotton and agricultural relief.

Alien property.

With a surplus of more than $250,000,000 in revenue returns, the first spirited fight in Congress will probably center about the Administration's plan to give taxpayers a ten or twelve per cent rebate on the income taxes payable in 1926. The Democratic leaders have already signified their intention of offering a plan of their own.

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Speaking of the Sesqui, it couldn't have come down any harder if it had hired Dean Inge to handle its publicity.—Binghampton *Press*.

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Further interesting information about snakes is found in *Nature Magazine* in an article by Doris M. Cochran:

More Snakes and Snake Tales

'When pursued by an enemy, which in the case of the glass-snake is usually a large king snake or a small mammal, the lizard (for the glass-snake is a lizard, rather than a true snake) tries to slip away among the grass and hide among the débris. But as his enemy can travel much faster than the lizard himself, he is in danger of being caught except for a wise provision of Nature. When cornered too closely, the lizard can with a sudden twist cause his tail to snap completely off. The tail thrashes about and wriggles and quivers for a while with nervous twitchings, so that the enemy falls upon the tail, while the lizard itself glides off inconspicuously, and very shortly a new tail grows where the old one came off. But it never has the same color or shape as the other one. The original tail was quite long, and became fine and tapering toward the tip, and was colored like the body, a sort of metallic olive green with a bronze stripe down each side. The new tail is always shorter and stubbier, while the color difference is often quite striking, the regenerated tail being cream-colored or light brown, in sharp distinction to the typical darker coloring. The scales are also not as even as those on the original tail. This queer structure does look very much like a horn on the end of the tail, and it is no wonder that the hasty and fearful glances given to this reptile by our credulous ancestors made them invest it with all sorts of imaginary baleful properties. But the reproduced tail is no harder than the rest of the animal's body and could not possibly penetrate the tough bark of a vigorous tree, as the lovers of the marvelous would have us believe.

'If the body of a lizard is accidentally broken in two, the animal will die. The loss of a tail is seldom fatal to any reptile, and many other lizards besides the glass-snake have the same power of regenerating the tail. In fact, a very slight injury to the tail is sometimes enough to stimulate the production of a new tail at the point of injury, so that the old one gets well and the new part continues to grow until the tail presents a perfectly forked appearance.'

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In most cases Americans are 'calm, cool and collected,' but in the matter of foreign debts it would be just as well to omit the last adjective.—Seattle *Daily Times*.

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Mickiewicz, greatest of Polish poets, spoke interestingly after this fashion:

Idols, Ancient and Modern

'Then the kings, having denied Christ, made new gods and idols, and exposed them to the sight of nations, and ordered men to fall down and worship and fight for them.

'And they made for the French an idol and called it *Political Preponderance*, and it was the same idol that the Assyrians adored under the name of *Baal*, and the Philistines under the name of *Dagon*, and the Romans under that of *Jupiter*.

'And for the English their King made an idol and they called it *Sovereignty of the Seas*, and it was the same god that was formerly called *Mammon*.

'And for the Germans they made an idol which they called *Well-Being*, the same that formerly had the names of *Moloch* and *Comus*.

'And the people adored their idols.

'And the King said to the French: "Be up and fight for *Honor*."

'And the people arose and combated for 500 years.

'And the King said to the English: "Get up and fight for *Mammon*." And they arose and combated for 500 years.

'And so the other nations, each for his idol.

'And in Europe idolatry flourished—and as the pagans had first adored different virtues under the forms of idols and afterward so adored different vices, and then men, and beasts, and finally trees, and stones, and figures, and geometry, so also did it happen in Europe.

'For the Italians created for themselves an idol, which they named *Political Equilibrium*. Now this was an idol which the ancient Pagans had never known; and the Italians were the first to invent its worship, and in combating for it they became weak and stupid, and fell into the hands of petty tyrants.

'Then the kings of Europe, seeing that this idol had exhausted the Italian nation, caused it to be brought into their states and propagated its worship, and ordered men to combat for it.

'After this the King of Prussia traced a circle and said, "Behold a new God"; and the circle was adored, and the worship was henceforth called *Arrondissement*.

'Then came three kings whose names were Blasphemy, who, seeing that the people were not sufficiently corrupted, raised on high a new idol, the most terrible of all; and that idol was called *Interest*. That idol was not known to the pagans of antiquity.

'However, all the people adored *Interest*, and the king said: "If we propagate the worship of this idol, it will happen that, as there is to-day between nation and nation, so will there happen then war between town and town, between man and man."'

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One good thing is that the Filipinos don't seem to have any Rudyard Kipling to write a poem about us.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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The large red six-seater car in which the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and his wife were assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, and which was regarded by the peasantry as bewitched, has been completely destroyed. It justified its evil reputation to the end, and in its final adventure four persons lost their lives.

Death Car Is at Last Destroyed

A Transylvanian garage proprietor who deals in used cars had recently bought it at a bargain price and was taking six friends to a wedding in it when it collided with another car which it was attempting to pass at top speed. The red car was smashed beyond redemption.

During the World War the ill-fated car was kept in a Vienna museum and it would have been well if it had been allowed to remain there. But when peace was declared it passed into the hands of the Jugo-Slav governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He had so many accidents with it that he sold it. Its next owner was found dead in a ditch with the car on top of him. It then came into the possession of the garage man who has now lost the car and his life at the same time. He was unable to find anyone ready to take the risk of owning it, so he had to use it himself.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A WOMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA, without leaving her kitchen, sold 2,200 pounds of cake last year. Pastry for bridal ceremonies formed her specialty, many cakes being sent to distant points.

EACH AMERICAN PAYS AN average of two dollars a year for the support of the Army.

TWO ANGRY POLAR bears became as docile as lambs when the crew of a schooner started singing.

ONLY THREE TELEGRAPH offices in London are open for business after eight p. m.; this includes the General Post Office.

LESS THAN HALF as many buggies were manufactured in 1925 as in 1923.

THE ORIGIN OF THE OLD expression, 'Please the Pigs,' is 'Please the Piga,' from the old Saxon word 'Piga,' a virgin. It originally meant 'the Virgin permitting.'

FIRST-RANK PROFESSORS at the University of Paris receive $1,200 a year, second rank, $1,100 and third rank $655.

IT HAS BEEN FOUND that a marketable oil can be made from cherry stones. The stones are heated, the shells broken and the oil made from the kernel within. The shells are used for fuel.

BECAUSE OF THE DEMAND for fur coats, the United States has become the greatest fur-consuming country in the world, exceeding even Russia.

A 400-YEAR-OLD MEDICAL treatise lists hazelnuts as brain food.

THE TRAPDOOR SPIDER so constructs his home that the door is closed by gravity when he goes in or out.

A SCRAGGLY PIG IS THE subject of a monument at Lueneberg, Germany. The pig unearthed the richest table salt mine in Central Europe.

THE GUINEA BEAN IS a new specimen of vegetable. It resembles a green squash, grows on a climbing vine, can be fried like eggplant, boiled like squash and preserved and pickled like watermelon.

A SOAPY DISHRAG, slapped across the face of an Indianapolis burglar by a housewife, put him to flight half blinded.

THE CHINESE KNEW how to make bread from wheat as early as 1998 B. C.

MILES DARDEN, BORN in North Carolina in 1798, was one of the world's largest men, according to available records. He was seven feet six inches tall and weighed more than a thousand pounds.

AN OPALIZED DOGFISH was found thirty-five feet below the surface in the famous opal fields at White Cliffs, New South Wales. The deeply indented eye sockets showed plainly, and thin veins of purple opal encircled the fish from tip to tip.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO transform *varech de mer*, or zostera floating sea grass, into varicolored fireproof and waterproof artificial lumber.

STRONG OPPOSITION TO the 'no hat' custom has sprung up among government officials of France. It was formerly the custom of chief clerks to check the presence of their assistants, momentarily absent from the office, by their hats hanging outside the door.

GOLD IS BEING TAKEN from a mine near Cairo, Wales, which was worked by the Romans nearly 1,700 years ago.

A CYPRESS TREE GROWING in a churchyard near Milta, in Oaraca, Mexico, is thought by some authorities to be the oldest living thing in the world. Its age is estimated at more than 8,000 years.

A DRUSE GIRL of the Lebanon Mountain region of Syria may with propriety show one eye to the world, but to unveil two eyes would be the limit of bad taste.

MUSSOLINI'S PRIVATE barber, who has done tonsorial work for the Duce for four years, has never talked to him during that entire period.

THE FIRST GAS for domestic use was conducted from the retorts to points of use through the utilization of discarded gun barrels, of which there was an ample supply at the close of various European wars. The barrels were made into a continuous pipe by screwing the ends together.

FURNACE CREEK RANCH in Death Valley, California, is the hottest known inhabited spot on the globe. A Government thermometer there registered 134 degrees in the shade. The coldest recorded locality is in Northern Siberia, where the mercury drops to 90 degrees below zero.

THE FAMOUS WEST INDIA Regiment, the oldest negro fighting unit in the British Empire, has been disbanded at Kingston, Jamaica.

MORE THAN TWO MILLION pounds of copper were required by the United States Treasury Department in 1925 to mint $5,115,675 in pennies and nickels. The 'nickel' contains 75 per cent copper.

THE FINEST OPTICAL instrument in the world —an ultra-microscope which makes photographs of objects 1-200,000th of an inch in diameter—has been acquired from an English scientist by the Rockefeller Foundation.

A LAW IN JAPAN compels coeds to take military training along with the men students.

A TEMPERATURE OF 96 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, a little more than eight miles from the earth's surface, was recorded during the flight of one of the United States Weather Bureau's sounding balloons sent up from Royal Center, Indiana. This temperature represented a drop of 166 degrees from that prevailing at the surface.

BRANDING IRONS OF the early Western ranches are commanding high prices from collectors.

THE WORD *Cabal* came into being in 1671, when the English cabinet consisted of five persons (Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale), the initial letters of whose names made up the word. They made that appellation so infamous that it has never since their time been used except as a term of reproach.

OF THE APPROXIMATELY 3,400,000 miles of cigarets smoked in the United States during the twelve months ending June 30, 1926, 510,000 miles were smoked by women, according to Lin Bonner.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT is about to present to the library of the League of Nations the complete Chinese encyclopedia, which is reputed to be more than 200 years old. It comprises 800 large volumes having a total of more than 100,000,000 words. It treats of the heavens, earth, science, humanity, literature and government.

REINDEER MEAT FROM Alaska is shipped in large quantities to Seattle for consumption in the United States.

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT in 1925 issued more than 17,000,000,000 stamps. In 1847 only 860,380 stamps were issued.

CAPE COD PRODUCES twenty varieties of cranberries.

THE LARGEST PART OF the world's supply of borax is obtained from California where it was first found in the search for gold in 1856.

MOTOR-DRIVEN roller skates form one of the latest fads in Europe.

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL, professor of astronomy, Princeton University, believes that without the sun, the ocean would freeze and the air become liquid.

A QUEBEC TREE BEARS seedless, coreless apples of fine quality.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE exchange which connected lines was established in 1878. Names were used instead of numbers.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the axiom that the only real incentive to action is to help one another.

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William E. Borah has been called 'The Senator Nobody Knows.' He is the enigma of Washington, a politician who will not play politics. Yet in spite of the misunderstanding concerning him, he wields tremendous influence. He is better known in Europe, probably, than any other American except the President. His speeches are always given prominence in the European newspapers because the editors realize that they are not only the pronouncements of the powerful Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, but that they represent the views of a great body of American citizens.

In this issue Senator Borah writes forcefully about the dominant note of America's strange new diplomacy —*reservations*. He does not mince words, nor does he spare the feelings of his fellow Senators. He tells why the so-called reservations fail to protect the interests of the United States. He tells why he led the fight against American adherence to the World Court. With Congress about to reconvene and with the World Court one of the matters to come up for consideration, Senator Borah's article is of vital importance.

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Vigorous complaint comes from two DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers who object to the magazine for various reasons. Incidentally, the story mentioned in the second letter ['Barefoot Dave'] has been reprinted in several publications:

Detroit, Michigan.

I do not care to have your magazine. Please discontinue sending them to us for they are absolutely worthless and unfair and show only narrow-mindedness behind it. I feel it is a disgrace to keep it in my office.

A. KOSOGLED.

Mentone, California.

Why use a couple of pages of your splendid magazine to tell us of some barefooted hermit, who never benefited humanity in the least, and neglect to tell us of some father or mother who has reared a family of a half-dozen or a dozen fine boys and girls. I fear you have the same old newspaper complex. Why, please?

S. M. LEWIS.

From Florida comes a latter-day critic to challenge an editorial on jazz:

Apalachicola, Florida.

What manner of logical reasoning do you use in your editorial on jazz when you say: 'The strangest of all arguments in favor of jazz is that of its widespread popularity.' Could one not say that the strangest of all arguments in favor of the Bible is its widespread popularity, if we are to believe the records of its publishers?

Compare the Bible and jazz. Both are necessary and vital components of a national life as it exists today, or as it has always existed. There has always been a Bible of some sort; there has always been jazz of some sort. Recognize the need of an outlet for the stored-up emotions of a people, emotions that Dr. Freud, of Vienna, could speak of with more authority if not actual knowledge than I, and you will see the function of jazz.

Jazz is excitement, it is true. So are most of the emotions, from religion on up the scale. And none of us desire the permanency of any kind of emotional excitement. Why say, then, 'the very mushroom growth of jazz is enough to predict its own ephemerality?' For certainly you are speaking of what jazz symbolizes and not the changing garment it wears at the present time. For only seven or eight years ago you heard the jazz-time rag called 'Alexander's Rag-Time Band,' and thought it the very latest of syncopations. But today you have Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue,' a jazz work if ever there was one.

It has been but twenty-one years since I joined the insensate march of time, and only the last three or four short years have I been able to even dream of seeking some sort of explanation to life through music, although the only instrument I play at all is the humble harmonica. But your editorial on jazz leads me to believe that you are infinitely more able to write discerningly on the Dawes plan and the 'new diplomacy' than on the permanence or ephemerality of folk music.

Would you accuse me of new-fangled thought were I to say that it is my belief that jazz is the horns we toot around the Jericho-walls of smugosity and stupid seriousness?

J. S. DURHAM.
The Apalachicola *Times*.

Through inadvertence an injustice was done the great state of Missouri in a recent article. That injustice is herewith acknowledged and an apology entered:

Malden, Missouri.

In the article by Samuel Crowther, entitled 'Painless Taxation the Refuge of Quack Politicians,' occurs an inaccuracy which I am sure was inadvertent, but which does an injustice to Missouri. See page 20: 'Hundreds of farms in Missouri have been sold for tax liens—*the farms were confiscated to build roads.*'

On the contrary, not a single farm in Missouri has been confiscated to build roads. Conditions are bad enough with us, and it is true that hundreds of farms have been sold on account of default in payment of loans thereon, but the confiscatory process on account of building roads has been in our neighboring state of *A-r-k-a-n-s-a-s*. In that state road building has been more or less of a local process, financed by the issuance of county or community bonds, and, in many instances, farms were lost.

In Missouri we have constructed our highways under state supervision, from a state bond issue of $60,000,000, no part of which has been derived from taxation. The revenue from automobile license and gasoline tax has been amply sufficient to carry on the work, pay interest and provide sinking funds.

CASPER M. EDWARDS.

Bayside, L. I.

Let me thank you for your letter. I am sorry I made the slip and said Missouri when I meant Arkansas, and I am asking the editors to see what they can do about making a correction.

SAMUEL CROWTHER.

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WILLIAM E. BORAH, serving his fourth term as United States Senator from Idaho, is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, recognized leader of the liberal forces in this country, and outstanding opponent of American adherence to the World Court and the League of Nations. He has few peers in his knowledge of foreign affairs. (p. 1)

FREDERICK B. FISHER (author of *Gifts of the Desert*, *Which Roads Shall We Take?* and *India's Silent Revolution*) is Resident Bishop in India of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From 1910 to 1920 he served as secretary of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church. (p. 3)

DONALD A. LAIRD, youthful professor of psychology at Colgate University, is conducting psychological experiments which are bringing him nation-wide recognition. He is the author of many books and articles. (p. 5)

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, a newspaperman of wide experience, has covered some of the most important stories in the past two decades. He writes from personal knowledge. (p. 6)

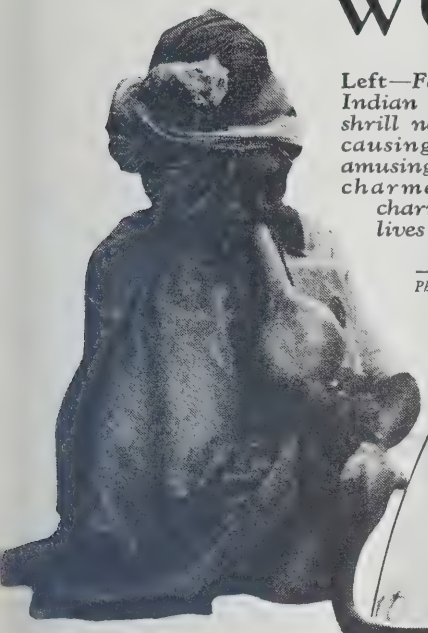
LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH has one of the most famous mothers-in-law in the world—Margot Asquith, now Countess of Oxford. In this article, one of a delightful series, she gives her opinion of mothers-in-law in general. (p. 8)

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of one of America's greatest novelists, Nathaniel Hawthorne, has many literary laurels of his own. Thirty-two years ago he won a $10,000 prize with his story, *A Fool of Nature*. In this issue he gives a sprightly tale about physical education as it was a half century ago. (p. 12)

HUSTON THOMPSON, former Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, is known in the West as an out-of-doors man. He describes a trip through Yosemite National Park. (p. 14)

THOMAS L. MASSON (known to fame as one of America's leading humorists) has been a victim of the Christmas-card habit for years without registering protest. His eventual plaint is bound to evoke considerable discussion. (p. 16)

All in the DAY'S WORK



Left—*For a pittance this Indian fakir will blow shrill notes at his cobra, causing it to perform amusing antics. The snake charmer must lead a charmed life if he lives past the practice period.*

—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

Above—*Musicians in a village of Calabria, southernmost Italy. They are earnest and energetic, especially the one in the middle, who plays his pipes while beating the big drum. Imagine the crowd this band would attract in any large American city!*

Oval—*Going up for dinner! Agile Hawaiian boy climbing 70-foot coconut palm. About 80 to 100 nuts are gathered from each tree annually.*

—*Herbert Photo.*

Below—*Travel for health and adventure is the main purpose in this man's life. For four years he has been on a tour which will ultimately lead him around the world—all on a bicycle. He spent two days in a desert without food; he was shot and knifed in Mexico; and was isolated four days in the Rockies. Next will be Europe.*

—*Herbert Photo.*

Left—*Extracting cobra venom. The poison is collected in a glass and used for preparing serum.*

—*Herbert Photo.*

—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Two hands and one foot busy at once—a wood-turner at Sidon, Syria, and his self-improvised lathe.

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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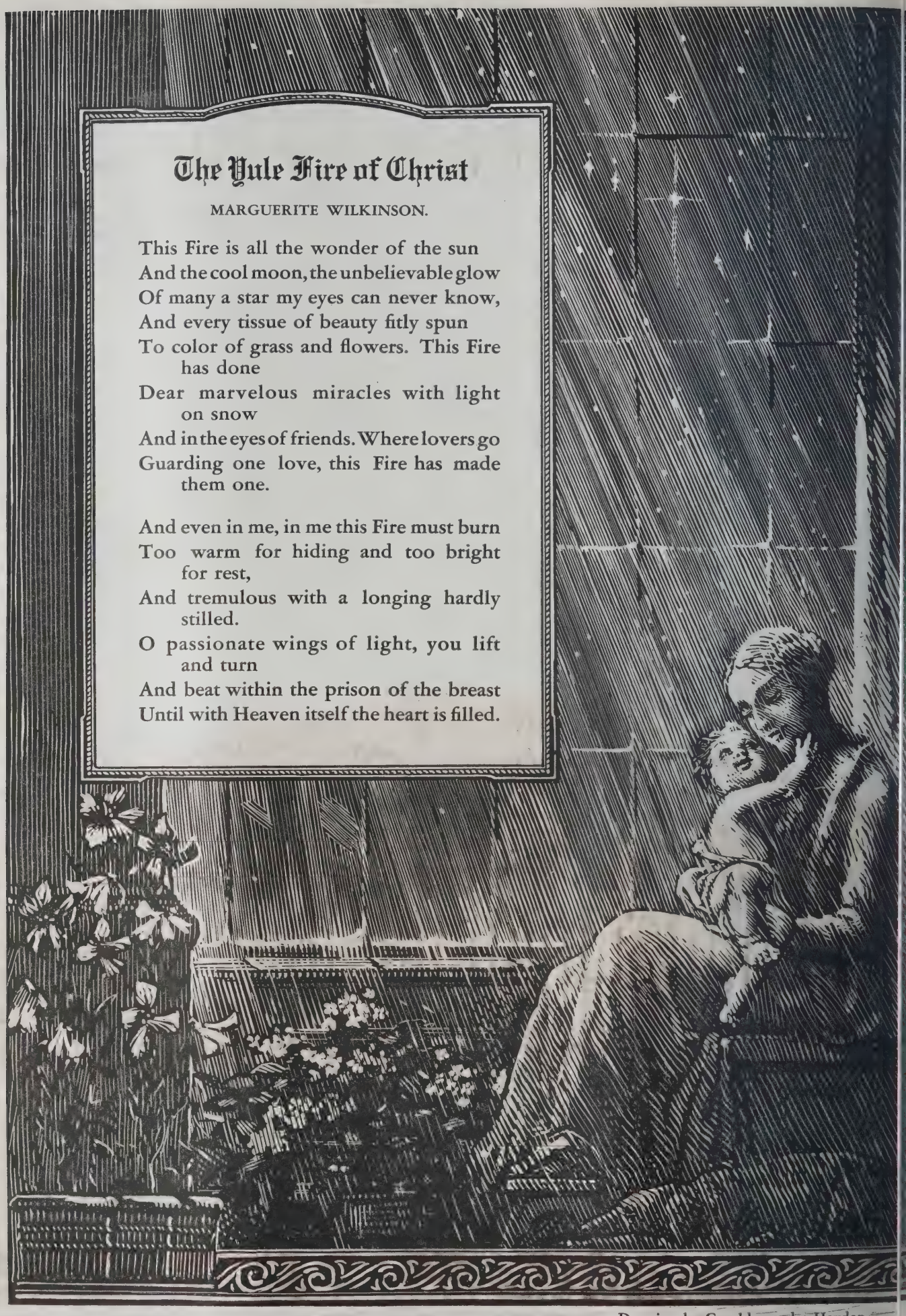
1850



The Yule Fire of Christ

MARGUERITE WILKINSON.

This Fire is all the wonder of the sun
And the cool moon, the unbelievable glow
Of many a star my eyes can never know,
And every tissue of beauty fitly spun
To color of grass and flowers. This Fire has done
Dear marvelous miracles with light on snow
And in the eyes of friends. Where lovers go
Guarding one love, this Fire has made them one.

And even in me, in me this Fire must burn
Too warm for hiding and too bright for rest,
And tremulous with a longing hardly stilled.
O passionate wings of light, you lift and turn
And beat within the prison of the breast
Until with Heaven itself the heart is filled.

Drawing by Gerald van der Heyden

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The AFFAIR at the INN

As Seen by Philo the Innkeeper, and by the Taxgatherer of Rome

By CHARLES J. FINGER

Illustrated by PAUL HONORE

PHILO the innkeeper was in an overwrought mood. He was worried, although his aspect was outwardly calm. He was snappish too. Yet he was a an worthy enough when things were ing well, and one not without light- ss and humor, and a measure of od nature was in his composition. ut the keeping of an inn is a trying siness at the best of times, the more when an unexpected press of people mes, and when demands are made thout thought and without courtesy, d when guests, because of the money ey pay, make of a host a safety valve r their own ill humors.

Not only the inn, but the town self was crowded; so much so that a laden camel, or an ass with its bales, or slaves with a palanquin could with difficulty pass down the narrow cobble-stone lanes which were streets. Even the wide place where the fountain was, where Philo loved to sit, half dreaming of an afternoon, while he dabbled his fingers in the water and watched the pigeons—even that place was noisy, what with Phoenicians and Syrians, with Arabs and Byzantines and Greeks, many of them with trade affairs to push.

So the innkeeper pondered on the folly of Quirinius, the Roman consul, and cursed his mad freak by which he sought to number the people, commanding that each should go to his own town where he had been born. For that folly had made for all the press of brown and hard-looking men from the desert; of whining beggars, often blind and diseased, who showed their sores for alms; of women famine-wasted because of Jewish usury; and other women with bold eyes and glossy hair hung with gold coins, who looked from court-yard windows. There were some who had opened packs and set things out for sale; others loud and fierce who bullied and threatened; others again who threw dice, playing for stakes. There were fellows with their ears

The rich man had ridden into the courtyard ahead of his train.

clipped and their noses slit, or with an eye thrust out, or with hands from which fingers had been lopped for thievery, Roman law being swift and sharp. Aged men and old crones, and shepherd lads with shapely limbs were there, also children who danced with joy because all was new, and because life was flowing full and free. And there were water carriers with their bulging goat-skins; and men from the mountains, from Carmel and Shechem and the hills of Gilboa, and from the high plains of Peraea; and from Tabor and Endor and Shunem. These made much of their shaggy horses, looking to their comfort as if they had been children. Sometimes slaves carrying a palanquin passed, when lesser folk, to avoid a beating for being in the way, squeezed themselves up steps, or into doorways, or under the arches of houses.

SO PHILO the innkeeper was in an overwrought mood, the more because his house and the courtyard were so crowded that what had commenced as triumph because of business was turned into something very much like colossal failure because of great revenues turned away. Therefore, in his dull way, he thought of the misery and futility of existence.

His inn had been filled before the rich man came; that rich man who was a dignified someone, who had something to do with Rome, and who talked so provokingly and masterfully and overbearingly. Philo knew, as soon as he clapped eyes on him, that there would be active collisions and unpleasant scenes. He knew him to be one who would regard other men as base vessels to be shattered, if he regarded them at all. For those who acted for Augustus were hard in their pride of place at all times and in all places, cutting across men's speech when they told of sickness or sorrow or age, taking for Rome the widow's goat and the herder's last penny, talking all the while of laws and activities and forces not understood by simpler men. And sometimes they hinted at terrifying things which might take place, of fierce and strong powers to be loosed among the people, of the slaying of infants, besides other fearful things which would affect the lives and the happiness of a thousand households. And when those who were the mouthpieces of Augustus spoke thus and so, threatening and browbeating, then the high priests took it upon themselves to become the mouthpieces of the mouthpieces, threatening still further those who were threatened.

THE rich man had ridden into the inn-yard ahead of his train, his steward with him, their horses fine with silk and silver. Then came camels, one especially bright dressed in barbaric and confused gorgeousness and led by a black glossy negro in a cloak of gaudy colors, for it carried the rich man's infant son.

WHEN Philo spoke of his crowded inn the lord seemed amused, and, with a couple of words and a lofty gesture, as though sweeping away difficulties, lightly turned the matter over to his hawk-eyed and hawk-nosed steward. Then he dismounted and walked to a stone seat in the narrow garden ground, for the day was warm although it was winter, and a pleasant breeze was in that place. Two women who had been seated there moved away. So the rich man was all dignity and preëminence, watching the people being ordered out of the inn to make room for him much as he might have watched the passing of a muddy stream.

For in the manner of those days, his steward was active and boisterously coarse, thundering and vituperating, ordering men and horses and asses away so that there might be ample space for the stalling of the camels and their unlading, his master being a taxgatherer with riches in his charge, to whom great wealth belonged because of his office. Therefore even the harried and robbed people spoke in hushed voices of his dignity and influence, saying that he stood for Rome and the rulers, doing what he did for Caesar in the interests of the empire. But none dared oppose, even with a word.

Now when some of the rich men's camels were unladen and while the most precious of the goods were being carried into the inn, some of those who were looking on crowded close, elbowing and pushing, finding it good to be there and to see the wonders and rare things, they being from the uplands and people whose affairs were simple. Whereupon the steward gave a word of command to some of the slaves, and they fell to laying about them with their whips, slashing those slow in moving. That was to clear a way for the passage of bearers with the cradle of gold and ivory in which slept the rich man's infant son.

ONE about whose shoulders the lash fell was a shepherd youth, brown-eyed and firm-lipped, straight and tall, Johannes by name. Swiftly he swung round, his nostrils dilated and his eyes ablaze like points of fire. But never a foot did he budge, not being in the path of the slaves who bore the cradle.

'Make way, beggar!' cried the steward. 'You stand there like a dreamer, or a fool, when you should be on your knees to your betters.' He lifted a hand to threaten or strike as he spoke.

Then Philo interfered, for he was close by, having been walking by the side of the cradle as testimony to the rich man's wealth and influence. 'Nay, nay,' he said to the steward. 'Strike him not. It is enough. There's no harm in Johannes.' He said the rest half whispering and with his curved hand at his mouth. 'The lad may be half mad, we think. He is one of those who takes the prophets seriously, babbling of the Messiah. Not more than two days ago he came from Jerusalem where he had been listening to Anna, the daughter of Phanuel, and she, it is said, is not in her right mind.'

'NO harm indeed,' said the steward with a furious visage, and loudly, with an eye on his master who sat as if seeing a dull show. He added, 'Get thee gone and dream of Messiahs out in the desert. Or be off and away with those we saw on the hills a little while ago, shepherding sheep. This is no place for dreamers and Messiahs are not likely to be here in a common inn.'

Suddenly the steward clipped his own speech, for the lad Johannes moved a step toward him instead of away as bidden, and the youth overtopped the man by many inches.

'It is no matter to me where I stand,' said the shepherd lad. 'But I dream no dreams. Or if you choose to hold me as a dreamer, then I tell you that this day may be the end of my dreaming, and from now on the world shall not be the same.'

AT THAT out shot Johannes' hand, taking the steward by the shoulder and gripping him like steel. And when the man tried to free himself and lifted his hand, the lad deftly caught him by the wrist and held him, bearded man and stout built though he was. Yet the youth spoke softly, saying: 'Lord indeed! One who sells honor for gold! One who grinds the faces of the poor because they are poor! Know that a man's greatness comes not from his possessions, but rather lies in how he sets his face against the wrongful doings of men. Know that a man is nothing except as he does and dares for the right. Also know that your law of mastery shall soon be set aside for the law of love. Know also that the master of your master, even the master of your master's master, and a king of kings, shall soon come. Know that long before the one that you serve pays his debts to Caesar, men wiser than the wisest you know shall stand before your master's master, shall do homage to the lowliest who shall yet be the greatest. Even Gaspar, and Melchior and Balthasar shall come bearing gifts not to your lord but to mine. Go, tell all that to your master! Say too that a new law, the law of the love of men, the law of good fellowship and of fair dealing, shall fill the minds of men.'

Johannes, having ended, stood with

rk eyes fixed on space, strangely stracted as though he saw a vision. nd the onlookers wondered at him cause of the splendor of courage. s for the steward, being loosed he oked at the youth a little while, ondering at his daring and the speech had made; then turned away, not oudly as was his habit, but somewhat the manner of one beaten, or sudnly grown old. For never before in s life had he been ordered, except by s master; while the laying of a master- hand upon him was a thing altother new. Yet that day he had been led and chidden by a nobody, while her nobodies looked on, and s authority in a moment had come like a hill of sliding nd. So the flame of pride in s heart went low because meone had stood out against s insolence.

Like a broken man he went to the house, following the aves who carried the cradle; ien fell to ordering the servits to make a large room ch and wonderful with carets and hangings and ornaents of gold and silver, but e commanded in a spiritless anner. And as he watched ie work going on, it came to m to wonder how a meek lad ad been suddenly exalted hile he was thrust down; also wonder at the daring of the outh, then at the narrowness life because this Johannes ight have killed him had he chosen. Then his mind ran n to dwell upon the short pace of time given to man, nd how a life was bounded by ystery and darkness. So he emembered his own loneliness, nd how he was friendless, none aving spoken a word in his efense. Fawners and flatterers e knew, but not friends; herefore he was sad at heart, nd ill-content with things, and ith the way his life had gone.

In the evening time, though ie wind had grown chill, the teward went outside, for he ould not rest within the house. Vrapped in his Persian cloak f silk he paced the courtyard. thers were there, a dozen or iore of men and women, some f those who had been turned ut of the inn to make room or the rich man's train, makng shift to pass the night as ell as they could. Some of iem sat silent about a little re. Some huddled on benches. nd as the steward walked up and down, a lonely man full of heavy thought and hungering for companionship, he heard the sound of hoofs in the street and at the noise a little warmth came into his heart. For, he thought, with the newcomer, whoever he might be, there was the shadow of companionship, if only for a moment. But that spark of hope died almost immediately, for the sound resolved itself into a dainty and rapid clattering which was not horse hoofs, whereas those of his own sort and rank rode horses.

The woman gave a lamentable cry, at which the man whipped round and ran to her.

Soon there appeared out of the light mist a man with a damsel, he leading, she riding an ass. The steward made out a tall man clad in a long, dark-brown robe; the woman white-skinned and dark-haired, neatly dressed in spun lamb's wool, but without adornment such as women love to wear. The man led the ass to the middle of the yard, then advanced to the house and struck his hand on the door post, calling softly.

At the alarm, an upper window was opened, and Philo thrust out his head crying: 'If ye seek lodging, ye must go elsewhere'; then fell to grumbling and calling upon the gods to witness how he was pestered.

The steward was not so far off but that he could see the woman weeping softly. And when the man started to lead the ass away out of the courtyard, suddenly there was a kind of anger in the steward's heart, an anger against Philo for his roughness, an anger against his master the tax-gatherer for his selfishness and greed, an anger against himself because he was what he was. Somehow he remembered his own youth when he was full of the joy of life, a boy eager for companionship, one offering and receiving friendship. Like fleeting ghosts, memories thronged on him, as how in time of need and stress such a one had done this and such another that. Old voices, looks and deeds, came back in sudden glimpses; a dash of sorrow dismissed by a good-natured parent; a shadow dispelled by a youthful friend; an indignity softened by a brother; some good-natured tolerance at a thoughtless deed. So he was angered that one should cast the shadow of grief upon others, the while he stood like an image, giving no light of fellowship. Also those words spoken by the lad Johannes rang strangely through his mind: 'Know that a man's greatness comes not from his possessions, but rather how he sets his face against the wrongful doings of men.' Yet all the while something whispered that the matter was none of his affair and that he would do well to let things go as they would without his meddling. So the steward stood, wishful to do, but not daring.

(*Continued on page 28*)

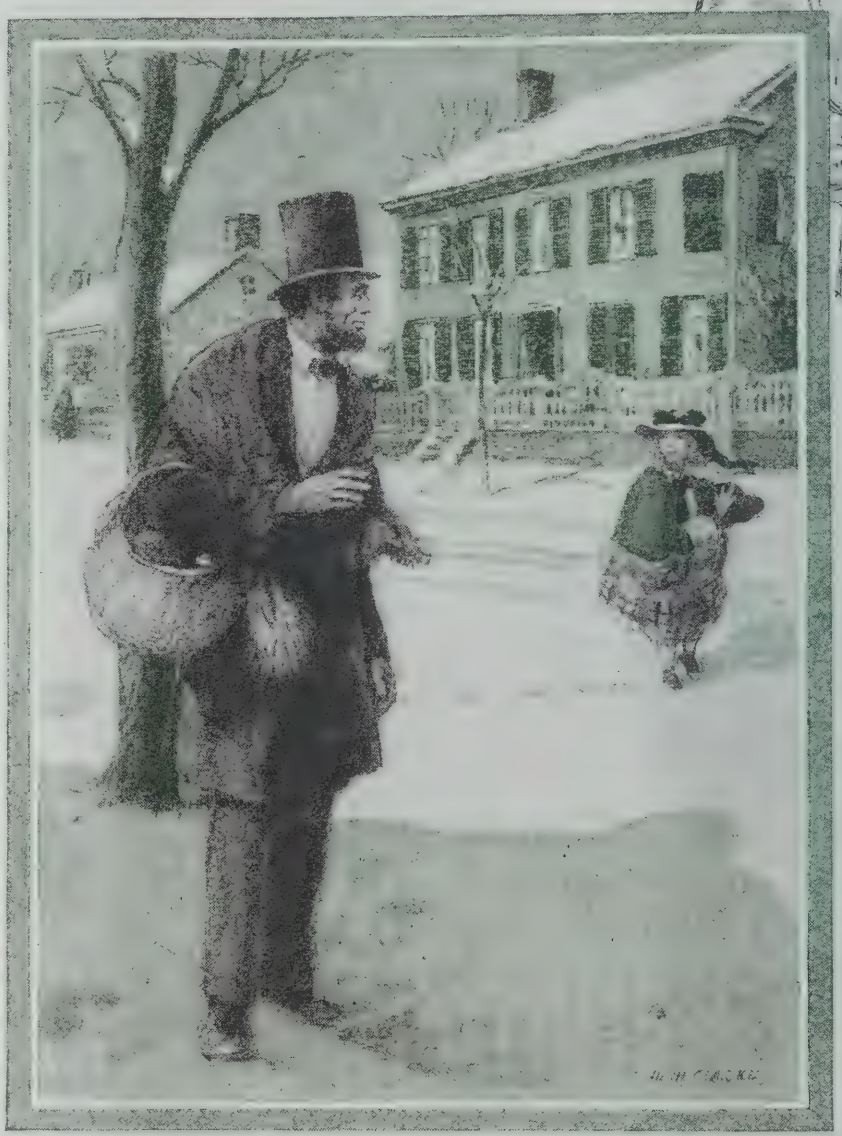
The Little LINCOLN GIRL *That Never Came*

A Christmas Story

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

Mr. Lincoln would toss Emily almost to the ceiling, with a great loud laugh, 'Up you go, Little Sister!'



Lincoln often passed boys without noticing. He did not often so pass a little girl.

I REGRET the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons, one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. These, with their mother, constitute my whole family.'

So wrote Abraham Lincoln to a little girl. His regret that he had no daughter, expressed in such a letter, has not been regarded as a matter of large significance; but that regret was sincere, and Lincoln's feeling of deprivation was far greater than the little girl imagined.

The letter was dated Springfield, Illinois, October 19, 1860, and was a prompt reply to her letter under date of October 15.

She wrote to him from a little town in Western New York, telling him she had seen his portrait on a campaign broadside, and she thought he would look better if he wore whiskers. She added that, if he would wear a beard, she would endeavor to induce her two big brothers, who were Democrats, to vote for him. She also suggested that if he had not time to write to her in answer to her letter, he might ask his little girl to do it instead.

Abraham Lincoln was just then receiving large numbers of letters, and he had had to employ a secretary and an assistant secretary to take care of them, but he answered little Grace Bedell in his own handwriting. She has the letter still that President Lincoln sent to her telling her he was sorry he had no daughter.

Perhaps some Presidential candidates, responding to such a letter, would have forgotten all about it; but Abraham Lincoln did not.

First of all, he began to let his beard grow. Almost from the very day of her letter he decided that he would wear a beard. He would have done so if he had had a little daughter and she had asked him to do so; and he did it at this little girl's request. Perhaps that is as strange a story as can truthfully be related of any President or Presidential candidate in the history of the United States: that he consented to so radical a change in his personal appearance at the suggestion of a little girl.

Beards were not yet fashionable. The people of the United States were unfamiliar with the features of a bearded President. And the face of Abraham Lincoln had only just become familiar to them. All the portraits that he had had taken in Springfield and Chicago had been beardless; and the Brady photograph, made in New York when Lincoln had gone there to deliver his Cooper Union address, had come to be recognized throughout the country.

So far as is known, no senator or governor or prospective Cabinet member told Mr. Lincoln that he ought to wear a beard, but he gave the matter serious consideration when a little girl wrote and suggested it. Before he left Springfield he was twice photographed with a beard. In one of these pictures the black whiskers were just sprouting; the other, the McNulty photograph, is now one of the most highly prized and valuable, and is the one used for the engraving of

Mrs. Lincoln asked the little maiden to visit her often, because she was lonely, having no little girl of her own.

Lincoln's face on the ten-dollar bill.

That might have been the end of the matter, but it was not. When the Presidential train was on its way to Washington, it stopped at a small station in Western New York, and the President-elect made a short address. Then he said, 'I have a correspondent in this place, and if she is present, I would like to see her.' No one came forward in response to this invitation. People began to call back to him, 'Who is it? Give us her name.' He replied, 'Her name is Grace Bedell.'

Then they took the little girl to the platform, half leading her and half carrying her, until she stood beside the tall man. As she was coming, Mr. Lincoln said, 'She wrote me that she thought I would be better looking if I wore whiskers.'

As she reached the platform he looked down and said, 'You see, I let these whiskers grow for you, Grace.'

Then, in the presence of that great crowd, and with all the newspaper reporters looking on and telling about it over the wires, he kissed her.

Mr. Lincoln was not unhappy with his boys; quite the reverse. He loved them and was proud of them, and he indulged them in their pranks when perhaps he should have punished them.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were glad their first child born August 1, 1843, was a boy, and Mrs. Lincoln named him Robert for her own father. They were not sorry that the second, born three years later, was a boy; and he was named for one of Mr. Lincoln's friends and rivals, Edward Baker.

A third boy was welcome, for Eddie died in February, 1850, and Willie arrived just before Christmas to take his place.

He inspected the dolls and tried to think of some excuse for buying one of them.

But Thomas, or 'Tad,' born April 4, 1853, would have been quite as welcome if he had been a girl.

There was that in Tad which called forth some of the affection that might have belonged to a daughter. He was not a rugged boy, and he had a serious impediment in his speech that made him seem more childish and less masculine than he might otherwise have appeared.

No other baby was born to the Lincolns. There were never more than three boys at any one time, for Eddie died before either Willie or Tad was born. The parents never recovered from the sorrow of his death nor that of Willie. They sorrowed that they had only three boys and not four. They sorrowed that Tad was not likely ever to be robust. And they sorrowed because they had no daughter. They did not say much about it. They were glad for the boys, and did not want to exchange them for any other children that they knew.

Lincoln was an absent-minded man, and he often passed boys without noticing them till they called, 'Good morning, Mr. Lincoln.' Then he always turned and spoke to them. He liked children; he noticed children. They liked him. But he sometimes walked to market, wearing his high hat and his gray shawl, having a market basket in the crook of his right arm, and holding Tad or Willie by the left hand, and walked along as though he had forgotten both the basket and the boy. He did not so often pass a little girl.

In those days they called little girls 'Sis.' Some little girls never outgrew it, and were called 'Sis' as long as they lived. Mr. Lincoln called them 'Little Sister.'

Mrs. Lincoln's mother died and her father married again, and had a large family by the second wife. Her younger half sisters were almost like daughters to her when she went, a young matron, to visit her old home in Lexington. Then Mr. Lincoln would catch up the youngest of the sisters, Emily, and toss her almost to the ceiling, which was not very far above his own head, and laugh, a great loud laugh, and say, 'Up you go, Little Sister!' It was terrifying, but enjoyable.

There were little girls in Springfield whose faces he knew, and whose parents he knew, but whose names he did not attempt to (Continued on page 30)

Would You Have It CHRISTMAS? *Or Just—*

The Twenty-Fifth *of* December?

Illustrated by L. PERN BIRD

By THE COUNTRY SQUIRE

For weeks before the day, my friend and his family prepare for it smoothly.

THE other day I met an eminent rationalist who carries his strange belief so far that he has abolished the word Christmas from his vocabulary. He said: 'Come and see us on the twenty-fifth. We have none of that pagan nonsense at our home. The minds of my children have been built on principles conducive and incentive to higher things.' He looked at me quizzically, his head on one side very knowingly, his eyes great and staring as an owl's because of his glasses, a striking figure of a man conscious of his own superiority and determined to impose his beliefs upon all the world.

Now it is not easy to reject a man's hospitality, but, happily, I suddenly recalled a sketchy sort of invitation, made on the spur of the moment and very casually, by a friend, on New Year's Day before last. So I became full of irrevocable decision.

The rationalist accepted my refusal with calmness—he is always cold and calm—then went on talking about the silliness of Christmas, assuring me that it was man's bounden duty to reject impossible fables; telling me that Shaw had said that the festival was invented by poultry dealers; advising me that Christmas was a feast growing out of sun worship; giving it as his opinion that men of proper understanding frowned upon the day, and all that kind of thing.

And when I asked him whether he proposed also to abolish Yom Kippur, and the Day of Ramadan, and St. Patrick's Day, and the feast of K'ung Fu-tze, he disregarded my question in his earnestness, and told me that there was a body of printed matter which he had read with profit, which went to show that Christmas was kept only by the superstitious and the unenlightened, or by the thoughtless and the ignorant; then added that no man of brain would render himself ridiculous by observing it.

* * *

Now my other friend, he who gave me the sketchy invitation to which I have referred, is no rationalist at all. I know that he reads fairy tales aloud to his children, never tries to crush or confound anyone who believes otherwise than he does, is always ready to be interested and amused, and would celebrate the accession of King Brian Boru as readily as he would celebrate Labor Day. And he knows all about the fashionable movements in art and literature and music. He can talk about the phenomena of sensation and thought, or about the lateral movement of an infinity of matter and the whirling of atoms as energetically as any rationalist on earth. He knows a great deal about the production of wealth and its regulation by society in the common interests of all of its members.

I have heard him argue about Nietzsche and the *Götterdämmerung* and the *Menschliches allzu Menschliches* whatever they are. And he knows all about the Malthusians, and Karl Marx, and Stirner, and the Iconoclasts. So you could hardly call him mentally stagnant. Yet with all that, and while he has as many absorbing businesses as other men, he makes it a point to celebrate Christmas in the old-fashioned way.

For weeks before the day, he and his family prepare for it smoothly, unfalteringly. There are coördinated efforts about things; the tree, the gifts, the visitors, the evening, the blazing plum-pudding, the decorations. There are subterfuges in getting gifts into the house and hiding them, until the home becomes a place of mystery. There are outbursts of indignation against hospitable acquaintances who send invitations to the family to dine out. Or if you choose to put it so, there is a monstrous sentimentality from father down to colored man. And so much do they enjoy it all, that instead of limiting their Christmas, they have extended it from the first day of December until the last day of the year, when it is merged in the festival of New Year's Day.

What they really do, though unconsciously and from habit, is to focus into a single glowing point all possible

joyfulness and energy and unselfishness and good humor. So, for a season, they forget the complexity and intricacy of life. Therefore their daily familiar life for at least one month in the year is not, nor could be, a labyrinth of separating walls.

To tell the whole truth, they are so far gone in old-fashionedness that they actually indulge in carol singing on Christmas Eve, and, while they did it alone at first, now neighbors join in, singing *Good King Wenceslas Looked Out*, and all that, very heartily, if sometimes not as tunefully as might be desired. And they drag in a Yule log. And they set up a giant tree which they load with glittering toys. And they usually invite more guests than their table will easily accommodate, full of an unerring confidence that all will go well as long as hospitality is the important spirit. For they are seriously determined to live life on their own terms; they are glad to be together; they are eager to play a high-hearted game.

So I went to them.

* * *

THEY gave me the guest room, in a stone-built house. It stands apart from the other house. There was a fireplace and a merry log fire, the walls were hung with holly and cedar and mistletoe, and it was as snug a place as man could desire. There were all the things a man wants: magazines, books, writing paper, pens and ink. A kitten was on the rug, blinking wise as kittens always are. And I did, actually, stay in the guest house on Christmas morning for one hour and a half. But no longer. For up came the girls, three of them, ruddy-cheeked and smiling like springtime, to take me to the house. 'No one should be alone on Christmas,' they said. 'It's silly. And everyone must be jolly!'

* * *

And the house! It was a radiant scheme of red and green. There were festoons and lanterns and garlands and bells. It was a house of mirth. It was a riot of things—of unheeded radio and victrola music, children's laughter, talking, the noise of toys; of ruddy firelight, a tree a-glitter with gold and blue and flashing scarlet, of heaped presents, of gorgeous books. There seemed to be people everywhere—guests, visitors and neighbors talking and exchanging salutations—young people in the passage, in the rooms, on the porch; children coming and going, very bright-eyed and eager.

A SMALL boy, still in his pajamas, went about perilously on new roller skates. Another described an erratic orbit about the tree, on a scooter. Two lads on the porch were boxing. Another lad switched on and off a group of little electric lights hidden in the tree, to a chorus of 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' A dog, keenly observant and sympathetically interested as only dogs can be, was enjoying it all tremendously. From another room came the crashing sound of piano music, as someone very unabashed tried a new piece of music, gallantly regardless of technique, and very fast and very loud.

I think my rationalist would have been severe, seeing all that disorder and expense and folly.

* * *

Nor would the evening have struck him as a step nearer to that cold wisdom he yearned to see in men. For there were foolish guessing games, and noisy laughter at nothings, and the bangings of paper crackers and the wearing of paper caps, and games of musical chairs, and singing. For frankly and unaffectedly they were having a good time, young and old. They were letting their light shine out. And not one was ill-at-ease or self-conscious. And there was natural talk and merriment a-plenty. Then, when they came to the fancy-dress dance, doing Sir Roger de Coverley in novel and unexpected costumes contrived from curtains and scarfs and paper, with gay brisk music, it was all mirth and movement and color. It was life flashing full and free. But it was very un-rational.

* * *

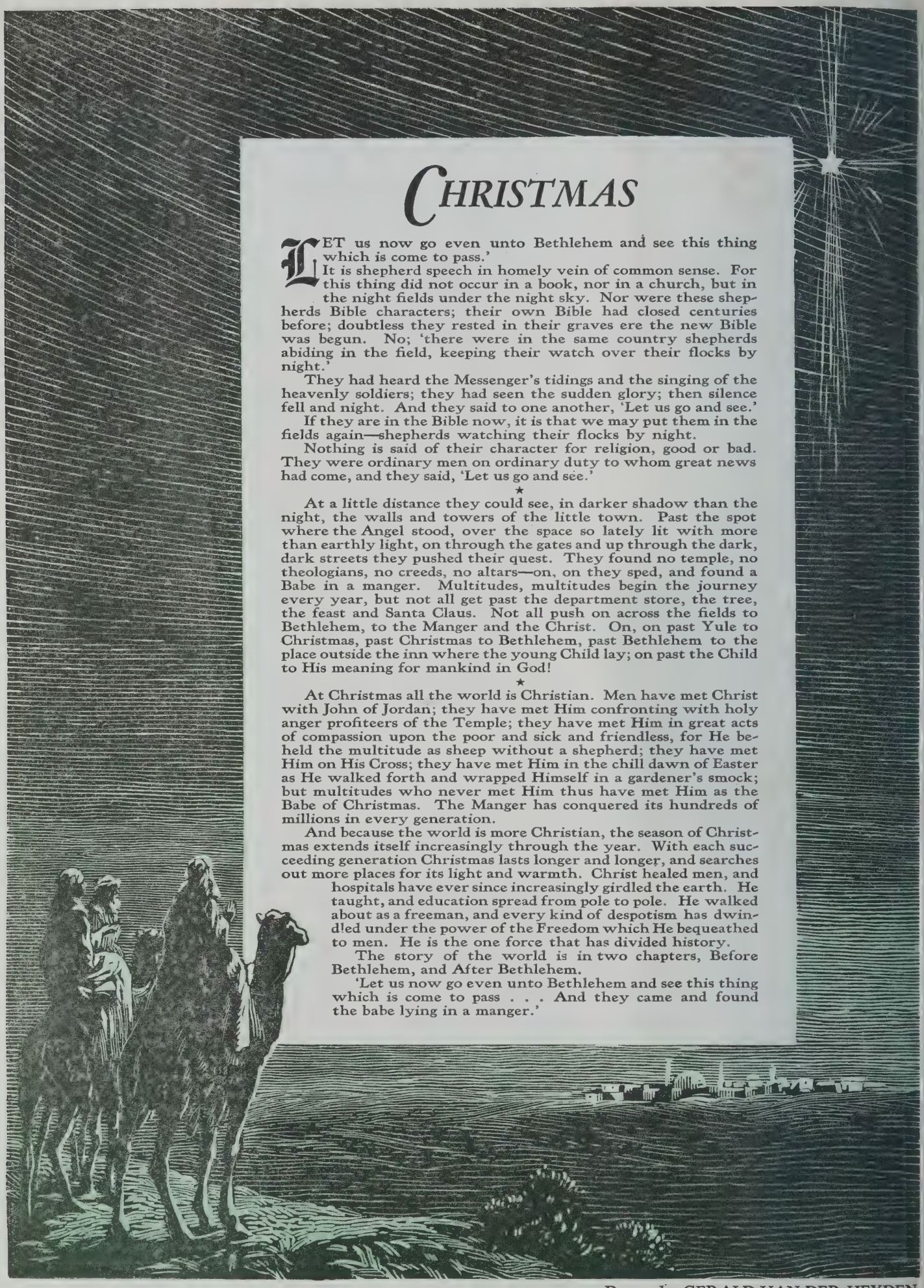
Mind you, all this is true.

I add a word or two by way of postscript. I met my rational friend a little later, and, knowing that the word Christmas annoyed him, asked him how he had spent the twenty-fifth. He made reply, saying: 'Quietly, very quietly, and sanely. None of your pagan nonsense for me. I cleaned up a little work in the morning, and in the evening we took in a picture show. But such days are interruptions to an orderly life.' Then he went on to tell what he had said before, how children should be trained in the understanding.

Somehow it struck me that without a Merry Christmas his children's chances for a Happy New Year were slim. Besides, I thought, why stun a child's brain with the club of disbelief?

Or a man's brain either, for that matter.

And the house! It was a radiant scheme of red and green. There were festoons and lanterns and garlands and bells. It was a house of mirth—a riot of things.



CHRISTMAS

LET us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.'

It is shepherd speech in homely vein of common sense. For this thing did not occur in a book, nor in a church, but in the night fields under the night sky. Nor were these shepherds Bible characters; their own Bible had closed centuries before; doubtless they rested in their graves ere the new Bible was begun. No; 'there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping their watch over their flocks by night.'

They had heard the Messenger's tidings and the singing of the heavenly soldiers; they had seen the sudden glory; then silence fell and night. And they said to one another, 'Let us go and see.'

If they are in the Bible now, it is that we may put them in the fields again—shepherds watching their flocks by night.

Nothing is said of their character for religion, good or bad. They were ordinary men on ordinary duty to whom great news had come, and they said, 'Let us go and see.'

★

At a little distance they could see, in darker shadow than the night, the walls and towers of the little town. Past the spot where the Angel stood, over the space so lately lit with more than earthly light, on through the gates and up through the dark, dark streets they pushed their quest. They found no temple, no theologians, no creeds, no altars—on, on they sped, and found a Babe in a manger. Multitudes, multitudes begin the journey every year, but not all get past the department store, the tree, the feast and Santa Claus. Not all push on across the fields to Bethlehem, to the Manger and the Christ. On, on past Yule to Christmas, past Christmas to Bethlehem, past Bethlehem to the place outside the inn where the young Child lay; on past the Child to His meaning for mankind in God!

★

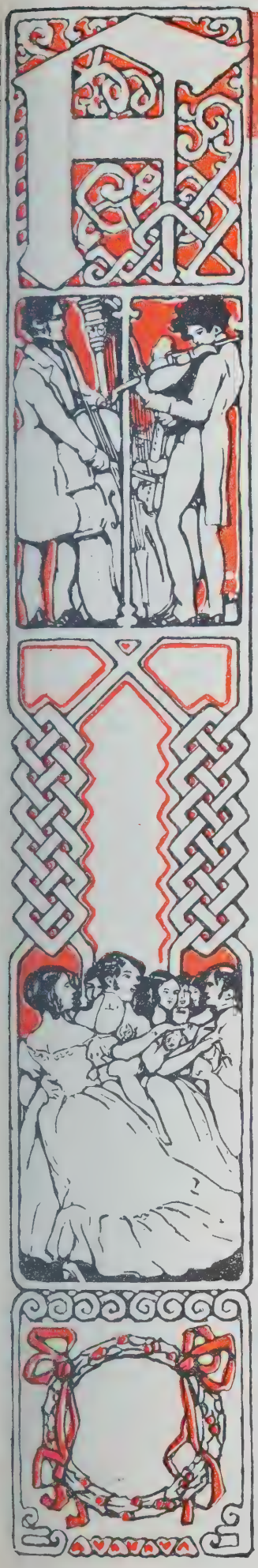
At Christmas all the world is Christian. Men have met Christ with John of Jordan; they have met Him confronting with holy anger profiteers of the Temple; they have met Him in great acts of compassion upon the poor and sick and friendless, for He beheld the multitude as sheep without a shepherd; they have met Him on His Cross; they have met Him in the chill dawn of Easter as He walked forth and wrapped Himself in a gardener's smock; but multitudes who never met Him thus have met Him as the Babe of Christmas. The Manger has conquered its hundreds of millions in every generation.

And because the world is more Christian, the season of Christmas extends itself increasingly through the year. With each succeeding generation Christmas lasts longer and longer, and searches out more places for its light and warmth. Christ healed men, and hospitals have ever since increasingly girdled the earth. He taught, and education spread from pole to pole. He walked about as a freeman, and every kind of despotism has dwindled under the power of the Freedom which He bequeathed to men. He is the one force that has divided history.

The story of the world is in two chapters, Before Bethlehem, and After Bethlehem.

'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass . . . And they came and found the babe lying in a manger.'

Drawn by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN



Mr. Ford's Page

SO MUCH has been said about good will that many honest minds have become suspicious of it. It serves very well as a Christmas sentiment, and it ornaments the oratory of statesmen who do not mean what they say. But what it is, and what its instruments are, is seldom asked.

To some minds, good will means a placid attitude which makes it easier to slip something over on you, as the saying goes. An ice-cream-social atmosphere, so to speak; an innocuous pink-tea flabbiness of fiber. It means being a good fellow and letting human parasites ride on your back, and human sponges live off your substance. Such good will means true goodness off its guard, to give shrewd evil a better chance.

Good will is nothing like that. It is to *will* the *good*, and there is nothing flabby about the exercise of *will* in any matter, there is nothing flabby about the *good*. If you think so, consider the endless centuries of struggle which have been necessary to gain the simplest of our common-sense positions of progress and justice.

At Christmas, good will is linked up with peace; 'Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will.' When this was first said, the earth was smaller than it is now, that is, less known; men were fewer; good will was a scarcer quantity, and peace was but a fitful dream between the horrors of recurrent wars. The earth is now larger, more widely known; mankind has increased in numbers and intelligence; good will, we may say, is more generally recognized as less a sentiment than a working law of life; and peace is the universal quest.

But good will has never operated without its instruments. These instruments are very seldom speeches, or councils, or conferences. The greatest instruments of good will are those which engage the energies of men in such a manner as to shut off the blood supply of ill-will.

And the greatest of these has been Work.

A nation at work is the last nation to strain for war. Europe today is in danger of war from no other cause than the scarcity of work. Unemployment fills armies. Unemployment welcomes any break in the monotony of unproductiveness. Unemployment provides empty-mindedness which in turn furnishes the soil for all those misunderstandings and hatreds which find their outlet in violence.

And yet—(for whatever is good, is good on every side)—the industrial nation is today the best defended nation. The might of the United States is not in its armies, but in its industries. The military powers of the earth would hesitate longer to engage our industries against them, than any army. The workers of the world's industries do not seek war, but they are more than a match for the war-makers when need requires.

So this is just a suggestion that we consider Industry—the opportunity and the habit of work—among the chief instruments of good will in the world. Busy hands are seldom quarrelsome. The best unity obtainable is fellowship in a commanding task. It is always idle hands that brew the world's mischief.

The League of constructive endeavor in supplying the needs of the multitudes of the earth, the League of Work and steady jobs, the League of decent incomes and modern homes and a mounting standard of life, this is the true League of Peace and Good Will. If the League of Nations would tackle the job of bringing industry into Europe, war problems could wait; under the spell of industry they would dry up and blow away.

Editorials

The Simplicity of Christ

THERE was no wild clamor of bells, no great gathering of great notables, no acclaim from vast multitudes that night two thousand years ago in the little hamlet of a Roman province. Instead, the simple shepherds came, called from their tasks on the hills roundabout by a Voice they had never before heard, or never were to hear again. Hills, bathed in the glorious starlight of the East—that is the scene which rises before our eyes at Christmastime—hills, and white flocks grazing on their slopes, and a soft, fragrant breeze, and here and there the tinkle of a bell. And then the manger, lowly and humble, the abode of beasts of burden.

He was not welcomed by the world, but He brought welcome into the world. He was attacked and persecuted and put unto death, but He brought a message of peace and good cheer and forgiveness. His very simplicity was used by His enemies to ridicule Him, but this simplicity became in time the foundation stone of Christianity. And in this simplicity of Christ, which comes so close to the heart of man at Christmastime, lies the solution of all the grievous problems which vex mankind.

Editorial Flubdub

CORNER the editor of an average metropolitan newspaper and ask him why he devotes so much space to sensational crime and outcroppings of degeneracy and the chances are nine out of ten that he will answer, 'We print only what the public wants. Our readers demand such stories.' And he will supplement this statement by citing figures to show how many thousands his paper leaped in circulation during the height of this unsavory case, or that one. But the chances are that he will neglect to explain that the circulation dropped back to normal, or below, at the conclusion of the case. Nor will he expound at length on the desirability of a class of readers attracted to his newspaper solely by morbid interest in unsavory happenings, and who cease to buy his product when it can no longer satisfy their abnormal palates.

In a Texas city lives a young newsboy who may some day be a leader in a new school of editorship. He has at least the makings of a remarkable psychologist. The other day he tried vainly to dispose of his wares. He shouted the lures of the latest scandal, he waxed eloquent on the latest murder, he painted a livid picture of the latest 'love' case. But no one bought. The public, apparently, had wearied of its daily diet of dirt. Suddenly the boy had a flash of inspiration. He scanned the paper for something he could consider worth-while. Then: *'All about the big bargain sale.'*

Five minutes later his supply of papers had been exhausted.

Mote and Beam

AMERICA, one gathers from Rabindranath Tagore, is crass and materialistic and selfish. Moreover, Americans are too occupied with business; they have no time to live or to think.

The error into which the distinguished Hindu poet and philosopher slips is one common to most old-world critics. They compare this nation, not with the other countries of the earth, but with some utopia of their own imagining, some impossible land of perfection where their own ideals flower into magnificent blooming with utter disregard for realities. Thus, when Tagore condemns all Americans with a grand and sweeping gesture, he is thinking of them probably in terms of this utopia; surely not in comparison with his own countrymen.

Judged by the standards of the rest of the world Americans are not so backward. Few would class them as more selfish than the ordinary European, or contend that their mode of living is lower than that of the average Asiatic. But this charge of *materialism* will not down. It is a fetish with old-world critics, the one thing upon which they all agree.

And why should America not plead guilty? America *is* materialistic. It is this very materialism which has brought the nation to a plane of prosperity never before equaled. It is a materialism of initiative and invention. It is a materialism that embraces science and the arts as well as the more prosaic things, a materialism that insists upon education not alone for the few but for the many. It is a materialism that promotes the welfare of the nation. Under it the value of leisure is, for the first time, becoming known. Not a leisure devoted to solitary meditation upon abstract matters, possibly, but a leisure that extends the needs and therefore the prosperity of the race. It would be nonsense to claim that this American materialism is perfect. It is not, far from it. But it has played an important part in bringing this country to the highest development ever attained; and that is a phase the old-world critics seem to have overlooked.

Government by Bomb

PARTISANS of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, under sentence of death for murder, are attempting to persuade Governor Fuller of Massachusetts to pardon them by the classic argument of the bomb. The highest courts of Massachusetts have declared that they were granted a fair trial. The presiding judge has declared likewise, and has refused to reopen the case. The accused men have enjoyed a stay of execution for five years while eminent attorneys have argued the case on every conceivable technicality in the hope of finding a flaw in the verdict. The defendants have been afforded every opportunity before the law to prove their innocence. And the law has adjudged them guilty.

But because Sacco and Vanzetti happen to be members of a revolutionary party a great hue and cry is raised in their behalf. Charges of 'persecution' fill the air. Demands for their freedom are made by radical organizations and newspapers throughout the land. Nor is this all. Bombs are exploded in front of United States embassies the world over. American diplomats are menaced. The homes of witnesses who testified against Sacco and Vanzetti are blown to atoms. The judge and jury who tried them are victims of retaliatory acts. Governor Fuller, visiting in Paris, is threatened with death unless he accedes to the demands. Substitution of the bomb for ordered law is a dangerous experiment.

Straw-Balloting the Bible

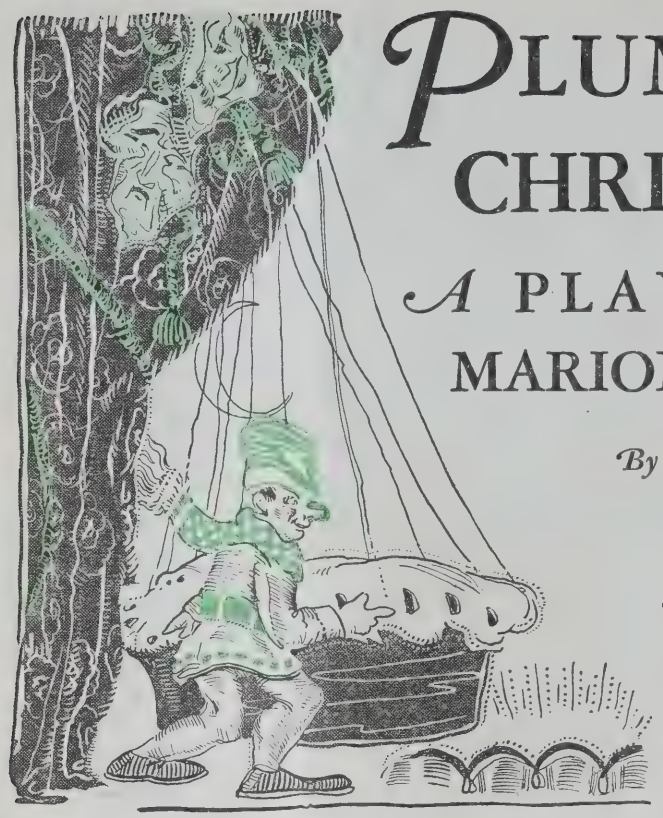
LITTLE purpose can be served by the proposed 'religious poll' to be taken through the newspapers of the country by the International Advertising Association, acting for the Federal Council of Churches. The proposal, even though made with the best of intentions, bears too much the appearance of a publicity stunt; it smacks not so much of the church as of the press-agent. According to its sponsors, the poll is designed to show the extent of religious sentiment in the nation, and thus furnish a basis for a vast advertising campaign to be undertaken later. But its benefits under this heading are at best doubtful, and its flaws are of such a nature as to make the plan seem highly ill-advised.

Newspaper straw-ballots—and essentially that is what the present scheme resolves itself into—have been notoriously futile and inaccurate. They cannot be said to measure, or even reflect, the true sentiment of the communities in which they are taken. Because of their very futility, the number of intelligent persons who participate is relatively small.

But there are many surprisingly active minority groups to whom the straw-ballot furnishes a grand opportunity. Through it they attempt to show a tremendous sentiment in favor of their own particular line. While the great majority of citizens remain passively positive in their opinions, aroused to action only by some great moral issue, these busy minorities welcome every straw-ballot with enthusiasm. It is to them that the present stunt will appeal most heartily, and not to the thinking people of the nation, whose opinions are of greatest value. Such a straw-ballot as that intended, instead of determining the status of religion in America, will serve largely as a medium for little bands of atheists and non-believers to magnify their own theories into matters of vast importance.

If the sole aim of the 'religious poll' were to stimulate discussion on religious matters, it might be justified. But rather than that, the intention is 'to find out how many persons in this country believe in God.' And the results are to be utilized as material for a general campaign of publicity and propaganda.

The combination of religion and modern advertising is one that must be effected skilfully if at all. Religion is personal, individualistic. Its spirit comes from within. It cannot be 'sold' to the people, as cans of beans or special brands of cigarets are sold.



PLUMS FROM A CHRISTMAS PUDDING

A PLAY FOR MARIONETTES

By BETTY JANE KIDD

Illustrated by the AUTHOR

Christmas Eve is sounding the bell!
'Tis the hour when toys can walk.
(But who believes in all that talk!)
Christmas Eve, all's well!

HEAVY velvet curtains shroud the miniature stage. A gaping mask or two, swinging from gilded cords, winks at the audience. Perhaps a sprightly overture is droned upon combs; or again an old-fashioned music box will tinkle out its roundelay in faintly measured rhythms for tiny feet. The play is about to commence.

Suddenly a boisterous voice is heard behind the curtains, upraised in rowdy song. A hand bearing a lantern appears, followed almost immediately by a comical head. Two round saucer eyes roll at the audience with a perpetual carved and painted twinkle, the while an astonishing nubbin of a nose plays the most breath-taking pranks, all of its own volition. The owner of the jolly pate loses little time in following his nose upon the stage. He is a round, loosely jointed little puppet, clothed in an exaggerated version of the habiliments of an old-time night watchman, with a long red tippet wound many times about his neck. JACK PUDDING himself is before you, come to direct the performance, as was once his wont in Merrie England.

He sings:

Hear ye, Neighbors, while I tell—

He cuts several capers, ogles the audience, and continues:

Hear ye, friends all, while I sing
Of the play, It is the thing!
For life is in a marionette
Only when the scenes are set.
Christmas Eve, all's well!

Continuing to play the buffoon, with more exaggerated antics:

Hear ye, gossips, while I call,
Those you'll see beyond this wall—

(*Pokes the curtains and winks at the audience, indicating that he is well aware of the joke of calling such flimsy drapery a wall.*)

Poet, lady, fool and kin—
Hark, the play will soon begin—

He goes on speaking:

And don't worry! As sure as my name's JACK PUDDING—or HANS WURST, if you'll have it Dutch—I'll see that there are some jokes in it. If we fools didn't make a little fun in this sorry world, you people with good sense might weep yourselves to death. There's PRINCESS ANGELICA inside there this minute fairly melting the glue from her eyelashes over such a Zanie as you'll never find short of World's End on All Fools' Day. But Pardauz! You'll be sniveling and sobbing along with her, I'll be bound, the minute my nose is out of sight.

At the mention of his nose, that curious organ gives a tremendous leap and attempts to lead him from the stage. He remains to say:

For—

'Whate'er men do or say or think or dream
Our motley gathering seizes for its theme.'

He disappears through the curtains which part almost immediately to show:

The Scene

The stage is in darkness at first but gradually grows lighter during the first part of the action. At first nothing is audible but the creaking of several puppet figures which are seen dimly suspended at the rear of the stage, hanging for all the world like kittens lifted by the neck. A smothered sobbing is heard. Somewhere a clock chimes twelve slowly. The

last stroke is punctuated by a tremendous sneeze.

A VOICE: (*querulously*) Ah-h-h! Shiver my timbers but it's cold in here. My sawdust is congealed in my veins. What ho, mates! No performance this evening? I've hung by my neck until I could almost think myself Jack Scratch, the hangman's apprentice!

A SECOND VOICE: Of course there's no performance tonight, Horribilicribrifax. Don't you remember—it's Christmas Eve. Our Manager was so excited last night that he could hardly hang us up after the show. And now he's gone to drink ale and sing carols by his own fireside with the arms of his four chubby youngsters about his neck and his toes toasting in company with those of his roistering cronies. A pretty kettle of fish he has left behind him, I must say!

CAPTAIN HORRIBILICRIBRIFAX: (*Jumping from his hook and coming toward the front of the stage with huge, swashbuckling strides.*) Who is calling me a kettle of fish? Who, I say! By bombs and cannons! By blood and sawdust! I'll carve him! I'll trounce him! I'll run him through! Just let him show himself, that's all! (*He strides to and fro, tossing an immense plume which insists in falling into his eyes. A military cloak falls around him in flapping folds and occasionally trips him up, as does his long sword.*)

PANTALOON: (*An elderly, slippered puppet, in dressing gown and large blue spectacles, who comes forward with a deprecating shuffle.*) My dear Captain! By all means don't take offense. That is to say—I only meant—

THE CAPTAIN: (*With arms akimbo on his splintery hips.*) Well, what did you mean? Come, be quick! This hero of a thousand battles waits for no man!

PANTALOON: (*snickering aside*) Hero of a thousand retreats, he would say. (*Aloud*) I was only going to say, Captain, that things here are simply at sixes and sevens.

(*The Captain attempts to count off the numbers upon his fingers.*)

Our Manager was in such a hurry to get to his Yule cheer, last night, that he simply cleared out with never a thought for us poor wooden folk to whom Christmas means only a cold and darkened stage. It's all a most distressing muddle. To begin with—

THE CAPTAIN: Muddle indeed! The minute I shut my eyes for forty winks of sleep, the rest of you proceed to get yourselves into all sorts of pickles. What's up now, eh? Whose strings are tangled? Whose joints are sticking? Whose head has fallen off? (*aside*) Splinter the man! His words stick in his throat like so many swollen pegs!

PANTALOON: Worse news than that! Right off, the Manager forgot to release the PRINCESS ANGELICA from the enchanted castle where she was imprisoned at the end of last night's performance. You can hear her up there now, weeping to melt her wig off.

(*The light grows brighter, showing a turreted castle at one side of the stage. Sure enough, a charming golden-haired princess is seen languishing from one of the upper windows. Various pieces of scenery are scattered about, as if left from the previous showing.*)

THE CAPTAIN: Well, that's easy! Why doesn't somebody let her out! Our lubberly Manager will never know the difference!

PANTALOON: But we can't let her out! The golden key is lost that her true love bears to unlock the gates and set her free. It's in THE LADY ERMINTRUDE, the play we do on Tuesday, Thursday, and holiday nights. No one has seen it. And we don't dare look. Just imagine. The Manager forgot to hang up THE DRAGON. The beast is wandering about declaring that he is going to devour someone soon. Harlequin thinks that he has eaten the key. But he denies it. However, he says that he will eat whoever looks for it, and unless he is slain at once—(*an idea strikes him*) Ah! Captain! You are the very man! You shall slay the Dragon and preserve us all from his jaws. With such bravery—with such a sword! It will be easy!

THE CAPTAIN: (*Shouting, visibly taken aback.*) What! I, Captain Horribilicribrifax, to stain my sword with the glue of that earthworm! Never! Ha! I carve men, not caterpillars; not green lizards; not glowworms! I terrify armies; not maggots. SAINT GEORGE is the chameleon butcher of this company. It's his business to kill it, not mine. That's clear. Where is he, anyway? (*calls*) Ho! ST. GEORGE! St.-George-the-dragon-nursemaid. Come here at once!

(*ST. GEORGE is still hanging from his strings at the back of the stage. He shakes himself, tries one leg, then the other, and comes sheepishly forward. He is clad in shining tinfoil armor. A large cross is painted upon his chest. From his helmet looks forth such a countenance of manly beauty as to stir the pulses of the entire feminine audience.*)

ST. GEORGE: (*feebly*) Well, then. I hear you. Don't be making so much noise about it all! What's wanted here anyway?

THE CAPTAIN: You are wanted, that's what! To kill the Dragon. He persists in forgetting that the play is over and is determined to eat some-

one. It's very awkward! Nobody can rescue the PRINCESS ANGELICA, who is still imprisoned in the magic castle, with that beast around.

SAINT GEORGE: (*Stifling a yawn and glancing in a bored manner at the languishing princess. She holds out her arms to him beseechingly.*) Well, I can't do anything about it. I killed him once last night and that should be enough. Besides, I bent my sword on his fifth vertebra and you know I can't do anything without my sword. It's not my princess, anyway. I'm keen on that Moorish princess who is out for repairs. At least I like her as well as any. I'm a bit off princesses of late. (*The Princess in the castle breaks into sobs.*) They have such ticklish hair. And they giggle so—or weep! Really, this should be HARLEQUIN'S affair. *He's* been in love with this PRINCESS ANGELICA all through the last four performances. If anyone's to rescue her, it should be he. Here he comes now.

(*A sound of music. Enter Harlequin, hand in hand with Columbine, they are much enamoured of each other. They dance. He kneels to kiss her hand.*)

PANTALOON: (*scoldingly*) Here, you scamp, let my daughter alone. You're advertised to be in love with the PRINCESS ANGELICA. Look lively, my lad, and set about rescuing her from the enchanted castle. And mind the Dragon, while you're about it! He's in a most consuming humor!

HARLEQUIN: (*Looks up at the Princess Angelica, feels his heart anxiously, shakes his head and bursts into tears!*) I knew it! It's the fault of my patches! Not a single heart-throb! My constancy is gone again. Oh, dear! My constancy! My patches! My patches! My constancy!

PANTALOON: Explain yourself, ninny. Stop talking riddles!

HARLEQUIN: (*pointing to himself*) Don't you see, I've lost my brown patches!

(*The audience becomes aware that in his traditional suit of diamond-shaped blocks, the brown are missing. Only red, yellow, and blue patches remain.*)

I lost them last night. You all know what my patches stand for. Red (*he points*) for temper. Gr-r-r-r! What a rage I can fly into! Yellow, for jealousy. Watch yourself there! (*He makes a leap for THE CAPTAIN who is edging nearer to COLUMBINE. THE CAPTAIN moves away, twirling his moustache.*) Blue—love! (*He throws a kiss to COLUMBINE, who returns it.*) But I have lost my brown patches which stood for constancy. So now I love—but another. I cannot be faithful to yonder PRINCESS. I cannot feel a single pang of love when I behold her. My constancy is gone. What shall I do?

ALL: What shall he do?

ST. GEORGE: And what shall *I* do, with my faithful sword deserting me, and the Dragon menacing our life and sawdust. That Zanie will do nothing for us, that's clear!

THE PRINCESS ANGELICA: (*Leans forward and speaks in a thin, throaty treble from her window.*) And what shall I do? (*sobs*) Oh, dear, does no one love me? Will no one rescue me?

(*All look at her uncomfortably. A great noise is heard without. JACK PUDDING enters. He has left his lantern and is now engaged in pulling and tugging and hauling onto the stage a great pudding dish, covered with a scalloped, lollopped, hummocky crust, neath which might repose the whole plum harvest of the world.*)

JACK PUDDING: (*to the audience*) Didn't I tell you? I leave them to attend to my baking, and presto! some sorry brew is bubbling e'er you could say Jack Robinson. What's it all about? HARLEQUIN in tears? PRINCESS ANGELICA half out of the window? ST. GEORGE with a face to frighten cats—as if his ordinary face wouldn't do the deed soon enough! What's up?

THE CAPTAIN: Ah! You blustering braggart! You driveling loon! I suppose you can mend matters, eh? Bones and guide-strings!

JACK PUDDING: (*mimicking him*) Blood and sawdust! Bombs and cannons! Least said's soonest mended. And that's why you'll never be whole, old windbag! But as to these other matters—show me the pieces and I'll out with my glue. A most superior brand, I assure you. My pudding, there, is basted with it.

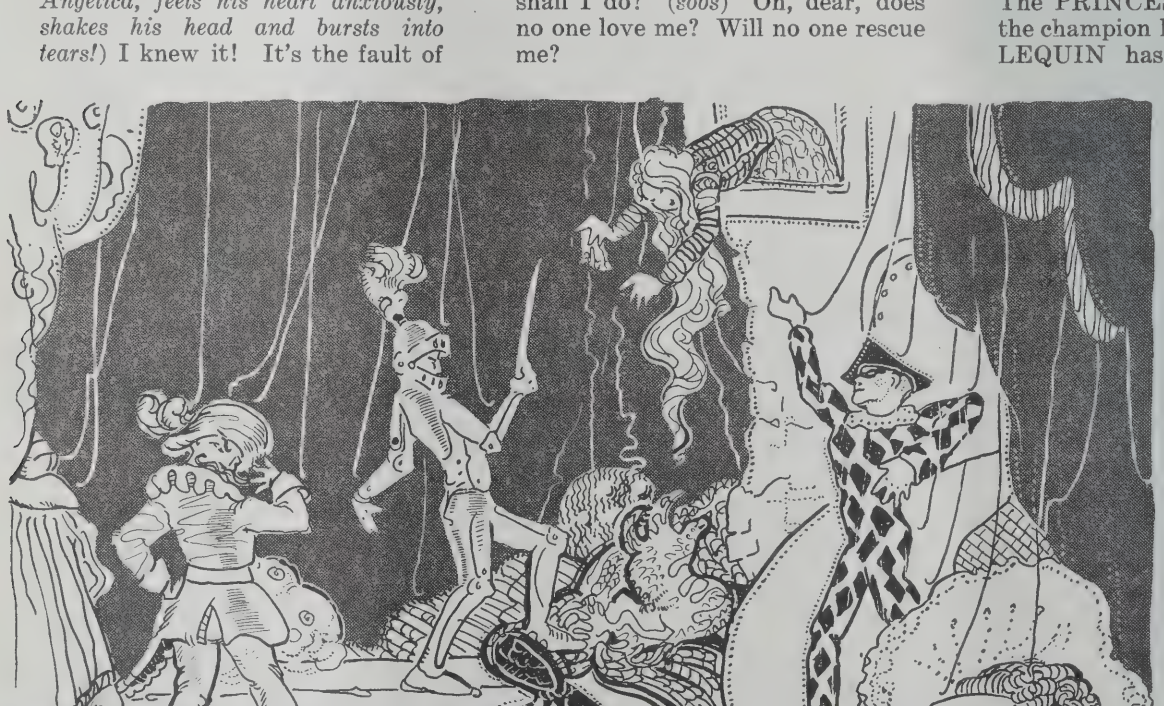
PANTALOON: Pieces enough! And all missing! That's the trouble. The golden key to set the PRINCESS free lost; ST. GEORGE'S sword to slay the Dragon bent into a veritable cocked hat; HARLEQUIN'S spots of constancy changed! The PRINCESS has no champion; the champion has no sword; HARLEQUIN has no patches—

JACK PUDDING: And I have no patience! Your mouthings and mutterings would try the temper of a mud-turtle. Don't you know what night it is? (*sings*—)

Hark ye, Puppets, while I tell
Christmas Eve is sounding the bell—

And that, of course, solves everything!

THE CAPTAIN: Everything; something; nothing! It's all the same to him. But meanwhile the PRINCESS weeps—



(Concluded on page 27)

It was still dark when I got up to the Peacock and I discovered that I was the only passenger.

The HOLLY-TREE

From 'CHRISTMAS STORIES'

By CHARLES DICKENS

Illustrated by
GEORGE HARPER

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobody ever did suppose it, but I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character a bashful man. But I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted for ever from Angela Leath, whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself; and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America—on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, which the steam-tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall—I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could with the prospect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter-time was in full dreariness when I left my chambers for ever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle-light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet Street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty northeast wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglers, trotting to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffee-shops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, frosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name) on the farther borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farm-house in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that, to avoid being sought out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect, I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business, of which she should know all particulars by-and-by, took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stagecoaches; which I occasionally find myself, in common with some other people, affecting to lament now, but which everybody dreaded as a very serious penance then. I had secured the box-seat on the

While we changed horses, the gua[rd] a[nd] the road, printing o[n]

astest of these, and my business in Fleet Street was to get into a cab with my portmanteau, so to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this coach. But when one of our Temple watchmen, who carried my portmanteau into Fleet Street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night, and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and frosty end to my unhappiness. I was heartbroken, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen.

When I got up to the Peacock—where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation—I asked if there were an inside seat to spare. I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little purl (which I found uncommonly good), and got into the coach. When I was seated, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a little while, pale, uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and gray. The roads, the tre[es] thatched roofs of cottages and hom[e]steads, the ricks in the farmers' yar[ds]. Outdoor work was abandoned, hors[es] troughs at roadside inns were froz[en] hard, no stragglers lounged about, doo[rs] were close shut, little turnpike houses h[ad] blazing fires inside, and children (ev[en] turnpike people have children, and see[m] to like them) rubbed the frost from t[he] little panes of glass with their chub[by] arms, that their bright eyes might cat[ch] a glimpse of the solitary coach going b[y]. I don't know when the snow began to [fall] in; but I know that we were changi[ng] horses somewhere when I heard the gua[rd] remark, 'That the old lady up in the sk[y] was picking her geese pretty hard to-da[y].' Then, indeed, I found the white do[wn] falling fast and thick.

hman went stumping up and down shoes in the snow.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it ut, as a lonely traveler does. I was warm nd valiant after eating and drinking—articularly after dinner; cold and de-ressed at all other times. I was always ewildered as to time and place, and lways more or less out of my senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute n chorus Auld Lang Syne, without a noment's intermission. They kept the ime and tune with the greatest regularity, nd rose into the swell at the beginning of he refrain, with a precision that worried ne to death. While we changed horses, he guard and coachman went stumping p and down the road, printing off their hoes in the snow, and poured so much iquid consolation into themselves with-ut being any worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places and we got them up—which was the pleasantest variety *I* had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long we went on in this manner. Thus we came round the clock upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne all day again. And it snowed and snowed.

I forgot now where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedgerows to guide us, we went crunching on over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sin beneath us at any moment and drop u down a whole hillside. Still the coac man and guard—who kept together o the box, always in council, and lookin well about them—made out the trac with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, looked, to my fancy, like a large drawin on a slate, with abundance of slat pencil expended on the churches an houses where the snow lay thickes When we came within a town, and foun the church clocks all stopped, the dia faces choked with snow, and the in signs blotted out, it seemed as if the whc place were overgrown with whi moss.

As to the coach, it was a mere snowba similarly, the men and boys who ra along beside us to the town's end, turnin

our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us was a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough: notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing, out of towns and villages, but the track of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute, 'What inn is this?'

'The Holly-Tree, Sir,' said he.

'Upon my word, I believe,' said I, apologetically, to the guard and coachman, 'that I must stop here.'

Now the landlord, and the landlady, and the ostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the coachman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on. The coachman had already replied, 'Yes, he'd take her through it'—meaning by Her the coach—'if so be as George would stand by him.' George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he *would* stand by him. So the helpers were already getting the horses out.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, was not an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an innately bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for'ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where was the good of a gentleman being froze—ah, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body; did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them goodnight and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself, after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the Holly-Tree upstairs.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains, that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose) engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my arm-chair, the fire scorched me to the color of a new brick. The chimney-piece was very high, and there was a bad glass—what I may call a wavy glass—above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments—and these never look well, in any subject cut short off at the eyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of darkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness, the drapery of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in *themselves;* therefore I am emboldened to mention, that, when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of broiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter in detail my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. In oases of nightmare, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green. What had *I* to do with Gretna Green? I was not going *that* way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree nobody could tell me.

It was now Christmas Eve. I should have had a dismal Christmas-time of it anywhere, and consequently that did not so much matter; still, being snowed up was like dying of frost, a thing I had not bargained for. I felt very lonely. Yet I could no more have proposed to the landlord and landlady to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it very much) than I could have asked them to present me with a piece of plate. Here my great secret, the real bashfulness of my character, is to be observed. Like most bashful men, I judge of other people as if they were bashful too. Besides being far too shamefaced to make the proposal myself, I really had a delicate misgiving that it would be disconcerting to them.

Trying to settle down, therefore, in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house. The waiter brought me a *Book of Roads*, two or three old newspapers, a little song book, terminating in a collection of toasts and sentiments, a little jest book, an odd volume of *Peregrine Pickle*, and the *Sentimental Journey*. I knew every word of the two last already, but I read them through again, then tried to hum all the songs (Auld Lang Syne was among them); went entirely through the jokes—in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately, it came into my head (from which I was anxious by any means to exclude Angela and Edwin), that I would endeavour to recall my experience of inns, and would try how long it lasted me. I stirred the fire, moved my chair a little to one side of the screen—not daring to go far, for I knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me, I could hear it growling . . .

I HAD been going on lately at a quick pace to keep my solitude out of my mind; but I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? Into what extremity was I submissively to sink? Supposing that, like Baron Trenck, I looked out for a mouse or spider, and found one, and beguiled my imprisonment by training it? Even that might be dangerous with a view to the future. I might be so far gone when the road did come to be cut through the snow, that, on my way forth, I might burst into tears, and beseech, like the prisoner who was released in his old age from the Bastille, to be taken back again to the five windows, the ten curtains, and the sinuous drapery . . .

I had been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hands, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my table.

The road had been dug out of the snow on the previous day, and the document in question was my bill. It testified emphatically to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and nights.

I had yesterday allowed the road twenty-four hours to improve itself, finding that I required that additional margin of

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. 'In oases of nightmare, I thought of Angela.'

ime for the completion of my task. I had rdered my bill to be upon the table, and a haise to be at the door, 'at eight o'clock o-morrow evening.' It was eight o'clock o-morrow evening when I buckled up my raveling writing-desk in its leather case, aid my bill, and got on my warm coats nd wrappers. Of course, no time now re- nained for my traveling on to add a frozen ear to the icicles which were doubtless anging plentifully about the farmhouse here I had first seen Angela. What I ad to do was to get across to Liverpool y the shortest open road, there to meet my eavy baggage and embark. It was quite nough to do.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree riends—almost, for the time being, of my ashfulness too—and was standing for half minute at the inn door watching the ostler s he took another turn at the cord which ied my portmanteau on the chaise, when saw lamps coming down toward the Holly- Tree. The road was so padded with snow hat no wheels were audible; but all of us who were standing at the inn door saw amps coming on, and at a lively rate too, etween the walls of snow that had been eaped up on either side of the track. The chambermaid instantly divined how the ase stood, and called to the ostler, 'Tom, his is a Gretna job!' The ostler, knowing hat her sex instinctively scented a marriage, r anything in that direction, rushed up the ard bawling, 'Next four out!' and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and therefore, instead of driving off at once, I remained at the inn door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, muffled in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he almost overthrew me. He turned to apologize, and, by heaven, it was Edwin!

'Charley!' said he, recoiling. 'Gracious powers, what do you do here?'

'Edwin,' said I, recoiling, 'gracious powers, what do *you* do here?' I struck my forehead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light seemed to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlor (always kept with a low fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their horses were putting to, and, shutting the door, said:

'Charley, forgive me!'

'Edwin!' I returned. 'Was this well? When I loved her so dearly! When I had garnered up my heart so long!' I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to heart.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

'My dear, dear Charley,' said he, 'don't think ill of me, I beseech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe me, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secrecy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake.'

'You have observed it for my sake, Sir?' said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

'Yes!—and Angela's,' said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a laboring humming-top. 'Explain yourself,' said I, holding on by one hand to an armchair.

'Dear old darling Charley!' returned Edwin, in his cordial manner, 'consider! When you were going on so happily with Angela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposals) to our secret intention? Surely it was better that you should be able honorably to say, "He never took counsel with me, never told me, never breathed a word of it." If Angela suspected it, and showed me all the favor and support she could—God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife!—I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!'

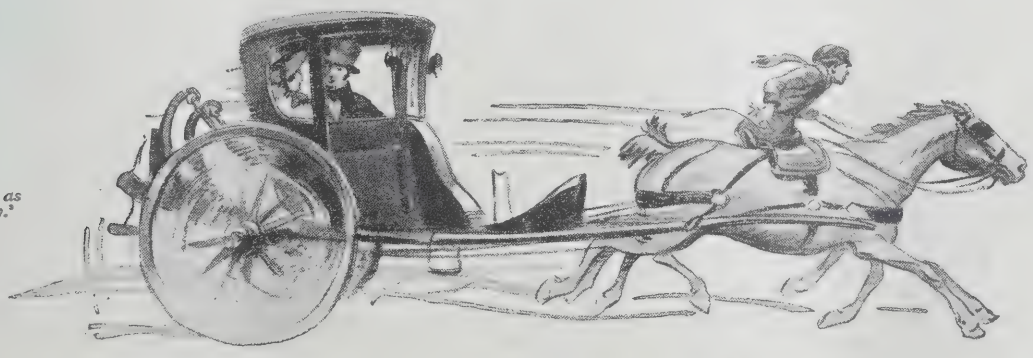
Emmeline was Angela's cousin. Lived with her. Had been brought up with her. Was her father's ward. Had property.

'Emmeline is in the chaise, my dear Edwin!' said I, embracing him with the greatest affection.

'My good fellow!' said he, 'do you suppose I should be going to Gretna Green without her?'

I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape: but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note apiece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

I never went to Liverpool, I never went to America, I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the mistrust and the mistaken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear white for herself, and to look very like her mother in it—come to read these pages, as of course they will, I shall hardly fail to be found out at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate the Christmas-time of the year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded.



I cheered them, as they drove away.'

The BOY Who Didn't Like CHRISTMAS

A Story for Those Who Do

By ELIZABETH COLT

Illustrated by BETTY JANE KIDD

'Now let's see,' said Santa. 'There's a puppy for Susy Reed, who is sick in bed, and one for little Tommy Dubblin.'

ONCE there was a boy who didn't like Christmas. (*I'd never have believed it if he hadn't said so himself. But he did. Right out loud.*) His name was R. Pindleton Pinkle. (*Can you imagine!*) And he said so in a most unpleasant tone of voice at two o'clock in the afternoon of December twenty-fourth to his second cousin, Genevieve Elizabeth, who had come to see him.

'I don't like Christmas!' Just like that.

Then, to make things worse, he added in a growly-scowly fashion:

'And I think Santa Claus is a booby!'

Oh my! Wouldn't you have thought his Mother-Dear or his Daddy-Person would have *told* him not to use a word like that?

But you see, it was this way. His Daddy-Person had a great many important things to do downtown behind a big door marked *Private. Directors' Room.* So *he* didn't know what kind of language his little boy used. As for his Mother-Dear, who had shining silken hair and a soft silken voice which made all words sound perfectly lovely, she was One-of-the-Most-Popular-of-Our-Younger-Matrons. So for her part, she only saw him once a day at bread-and-butter-tea-time. Nobody can use very objectionable words with his mouth full of bread-and-butter-tea, you know.

R. Pindleton Pinkle's Mother-Dear and his Daddy-Person knew that Someone had to teach their little boy the proper way to talk. They had brought a man for that very purpose from a stuffy gray building called a university. Luthur Follinsbee Flup, *his* name was, and he knew exactly the way. He talked to R. Pindleton Pinkle five hours daily as an example. As a matter of fact, Mr. Luthur Follinsbee Flup talked in such very large, very long, very extraordinary words that R. Pindleton Pinkle was unable to understand one of them, but spent the entire time making cats'-cradles and planning some day to tie the apron strings of Mrs. Weatherby-Dan, the housekeeper, to the flapping coattails of J. Jujubee Jukes, who brought in the bread-and-butter-tea.

It was really Mrs. Weatherby-Dan whom he had heard use that terrible word 'booby.' She had said it to Jujubee Jukes the day he had spilled the milk for bread-and-butter-tea upon the hearth-rug. And truly, R. Pindleton Pinkle hadn't the slightest idea what it meant. (*As no more have I!*)

But Genevieve Elizabeth couldn't know that. She burst into tears!

Who could blame her! Santa Claus was one of her particular friends. He had brought her a 'normous dolls' house and a pinkly-wrinkly baby brother on the very same Christmas one time. And if that doesn't make you somebody's particular friend, what does? And if you don't burst into tears when you hear your particular friend called such a thing as that, when will you? So she did!

'Why in the world are you crying?' asked Pindleton Pinkle, feeling a bit uncomfortable and very much surprised. Genevieve Elizabeth didn't visit him very often. She couldn't get away because she lived on another street in a little house with many shining-scrubbed windows. At the windows were always a great many faces of brothers and sisters looking out, so Genevieve Elizabeth was needed to see that the smaller ones didn't make smudgy finger prints upon the glass.

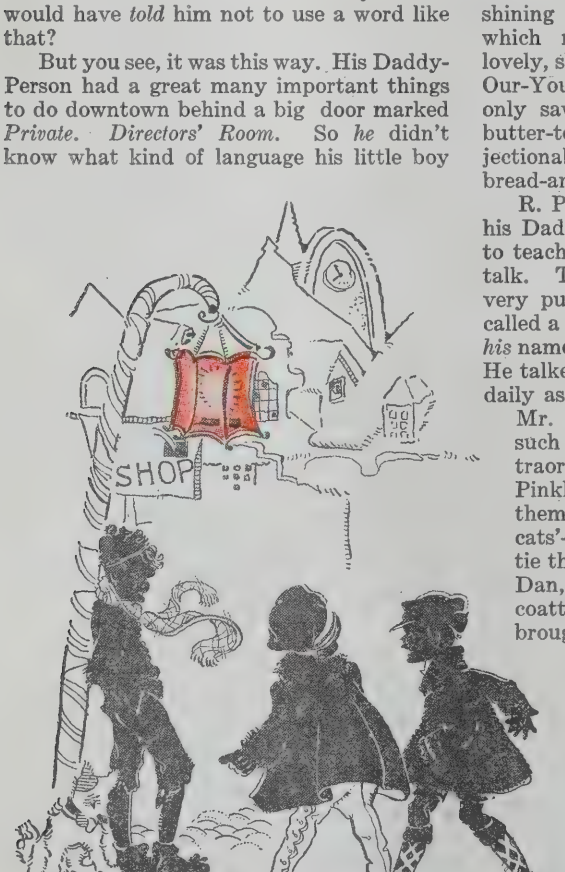
In all the times she had come to Pindleton Pinkle's big house, she had hardly cried at all, not even when her finger was pinched in the door, or when they had cut off her hair to see if it looked well and it didn't. (So now Pindleton Pinkle was most surprised to see the little girl weeping so bitterly that two tears at a time sprang from each blue eye and ran a race over her round pink cheeks.)

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried Genevieve Elizabeth. 'How can you say such things, Pinkie Pinkle! Didn't Santa Claus bring you a train-on-a-track only last year, with real whistles and tunnels and smoke coming out of the smokestack?'

'Yes—' admitted the little boy gruffly.

'And an automobile with tires and a horn the year before that and a rocking horse with a switchy tail?'

'Ye-e-e-s!'



'We're on our way to see Santa Claus.'

'And a magic lantern and a whole Book-of-Blunders and a chauffeur to take you for rides in the park and—'

'Yes, yes, yes,' shouted the little boy with his face very red and blinking his eyes very hard. 'But he's never brought me a real-live-puppy-dog with a black patch over one eye and a curly tail and I've asked him every year, Genevieve Elizabeth, so there!'

Do you know, I think if he hadn't been a boy he might have cried too. For it was in the most curiously strangled voice that he went on:

'So why isn't he a booby then, when he brings me all those old things I don't want at all and never brings me a puppy dog? That was what I wanted most of all!'

Genevieve Elizabeth stopped crying and looked at him.

'But there must be some mistake, Pinkie,' she said, 'Santa Claus always brings you what you want and ask for.'

'No there isn't. How can there be? Every year I've written him a letter and mailed it in the downstairs fireplace when nobody was around. And he's never brought it, Genevieve Elizabeth, not once.' R. Pindleton Pinkle shoved his hands into his pockets and turned his back on the little girl.

'So this year I didn't write him at all. And I don't like Christmas and I wish it wasn't coming tomorrow!'

'Oh, Pinkie,' said Genevieve Elizabeth, firmly, 'Santa Claus must have some reason, if he hasn't brought your puppy. I'm sure he could explain it if we could see him and ask.'

'Could we see him?'

PINDLETON Pinkle pricked up his ears. I myself think he secretly felt a little sorry that he hadn't written to Santa Claus. 'Couldn't we go to his house and tell him that I'd rather have a dog than all these other things, a dog for company 'cause there's never anyone to play with up here? Let's! Today! Right away, before Mrs. Weatherby-Dan and Jukes bring the bread-and-butter-tea!'

'Well, I've never been, Pinkie,' Genevieve Elizabeth wrinkled up her forehead. 'And I don't know exactly the way to his house.

'But we might take a bus,' she added hopefully. 'My mother always takes a bus when she wants to go somewhere. I know the corner where it stops.'

'Then come on!' Pindleton Pinkle was already climbing upon a chair to get his coat out of the closet where Mrs. Weatherby-Dan hung it every day when he returned from his ride in the park.

Together, the two children stole down the big stairs and out of the great door of Pindleton Pinkle's house. There was a big black snow cloud over the roofs across the way, and the rose-glowing globe of the street light at the corner was already lighted and tugging at its post like a huge balloon. Under it was the ruddiest, blusteringest, brass-buttonedest traffic policeman it has ever been my good fortune to see, with a face that glowed like a twin to the light above his head.

'Hallo, here, where are you going?' he shouted in a big voice when he spied the two. 'To visit Santa Claus, eh? Well, tell him for me that I'll not take it amiss to be finding a sergeantcy in my stocking Christmas morning.' And he held up a whole line of shiny two-eyed autos to let them pass.

'What does he mean, a *sargency?*' asked Pindleton Pinkle in a puzzled tone. But Genevieve Elizabeth was smiling back at a pink-cheeked old lady who nodded from the door of her Bun-shop.

'You're going to visit Santa, I'll be thinking,' called the old lady in a cracked, quavering voice. 'And it's myself would be wishing he'd remember an old lady once in a while and drop a ton of coal or so down the chimney. But a merry Christmas to you both, my dears, and many of them as well!'

AND she nodded her head until all her little gray curls danced above the old shawl which was pulled about her thin shoulders.

Pindleton Pinkle began to feel better. He thought he had never met such charming people as these who so obviously liked Santa Claus in spite of the fact that he didn't call on them.

'Here is the bus corner,' said Genevieve Elizabeth. And there it was. And sitting upon it, at the tipmost end of the curb-stone, was the merriest, roguishest, curliest-haired boy Pindleton Pinkle had ever seen, whistling a tune over the top of his thread-bare red muffler, and wiggling two bare toes which were peeping out of one of his shoes in a most impudent fashion. And there beside him, waggling his curly tail, and cocking one ear over the black-patched eye, winking toward the children, was R. Pindleton Pinkle's puppy. There could be no doubt of it. R. Pindleton Pinkle had described him to Genevieve Elizabeth not a half-hour before.

'Hullo,' said the boy. 'I'm Jerry. And that,' pointing to the dog, 'is Jack.'

'We're on our way to see Santa Claus. And my name is Genevieve Elizabeth. And this is R. Pindleton Pinkle.'

'Whew! They don't *call* you that, do they—all that, I mean, Pindle—whatever it is. Haven't you a name to be *called* by, like Jerry? What do the fellows call you?'

'Well, I don't know any fellows,' replied R. Pindleton Pinkle doubtfully. 'But Jukes calls me Master Pinkle. And Genevieve Elizabeth calls me Pinkie.'

'That's better!' grinned Jerry. 'I'll call you Pinkie too. And I'm going to see Santa Claus myself.'

'Pinkie wants a dog like Jack,' explained Genevieve Elizabeth. 'He wants one to live with him for company.'

'And I'm going,' said Jerry, 'to ask him to bring me something to earn my living with, so I can make a lot of money for my little sister. And then she won't have to live at the Widow Elkins and lug her cross baby around all day. It's awfully heavy, that baby, and howls if you put it down.'

'Let's go together,' they all said at once. And Jack wagged his tail until it almost flew off. At that very moment—would you believe it?—along came a bus I am sure never ran down that street before. All jolly and jingling, it was, and smelling of plum pudding instead of gasoline, with *Santa Clause Land* in sparkling frosted letters across its red front, and a driver who must have taken lessons in reindeer driving, so sharply did he draw up with a 'Whoa, there, Blitzen!' and so speedily whish off with the

'I don't like Christmas,' said Pinkie, 'and I wish it wasn't coming tomorrow!'

children packed snugly inside and his cheeks puffed out and his coattails streaming behind.

I could never describe that ride, nor the length of time it took the driver to bundle them out and through a bit of snow all set with Christmas trees, into a great room with a fire roaring merrily in the fireplace.

FOUR and twenty jolly individuals were clacking away in a corner of that room at a long bench all dripping with glue pots and paint pots, and ink pots, and heaped with Noah's arks and woolly lambs and ever-so-many-more-things. In front of the fire sat a silver-haired lady with a gleaming needle which fairly flew in and out of a pink and white piece of gingham. (It looked like a doll's petticoat to Genevieve Elizabeth.) And there, almost hidden behind a great desk stacked with account books and penholders and reindeer harness, sat—well, a round old gentleman with a bit of white fur and a bit of red coat and a bit of fluffy whisker and of chuckle and of sheer good will. 'And if I'm not Santa Claus,' said he when they asked him, 'who is, pray? Just answer me that!' And he burst into such a hearty laugh that all of the ink pots danced a merry little caper for pure joy.

It was but a jiffy until Mrs. Santa had all of their coats off, and their toes toasting before the fire, while Claus himself, for all he was so busy, produced from somewhere three cups of steaming hot cocoa, nor would he let them say a word until he had stuffed their mouths with crisp, crinkle-edged cookies. And Santa grasped the story, as they told it to him between sips of cocoa.

And then, when they had finished, and he had heard it all—how Pinkie had wanted a dog like Jack, and Jerry would like something to earn his living with, and how Pinkie had said he didn't like Christmas and thought Santa was a . . . (*'Tut! Tut!' cried Mrs. Santa*). And how the policeman would like a *sargency*, and the Bun-shop lady a ton of coal, and this and that, why he sat right down in his big armchair in front of the fire, with Pinkie on one round knee, and Genevieve Elizabeth on the other, and Jerry half over the chair arm.

And 'Um!' said Santa. And 'Ah!' said Santa. And he proceeded to explain the whole matter, just as Genevieve Elizabeth had said he would. It seems that Santa Claus' dog, Lady—there she was over in the chimney corner surrounded by nine puppies of all colors, all with red ribbons around their necks and already tagged with children's names—had so *few* puppies with black patches to go to all the little boys who wanted them. And Pinkie's Daddy-Person had sent in such a big order of expensive toys every year for Pinkie, that Santa just couldn't include one of the puppies with so many little poor boys like Jerry here, who had nothing else in Santa's pack needing them. And if Santa had only known how much Pinkie had wanted one he might have managed, but . . .

'Now let's see! This year,' said Santa putting on his spectacles going over to the writhing basket of puppies, 'there's one for Susy Reed who is sick in bed, and one for little Tommy Dubbin who has one leg shorter than the other and isn't going to have any Christmas dinner and one for . . . '

He went on, naming them over, the while Pinkie's face got longer and longer, and Pinkie's eyes filled with tears. And even when Santa Claus showed him the big camera on a stand which he had wanted so much, and the black cloth to go over his head while he took pictures, that his Daddy-Person had remembered to order for him, he couldn't be consoled.

Then Jerry, who had been looking at the fire with his face all knotted up, turned around and spoke very quickly in a queer, choky voice.

'I'll tell you what, Pinkie,' he said. 'I know Santa Claus can't manage expensive things for me. And he brought me Jack last year. (*Did I tell you that Jack had been left in the old barrel where Jerry lived just a year before on Christmas morning?*) So if you will let me have your camera to take pictures to earn money, why I'll let you have Jack. How's that?'

How was it? Pinkie smiled such a smile as you never saw. He ran to Jack, who had been making friends with the puppies, and squeezed him until his little red tongue hung way down on his white bibber. Then Santa Claus patted Jerry on the back very hard, and Mrs. Santa put Genevieve Elizabeth back into her chinchilla overcoat, and one of the Jolly Individuals fastened up the camera in a black box and put it into Jerry's rough little hand.

And then there were goodbys, and merry Christmases all around, and almost without knowing how, the children found themselves outdoors again, speeding back to the bus corner.

Jerry didn't wait to say goodby when the waggish busman bundled them off at that very corner. He put his head down and ran off very fast in the darkness that had fallen. Genevieve Elizabeth and Pinkie tried to call to him, but he was around a corner before one word could pop from their open mouths. So they trudged off in the dusk toward Pinkie's house.

'Here they are,' called Somebody. The door to Pinkie's house was thrown open and his very own Mother-Dear came dashing down the steps and gathered him in her arms, dog Jack and all, without once worrying about finger-marks from bread-and-butter-tea as she usually did. There was Pinkie's Daddy-Person, too, very tall and clearing his throat, 'Er-hem!' And there were Genevieve Elizabeth's father and mother, smiling all crooked, and the policeman, and the Bun-shop lady, and Mrs. Weatherby-Dan, and Mr. Luthur Follinsbee Flup, and Jukes himself, all talking at once. Pinkie's father cleared his throat a great many times while they were telling the story of their adventures.

Then, when they were all inquiring, 'But where *is* Jerry, and why didn't you bring him here for pity's sakes?' right in the middle of all the riot came a tiny, timid little tingle at the bell to the great door.

Jukes swung the door open. And there stood Jerry himself—both fists in his eyes, with the black camera box on the step beside him, and dog Jack dancing in a circle.

'Please, Pinkie,' he said in a most muffled voice, 'here is your camera. And I want Jack back. I can't go to sleep without him. And my little sister wants him too. She says the Widow Elkins' baby isn't really so bad, except when he's teething. And—'

BUT Pinkie's Mother-Dear had brought Jerry right into the house too, with her arm around him. And then there *were* plans. How Jerry was going to stay with Pinkie, and keep him company when Mr. Luthur Follinsbee Flup taught him how to speak (*'Can you make cats'-cradles?' asked Pinkie eagerly, and Jerry said he could*). How Jack was to belong to both of them, and live in the nursery with a silver plate of his own. And how Genevieve Elizabeth's mother 'guessed she'd have room for another little girl' in the little house with all the windows. And how Jerry's little sister could come there to live and not lug the cross baby ever again. And how the policeman would get his *sargency*. 'I'll attend to *that*,' said Pinkie's Daddy-Person. And how the Bun-shop lady would get her coal. 'I'll see to *that!* said Genevieve Elizabeth's father. And how . . .

But just then Pinkie's Mother-Dear—who had quite forgotten for the moment that she was One-of-the-Most-Popular-of-Our-Younger-Matrons—held up her hand and everybody grew quiet. Somewhere over the snow-capped roofs a clock began to strike twelve very slowly. It was Christmas. And Pinkie liked it after all!

'My dear,' said Pinkie's mother, 'and why didn't you bring Jerry here?'

Chats with Office Callers

Said ***the Engineer:*** 'Too many young men decide on engineering as a vocation without finding out whether they are adapted for the profession or not. In addition, they leave college possessed of a theoretical knowledge for very little of which they will ever find practical application, and consequently they soon forget it.

'By way of suggestion I would let the useless higher mathematics be stricken from the curriculum; eliminate all unnecessary theoretical study, and particularly that which relates to the development and verification of the recognized engineering formulae which have become so well established and universally accepted as to render superfluous their repeated deduction by each individual student.

'Exclude all so-called advanced engineering design, and admit of only sufficient drafting exercises to familiarize the student with the use of the tools employed, and the mechanical processes of the work.

'Avoid the inculcation of ideals and theories which cannot possibly be reconciled with or found to be of application in the everyday practice of engineering, and do not admit as students in any engineering school those who cannot present a credit of at least two years as an apprentice in practical shop or field work, and a certification as to his proficiency and inherent adaptability for a mechanical trade.'

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'With two such lusty sons as Ireland and Canada,' said ***the Englishman,*** 'Mother England needs lots of tact to keep the boys in the family and keep them happy. They are not what you might call "bad boys," but they are no longer children and they just have to know "why." They have had an example of an older brother who ran away from home and prospered, once he got on his feet; and while they love their mother, they realize that they, also, have a name to carve in the world.

'Ireland, being younger, and also being Irish, seems to get into more mischief than the Dominion. When his mother wasn't looking the other day, Pat slipped over to Geneva and did something his mother had told him specifically not to do—filed some eight treaties which included agreements between Ireland and other dominions. Now, Mother England claims that the League of Nations has no interest in family matters of this sort. These household disputes cannot be decided by the neighbors, she holds, and certainly should not be aired in public.

'If Ireland were smaller or less independent, he might be due for a spanking. But Ireland has grown past the spanking age. And that's where the trouble is.'

'Folks are already beginning,' said ***the Merchant,*** 'to look forward to the coming of the New Year. You hear it said that it will be a relief from every standpoint when Nineteen Twenty-Seven is ushered in. I often wonder what is there about the old that leads us to desire a change, no matter how good to us the old has been? We seem to feel that once the New Year is started, we will be on a happier path—with a new opportunity for improvement. This must be some sort of psychological complex, because the passing days know neither year nor century, but follow each other according to a well-ordered plan.

'If folks can begin building upward January first, surely they can begin now—so far as the calendar is concerned. Certainly today is better than any other day—except that it happens not to be January first.'

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The Play Reviewer was speaking: 'Every dramatist must dispose of his characters either to his own satisfaction or to that of his audience. If he writes the scenario for a movie he commonly leaves the villain biting his nails in the background, and the lovers united in a clinging kiss which lasts through sunset or moonrise. And we like it. If he is a tragedian he gets his Hamlet or Macbeth in a situation from

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

which only death can deliver him, and lets his curtain fall upon a corpse-strewn stage. And we like that too—at rare intervals—though one may feel, when one comes to think it all over, that sudden death in a tragedy is only a device to save the tragedian himself from a situation he cannot resolve in terms of life. And we have somewhere within us a sound instinct which protests that any situation involving life should finally be resolved in terms of life.

'That is why Dante peopled hell and heaven with the shades of his friends and foes, and most of us are privately quite ready to do the same thing with ours, though we have no mind to allow anybody else so to dispose of us.'

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'A man in my position is bound to make enemies,' said ***the Game Warden,*** as he threw a bunch of confiscated muskrat traps in the back of his car.

'Now the fellows who set out these traps knew it was closed season, and also that the fur would not be prime; yet they persist in violating the laws that are passed for their own protection. I've known one of those chaps for the better part of my lifetime and a finer fellow never lived. But he will violate and I've asked him to appear before the justice tomorrow to answer the charge I have against him. He will go his way with bitterness in his heart and probably hatred for me. Then there is the fellow in town who went spearing last spring. It is unlawful to spear bass at any time, but he could not resist and I caught him with two others spearing with a jack light on the head of his boat shortly after the ice went out. Now he's trying to get me fired. But there are enough good, true sportsmen in the country to offset the minority who will violate and get caught. And it is on the support of such people that I have to depend for my reappointment. They realize that a warden service, to be efficient, must have the support of the sportsmen. They know that a man who patrols his territory daily will keep it pretty clear of violators and that means lawful sport in season for the ones who adhere to the rules of sport.'

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An Office Man had much to say about his radio and a concert he had heard, and how lively Scottish music was, and how he had enjoyed 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' and Burns' 'Annie Laurie.' Whereupon one of those men who clips things out of newspapers and carries them in his vest pocket, and can tell you offhand what distance Sirius is from the earth, and how many married milkmen there are in Memphis, and how many tons of rust are scraped annually from the Eiffel Tower, informed us, saying that 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' was written by an English actress, a Mrs. Jordan, who lived in London at the turn of the 18th Century: that Burns did not write 'Annie Laurie,' but either a Lady John Scott, who died in 1900, or else, according to President Irving of the Burns Society, a certain Mr. Douglas who lived in Fingham, in Scotland. He further said that neither tune would sound well on the bagpipes, and was very emphatic about it all.

The old face beamed. 'Why, you are Santa Claus,' exclaimed Grandma Boblitt.

The Girl Who Saw SANTA CLAUS

By HOMER CROY

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

DEENIE sat at her window over Feingelt's Grocery Store and watched her little world getting ready for Christmas. The splendid preparations had been going on for days. The first was when Feingelt's delivery wagon went by bearing a flaring picture of Santa Claus. Deenie pressed her nose against the window and followed it as far as she could.

'I do wish I could see Santa Claus,' she murmured wistfully.

Deenie was six years old—'Kelly's little lame girl,' as she was known. One leg was shorter than the other and in winter she could not go out, so mostly she was by herself.

The hard, bright, worldly-wise children of the streets knew all about Santa Claus—such things got around—but Deenie, forced to stay in the flat with the woman hired by the day to take care of her, knew only what her elders had chosen to tell her.

Deenie's mother was a 'demonstrator' in a drug store and stood all day behind a counter and showed people how to make furniture look like new. Or sometimes she sat in the window and held up little signs and told people how to get rid of corns. It was not pleasant work.

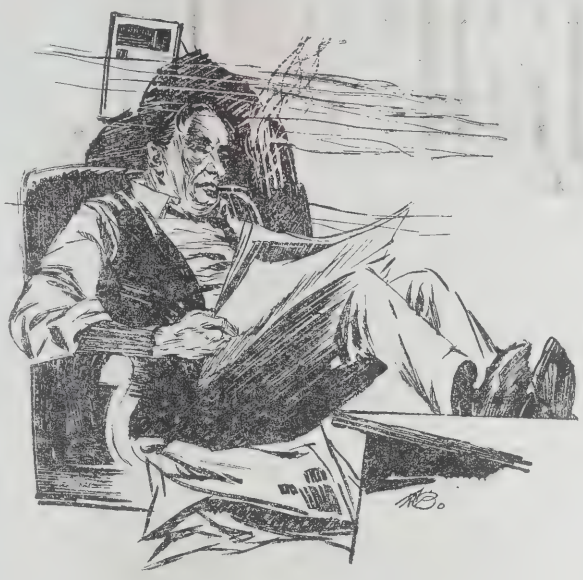
Her father—'Swearing John' Kelly—was not so regular. Sometimes he worked, and sometimes he didn't. 'The world is against me,' he would say when he came home, let out of another job. And then he would loaf around home resting up before he started out to look for more work. Sometimes he was a night watchman and sometimes he checked snow shovelers and sometimes he sat about a dusty, smelly 'social club' and read the sports sections of the newspapers.

The woman who was hired to come and stay with Deenie during the day was old and sat for hours knitting or sewing and never spoke a word. Sometimes she fell across the bed half asleep, heavy with beer.

Deenie's best friend was Grandma Boblitt who lived next door over a tinner's shop, with only a wall between them. Grandma Boblitt was lame, too, and sat at her window sewing and working, stopping now and then to look out at the world. They were great friends, and in summer, when the windows were open, the two put cushions on the sills and leaned out and talked about everything. And they had a little string telephone, which Grandma Boblitt made, and they would talk over it—long, wonderful conversations, sometimes from China and sometimes from heaven, for Deenie was an imaginative creature living in a world of her own making.

It seemed a long, long time since the windows had gone down and winter had begun, and day after day she had looked out at the enchanting street and made it her little fairyland and pictured wonderful things which she wouldn't tell anyone else in the world because they would think them so foolish But recently a change had come over the streets. 'The Christmas rush,' people called it. More people hustled and bustled by. In a drug store across the street appeared a picture of Santa Claus shaving himself with a new safety razor blade—how jolly he looked! Oh, what a wonderful man Santa Claus was!

Maybe she would see Santa Claus, if she watched carefully. He must come down this street since everybody knew him and since her mother had promised that he would come to their house. What if mother should forget to tell him? Deenie plastered her nose to the window and watched, hours at a time, but all she could see were more signs of Christmas, never Santa Claus. A big truck stopped out in front of the grocery store and unloaded Christmas trees. Pretty soon the trees looked like a little forest and Deenie imagined Santa Claus coming right out of the green trees and marching up the creaking wooden steps and ringing the bell at her door. Then she could talk to Santa Claus himself.



Another Santa Claus appeared in the drug store across the street. This time he was cut out of pasteboard and rocked back and forth wearing a huge pair of horn-rim glasses. But of course he was just a make-believe Santa Claus. And more eagerly than ever she wanted to see the *real* Santa Claus. She would tell him what to bring mamma, and about the present she wanted for herself—a pair of roller skates like the other children had. Of course, she couldn't use them, but she could put them before her on the window sill and *imagine* the fine times she was having. It would sound so foolish to tell anyone that . . . . . there were so many things that you could tell only yourself.

A Santa Claus appeared in the plumbing shop across the street. This one moved his hand up and down—he was turning a new kind of faucet for the bathroom. Another play Santa Claus, that's all it was. And more eagerly, more earnestly than ever she wanted to see the real Santa Claus.

The long, lonesome, yearning days continued to go by and she saw more and more Santa Clauses—all *play* Santa Clauses. One day a house went by on a truck with Santa Claus going down the chimney, but it was only a stuffed Santa Claus advertising a motion picture theater. Abruptly, with a bravery she had never known before, she got up. The woman who was supposed to watch over her was sprawled across the bed, her mouth open, her yellow teeth showing, breathing heavily.

'I'm going to see Santa Claus,' Deenie whispered to herself as she opened the door and crept out.

The street looked so simple from her window, but now as she limped hurriedly along it was confusing and whirled so. And at the corners there were terrible trucks and men who leaned out and swore. And then they would see her dangling leg and stop.

Sometimes Deenie was glad she had it; it made people nice.

On and on—how far it was—and how tired she felt. At last she came to a big store where people were coming and going, the revolving door whirling and whirling. She could never go through that. Finding a side door she crept into the great, confusing, pushing place. What a palace it was—even more wonderful than any she herself had built.

She came to toys, millions of them, it seemed—big elephants swinging their trunks and bears nodding their heads—and then suddenly she saw Santa Claus. Children were crowding about him and he was shaking their hands and talking to them. He was like she expected—the big white whiskers, and the fat tummy and the high black boots. Her heart fluttered—at last, she had found Santa Claus. Getting in line she moved toward him. Some of the children in line looked idly at the toys and at the clowns and at the little trains whirling

'I do wish I could see Santa Claus,' Deenie murmured wistfully.

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endlessly through their tunnels, but Deenie didn't.

'It's a real Santa Claus,' she whispered ecstatically.

As she came closer she heard Santa Claus speaking to the other children as they passed. 'Have you been a good little boy?' or, 'Have you been a good little girl? Then I will bring you a nice present for Christmas.' It was the same to all.

A man wearing a uniform came up. Deenie understood that he was one of the owners of the store or something; maybe he was just a floor janitor—such things were hard to tell. Santa Claus lifted his whiskers and began to talk to him and Deenie's heart sank. Never had she known such a terrible, such a crushed, stifled feeling, for the Santa Claus was her father.

SHE CREPT away without being seen by him. The toys which had seemed so wonderful when she had come in were now hideous; any moment they might turn out to be something else.

She went bobbing down the street, suddenly tired. How far from home she seemed. But there were no tears; she would never tell anybody that she had found out about Santa Claus; she would keep it to herself and when people told about Santa Claus she would know them for what they were.

She paused to rest in front of a florist shop and pressed her nose against the glass, for Deenie was always attracted by the beautiful. Here, anyway, was something nice; flowers wouldn't deceive.

A woman came out carrying a bouquet of flowers in her hand, wrapped in paper, and started to her automobile; then she saw the small, pinched face with its heavy, disillusioned eyes—the eyes which usually were so bright and cheerful.

The woman turned back and a moment later Deenie was limping down the street with the bouquet in her hands.

'I had a little girl like you once,' was all the woman said, and wondering what that had to do with it, Deenie seized the flowers and hurried away.

At last she saw the little forest of Christmas trees in front of Feingelt's grocery—now she knew what they were for. Just for people to put presents on, that was all—not for Santa Claus. That was all a fake.

SHE SAW Grandma Boblitt at her window with her iron specs down on her nose. Deenie hobbled up the steps to Grandma's door and rang the bell. Grandma Boblitt stared in surprise.

'Here's something for you, Grandma Boblitt,' said Deenie, and thrust the bouquet into the gray, gnarled hands.

The old face beamed.

'Why, you are Santa Claus,' she exclaimed.

It was pleasant to visit with Grandma Boblitt and how differently Deenie felt when again she went up her own creaking stairs and let herself in. How good it had been to give poor, lonesome Grandma Boblitt the flowers.

'I know who Santa Claus is,' she whispered to herself as she opened the door. *'Santa Claus is anybody who does something nice for somebody else.'*

She sank down by the window again; the mechanical Santa Claus was still shaving himself, but Deenie only smiled. She knew who the real Santa Claus is

Plums From a Christmas Pudding

(*Concluded from page 14*)

ST. GEORGE: And my sword lies yonder bent like a dead tree—

HARLEQUIN: And my patches have flown to the four winds—

PANTALOON: And the dragon remains unconvinced and hungry—

THE DRAGON: (*Suddenly appearing around the rocks at the foot of the castle. He is a magnificently terrifying beast all cased in green and gold scales. The remains of last night's steam issues rather tamely from his cavernous red mouth.*)
That I am. And you had better do something about it quickly or I'll come over there and help you! My paunch yawns for good fresh sawdust.
(*All quickly edge to the farthest corner of the stage. The Dragon gapes once or twice, experimentally exhales a flicker of flame and retires.*)

JACK PUDDING: What a stupid beast! Always hissing like my grandmother's teakettle! He'll be retired soon, and used to decorate the castle lawn for the jousting scene. But come—don't you believe that Christmas solves your difficulties? Just look! Such ungrateful creatures. Here I've spent half the night baking them a Christmas pie, and they'll not have the grace to say a word of thankees. What with their bellowings, and their howlings, and their belchings, and their goings on—

PANTALOON: A Christmas pie for us, JACK PUDDING? (*touched*) Now that's right good of you. In all the years I've been playing on the puppet stage—and I'm older than most of you; I've got scars and cracks from one end of me to the other, and I've had new spectacles at least six times—I can't remember once when the puppets kept Christmas. The flesh-and-blood folk out beyond the curtain make a deal of it I know. But for the marionettes, with wooden knots for hearts and strings for consciences, Christmas has been naught but a darkening of the footlights. Bring forth your pie, boy, though we can't eat it, and dear knows how it can solve our problems.

JACK PUDDING: How? Easy enough! Plums, plums from the Christmas pudding! (*He drags it forth.*) See! (*Plunging his arm into the crust.*) I baked them in myself, and now I pull them forth. (*He pulls forth a gleaming sword.*) A new sword for our tin knight who has been making such a fuss. Forged in Vulcan's own armory and tested on a Harpy's hair. Sent by special messenger for ST. GEORGE'S Christmas. Take this, Dragon-eater, and find your vanished courage! (*ST. GEORGE eagerly snatches at the sword.*)
And next—whoa! What's this! (*A number of brown patches fly from the pie and flutter about the stage.*) Harlequin's lost constancy, in small pieces as usual! (*Harlequin runs about gathering them up and plastering them onto his person. During the ensuing action he is busy securing those that drop off and replacing them!*)

ST. GEORGE: (*who has become very martial*) Ho! St. George is himself again. Bring on the Dragon! I'll fight him. I'll fight six dragons. Eight! Bring on the Dragon! Ho! Hello! Dragon!

THE DRAGON: (*Emerging from the rocks lazily with his eyes half closed.*)
Rumpus! Rumpus! Always in a rumpus. Who is spoiling my night's rest now? Can't you be quiet even if you won't be eaten, you silly puppets? (*Sees ST. GEORGE advancing with lifted sword.*) What do you want? A fight at this time of night? And with no audience, too? Oh, well, we dragons aim to be obliging! (*He swells up to enormous size. Flames shoot from his mouth. Steam hisses from his nostrils.*)
(*ST. GEORGE, advancing, cries* 'GOD and ENGLAND!' *A terrible fight ensues, during which the audience is permitted to cheer as much as it likes. At last, however, the DRAGON is vanquished. With one masterly stroke of his sword, ST. GEORGE cuts off his head, which rolls away. Quantities of red yarn pour from the headless trunk, which falls over, all its strings relaxed. ST. GEORGE places his foot on it, raises his sword, bows to the Princess who waves her handkerchief wildly.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*Who has succeeded in pinning on all his patches.*) My constancy! I've regained it. Ah! How I adore that fair creature imprisoned in yon castle. If I only had the key! I'd scale the wall and rescue her in no time.
(*COLUMBINE, unnoticed, at these words has sunk to the ground with her face in her hands.*)

JACK PUDDING: (*Producing a large gold key from his pie.*) Here it is, then, a plum from the Christmas pie for the LADY ANGELICA.
(*Harlequin seizes the key and climbs the castle walls. He does it very easily, being a puppet, in great leaps and bounds. He hands the key to the Princess who immediately throws open the door and descends. She spurns Harlequin, who attempts to stay her, and glides to the feet of ST. GEORGE.*)

PRINCESS ANGELICA: A thousand thanks, oh gallant knight! My lifelong adoration is the slightest recompense I can offer for your bravery. Ah, haven't you guessed that it was you I've adored all the time, and not that silly puppet Harlequin? Do give me some hope of requited affection!

ST. GEORGE: Lady, 'tis true that my heart of purest wood goes out to any damsel who has the good fortune to be rescued by my prowess. And also that you are very good to look upon! Please accept my hand and sword. (*They embrace in the stiff fashion of puppets.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*At first has stood ludicrously agape. Now regains his composure and rushes toward COLUMBINE.*) I knew it! My constancy has not played me false. COLUMBINE is my first and only love. And her I will always love until—

PANTALOON: (*Pursuing him.*) Until you lose your constancy again, which will be soon once I catch you. (*He gives up the chase, shaking his head!*)

JACK PUDDING: (*Producing a large red heart which he gives to COLUMBINE.*) The heart of your capricious lover, my child! And guard it close lest your tears water the paper flowers! To you, PANTALOON, more blue paint for your spectacles, that you may be at once the blindest and the farthest-sighted player of them all. As for you, Captain, a medal for conducting the performance so nobly. (*He produces a large orange on a string, which the Captain proudly pins upon his chest.*) And now a merry Christmas to you all! (*The lovers embrace. The other puppets bow low, from the waist, to each other. The curtain falls. Through it, a moment later, slips JACK PUDDING, doubled up with silent laughter. He nods and winks toward the stage. To the audience:*)
Didn't I tell you there'd be a joke in it? What? You don't see it? HO! ho! ho! Plums from the Christmas pudding indeed. Here they've accomplished wonders with those plums—and what were they? Guess! ST. GEORGE'S own sword, bent and hackled all the time! The brown paper from my packet of sausages, cut up small for Harlequin's patches. The key? A gilded pretzel. It wouldn't open a gauze curtain. Don't they say love laughs at locksmiths? PRINCESS ANGELICA could have opened that door all the time, if she had tried. ST. GEORGE could have slain the Dragon in the first place. HARLEQUIN is constant when his own heart bids him! THE HEART I gave to COLUMBINE? A stuffed pincushion. Yet 'twill please her, poor child, when HARLEQUIN is fickle. No amount of blue ink will make dear PANTALOON the blinder—or the more omniscient. Nor will a hundred oranges improve the opinion of himself held by our friend, the CAPTAIN.

A pure hoax you say? A fool must have his joke? And yet who says he's not a wise man with the best of you in the final reckoning. They're happy now, inside.

And if mortals might but receive such gifts as those—courage, fidelity, love, self-esteem—if a mirror might be held to the whole world's face wherein each one might see his hopes and dreams reflected, then says JACK PUDDING, there would be such a Christmas as would make the Angels weep for joy. And so, good night!
(*He bows and slips through the curtains.*)

The Affair at the Inn

(Continued from page 3)

Then, like leaping lightning, the questioning thought came: 'Am I then an imitation of the man I serve, and no master of myself?' At once, half-ashamed yet defiant, he went across the inn-yard to the two. Even while he told himself that what he did was whimsical and childish, he took the rich cloak from his own shoulders and gave it to the man, bidding him wrap the woman in it, strangely excusing himself to himself by the lie that he was too warm and had no need for the garment. Yet he wondered in his heart, now and then, finding himself doing humble things in a courteous manner. And he was amazed to see the man accept the gift, not humbly or deferentially, but as a friend accepts from a friend and an equal from an equal. Also the light in the woman's face warmed him.

'Ye shall do ill to go further, friend,' said the steward, and, as he spoke the words, he felt as if he had tasted a new pleasure, or had known a fresh strength and sweetness.

'But how shall I stay here when there is no room?' asked the man. 'Yet any corner would serve, could we but pass the night in peace.'

'Now neither frightened, wearied nor anxious shall the woman be,' answered the steward. 'Wait but a short while, for I go to make a place for you.'

So, much wondering at himself, yet radiant in service, he ran into the stable and took his own and his master's horses from the place where they were stalled; then led them outside. After that, with his own hands he did things which at other times he might have thought petty and unworthy and which at a word would have been done by slaves, such as cleaning the place where the horses had stood, dragging new hay from the loft and spreading it upon the floor, filling a large earthen pot with water and making the stable everywhere sweet and clean. Then, being satisfied with the seemliness of the place, he went out, and led the ass into the stable and helped the man, doing what he could for the woman's comfort. Nor when he heard those outside saying hurtful things, was he either ashamed or insulted. Indeed he was happy and singing softly, feeling the rightness and justice of what he did. And when he again stood in the inn-yard, the world seemed to be a kinder and easier place, as if the placid peace of the silver-sprinkled velvet sky had entered his soul.

He was not aware that he slept, sitting on the stone bench in the inn-yard, but when he awoke, in a dawn of opal beauty, he seemed to remember visions, and music like a concert of sweet stringed instruments, and voices and answering voices, and a coming and going of persons, and a great star that hung effulgent. If it was a dream, he told himself, then it was one to be laid away in memory. But it did not seem to be of the nature of a dream. It was more as though he had learned some bewildering and gracious secret. It was as if he had been lifted into some glowing and shining realm, and from a hilltop had seen far horizons. Further, some new thing to awaken interest and energies seemed to be in him, so that he was anxious for the day and its activities, eager to grapple with things in a new way and to do what his hand found to do. And the secret hope was in his heart that he would find, in some way, rich and true fellowship in manhood, even as he had known it in his childhood.

And in the manger he saw the newborn Child.

And there were the wise men, Gaspar, and Melchior, and Balthasar. Johannes, too, was there with his brother shepherds. So they talked, all of them, the steward too without disdain, not hiding themselves behind a screen of words, but freely and frankly, so that the man's heart was delivered from the depths of his loneliness. Nor was their talk of mystical things, but of everyday matters; of the mightiness of true fellowship and how one may so love another that he will lay down his life for his friend; of how a strange pride prevents the unacted good within men; of how mercy is given to the merciful; of how men hunger and thirst for that bread and wine of life which is friendship; of how none are pure and undefiled, wherefore none may judge another; of a world exquisite and fine with men striving for well doing; of high and heavenly things about which men long to talk but rarely dare.

So when the steward left that place he was full of happiness and hope, for a secret seemed to have been made plain, though he could find no words to tell what was in his heart.

In the manger he saw the Newborn and there were the wise men.

The next morning as they rode toward Jerusalem, both the rich man and his steward were silent, not sulkily, nor in any unfriendly way, but with that shyness which often keeps two sympathetic men from talking of their feelings and experiences. Yet there were glimpses and hints of what was passing in their minds, as when, noting the barbaric splendor of the trappings on the camel which carried his son's litter, the rich man said something about the costliness of it, almost as if he had seen it for the first time, or as if he had experienced a new sensation in seeing it. After that they went on mile after mile, and it was not until they passed through the gap between the mountains of Shunem and Tabor, which broadened into the valley of the Jordan and the plain of Peraea, that anything further was said.

Then the rich man spoke, thoughtfully and with something like hesitation. He said: 'A miserable piece of business, that at the inn last night. Things ought not to be so; a world with no place for a newborn child. I heard all through the open window and could not sleep for thinking of it. And I, with all that space and room, no whit better than other men when stripped, when you come to consider. Yet I and mine had place for a score or more.' He mused for awhile, then added, 'But I suppose things must be so. I suppose some are born into the world to be as weeds and rejected things. Outcasts there must be. And slaves too. And those born to rule, as is my son. Thus it is willed. But it is strange, nevertheless, and I wondered last night, though I had not thought of it in that way before.'

When the steward spoke, after a time of thought, weighing matters, it was with a curious zeal. Said he: 'Now as to your son, tell me this. Suppose you could have a wish gratified. Or suppose you could ask the giver of gifts to give him a gift. What is it that you would ask?' The rich man pondered long. Then he said:

'Money he will have. But what is money? It brings no joy, and, as the sage said, "Whoso seeks wealth is like a child who eats honey with a knife, for scarcely has he tasted the sweetness, when he finds he has cut his tongue." A true man's wealth is the good he does in the world. So I would not ask for riches. Then there is power. But last night as I lay sleepless, I remembered how, for a man in high place, there is little but vexation, a hundred hands being stretched forth to drag him down, another hundred digging pitfalls. So rather than have him rule, I would have him know that men are born for the sake of men, perhaps that they might benefit one another. Nor would I have him a conquering captain, for such a one must needs wade through innocent blood, fighting those with whom they have no quarrel. You see, there are princes of war, but never yet has the world seen a prince of peace. As for a life of ease, I would not ask that for him. For a man softens to his fall in luxury, and it is not idleness but work which ennobles a man. But I think that I would have my son faithful in all things. I would have him speak the truth with his fellow, not being a lying tongue as so many of us are who seek our gain and that only. And I would have him brave and steadfast. And I would that he had a friend, also that he was a friend, each true to the other in adversity as in prosperity.'

The steward answered: 'Something of that hope has been in the hearts of many. Yet no philosopher or priest yet has held forth such a vision. I thought, last night, that perchance some day there would be in the world one who taught that the joy of life lay in love and friendship. And it was a pleasing fancy that the child born last night was a kind of peace-bringer and a welder of the hearts of men. Certainly the soul of man does cry out for the companionship of one with understanding. In this world, all moil and toil, all of us need to commence again, to be reborn, as it might be, shaking off these ancient creeds and dogmas, and all these sorceries of custom. So strong was my dream that the whole world seemed clothed with light and strange beauty, the very stars singing as they swam about the world.'

He passed his hand across his forehead as he ended, like a man very anxious about a great business.

'If such a one came, I would be his follower, giving up all this,' indicating his caravan. 'And when my son came to years of understanding I would send him to such a teacher, to the end that he might be saved from himself and his cares. Indeed, it would seem that the whole world would leap with gladness to follow such a peacebringer, one who carried a message of good will to men. Does it not?'

'Indeed it does,' replied the steward. 'And, after all, the purpose would be the making of oneself a man. It is common sense. For there is no good but good will. Then this life, which all of us hold to be a useless burden, would have a meaning and an end.'

The steward's eyes were bright as he talked, and his voice had a new quality, as if he felt the onrush of something within him.

'A fair picture,' said the rich man. 'A wonderful one, too, though simple. Think of it! That a child rejected and born in a stable should be a bringer of tidings of great joy to the world. A fountainhead of truth and love. A something to turn earth's roughness smooth; the One whose coming was foretold by the Hebrew prophet many centuries before, to regenerate the world.'

'Indeed,' agreed the steward, 'it would be a fair dream, that of a world with good will between man and man.'

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The Little Lincoln Girl That Never Came

(*Continued from page 5*)

remember, but he always greeted them with, 'Good morning, Little Sister!' One of these was the little daughter of Mrs. Helmle, who made Mrs. Lincoln's bonnets. He sometimes called there on his way home from the office, to take home Mrs. Lincoln's millinery. Always he said, 'Good morning, Little Sister.' She met him one day shortly before he left Springfield for Washington, and he passed her without speaking. They passed each other on one of Springfield's precarious crossings, where no one could fail to see a person coming from the other way, but he had his head down, in deep and she thought sorrowful meditation, and he did not speak. She got to the other side, and stopped and looked back. She said to herself, 'He is a great man now. He has forgotten me. He used to speak to me, but since he was elected President, he is too great a man to notice a little girl like me.'

Mr. Lincoln also stopped, as though he had received a telepathic message. He turned around and saw the little girl on the other side. 'Good-bye, Little Sister,' he called. And she never saw him again.

The last Christmas in Springfield the Lincoln boys were to give a farewell party, and it was thought best not to have it on Christmas Day, as that would interfere with festivities in the homes of the other boys. I have seen one of the invitations, issued to little Isaac Diller. It was in Mrs. Lincoln's clear hand, and said:

Willie Lincoln
will be pleased to see you
Wednesday afternoon
at 3 o'clock.
Tuesday, Dec. 22nd.

The Springfield boys thought it was a great success. They asked Willie and Tad what they intended to do in Washington, and promised to come and visit them. That party was about all the Christmas the Lincolns could have that year.

South Carolina seceded on December 20, and the news that this had been done, and that other states were certain to follow, cast their heavy gloom over the Lincoln home. Not even Christmas could keep the office-seekers away, or free Mr. Lincoln from the pressure of heavy responsibilities. He learned that there was a crisis in President Buchanan's Cabinet; virtually President Buchanan abdicated on Sunday, December 30. It was a solemn Christmas.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lincoln failed to notice little girls as they met them in the succeeding days. At their great reception at the Tremont House in Chicago, the one time they went there after the election, when Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin came on to meet them and receive with them, the whole procession had to halt while Lincoln wrote in eight autograph albums presented by eight little girls. Whatever other people asked and failed to get, little girls were rarely disappointed when they made requests of Lincoln

When the family was at the Willard Hotel in Washington, and Mrs. Lincoln met a little girl named Julia Taft, she asked the little maiden to visit her often at the White House, because she was lonely, having no little girl of her own. Mr. Lincoln also welcomed her, called her 'Joolie' and tossed her to the ceiling. When Congressman Dawes, of Massachusetts, who was later to succeed Charles Sumner as senator, called at the Willard and brought his little daughter Anna, the dignified statesman received somewhat less attention than the little girl of nine. Mr. Lincoln kissed her, and said he was very fond of little girls, and was very sorry that he had none of his own.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lincoln spoke of the absence of daughters from the family group by way of complaint. Both of them had joy in their children. She was an indulgent mother, somewhat irregular and erratic in her control of the boys, but she loved them, and her husband restrained them less than would have been for their good.

Four Christmas seasons the Lincolns spent in the White House. No one of them can be recalled as a period of marked festivity. In 1861, the city of Washington seemed almost to empty out. Everyone who had a home elsewhere went home for Christmas. Nothing was happening in the Army. The Battle of Bull Run had brought its terrible disillusionment. There was a kind of truce in political affairs. The President had little opportunity to breathe.

But he came to meals only when called, and not always at the first call, and he ate his frugal portions of food with little notice of what he was eating. Robert was home for the holidays, but there was not much that seemed like home. Mrs. Lincoln was fretting about the shabby condition of the White House furniture, and her husband was not paying very close attention; he had not noticed it. But it was not home to any of them.

Early in the new year, Willie was taken sick and died, and that plunged the place into gloom, a gloom which never after wholly lifted.

Tad was then the only boy in the White House, and his father and mother lavished on him all the love that belonged to all the children they ever had had, and all that belonged to the little daughter that never had been. No White House child has ever occupied the position of Tad. Most Presidents have come to the White House after their children, if they had them, were grown. Mr. Buchanan had been a bachelor; Mr. Pierce was childless when he took up his Presidential duties. No one in Washington had recently seen children in the White House.

One incident that occurred on the day before Christmas in 1863 gave Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln great joy. Among Lincoln's personal friends and political opponents in Illinois was U. F. Linder, who had known Lincoln's people in Kentucky, and also had known Lincoln since he began his practice of law. Mr. Linder had a son who gave him much sorrow. This son was indicted for murder before Lincoln was elected President. The boy was to be tried in a part of the state where a majority of the people were opposed to Mr. Linder politically, and he heard that Lincoln had been retained to assist the prosecution.

He wrote to Mr. Lincoln the agonized letter of a father in grief. He said Mrs. Linder's heart was broken, and he besought Mr. Lincoln not to assist in driving his boy to the gallows, for he knew that where the young man was to be tried, Lincoln's plea would have more weight than the instruction of the court. He further said that if Mr. Lincoln was not employed against him, he would be glad to retain him as associate counsel for the defense and would pay him any fee that Lincoln might ask.

Mr. Lincoln wrote back saying that on no account would he prosecute the son of

A Christmas Thought
For a Little Boy.

PERHAPS, perhaps the radiant star
Which led the Wise Men from afar
Knew Nothing of their holy Quest—
Perhaps it only did its best.
And when its beam so clear and mild
Showed where there slept a little Child,
How could it know how many men
Would sorrow if it failed just then—
Or dream that it would ever be
So loved by little boys like me?

And maybe, if I truly try,
As I grow up and time goes by,
I'll learn like that bright star to do
The thing I know is brave and true.
And if my task is hard and long,
I know the Star will make me strong;
And if my will grows weak and frail,
The Star will teach me not to fail.
O Christmas Star, lead even me,—
Like the Wise Men, I too shall see!

—*Wihla Hutson.*

an old friend; and asking what he had ever done that would induce Mr. Linder to think he would accept a fee in such a case? He said he would surely attend the trial and do his best to secure the acquittal of the young man. He did so and was successful.

But the young man did not reform, and when the war broke out, he went South and enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured. Again Mr. Linder appealed to Mr. Lincoln. The time was late in December, 1863. Lincoln secured the papers in the case, and on the day before Christmas he went over to the War Department, and had the boy brought in. He talked with the lad, reminded him of his friendship for the boy's father, and of the honor which the son owed to him, and he issued an order to the Secretary of War to administer the oath of allegiance to young Linder and send him back to Illinois. Then he wired to the young man's father, and the message reached Mr. and Mrs. Linder on Christmas Eve in 1863:

'Your son has just left me, with my order to the Secretary of War to administer the oath of allegiance. I send him home to you and his mother.'

CHRISTMAS in 1864 was a less gloomy Christmas than that of any preceding year since the Lincoln's arrival in Washington. The President knew what kind of toys to get for Tad. Tad told him what he wanted. Soldiers, and cannon, and plenty of them. The President went to a little toy shop kept by Joseph Schots. He was from the Austrian Tyrol, and had fought under Napoleon, and carried the marks of his experience. He and his wife sold imported German toys, and some of the toys they sold Joseph made.

Lincoln walked over to the toy shop and selected soldiers. Tad had to have them, and so did Tad's father. It was no time to be economical in the matter of soldiers and cannon. He bought a lot of them.

But while he was there, he inspected the dolls, and asked where they were made, and how much they cost, and he tried to think of some excuse for buying one of them. Christmas is hardly Christmas where there is no little girl, and no doll. But he did not buy a doll. He bought the soldiers, and went home, and that night Tad had the soldiers in his stocking. Other people could buy dolls, but there never had been any dolls in the Lincoln home.

Christmas morning, 1864, the last Christmas of the war, the last for the Lincolns in the White House, Tad slept with his father, and was up early. Mr. Lincoln, too, was an early riser. Tad called him with a glad and grateful shout. Santa Claus had been good to him. He had soldiers, many soldiers, and cannon, enough to finish the war! It could not last much longer!

Mr. Lincoln was dressed, or partly so, when Tad came running to him with the soldiers, and with assurance that he now had all the troops he needed. Just then old Edward, the White House door man, met the President. He handed Mr. Lincoln a telegram just received from General Sherman. He had finished his march to the sea, and captured Savannah, which he presented to the nation as a Christmas present.

Yes, the war was nearly over. The Lincolns could afford one happy Christmas.

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Notes and Comments and Criticisms

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week discusses good will.

Christmas can't begin too early. It isn't merely a day, or a season, or a title. It doesn't begin at six o'clock some morning and end at six o'clock the same evening. Rather, it is a culmination of all good things. It is a symbol, an inspiration. It is a beacon that flashes, throughout the year, the light of truth and good cheer and spirituality reborn. And being all these things, Christmas can't begin too early or end too late.

So we are publishing our Christmas issue early. Those who don't believe in Christmas, who consider it childish or term it 'pagan nonsense,' need read no further than this, for they will find little to interest them. Those others, however, who understand its true spirit, who cherish the festival and all that it stands for, should read the issue from cover to cover. They will find many things to their hearts' liking.

They will find—for instance—an exquisite poem by Marguerite Wilkinson, than whom there are few greater poets in this country. And that poem, 'The Yule Fire of Christ,' should be read not once but many times. Its power and its beauty and depth of feeling grow upon one with repetition.

And they will find a story on the first Christmas, a story that will carry them back two thousand years to a crowded little village in a Roman province, and to the things that transpired there one starlit night.

Nor have the children been forgotten. There's a delightful story *for* children (and the chances are it will appeal to *you* too) about a boy who didn't like Christmas and who thought Santa Claus was a booby because he didn't know what a booby was . . . and a poignant little tale about a girl who *did* like Santa Claus and who set out to find him. And did—albeit he wasn't quite the person she had imagined.

There's a puppet play, too; telling how *Captain Horribilicribrifax* and *Pantaloon* and *Harlequin* and *Princess Angelica* and all the rest of the marionettes passed Christmas Eve. And a fine tangle they got into; until *Jack Pudding* came along to straighten them out.

No Christmas is quite complete without a Dickens story. Better than any other, he knew how to weave the mystical spell of Yuletide. With the touch of a connoisseur he dropped dashes of flavor into his tales as a chef drops spice into turkey dressing. And so as a matter of course we have included a Dickens story—'The Holly-Tree,' a tale of a youth who was snowed in at an old English tavern.

Christmas away from home! Not a pleasant prospect, if you have to pass it with a man who considers the day as merely the Twenty-fifth of December, and as ordinary as any day in the year. But if you spend it with a family that really *knows* Christmas, then it's a far happier matter, as the Country Squire explains.

The war years were grim years for President Lincoln, but into them crept a little light at Christmas time. He never forgot his youthful friends on that day, particularly if those friends were of the gentler sex, for the Lincolns never gave up longing for 'the little girl who never came.' And his tall lanky figure, draped in its homely shawl, was a familiar sight in the toy shops on the days preceding Yuletide.

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GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN, whose cover design mirrors the spirit of Christmas Day at Wayside Inn three-quarters of a century ago, is rated as one of the most talented of the younger artists. A native of Holland, he has had extensive training both in Europe and America.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON, author of *The Dingbat of Arcady*, *New Voices*, *Yule Fire*, *The Way of the Makers*, and many other works, is one of the best-known poets in the country. Her verse has a lyrical quality of strong appeal.

CHARLES J. FINGER, holder of the Newberry prize for the most distinguished contribution to juvenile literature, author of *Romantic Rascals*, *The Voyage of the Victoria*, *Tales From Silver Lands*, and so forth, needs no introduction to DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers. (p. 1)

WILLIAM E. BARTON is probably the outstanding biographer of Lincoln of the day, his *Life of Lincoln* being regarded as standard. He is the author of numerous other books and theological studies. (p. 4)

'THE COUNTRY SQUIRE' is the *nom de plume* for one of the best-known writers in America. (p. 6)

BETTY JANE KIDD is a Philadelphian who has been known to the magazine heretofore solely as an artist. In this issue she proves herself equally facile as a writer, with a puppet play that is thoroughly delightful. (p. 12)

ELIZABETH COLT has written extensively for children's magazines. She is connected with one of the larger national publications. (p. 20)

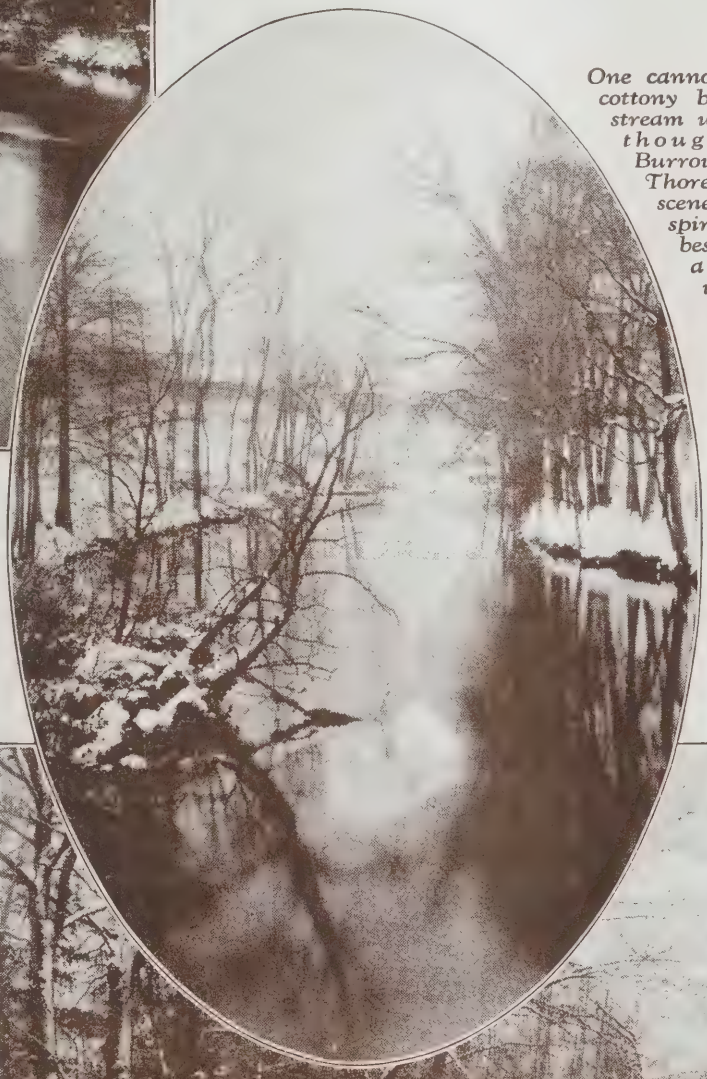
HOMER CROY gained fame a few years ago with his book, *West of the Water Tower*. This was followed by other successful stories, *There Had to See Paris* being the latest. (p. 24)

A Forest Christmas

Wander Along the Brookside and Listen to the Peaceful Voices of the Winter's Day. There is the Spirit of Christmas in Everything Around Us—a Calm and Holy Religion in the Unbreathing Things of Nature.

Thomas Marlatt.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.
—Lowell.



One cannot walk along the cottony banks of a winter stream without having his thoughts revert to Burroughs, Audubon and Thoreau. It was such scenes as this that inspired them to do their best work. After such a walk Addison wrote:

'There is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smiles amidst all the rigors of winter, and gives us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy.'

Lower Right—

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.
—Motherwell.

Thomas Marlatt.

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
—Whittier.

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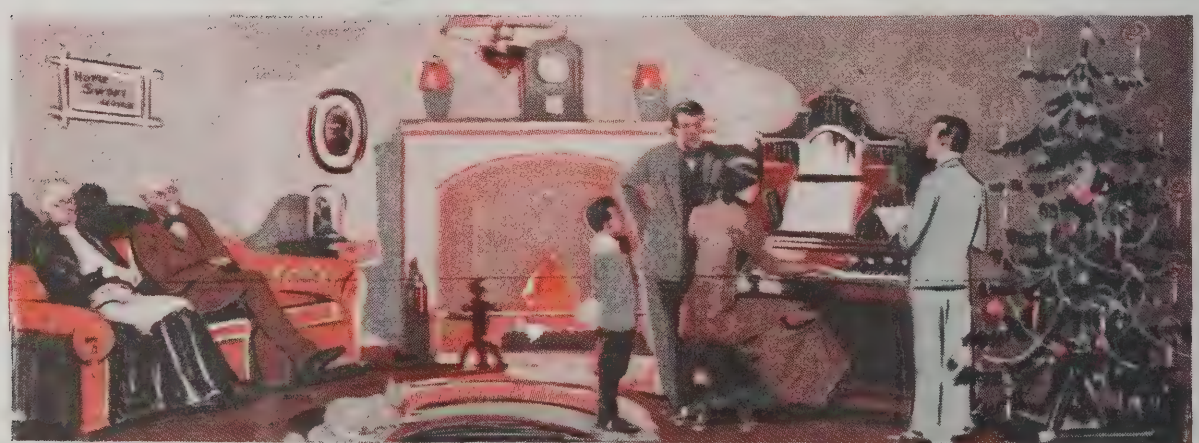
URBANA ILL

Christmas marks the coming into the world of a new force whose beneficence has never ceased; a force so human and compassionate that little children sing of it with joy, and yet a force so godlike that angels sounded its marching music to this world. The fires that burn on happy hearthstones are its altar-fires the cherishing of children's joys its alms, the loyalties of friendship its shining ritual, and its sacraments are Christmas cheer, Christmas charity, Christmas hope



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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27
Number 9

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

DECEMBER 18, 1926

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The Adventure of Mrs. Farbman

HUGH WALPOLE

Politics and the New Woman

MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

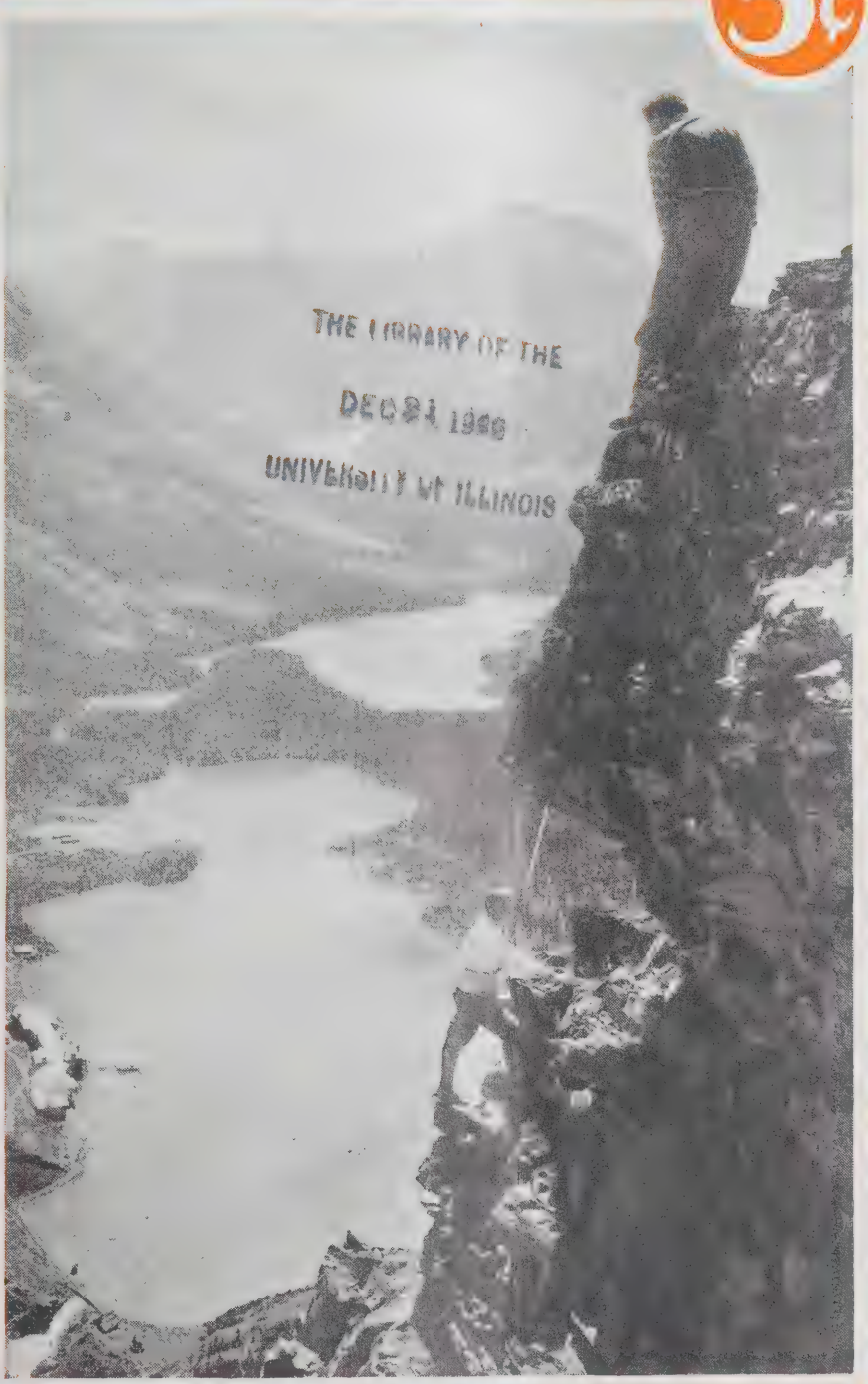
White Weasel

A True Indian Story

HAMLIN GARLAND

No More Middle Age

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH



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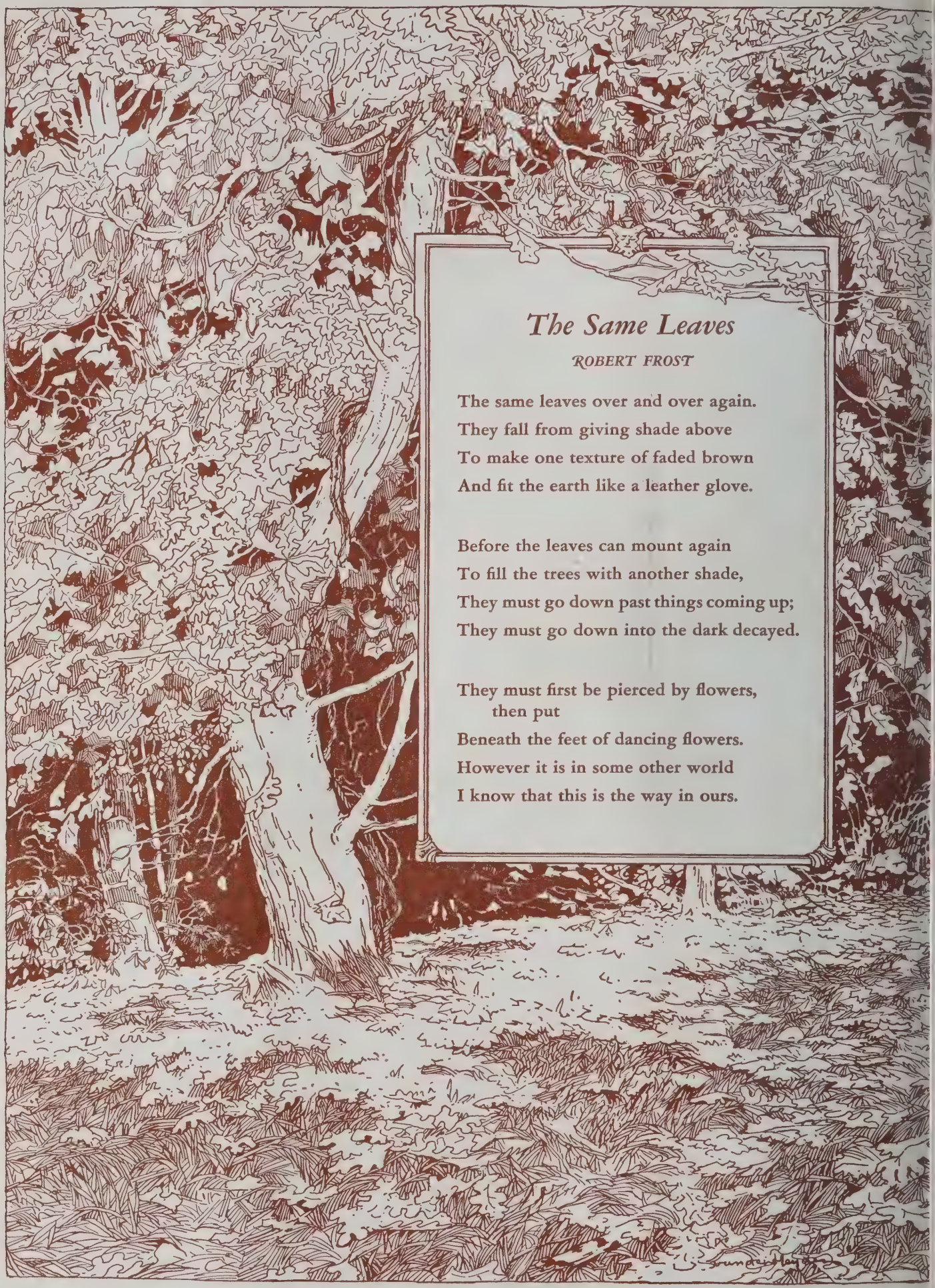
The real mountain climber is not a being who has lost his wings. He possesses a definite technique. Only the mountaineer knows how strangely lucky the foolhardy beginner is.—DOROTHY E. PILLEY (Article, page 14)



The Same Leaves

ROBERT FROST

The same leaves over and over again.
They fall from giving shade above
To make one texture of faded brown
And fit the earth like a leather glove.

Before the leaves can mount again
To fill the trees with another shade,
They must go down past things coming up;
They must go down into the dark decayed.

They must first be pierced by flowers,
then put
Beneath the feet of dancing flowers.
However it is in some other world
I know that this is the way in ours.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

DECEMBER 18 1926

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Volume 27 Number 9

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Politics *and the* New Woman

A Study *of* Suffrage *by a* Writer Who Believes *It Has* Failed

Women cannot lead one another. They must be led by someone they regard as their own equal, or one more able than themselves. And few militant women admit that of other women—particularly in politics.

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

Illustrated by HAROLD FLUKE

SIX years have passed since the enactment of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution, granting the enfranchisement of women; yet today, in spite of the predictions of the 'purifying' effects of the coming of women into political activities it is open to a group of critics to say that as much graft, as much corruption, as much malfeasance in office exists as at any time during the present century!

Women have held many public offices, state, national and municipal, but they have not materially changed the course of government. They have become closely associated with party activities, but they have not materially altered those parties. They have advocated men and measures, but their advocacy has been badly split and has meant little or nothing. And, most discouraging of all, they have developed few real leaders.

They do not lead; they are led. And they are led along the paths of political expediency worn smooth by the tread of men for generations. Sad as it may seem, the greatest aptitude women have thus far shown is for practical politics. Clinton W. Gilbert, famous Washington correspondent, epitomizes the situation in epigrammatic fashion.

'The practical politicians who sit around party headquarters in Washington complain,' he writes, 'that women voters regard politics as a sort of slot machine. You put in your vote and get out a job.'

Sad to relate, that is the attitude of many of the new voters. 'I voted for Senator Brown or Congressman Smith or Mayor Simpkins,' they will say expectantly, and not the slightest doubt in the world enters their minds but that they are entitled to a nice ripe plum from the political tree for so voting.

'But these women,' many will protest, 'are not typical of the vast majority of those newly enfranchised.' Possibly not. *The bald truth is that the*

vast majority of women are not interested in the ballot now that they have it, and that they are not even taking the trouble to use it. True, the same charge can be made against men, but men have made no grandiloquent promises about 'cleaning up politics,' men have been smug and complacent in the face of corruption because that was expected of them. But no one, surely not the ardent suffrage advocates, thought that women would likewise be smug and complacent.

Women in the past six years have blazed no new trails of their own. Instead they have allowed themselves to be led down the dubious paths trod by the politicians. Many of the so-called feminist leaders have slipped into the ways of practical politics as a duck slips into the nearest puddle. They have become adroit in the use of the lobby, they have become cogs in political machines, but they have not honestly faced the vital problems that confront government today.

It is not in any derogatory sense that the statement is made that women as a whole have little interest in politics. The reason is fundamental. Woman may obtain the franchise, she may by some trick of fate be destined to govern, she may perform feats of daring and courage, she may at rare intervals rival man in art, music and letters, but where she accomplishes these things she does so by such superlative effort or such intensive training that in the equilibrium which nature inexorably establishes, her accomplishment is in no wise representative of the average woman, nor of those capabilities with which her sex may be accredited.

OPINIONS differ as to the use women have made of the ballot. Some critics contend that they have failed to keep the promises made before universal suffrage was granted. Believing the subject to be worthy of thoroughgoing discussion, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *presents herewith an article by a woman who believes that the venture of women into politics has been disastrous. The writer has served in a prominent capacity on various official commissions, and is conversant with the political atmosphere of Washington. The article should not be construed as expressing the attitude of this magazine in any way. In a subsequent issue we will present the views of those who believe that woman suffrage has been a success.*

Any man is at a disadvantage in attempting to analyze the mental processes of any woman, for the simple reason that they do not think alike. Women do not approach the solution of a problem from the same angle as a man, and therefore do not anaylze it from the same perspective. Man proceeds according to code; woman has no code. Man progresses according to logic, woman according to intuition.

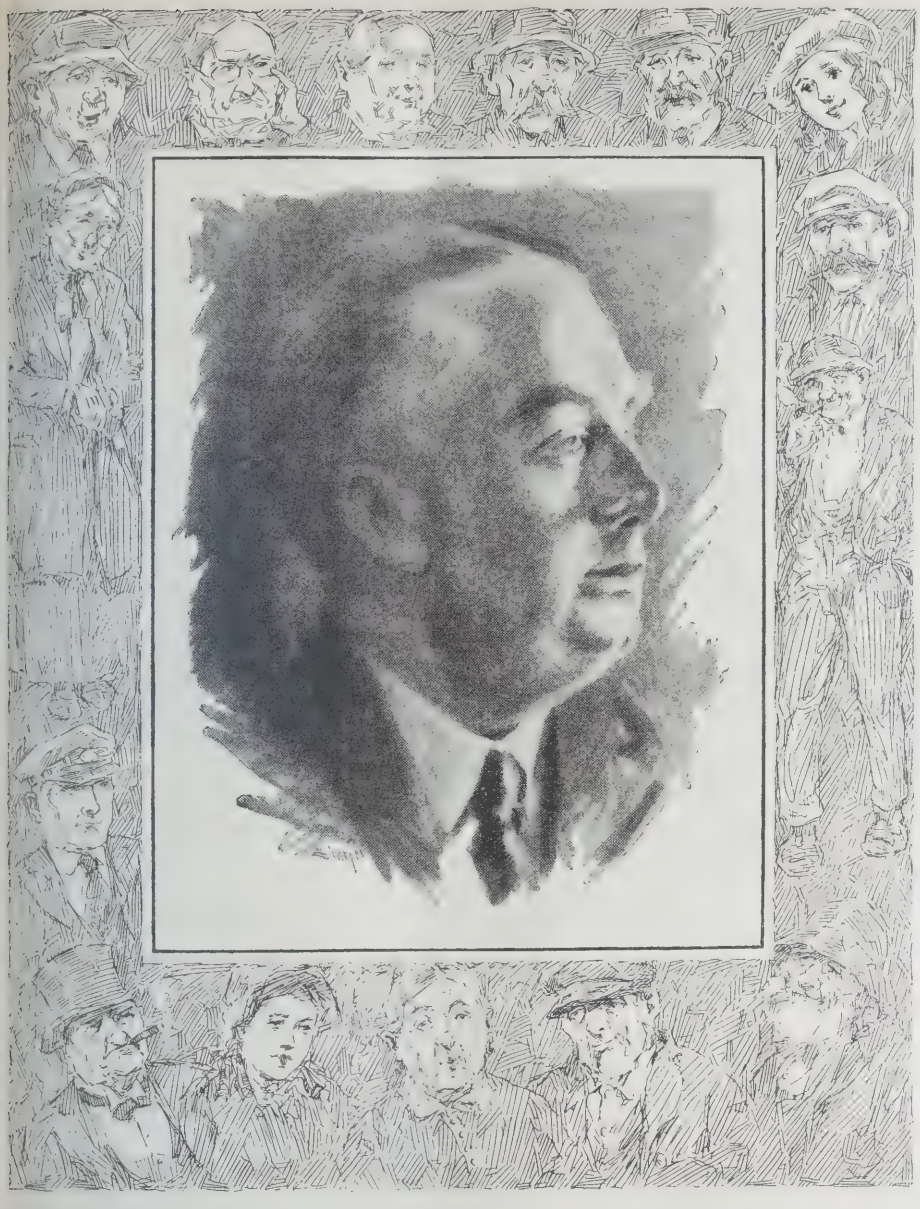
The Kansas woman who, having reared seven sons successfully, wrote a book on 'How to Bring Up a Daughter' is wholly typical of the idiosyncrasies of her sex.

A difficulty which has been met in expressing opinions on the subject of woman, and one which completely baffles the male analyst, is the fact that women are unwilling to admit the truth about themselves. They continue to batter at the barriers of sex limitations through the medium of legislation, and ever and always refuse to analyze the basic reasons for their continual defeat. Sex decides the psychology of the individual, and that is an insurmountable fact to start with. Woman is forever debarred from entering into successful competition with man upon his own plane, and man is forever debarred from infringing on the ample, and maybe greater and finer, sphere of woman.

But let us consider specific cases. There are several ways in which women can play at politics. There are the two major women's political organizations, hangovers from the pre-suffrage days—the League of Women Voters and the National Woman's Party—both of which profess to be nonpartisan in the sense of the older political

(Concluded on page 19)

But how much time have women left for the upbringing of children, when their days are filled with electioneering and lobbying and attending the meetings of politicians?



Joseph C. Lincoln *Tells of His* Cape Cod Years

By MAY B. WHITING

Drawings by DWIGHT C. STURGES

IT IS easy to fancy that Joseph Lincoln stepped out of one of his own stories. It is no trouble at all to imagine him clad in oilskins and sou'wester treading the quarter-deck and in resounding tones shouting, 'Shiver my timbers,' 'hell's bells,' and even more dreadful things.

Of course to get the picture you have to look away from facts entirely. Instead of an elegant residence in Chatham on his own Cape Cod, you must imagine a bark plowing through seething waves, and instead of an entourage of charming friends and selfless servants, you must fancy brawny, rough-neck sailors, axes in hand, standing around the mainmast, awaiting the order to 'cut away.' And you must take only the most fleeting glance at Mr. Lincoln himself. For if you really look at him you will see a kindly, unassuming gentleman, rather short and stocky and ruddy, with sandy hair and honest blue eyes inclined to be serious in expression. But the mouth is the telltale. It has a habit of turning upward at the corners unexpectedly in the merriest smile, the eyes answer with a twinkle, and there is a glimpse of the bluff and hearty buccaneer.

It is a fascinating glimpse, but it is gone in an instant. I wanted to call it back so I said something about adventures; probably he had had many adventures, doubtless he doted on adventures, especially adventures at sea.

'No,' a calm, even voice responded in a tone gently surprised and a bit reproachful. 'Life is pretty humdrum and there's lots of work in it. I don't know of any way to get ahead but to work methodically. Every morning I'm at my desk with fifteen pencils sharpened—'

Think of it! The figure in oilskins, legs braced, shouting against the gale and the crackling sails, with fifteen pencils sharpened. I tried to save him from them and hurried on.

'But your father, your grandfather—'

'Oh, yes,' and there was a keener note in the pleasant voice. 'Their life was different. They were both sea captains. And my mother sailed with my father for thirteen years. She visited almost every port in the world. She liked it, too, especially in pleasant weather, and in the harbors. I've often heard her tell what good times they had visiting back and forth with other ships in port. On one voyage they were gone for three years. And I had two uncles who were captains. I can remember as a boy going down Boston Harbor in my uncle's ship on a farewell party and coming back in the tug.'

THAT was a little better. I felt that the shadowy figure with the rolling gait was somewhere in the offing, listening wistfully. I began to feel a bit sorry for him. He seemed to have rather a raw deal of it, never allowed to poke his nose out unless it was in company with a sharpened pencil. I thought I'd do what I could for him, and so continued:

'And doubtless in your boyhood you knew many other captains and talked with them and listened to their yarns.'

'Probably I did. In Brewster, where I spent a good deal of my boyhood, almost every house, except the doctor's and the minister's, belonged to a captain, active or retired. But I took it all as a matter of course and thought nothing of it. I wish I could talk with some of them now.'

'You didn't think, then, that they would play so large a part in your life?'

'I certainly did not. I thought I wanted to draw (save the mark!) and I used to put verses under my drawings to help sell them. They helped a lot; in fact the verses sometimes sold without the drawings. My wife and I were just married then and we took a long chance. We moved to New York and lived for a year in one room in a lodging house. I now get letters, I might say hundreds of them, asking what trick one must learn to become successful. The only trick I (Concluded on page 22)

The WHITE WEASEL

By HAMLIN GARLAND

A True Indian *Story*

In the camp the women were roasting meat, but the men smoked impassively on.

IN ALL the Blackfoot land there was no chief so elegant and so obviously useless as White Weasel. The agent and his clerks cursed him liberally and yet were careful of him, for with all his fripperies he was an orator and a man of influence.

His dress was rarely beautiful and his hair (cared for with devotion) was blue-black in color and as shining as the wing of a crow. Each braid was bound at the end with strips of white weasel fur. His leggings of fringed buckskin glowed with green and red paint and his small feet were shod in moccasins gayly colored and exquisitely beaded.

In summer his robe was merely a thin white cloth, simple and cheap, but he wore it as if it were embroidered with gold. Every detail of his dress was carefully considered and when he rode into the agency yard in the vivid sunlight, the sympathetic observer exclaimed, 'Here comes a prince of the line!'

The agency officials, however, called him a 'lazy loafing hound,' and as (with cigaret daintily caught between the first two fingers of his light and beautiful hand) he sat watching the white men work, his way of life made civilization a contemptible thing.

He was always gentlemanly, always suave. He had the manner of the high-born Oriental who scorns to show deep emotion of any kind, and on warm days he sometimes took from the folds of his robe a turkey-tail fan and used it with the grace of a prima donna. At such times the disgust of the moiling Government clerks passed all bounds. They called one another to the window to point out the stately and composed young chief to reënforce their hatred of him and to add greater volume to their opprobrious howling.

Now it happened that the department had authorized a requisition for a new building for which a big cellar was to be dug, and as labor was not plentiful in that lone country (gold mines enticed the white men away), the contractor in despair said, 'I wonder if these Injuns would work.'

The agent who thought he knew all about Blackfoot Indians laughed. 'Work? No, they'll starve first.'

'Well, I'm going to try 'em,' replied the contractor. 'Send me down an interpreter, I want to talk with 'em.'

Now the Blackfeet were very poor, and often when White Weasel sat rolling his cigaret, his stomach was empty; nevertheless his smile was unfailing. The women of the tribe also showed their lack of food, only the children remained plump and shining.

The contractor, a rough old fellow, was not unreasonable. Calling a group of the red people round him he conveyed to them this message: 'You say you are hungry. Very well, I'll tell you how to earn food. You see here a heap of shovels and wheelbarrows? Well, now, I want that cellar dug. I'll pay you a dollar a day. Grab a root!'

His speech was received in silence, and little by little the crowd of men melted away until at last only the two white men were left with the shovels.

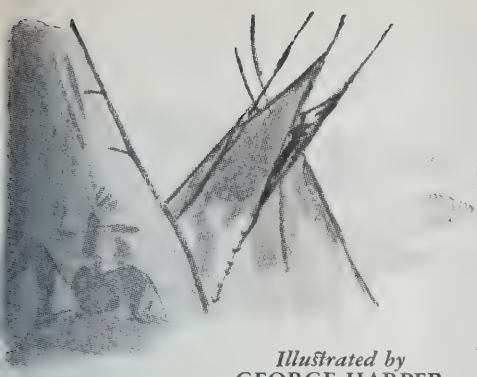
'I reckon that ends it,' said the contractor sighfully. 'The agent was right, they'd rather starve.'

'No,' said the Scotch half-breed interpreter. 'They go talk. Wait, mebbe so tomorrow they come and work.'

What took place in the camps that night the contractor did not know, but early next day eight squaws came, took up the spades and shovels, and with low words and a ripple of laughter, set to work in the pit, digging and wheeling the dirt.

All the whites about the agency cried out in disgust. 'Well there it is! Of all the cursed laziness and selfishness! Them fat greasy bucks are going to lay round the camp and let their women do all the work. They ought to be shot, every one of them.'

No one, not even the agent, knew that the men went hungry that day in order that the women should eat and be strong, and when White Weasel, elegant, nonchalant, untroubled, took a seat upon a wheelbarrow and looked



Illustrated by
GEORGE HARPER

down upon the toiling squaws the contractor was powerfully moved to thrust him through with a chisel. For the most part the warriors did not appear to notice the toilers. They dozed in the sun, or sat in little circles in the grass telling stories (with the accompaniment of wonderful gestures) concerning the old times, calmly ignoring the comments of the agency employes.

The women worked hard and merrily, deft, strong and patient, and on the third day White Weasel went to the contractor and said: 'Our women have worked three days. Our meat is gone. The women need strong food when they work. If you will give us the dollars they have earned we will be all strong for work.'

The contractor had a mind to refuse but concluded it wiser to humor them. He paid them all their money and they at once bought meat and flour and coffee, and set to work cooking it for their evening meal.

'There they go,' said one of the clerks. 'They'll cook and eat the whole supply and tomorrow they won't do a thing but sleep it off like a lot of boa constrictors.'

The contractor walked out into the camp that night to see what they were doing. It was sundown of a warm afternoon and the lodge fires were minute little piles of coals in deep pits. Everywhere the women were roasting meat and frying a crullery while the hungry children sat patiently expectant. White Weasel, calmly waiting also, greeted the contractor pleasantly but the other men smoked impassively on, continuing their endless conversations concerning the good days of old. Even when they came to eat, they betrayed little hunger and the children assembled without clamor. The meal proceeded ceremoniously.

The contractor's heart softened as he looked around upon the pleasant scene. On the tepees the setting sun's light fell. The blue smoke of the fires, lightly rising, possessed a wondrous charm, and the soft murmur of voices made him question if he had fully understood these people after all.

'I'd like to go camping a while myself,' he said. 'I wouldn't work if I didn't have to. Why should any man work if he don't have to.'

That night he was awakened from deep sleep by the sound of suppressed laughter outside his chamber whose window overlooked the pit. Wondering thereat, he slipped to the window and was amazed and enlightened. In the brilliant moonlight, in the half-excavated cellar a dozen red men were busily at work, digging and wheeling dirt, intent and furtive.

White Weasel, with his slender fingers gripping the handles of a big wheelbarrow, was trying to run a load of dirt up a slippery plank. He could not safely guide his load and each time as he reached the middle of the bellying board, his machine broke from his hold and tumbled back into the cellar.

Each time this happened the others laughed softly and muttered jokes, but sat to work at once to fill his barrow again. The fourth time he succeeded in getting safely out and all applauded him.

For a long time the contractor sat there watching these strange beings at their toil, trying to understand them. He saw them turn their blistered hands to the light of the moon, and when they stopped to rest and smoke they compared their aches and pains like a group of boys. What was the meaning of all this? Why did they coldly ignore their toiling women in the daytime and come, themselves, to work in the night?

The contractor was not a dull man, and something in the tones of the toilers and in the stillness and beauty of the night enlightened him. He acknowledged certain misgivings. Perhaps he had done these red men an injustice. He knew little of their inner thought, nothing of their tribal laws, but he began to understand something of the mighty chasm which separated them from the white man's world. He went back to bed with a determination to acquire an understanding of the rigid customs which governed these people.

The next morning the women returned to work as usual, stronger and more cheerful than ever, but not a single red man came by.

The contractor mused on the business of the night, which seemed more and more like a dream, and when later in the day White Weasel came sauntering by, stately as ever, immaculate, nonchalant, the bluff white man held out his hand. 'Hello, White Weasel. How are you feeling this fine morning?'

The chief gave his hand reluctantly and as the white man gripped it, he winced with pain. The contractor laughed. 'Hand sick, eh!—You're all right, my boy. I'll see you get paid for last night's work. I don't know what your idea is but so long as you work I don't care *when* you do it.'

White Weasel could not understand a word the contractor said, but he understood his smile. He walked away wondering what had made the white man so friendly.

Calling Hugh McDonald, the half-breed interpreter, Smith said, 'See here, Mac, I want you to explain something. Will you tell me why those idiot redskins won't work with people lookin' at 'em?'

'It is because they are afraid of being laughed at,' replied the interpreter. 'You see, Injuns can't do squaw work. Squaws wouldn't let 'em. Man have his work, women have her work. White Weasel is a chief. In the old time

(Concluded on page 27)

In the brilliant moonlight a dozen red men were at work.

'Wayside,' home of Hawthorne, Concord.

SHAPES That Come And Go

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

A CHARMING little poem by Longfellow written in his later years has the somewhat intimidating title of *Palingenesis*. In English it would be Rebirth, or Reborning, if we had such a word. The poet is sitting meditatively on the cliffs at Nahant (a patrician seaside place near Boston), when, all at once,

> The islands and the capes
> Seemed peopled with the shapes
> Of those whom I had known in
> days departed

Such visions often pass before me; but I can also, in a degree, mark the succession of the generations. To a contemporary observer, the perspective of time seems to bring the period of Emerson, Hawthorne and Longfellow into proximity with that of Melville, Howells and James, so close as to be barely distinguishable. But to me they appear far asunder; for I have seen the young, unfledged birds approach the old eagles, asking them the secret of their flight. Then these in turn are old, and a later brood seek wisdom from them. And today, the writers of even 1900 seem out of date to the enterprising juveniles who ornament the pages of last month's magazines. But the latter, I also observe, appear less concerned to take counsel with their elders than to intimate, explicitly or by covert smiles and eyebrow-liftings, how much better we of today understand art and all that sort of thing than the thick darkness of the past enabled them to do.

The Scarlet Letter, published in 1850, opened the way for actual or prospective men and women of letters to Hawthorne's study door. Others came, too, in quest of moral edification or support; and still others, impelled by curiosity more or less intelligent. He received them as best he could, and some of them, no doubt, went away enlightened or comforted. But the pose of moral and art professor didn't suit him; his personal estimate of his genius was a good deal less exalted than that of some of his admirers; besides, he could not help seeing that the glorification was occasionally inept. He must have known, I suppose, that he did, once in a while, achieve a 'stroke of genius'; but he was not inclined to agree that he, in his proper

The Sage of Concord, Emerson.

person, uninspired by the divine afflatus, whose visitations are so impermanent even to the Shakespeares and Homers, should be expected to command it for chance colloquies with acolytes. And if inspiration did happen to be present, that would be precisely the moment when mortal visitors

would be least convenient. He was a writer, not a ready speaker; what wisdom he could grasp, he put into his books; why wouldn't these good folk consent to look for it there?

Probably the famous sibyls of ancient times were, in their private capacities, simply nice, everyday girls. When people went to consult them, there was often a long period of cooling heels in the antechamber. This was not because the sibyls were uncivil, but because the Jove of Athene on whom they relied was elsewhere occupied. By and by the pythoness would feel in her bones that the Source of Wisdom had arrived, and they would thereupon scramble on to their tripods and mouth forth what came to them.

Hawthorne, however, was uniformly polite under inquisition; he might kick out a foot or twitch an eyebrow, but he toed the scratch. It is known that he was averse to making after-dinner speeches. But, living in England, and more or less in the predicament of representing his country in an official capacity—and being not always able to avoid the dinner altogether—there would be nothing for it but to get on his legs and speak. We have no record of these utterances, the newspaper reporter not having achieved his present ubiquity at that period; and Hawthorne, in his family circle afterward, was not addicted to saying them over again. On the testimony of some friend or another who might chance to have been present, they were sometimes not so bad; but it was hard sledding.

The inward rage of a man at being required to speak when he had nothing to speak about may once in a while avail to torture felicities out of him; but Hawthorne never acquired the art either of being reminded of amusing anecdotes, or of filling the waistcoat of emptiness with the bombast of buncombe. Wit and humor were far from lacking in him when, like Sairy Gamp, he was 'so disposed'; but the disposition commonly came in inadvertent moments of privacy and serenity. His family circle was favored with a great deal of it.

On the other hand, James Russell Lowell was a man of letters par excellence; and when he was American minister in London he made capital after-dinner speeches almost every other night, besides digesting the dinners. But he said once that his happiest inspirations were usually spoken to the back of the head of the cabbie who was driving him home after the banquet. He also remarked that the good results of 'the spur of the moment' often depended upon the nature of the animal into whose side it was driven.

Emerson too spoke well at such emergencies; but he had been a pulpit preacher in his youth, and afterward became a lecturer, and many of his essays are his lectures in print; he had the art and the skill, and I remember the tale out of school that Lowell, who was sitting next him at a great British banquet, told on him. The speech, he said, was excruciatingly good, while having every earmark of an extempore effort; but Lowell had an eye on the secret scrap of paper partly concealed by the wineglass, on which the sage had jotted down the points of his discourse, and from which, at each pause for British cheers, he would refresh himself for the next round. But Hawthorne didn't like either speaking or being cheered, and he eschewed the tripod whenever possible. Moreover his ability to eschew it was remarkable; as he himself remarked with a quiet chuckle, 'Providence itself has often been worsted in an attempt to get me out to dinner!'

Be that as it may, from the year 1850 until his death in 1859, he was frequently 'called upon,' privately or in public. Thackeray used to say that testimonies to his genius had the effect of stimulating him to write better; Tennyson, who had a native liking for amorous verse, was driven back by the admonitions of Queen Victoria; and Kipling, when Tennyson praised one of his lyrics, said, 'When a private receives commendation from the field marshal, he says nothing, but fights harder the next day.' But I think that Hawthorne, when he sat down to write, forgot as much as possible the existence of outside praise or blame, and simply opened his heart and mind to whatever might be drawn in his direction.

Much may be ascribed, too, to his early self-discipline and conditions. He never knew his father, who died away from home when his son was four years old. He was a handsome and delightful child, and adored by his mother and his two sisters. He was the titular head of the house from the nursery up, and did about as he pleased. The three women lived in seclusion, partly because the mother was to make widowhood the end and aim of her existence, and her reserve was communicated to the daughters; and though Louisa, the youngest, might have liked society had she been in it, Elizabeth was a self-centered, taciturn and witty person, who read a great deal, and was apt to look down upon people who lacked her brains and precocious worldly wisdom.

Nathaniel 'played' with the neighborhood boys, but he had a dominant way with him, and took a humorous view of things even in his childhood; he was strong and active, and after thrashing one of his companions, explained, when questioned by his solicitous family, that his antagonist was a 'very quarrelsome boy.' When an accident lamed his foot, he would lie all day on the floor and read books, of which he had a good supply, and of all sorts, from the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*, to Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* and *God's Revenge Against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder;* tempered by Smollets's and Fielding's novels, and Cotton Mather's religious and witch-baiting essays, Marco Polo's voyages, and all the historical volumes, local and general, that he could get hold of. He made an early acquaintance with Latin, so (Concluded on page 24)

Drawings by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

Building called House of the Seven Gables.

MIDDLE AGE *Has* Vanished

Says LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Drawings by RICHARD BROECKER

MANY measures have lately been passed for the welfare of women; measures often toughly disputed and reluctantly conceded.

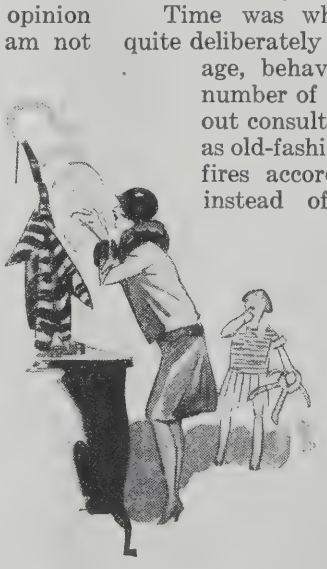
'Woman Suffrage,' 'Woman's Property Act,' 'Woman's Institute'; these and many other familiar phrases testify to the recent enlargement of feminine scope.

But there is another boon women are now enjoying—a boon for the furtherance of which no Act of Parliament was drafted, no windows broken, no policemen nor Cabinet Ministers molested, no single meeting held. I refer to the result of a bloodless revolution; the indefinite extension of Youth. The extension of Youth! Is not that more valuable to you than the extension of the Franchise?

As citizens of humanity we congratulate ourselves on the abolition of slavery, the abolition of child labor, the abolition of the treadmill. What about the abolition of middle age?

We are told that old age is threatened. Science is challenging the doom of mortality, claiming perpetually to repair and rejuvenate the most time-honored bodies and minds.

I remain skeptical as to the validity of these claims, but at any rate women may now remain young until they are really old. For though we are still subject to decay, we no longer submit to a convention which compelled our great-grandmothers to, so to say, haul down their flags and hang up their weapons, not because of any failure of vitality, but because popular opinion decreed that it was time. I am not praising the power of the 'beauty parlor,' nor congratulating the creators of cosmetics. The change I refer to is not skin deep. It is a spiritual and mental change of attitude. We are now allowed to enjoy the pursuits of youth as long as we are physically able for them, remaining young almost till we are decrepit. To put it shortly: so long as we can walk, there is no reason why we should not dance.



We may, alas, have to yield to paralysis; but we no longer yield to precedent. For nowadays we do not automatically retire from the arena, like a civil servant, because of our actual age. We have abolished the time-limit. So long as we remain potentially eligible we are actually eligible.

Time was when wretched women quite deliberately stepped into middle age, behaving according to the number of their birthdays without consulting their feelings, just as old-fashioned households start fires according to the calendar instead of according to the thermometer.

'A woman is as old as she looks' is a familiar saying, but the fact was then the reverse: a woman had to look as old as she was. Now she is as old as she feels.

The change which has taken place is clearly mirrored in fiction. What disconcerting passages you continually come across in the pages of old-fashioned novels! Think of the dismay with which a contemporary woman of say twenty-five must have read such dismal descriptions as: 'Though turned twenty-seven, her face still showed traces of her former beauty'—'Though the mother of a child of two, with her back to the light she could still have passed for quite a young woman.' When the heroine of a Jane Austen novel strikes twenty-one, it is time for her to hold serious consultation with her bosom friend as to whether she may still wear white. At the age of thirty it behooved a self-respecting woman to take to a cap: and the cap was not the kind she could, what is called, 'set.'

It was symptomatic that Balzac should have called one of his stories, 'The Woman of Thirty,' thereby consciously making a sensation. Was it not a bold paradox that a woman so advanced in age could be worth writing or reading about—could possibly prove dangerous?

The idea was that masked batteries may be more perilous (Concluded on page 20)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

NO GENERATION can live another generation's life for it. Each generation arrives upon the field of life with sealed orders to fulfill its own destiny. The best service which can be rendered to the oncoming generation by the protective anxiety and concern of the precedent generation is that the latter shall not impose upon the former, during the period of its minority, conditions which will hinder it finding its place and work in the world.

There is dawning upon us a suspicion that perhaps our educational preparation of the younger generation is really less a preparation than a hindrance. We have built up our educational system with the very best intentions but we have never even pretended that we have obtained the very best results. To go the whole length of our failure, the most optimistic educators feel that they cannot honestly say that we have obtained even fairly good results.

It is by no means questioned that the schools succeed in having their pupils learn what is taught; it is only questioned whether the things taught constitute an education, and whether it is the kind of education that connects with life. It is increasingly doubted that a young man can be prepared for life by withdrawing him from life until he is twenty-two years old or more. Of course, if the schoolmen were our wise men, and if the secret of life were in printed books, and if the actual conditions of life were academic in their nature, this devotion of a quarter of a century to attending school might be justified. But such is not the case; education has been so all but completely divorced from life that the once noble, dignified and honored position of teacher has fallen greatly in the scale of values. And the reason can only be that somewhere the vital connection between education and life has been broken.

Now the revolt against our educational system began with the pupil and communicated itself to the teacher. That is to say, the new generation has failed to acclaim our educational system as natural or necessary. The revolt is active in those who prefer work to school, and passive in those who accept higher education as a fashionable lark. The percentage of educated men among college graduates is probably no higher than among those who made an intelligent preference of work rather than school. An education is the most universally obtainable, the least monopolized benefit in the world. It has never been 'cornered,' although it has been at times infected with elements of propaganda. The very things about which the younger generation ought to know, the debatable things upon which their judgments will be required, are the very things they are not permitted to meet in school, unless it be with the veil of misleading propaganda around them. It is all part of the system of segregating the school from life.

> *A COMPLETE education is practically a prohibition against entering life until one is twenty or twenty-five years old. Worse than that, when permitted to enter, one's equipment is all theory and no experience. Now, as experience is the necessary antecedent of theory, why is this not the order of education? Sailors learn by sailing, painters by painting, but how is life learned? If life consisted in book study, then to learn how to study books is to learn life. But books are the residue, the litter of life, intelligible only as experience equals the state that produced them. Education is Work and it is solely by Work, Labor, Travail that anyone learns.*

The chief contact we have with the life of our generation is through the work that we do. Work determines and justifies a man's place in the world; work indicates the caliber of his mind and character; work expresses the measure of his usefulness to his fellowmen. Now the only justification of education is that it fits a man for work, if not directly for the special work which he plans to do, then indirectly by tempering and edging the tools which comprise his intellectual equipment. And it is today a very big question whether this can be done except with the assistance of some form of work itself.

The separation of education from work is now recognized as a false step. The white collar is ceasing to be the symbol of intelligence. The theory that education exists for the purpose of providing a detour around work is an exploded theory. Granted that the world needs leaders, the first qualification of a leader is the ability himself to do whatever he may require to be done under his command. The world has a surfeit of clerks who keep record of other men's work; its need is for workers, not only to work at the job to which they are set, but to work at work itself, and all its branching elements, such as methods, wages, finance, distribution, and the rest of the great problem. The *theory* of business or industry is not the first thing to be taught; every active man makes his own theory, but he does it after a long experience. Yet we stuff young students with the theory first—admittedly an incomplete and necessarily a wrong theory because based on the faulty past—and leave them to learn the thing itself as best they can.

Experience comes first, not theory. And not another's experience so much as one's own. We have failed insofar as we have insisted that our successors accept our theory, rather than our task.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Ontario's Vote

THE defection of Ontario from the partially dry ranks to the practically wet has been forecast by a progress in that direction for some time. The first step was the introduction of 4.4 beer, which proved less satisfactory as an intoxicant than as a political expedient. At least it served as the stepping-stone to the more daring suggestion that beers, wines and hard liquor be sold by package under government control. The premier, who has succeeded in leading Ontario this far back toward pre-war wetness, wished to go somewhat further; he suggested that beer be sold by the glass; but this proposal brought such a storm of protest that he speedily dropped it out of his program. The point is that the saloon and all that resembles it has passed beyond the possibility of recall.

When the reason for Ontario's action is sought, due weight must be given to the presence of Old-Country people in the Province. They have not experienced the ravages which the commercialized liquor traffic wrought upon America. Their background consists of the more sensible drinking customs of the Old Country and the higher character of the Old-Country inns. They do not see why any 'good creature of God' should not be used in moderation. Not having observed the extremes to which drinking can go in this new country, with its bracing air and its lesser degree of outdoor exercise, they naturally judge the matter from an angle of their own.

Besides that, the people of Canada are not prevented by constitutional amendment from making experiments as to the best way of handling the liquor question. They operate under Provincial Acts which may be changed by any change of government. It would be a misreading of the situation to suppose that any new development in Ontario is final. If the system just approved should turn out to be harmful, if it should be subject to abuse and exploitation, the people of Ontario may change it. There is nothing to prevent them from making as many changes as may be necessary to discover the best system. The end of it all may be that Ontario may go finally dry.

The problem of the United States is quite different. Our attitude toward liquor is now a part of the Constitution of the United States, and our problem is to interpret and establish the provisions of the Constitution in the daily practice of the nation.

The Pritchett Report

THERE is nothing new for readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the report on Zionism made by Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, of the Carnegie Endowment, but it is significant that a group which could not possibly be labeled 'Anti-Semitic' has reached the same conclusion expressed in this magazine years ago. The project of settling Jews in Palestine is fated to failure; Zionism itself was but a diversion of public attention from a general Jewish world program; honest Jews visiting Palestine to see where all the contributed millions have gone have returned home frankly puzzled; the nations which were first inveigled by Jewish war support into approval of the Zionist scheme have long since discovered their error, and inevitable failure appears.

Dr. Pritchett's report squares with the facts as observed by every unbiased student of affairs in Palestine. The ousting of the inhabitants of the land in favor of a people who never owned it and never will own it constitutes one of the dangerous situations in the world today. Humanly, it is unjust. Economically, it is impossible. Politically, it is dangerous. And if the inquiry were pushed into that special field of Biblical reference where so many Christians think they find prophecies to the effect that the Jews will return to Palestine, it could be added that the whole expectation is un-Biblical. Prophetically, the race that controls Palestine is stated to be the race that will control the world, and that is never said to be the Jews. Dr. Pritchett barely touches this matter of the 'Chosen People,' but it would be a service to clearer national thinking if Christian clergymen would abolish the confusion existing in the Christian mind.

Of course, the Carnegie Foundation and Dr. Pritchett will now be assailed by all the well-known methods at the disposal of the American Jewish Committee, but the facts are piling up in such array that even the potent gentlemen of District XII are becoming increasingly powerless against them.

Not Here

THE Japanese are a peculiar people. A young man in Tokio approached the Prince Regent with a petition to remedy local political conditions. He was seized by the police before he could approach the royal presence. In his sleeves were found the instruments for hara-kiri. Dragged to prison, he explained that had he been successful in his mission, he would immediately have killed himself in atonement for causing a moment's annoyance to the Prince Regent. His own life, he said, was worthless, and he would gladly have served his country by sacrificing it in calling the Prince's attention to a political scandal of which he should be informed. A strange people, to be sure, these Japanese—hard for the Occidental mind to fathom. For their own sake it is to be hoped that not many of them live in Pennsylvania or Indiana.

Killing Time

DEEP in the heart of the Brazilian jungle an exploring party fights with a band of natives and flashes the news to the outside world by radio. As travel goes, the party is weeks from the nearest fringe of civilization; through the air it is but split seconds. A few years ago Roosevelt was in the same territory. Months passed without definite word from him, and when he finally emerged from the wilderness his story of lands and people never before seen by white men seemed so extraordinary that one of his discoveries was banteringly called the River of Doubt. Now another party penetrates the same dark region—and keeps in daily communication with those safe at home.

Time is one of the most valuable of all human assets. Nearly every progressive human energy is directed toward reducing the time required to do the work of the world. In England two giant air liners, each capable of carrying scores of passengers, are under construction. Completed, they will make the trip from London to India in days where weeks are now required. In this country the time from Coast to Coast, from Lakes to Gulf, is being clipped in half by the great air lines.

But transportation and communication are not the only elements affected by the change. The processes of manufacturing are constantly being speeded up. Trade methods are being improved. Waste time is being eliminated from agriculture. The time needed to earn a living is but a fraction of what it was a century ago; and the time remaining is being utilized to advance living standards. Biologists are trying to lengthen the life of man by physical means. But the life of man has already been lengthened—through the intensive utilization of time.

Philadelphia Learns

WITH the closing of the year, one of the most pitiful failures in the history of the country will pass into the limbo of regretted memory. The Sesqui-Centennial celebration should have been the most solemn and impressive observance the nation has ever known. Instead, it was a colossal and dismal flop. Its cost to Philadelphia in loss of prestige has been enormous, its actual monetary cost staggering. Payments from the municipal treasury are placed at $18,000,000; additional expenditures made by various city departments add considerably to the total; 'participation certificates,' sold to the public to the amount of $3,000,000, appear worthless; and the exposition still faces a deficit of $5,200,000!

The failure is due largely to the submersion of the patriotic motif to the commercial. An attempt was made to cash in on the nation's reverence for its past, and the attempt collapsed. A truly patriotic celebration would have had the wholehearted support of the entire country; this one did not. Amazing mismanagement marked the exposition almost from its inception, mismanagement which reached its peak in antagonizing the church people of Philadelphia in the attempt to exploit the Sabbath. The failure of the exposition could have been predicted even before it opened; was predicted, in fact, by those familiar with the situation. Unpleasant rumors of *sub rosa* real-estate transactions filled the air when a mosquito-infested swamp miles from the center of the city's activities was chosen as the site. With the fair still in embryo, a scandal broke around the head of the concessions' committee chairman, a scandal which resulted in the withdrawal of many exhibitors. Officials blundered again in opening the exposition before the grounds were ready, the exhibits installed. Subservience to the concessions holders served only to increase the general suspicion. By the end of the summer the exposition had taken on a more mature tone; there were many things well worth seeing. But the people by this time were distrustful. Less than 5,000,000 of the predicted 50,000,000 patrons passed through the exposition gates! And now the exposition is ending in a grand explosion of graft charges.

For Philadelphians the nation can feel truly sorry. Without question the majority of citizens wanted a commemoration worthy of those momentous events which transpired in Independence Hall a century and a half ago. But Philadelphians failed because they allowed a certain class of men to attempt to turn patriotism into profit. It has been a costly lesson. But if through it the citizens of Philadelphia learn that these men cannot be trusted with civic leadership, it may in the end prove profitable.

Censorship by Bullets

A NEW form of censorship is rising up to control the press—the pistol. The nation was shocked a few months ago at the death of Don R. Mellett, fearless Ohio editor, who was murdered for exposing rotten conditions in his city. The attacks made on Carl C. Magee, fighting New Mexico newspaperman, are well known. Magee has faced his enemies in the open and beaten them, but his life is still held to be in danger. Now the name of George R. Dale, Indiana crusader, is added to the list of those whose editorial crusades are answered by guns. A few nights ago his home was spattered with bullets. The warning was sufficient. 'I am willing to risk my own life and liberty fighting for any cause I deem just,' he said, 'but the sacrifice is too great now that the vengeance of the gangsters is directed at my family as well as myself.' No one can blame Dale for surrendering to protect his family. The regret is that in America in this enlightened 20th Century such a condition should come to pass.

Can EDITORS *Be* Bought *or* Influenced?

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

IF YOU believe newspaper editors can be bought, call on one of them some day and suggest that you would like to trade some money for his integrity. Tell him you want something suppressed in the next day's issue and offer $10 or $10,000 for suppressing it. You will discover the editor will go out of his way to print slightly more about what you wanted held out than if you had not tried to influence him.

I am taking for granted, of course, that you do not know the publisher, editor or business manager personally. If you do know any one of them intimately, you may get further and it may be—mind you, I do not say it is certain—that the newspaper will not print the news in which you are vitally interested or it may bury it, condensed, in an obscure spot. No one is entirely unresponsive to friendships. Our lives are interlocked with other lives. None of us can be a complete isolationist. It isn't necessary, in fact, that one know publisher, editor, or business manager personally. Many an unimportant individual has gone smiling away with the promise of the paper not to use some item which might inflict pain.

When I was very young, I first met the man who 'knew the publisher' and was 'a big advertiser' and who said sometimes that he would telephone Mr. Jones, the publisher, and that good old Jones would be the last person in the world to print anything that he, the heavy advertiser, didn't want published. I was young then. Being callow, I was credulous. I returned to my office and with some hesitation wrote what it was I had to write. In time I came to know there was a lot of bluff in the world. I found that ninety per cent of this type had little if any weight with the Boss if the boss even knew them, and that where he did know them he had a remarkably deaf ear to such phone calls.

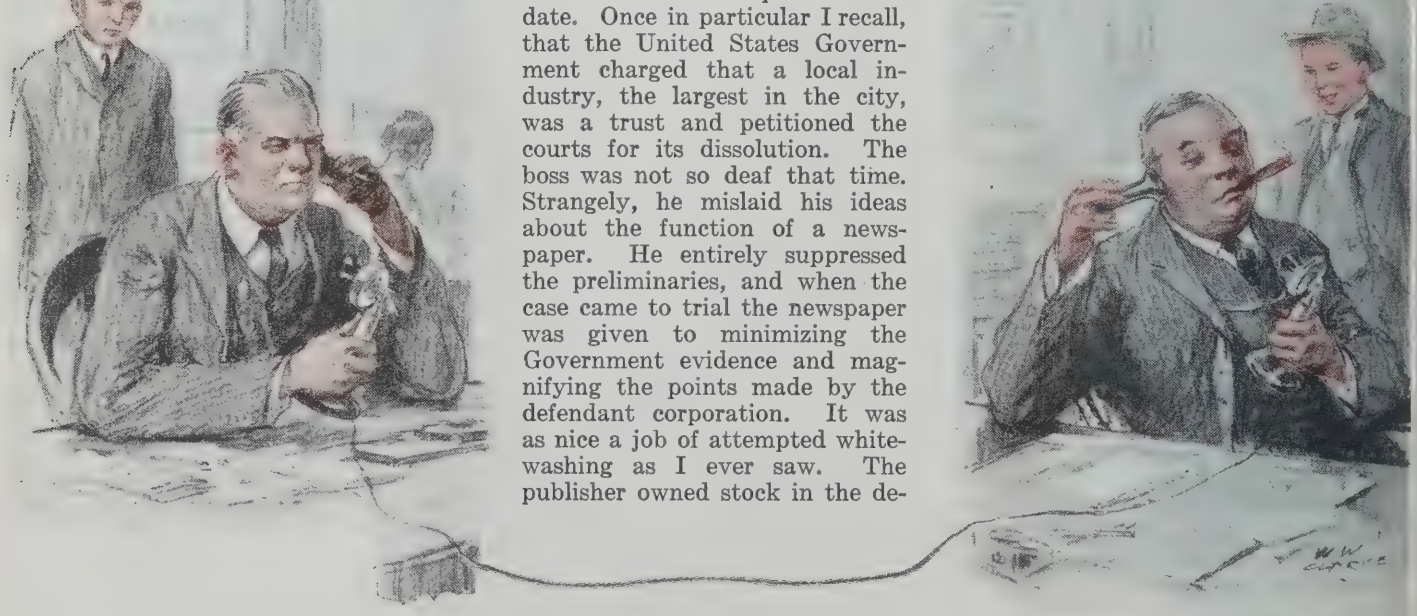
He wasn't deaf to everybody, of course, but I came to know that deep in his head was the absurd idea that a newspaper was designed to print the news. I don't mean that news wasn't suppressed occasionally. It was. Occasionally I found an advertiser's word a potent mandate. Once in particular I recall, that the United States Government charged that a local industry, the largest in the city, was a trust and petitioned the courts for its dissolution. The boss was not so deaf that time. Strangely, he mislaid his ideas about the function of a newspaper. He entirely suppressed the preliminaries, and when the case came to trial the newspaper was given to minimizing the Government evidence and magnifying the points made by the defendant corporation. It was as nice a job of attempted whitewashing as I ever saw. The publisher owned stock in the defendant corporation. Scattered throughout the country are many papers which are hand in glove with certain interests.

There exists in many cases a peculiar knuckling to advertisers which is hardly understandable. Just why a prosperous paper feels an obligation to suppress certain facts to protect advertisers is beyond me, for a prosperous paper, with many names on its subscription books, is in position to print news without favor. It isn't as though the advertiser tried to influence the paper on important national or international policies. It seldom does. It tries to wield influence in petit larceny matters. It asks that emphasis be laid on the sentencing of shoplifters. If there is an accident in the store, it wants the thing minimized.

It wants no tale of trade depression. It cries for Pollyannish reports of perpetual prosperity. A hotel, confronted by a suicide within its walls or a robbery, tries to keep the matter secret.

There is a craving for personal publicity in the minds of many persons, but not in these cases.

Newspaper inefficiency reveals itself in garbled stories, misquotation of public speakers and general slipshod reporting. The publisher's preferences are often transparent in his attitude toward society and the news. A man is influenced by the class in which he finds himself. This is not a positive rule, but it applies generally. Most men think like men of their everyday acquaintance. Poor men cannot own newspapers. Rich men own most of them, and it naturally follows that editorial opinion usually is the opinion of rich men.



He would telephone Mr. Jones, the publisher. Good old Jones wouldn't print anything that he, the heavy advertiser, didn't want published.

The involved and circuitous transmission of facts is partly responsible for increasing errors.

Now, contrary to popular view, all rich men are not bad fellows. A lot of them are just folks. They have, on the average, as much decency and as many ideals and as much purpose to their living as you and I. Some of them have more decency than others. Those that have less publish a type of newspaper which is untruthful—and often exceedingly profitable.

In some towns there are outstanding examples of bad journalism particularly in political campaigns. The newspapers assign reporters to both mayoralty candidates, for instance, but one gathers from the resulting stories that our candidate was greeted with tremendous applause from an overflow audience, while the fellow who is not our candidate spoke to empty seats—and the four people who were there hissed. Take up the opposition paper and it says its candidate received a tremendous ovation and creates the impression that our candidate talked in a deserted hall.

WHEN one newspaper was advocating municipal ownership of street car lines it sent men every which way throughout the United States to find everything favorable about municipal ownership. When any one talked against municipal ownership, no matter how authoritative his proofs seemed, his utterances were not printed.

But there are other causes of mediocrity and unreliability. One is the broadening field which a newspaper is expected to cover. In early days the field was provincial. What happened across the sea or a thousand miles away might not appear in type until three weeks and more after it happened; not until the packet-ship or a lumbering coach delivered a sack of mail. Let something of importance happen in San Francisco today, and fifteen minutes later it will be on the editor's desk in Boston. Speed means inaccuracy.

The number of young men who go into the newspaper business because it is a happy, semi-Bohemian field and not because of any pronounced fitness is on the increase. Old-timers have been and are withdrawing because there has been a low economic ceiling against which one is bound ultimately to crack one's head. That is: a certain newspaper job pays so much and no more, and when a man reaches that maximum he must rest content there with whatever the pay may be. Many capable workmen have bumped their heads and got out. They have become magazine writers, scenario writers, press-agents, bond salesmen at double the pay.

What remain are a few veterans, some wedded to the job because they are too old to go elsewhere, and others for sheer love of the shop. These are the nucleus of the staff, the stabilizing units. Around them are colts fresh out of school, immature young men, hack writers and promising talent. The newspaper reporter who used to dig up a story, hurry back to the office and write it, is fading from the picture. City distances are too long. The telephone is handy. The trail of the story may carry the reporter miles from the office, so he steps to a phone nowadays and tells his story to a rewrite man. Hence, you see an accident through a series of eyes. The rewrite man who writes the story doesn't see the accident. Neither, probably, does the reporter who telephones the facts. The policeman who tells the reporter what he knows didn't see the mishap; he didn't arrive until it was over. That's why I say this involved and circuitous transmission of facts is partly responsible for increasing error, for no one can take the same set of facts and tell the same story.

IF I were asked to put my finger on the chief sin of newspapers, I should lay it on misrepresentation. A newspaper story can be more damning in what it omits than in what it says, and much of the coloring of news is done deliberately in this fashion. It can be done so artfully, moreover, that a majority of people are fooled. Some man makes a startling statement. In connection with it he may make explanatory statements. But some reporters are content to use the startling statement alone, and usually the startling statement without the correlated clauses makes the man quoted look like a fool.

A number of men, however, who say they are misrepresented, are not misrepresented at all. An extemporaneous speaker often is given to silly utterances. He does not know how silly some statement is until he sees it in cold type. Then he seeks a loophole, and the loophole he usually seizes is the charge he has been misquoted.

Press-agents are a dubious adjunct of the present-day press. I have before me a bundle of letters. It is part of the day's grist of mail sent in by various publicity departments.

One letter says 'it is understood an offering of $6,000,000 bonds will be made shortly' by So-and-So. The second announces there is an impending offer of gold notes for a laundry company. Another says the shipment of a certain make of automobile in one month 'shattered all records.' Another quotes the (*Concluded on page 23*)

The mountaineers' triumph—the summit!

Dorothy E. Pilley Describes

The Hectic Sport of Mountain Climbing

MOUNTAINEERING is a subject on which opinion is divided into two schools: the school of those who think that climbing is just like going hour after hour upstairs, the school of those with too little imagination; and the school of those with too much, who believe that the climber is a super-hero, one who risks his life at every step, tweaks the nose of death every hour and returns, bones unshattered and nerves unshaken, after impossible prowess and by a kind of miracle, to his family and friends.

The exact truth about the matter is not easy for the layman to discover.

A slight inspection of a few climbers should be enough to dispose of the super-hero theory. The living specimen, except for a slight peculiarity in his gait, is exactly like his neighbors, no more reckless than they are. He is quite likely to be a devoted father who shows in every other regard a watchful care that the neck of the head of the family stays unbroken. He often takes his wife with him on his expeditions, while seeming at the same time genuinely attached to her.

The other theory, that climbers are abnormal people who like dreary toil, or that they are too stupid to discern how dull and exhausting their chosen sport is, has a better basis in fact. This view is held by those who have hiked up one or two hills by the spasmodic method, for this is their experience.

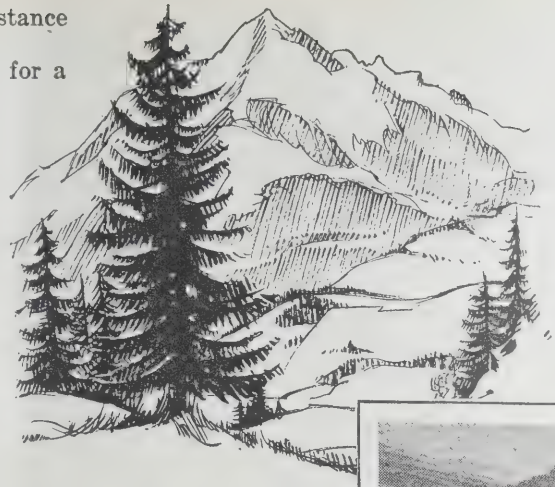
By the spasmodic method you go as fast as you can and halt to regain breath when you need it. This sounds reasonable enough, but before long the supplies of available breath seem to give out; your heart, unless you are a trained long-distance runner, refuses to second you in your folly and you cease to be able to take in anything except the the fact of your distress, and perhaps a little lunch. A moment only on the summit, for you are late; a bewildered look round, and then down hill again, which quite likely proves an even worse bore than going up.

Sperry Chalet in Glacier National Park is a good place from which to study the spasmodic method. About two miles of trail are spread out on the opposite slope below you, and you can sit at your ease on a balcony hung over the valley and watch humanity ascending and descending. A single glance is enough to distinguish a genuine mountaineer from a beginner, or an outsider.

Round the corner will come a tiny ant-like group, three or four microscopic animalcula, all treading on one another's heels and traveling up the trail at a great rate. You have just time to admire their vigorous strides and the determined swinging of their arms when most disappointingly they suddenly all sit down by the side of the trail. While they are resting there may come round the corner some more little black dots, hardly active at all in comparison, no stride, no swinging arms, instead a slow heavy looking roll, which at this distance scarcely shows. They seem to move as though drawn slowly by a thread, they are in single file and the distance between them does not vary. Up jump

the resting party and easily outdistance these crawlers—for awhile.

But suddenly again the need for a halt seems to overwhelm the rushers. This time it is longer, indeed it goes on lengthening, and the active spasms dwindle until sometimes, looking up from your book, you can hardly believe that the same party are still there on the slope, still engaged in the attempt to climb it. Meanwhile the other, the crawling party of real mountaineers, have long ago vanished upward. Doubtless they are on the glacier by now.



Actually the climber's day splits into two parts, which the non-climber only with difficulty distinguishes: a hiking part and a climbing part. The hiking part needs no description. The climber gets it over as easily as he can, taking care that it does not tire him, for he may need his strength later. Hence the slow unpassing gait which I have described. The climbing part begins as soon as special knowledge is needed for crossing ground safely.

The real climber takes no risk which he has not measured and which he is not perfectly able to master. Contrary to the general opinion, he is not a being who has lost his wings and who is trying in vain to get back to his home. Indeed most that is written about him is sheer nonsense. He is a practical man grappling with a practical problem. He possesses, or ought to possess, a definite technique that has been worked out slowly through the experience of several generations of climbers, mostly in the Alps. Without this technique the risks that he runs may be considerable. With it, just as Stefansson has said of Arctic explorers, everything that you add on to his heroism you can subtract from his intelligence.

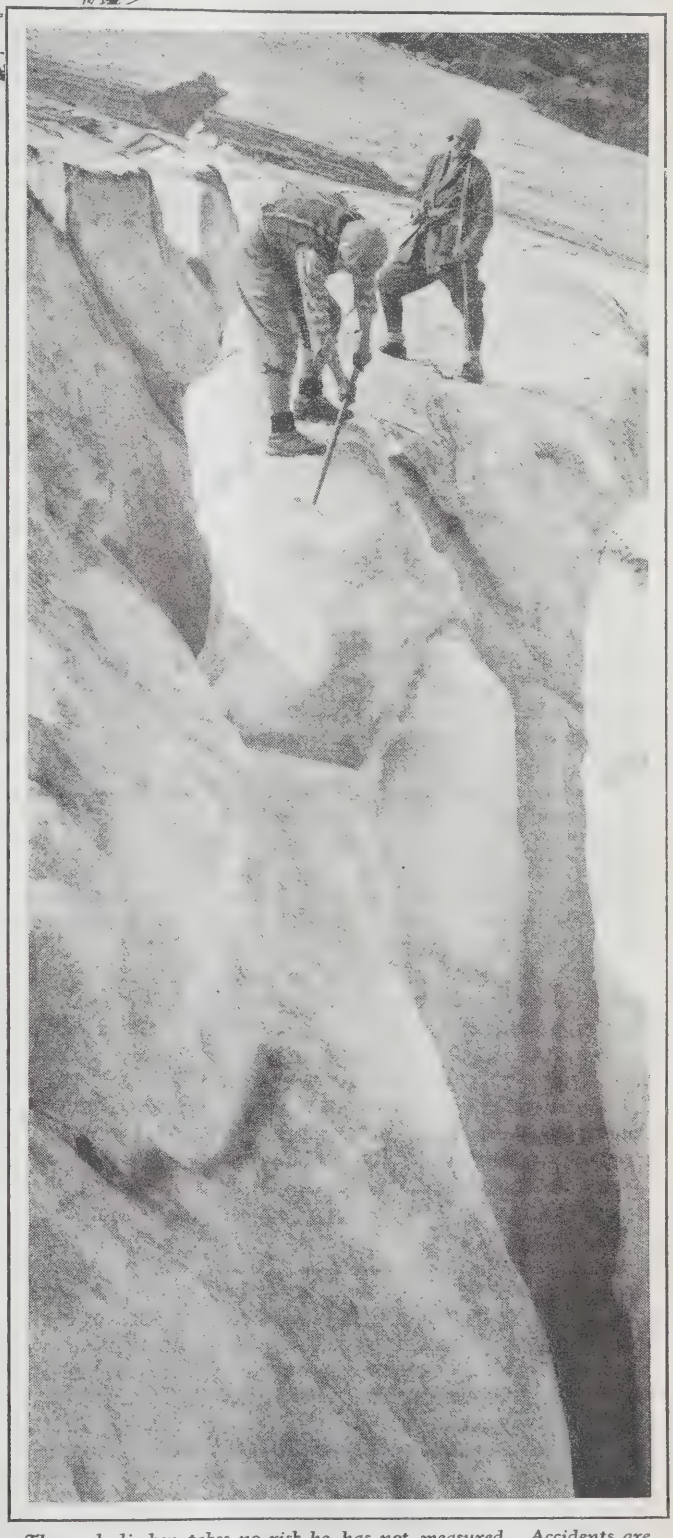
The commonest causes of accidents while climbing are ignorance and physical unfitness. It is a sport for hale people. No one who is sound in wind, heart and limb need hesitate to take it up. They will never suffer from giddiness.

The knowledge, the special technique required, is not quite such a simple matter. There are books and good ones which can supply the theory. For example, Geoffrey Winthrop Young's *Mountain Craft* will tell any would-be climber all that can be told about rock climbing, climbing down, step-cutting in ice and snow, glissading, glacier travel, weather conditions, route finding, the management of the rope, and so on. Each of these topics requires a whole chapter. A few trips with an expert will teach any sensible, prudent person how to put this theory into practice.

As a practical man with a practical problem he will begin with reasonably easy and short expeditions. At the same time, even for these, he will start early, realizing that many hours may be wasted through unexpected difficulties arising, and that oncoming darkness is one of the climber's chief enemies. On Stark Peak, for example, the pinnacle that so grandly dominates Lake Josephine and the Many Glacier region, an ill-chosen line may easily involve a night out, without shelter or fire, and even on a summer night this experience is not enjoyable.

In bad weather it may be appalling, as the two French climbers who were caught last winter in the Meije in Dauphine must have found out. They had to stand on an ice-covered ledge (there was no room to sit) for eighteen hours 'watching the procession of the constellations,' as they put it. Over and over again this question of lack of time arises, and the decision of when to abandon the expedition and turn back is often the test of the sound mountaineer. It is much easier to go on forcing a climb until the hour is too late and the whole party is in danger than to turn back against everybody's inclination when the summit is no more perhaps than five hundred feet distant.

It was the last day of the vacation and Wilbur, the most interesting peak in Glacier National Park, was to have been the climax of a *(Concluded on page 21)*



The real climber takes no risk he has not measured. Accidents are commonly caused by ignorance and physical unfitness.

The Adventure of Mrs. Farbman

By HUGH WALPOLE

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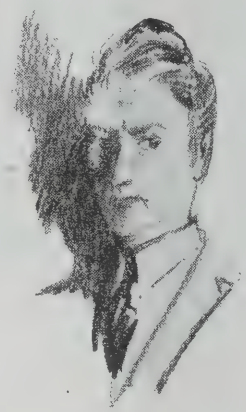
IT WOULD be quite impossible at this later date to say with any accuracy as to whose idea it really was. I suspect, of course, that the credit is Chippet's, he being the romantic one of the three and the man of ideas. *I* (the professional writer) ought to have been the man of ideas, but I was suffering just at that time I remember from a surfeit of realism; romance seemed to me something dead-gone and long abandoned. Chippet, of course, maintained exactly the opposite of this. I can see him now with his blue eyes, his fair hair, his trustful, pleading expression, urging upon us that the London of these up-and-down after-the-war years was the most romantic place in the world. 'Stevenson's London,' he said, 'was nothing to it, and you remember how, when he brought out the *New Arabian Nights*, everyone was amazed that he could find so much color and excitement in this drab, dull, smoke-haunted underground-driven town.'



Mrs. Farbman.

'I don't remember,' I answered rather stiffly. 'I don't know what age you take me for, Bubbles, but I may remark that I was in my cradle when the *New Arabian Nights* was published.'

'Well, anyway,' said Chippet, 'never mind that. The point is that London has never been so romantic, so absurd, and so full of excitement as it is at this particular moment.'

It was, I believe, this very conversation that gave Chippet his idea.

We were having lunch in Borden's rooms, and we were all rather alarmed—alarmed because we were running very low in funds and saw no means of increasing them. Chippet had just retired from the diplomatic service, Borden was supposed to be a sporting journalist, but the sporting paper which had been his principal ally had just died from want of encouragement; I was a serious realistic novelist—I need, therefore, say no more as to the reasons of my penury.

Something must be done and that soon. Chippet thought it would be very jolly if we could only all go into something together. We were great friends, understood one another thoroughly, and the gifts that we enjoyed were opposite enough to make us very useful allies. It was just then, I believe, that Chippet had his great idea.

'Why shouldn't we . . . '

We all laughed.

'Oh, but that . . . ' we cried.

'No, but really . . . ' he answered.

'I don't see . . . '

'Come, now,' we answered, 'they won't . . . '

'I believe that they will . . . ' he replied.

The idea seemed certainly less fantastic when we examined it more closely. It was also a New Idea. It had most certainly never been tried before.

'The first thing to do,' said Chippet, now immensely excited, 'is to circularize the right people. Very careful we have to be. Let's draw up a list of names.'

In this matter of circularizing we were certainly fortunate, because between us we covered a lot of ground. Chippet was aristocratic, being a cousin of the Beauminsters. Borden's uncle had one of the best stables in Great Britain, and had won the Grand National. Borden's younger brother was stand-off half for Cambridge, and had every chance of gaining his International cap next season, now that Kershaw and Davies were confessing themselves too old for the game. And I? Well, I was a friend of Hallard's, and had contributed on two occasions to his high-brow 'monthly.' I was a member of the Garrick and Beefsteak Clubs, and Peter Westcott, who is now, since the publication of *The Fiery Tree* generally recognized to be about the most promising novelist we have, is quite a friend of mine. I stood, in fact, for Upper Bohemia. There were, indeed, very few sides of London life that the one or other of us did not touch. Our circular letter had every chance of making a true sensation. This letter was our joint effort. To this very day I pride myself on its admirable strategy and aplomb.

'The first thing to do,' said Chippet, now immensely excited, 'is to circularize the right people.'

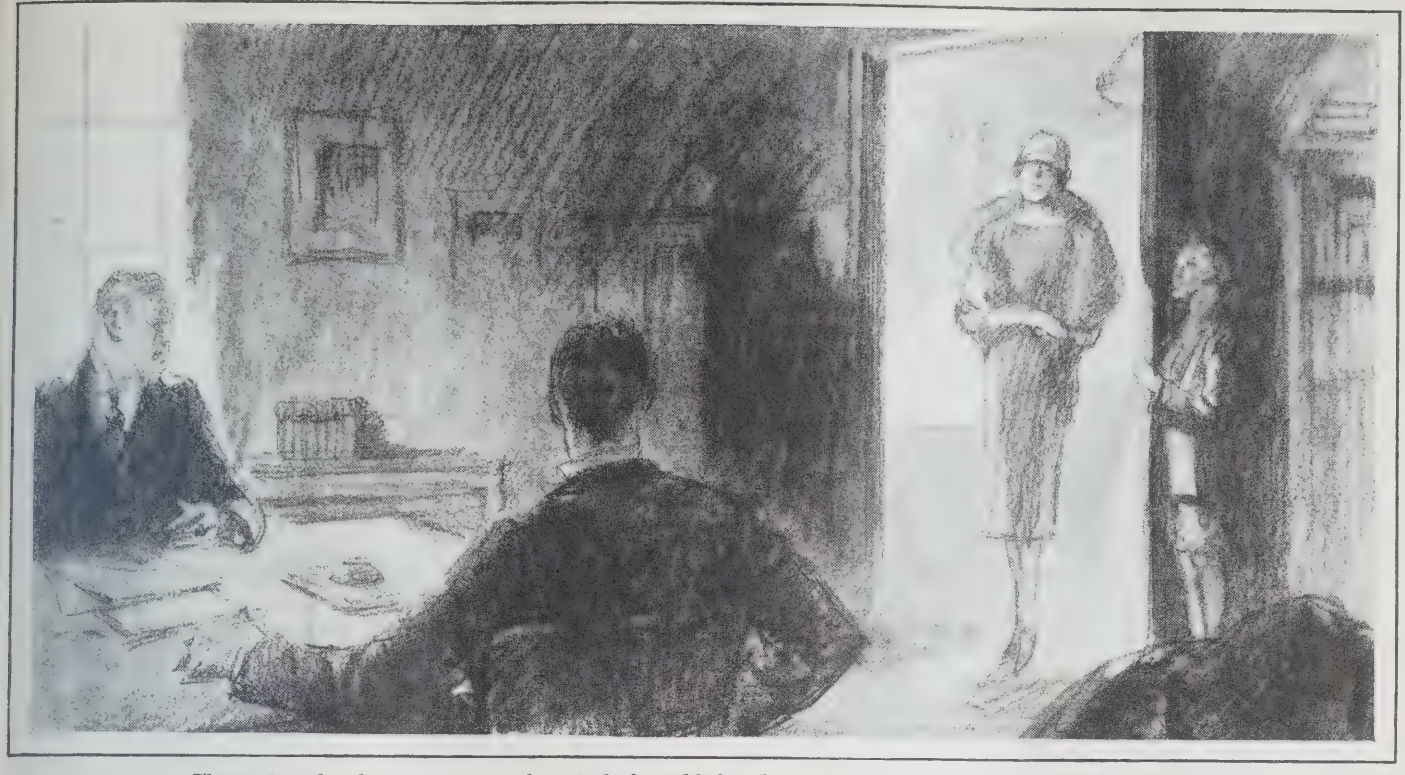
Illustrated by HAROLD WETTERSTEN

It ran as follows:

Private and Personal.

DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),

We must apologize for disturbing you and for taking up your valuable time in this very unwarranted manner. You may be assured that we would not do so were it not for the fact that we believe that we have a suggestion of real interest to make to you. It is admittedly difficult, in these times of progress and over-sophistication, to discover some need of human beings hitherto unsatisfied. From coconuts to boot-trees everything can today, when transit is so rapid and trade so often dishonest, be supplied. We flatter ourselves, however, that we have discovered one almost universal need that has hitherto most curiously escaped the attention of the benefactors of the human race. Sir (or Madam), have you not in your immediate household or in your surrounding circle of friends and acquaintances a Bore? . . . We admit that the question is abrupt and startling, and that is why we have placed after it in the most modern and realistic manner those suspensive dots. It is, however, meant to startle; it is intended to shake you abruptly from the lethargy of habit and the indifference of custom. We will not define to you more nearly what precisely is intended by the term 'bore.' We do not do so because in the first place time is precious, and in these days paper expensive, and for the second more excellent reason that what is a Bore to One is not a Bore to Another. We are in this case addressing you personally and individually. We ask you to look round and, considering your household, decide whether there is not



Thomas introduced into our room a charmingly dressed lady. I saw at once she was foolish, helpless and pretty.

one person, man, woman, or child, whom you would like to see removed from your immediate vicinity. Perhaps there is no one; in which case we offer you our most hearty congratulations, and beg you to read no further in this letter, which is not for you. If, on the other hand, and human nature being what it is, in the more likely case there is such a one, we do beg you to apply to us and to see whether we cannot do something for you whether in improvement or modification or even in the total disappearance of your personal and individual Bore.

We need not say that all transactions with our firm will be dealt with in the most private and confidential manner, that in our manner of procedure we work by tact, kindness, and diplomacy, and, of course, in no case whatever offer personal violence, and that we are in every instance on the side of the law of our country. Will you not give us a trial? All that is needed on your side is a visit to our office between the hours of ten and five. All consultations are free of charge. May not this suggestion be the very thing for which through many months you have wearily been searching? Why not give us a trial? At least pay us a visit and see whether you like us.

We are,
Yours obediently,
BONIFACE AND CO.

I NEED not say that we were none of us busy men, and that we had never before written a letter of this kind. That, I think, was all to the good; the letter had undoubtedly a freshness and originality that business letters for the most part lack.

There was much discussion among us before the documents were finally dispatched. For one thing, it needed much argument and some sharp raising of voices before we finally decided on the name of our firm. 'Boniface' was my suggestion, and I flatter myself that it was a good one.

Borden, although a thoroughly fine fellow, was always a trouble in argument; he had all the Englishman's total lack of imagination, and was inclined to repeat any idea that he had over and over again, refusing obstinately to see any point of view but his own.

We had, too, a very warm time over the question of the 'suspensive dots.' Borden contended that that was a ridiculous sentence to insert in a business letter, that such a thing had never been in a business letter before, and that it would put any reasonable fellow 'right off us.' I on my side maintained that it was precisely because it had never been in a business letter before that I had inserted it, that what we wanted was to be unusual and original, and to make people realize that we *were* different.

'They'll realize that soon enough,' said Borden, grinning.

Very painful are those first weeks after your business is started, when you sit in your office waiting, waiting, waiting, and nobody comes.

We had two rooms in Conduit Street for our offices, and very effective they were, with gray wallpapers and a dark red carpet, but a gray paper and a Japanese print are small consolations for an overdrawn banking account and two shabby suits of clothes.

It was, I think, on the fourth or fifth day, when Chippet and I were sitting opposite one another in a very gloomy state of mind indeed, that the bell rang and the diminutive boy, by name Thomas, whom we had engaged at a high salary, introduced into our room a lady.

TRAINED as I was in human psychology, I saw at once that she was foolish, helpless, and pretty. Here she was well over thirty, and there she was considerably under it, but she was dressed charmingly, and had an appealing, nervous smile that went, as I could see, straight to Chippet's uncritical heart. We begged her to sit down, both smiled at her, and then asked her if we could do anything for her. She hesitated a little, and then said: 'I received two days ago your letter, and I have come here to see whether you could possibly help me in my great trouble.'

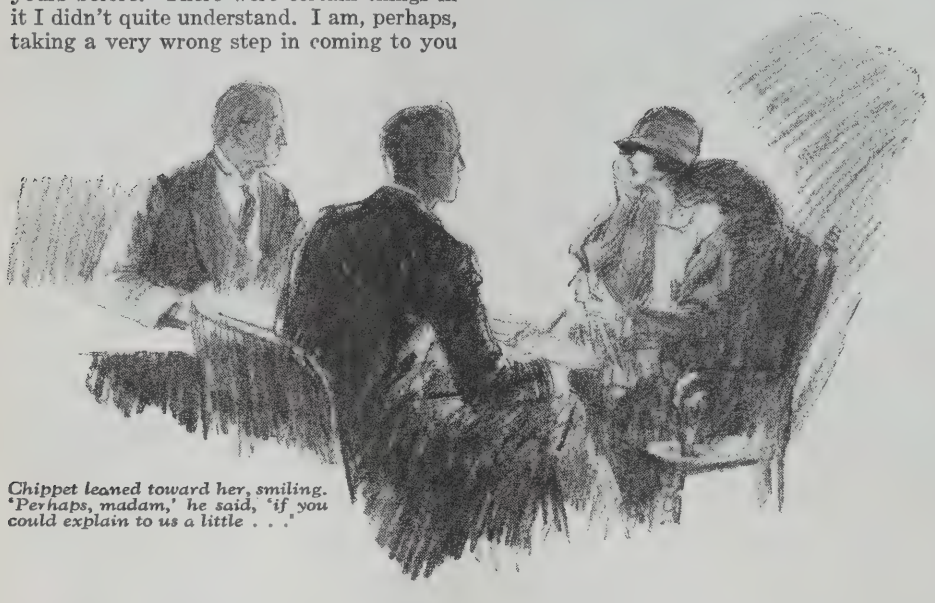
Chippet was so deeply excited at the actual occurrence of a real live client that I could see he was ready to promise anything, so I, being older and more experienced, looking at her gravely and before Chippet could speak, made her a little speech.

'Madam,' I said, 'If you will let us know the nature of your trouble, we will do our best to serve you. Experience has taught us that it is wiser to make no promises until we know exactly what we are asked to perform;

you can be sure of two things—first, that we will do our best for you, and, secondly, that anything you say to us will be treated in the very strictest confidence.'

I was myself considerably impressed by this speech. I was disappointed to observe that she looked, nevertheless, at Chippet, and it was to him that she made her appeal.

'I've never had,' she said, 'a letter like yours before. There were certain things in it I didn't quite understand. I am, perhaps, taking a very wrong step in coming to you



Chippet leaned toward her, smiling. 'Perhaps, madam,' he said, 'if you could explain to us a little . . .'

without my husband's knowledge, but what am I to do? I am desperate—really desperate. Two whole years of torture have brought me to this, or, rather, I should say "to you."

Chippet leaned toward her, smiling. 'Perhaps, madam,' he said, 'if you could explain to us a little . . . '

'I will explain,' she said, nervously rubbing her hands together. 'What I am going to tell you I have never uttered to any human being before, and I do hope, gentlemen, that you will understand that I love my husband, and am only acting for his benefit, and am, indeed, thinking only of him.'

I could see, of course, that this was untrue, but it apparently impressed Chippet very deeply. The lady had the face of a pretty little pig, a very tiny nose, plump cheeks, large blue eyes, and an indeterminate chin. 'My name,' she said, 'is Mrs. Fleming—Mrs. Lestock Fleming. Perhaps you have heard of my husband?'

I saw that Chippet was about to say that he had, but, as our policy was to be from the first an honest and open one, I interrupted him again and said: 'I'm afraid we haven't heard of your husband. Would you kindly tell us anything you can that will help us to understand your position?'

She opened her large blue eyes with an air of pretty surprise, and said: 'Why, I thought everybody had heard of my husband. He is one of the greatest living authorities on pond life, and has written several books which have been very much praised. He gives lectures on pond life up and down the country, and it is really because of the lectures that my troubles began.'

'Because you mean,' said Chippet, 'that you were not always able to accompany him on his lecture tours?'

'Why, no,' said Mrs. Fleming. 'We have two children, and my place, of course, is in my home. Devoted though we are, we have spent a considerable amount of time away from one another, and that I am sorry to say has afforded an opportunity for someone else to gain a control over my husband that he deplores just as deeply as I do myself.'

'Please explain,' said Chippet. 'If he deplores it, I should have thought it the easiest thing in the world——'

'Oh, you don't know my husband!' Mrs. Fleming broke in. 'He is one of the kindest men in the whole world, as she very well knows.' She uttered the pronoun 'she' with such vehemence that I jumped in my chair; her eyes flashed, her little hands were clenched together, and I could not help wondering how it was that, with such an energy of detestation ruling her breast, she had needed to come to us for any assistance.

'Tell us,' said Chippet gently, 'who "she" is.'

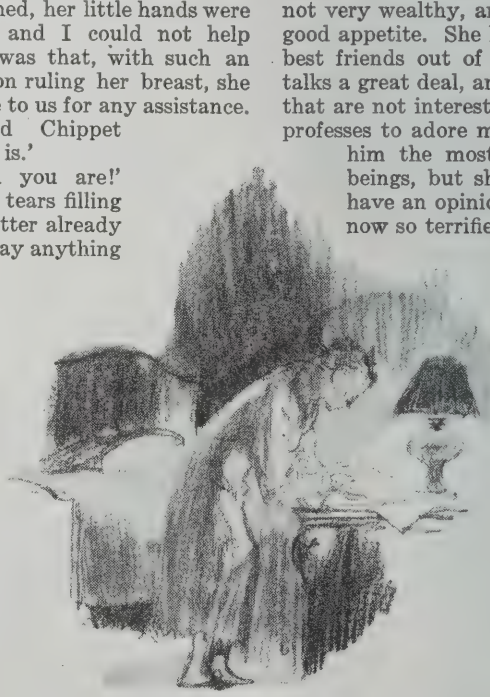
'Oh, how kind you are!' said Mrs. Fleming, tears filling her eyes. 'I feel better already —I feel that I can say anything to you.'

'You can,' said Chippet, 'you can indeed.'

'About two years ago,' continued Mrs. Fleming, 'in Newcastle, after a lecture that my husband had given on "Newts and their Home Life," a lady came up and spoke to him and showed such evident interest in all that he said that he could not but be pleased and flattered. He wrote to me about her, and I, too, was delighted that he should have found some real appreciation. I assure you, gentlemen, that I have not a spark of jealousy in my nature, and when he returned home, and showed me her photograph, I saw indeed that I had no reason for jealousy. At first I was immensely pleased at this new friendship. My husband showed me all the letters from this lady—whose name was Mrs. Farbman—and they were letters entirely concerned with natural history and kindred subjects. The trouble really began just a year and a half ago, when Mrs. Farbman came to live in London. We were living then at Golders Green, and very soon she also came to live there. I won't disguise from you that the first time I met her I disliked her intensely, and I could not help feeling that even at that time my husband was beginning to find her rather tiresome; but he is so gentle a man, so kindly and considerate, that she soon exercised over him a most terrible control. To cut a long story short, for the last year it was almost literally true that, except for the night time, she has not been out of our house. He has been engaged during the last eight months on a very important work on tadpoles and their development, and unfortunately my occupation in my household affairs and the children, and Mrs. Farbman's knowledge of shorthand, have given her an opportunity for being continually in his company.'

'Is she in love with him?' Chippet interrupted. 'Would you mind describing her to us?'

'She is a tall woman,' said Mrs. Fleming, 'rather like a man in woman's clothes. She must be well over forty, although she told us the other day that she had just celebrated her thirty-first birthday, and looked as though she expected us to give her a present, which I believe my husband would have done if I had not been there to stop it. She is a very dominating person, and, to speak quite frankly, our whole house is in terror of her. She comes to almost all our meals, and, of course, we are not very wealthy, and she eats with a very good appetite. She has driven many of our best friends out of the house because she talks a great deal, and generally on subjects that are not interesting to our friends. She professes to adore my husband, and thinks him the most marvelous of human beings, but she never allows him to have an opinion of his own, and he is now so terrified of her that last week he took to his bed for three days to escape her; but that was of no use, because she sat in the little dressing-room adjoining with the door open, and shouted to him the whole of the morning.'



'She has insisted on our spare room, in case she should have ideas for my husband's book in the middle of the night.'

Tears filled Mrs. Fleming's eyes as she got deeper into her story; one tear even rolled down her cheek, and I could see Chippet was very deeply touched.

'Well, Mrs. Fleming,' I said, 'you surely don't mean to tell us that you and your husband together are unable to get rid of this woman?'

'I do indeed,' she answered, 'and not only I, but my sister, who lives with us, a cousin of my husband's who lives close to

s, and two or three of our best friends have one all that we can, and have had no ffect at all. The trouble is, you see, that ıy husband has not himself courage to get id of her. She has a temper, and at the ame time has made him feel as though he adn't now an opinion of his own. He hinks that if she left him, all his work ould stop, and that he gets a great deal of is inspiration from her. That is, of course, uite untrue. He wrote and worked much etter before he knew her. He is simply ypnotized, gentlemen, and it is this ypnotism which I have come to you to eg you to remove.'

'Hypnotism!' said Chippet. 'Do you ıean literally? Does she really hypnotize im?'

'No, of course I don't mean,' she said, iterally that she hypnotizes him, although am sure that she does a lot of queer things hat I don't understand, but he is a man ery easily impressed. He is so modest, nd he always believes that everybody nows better than himself, and Mrs. 'arbman is clever. However much one letests her, one can't deny that.'

'In short,' said Chippet, wearing a look f grave importance, 'what you want us o do is to remove Mrs. Farbman with the reatest kindness, but in such a way that he will never return again.'

'I don't mind about the kindness,' said Mrs. Fleming, looking at us very innocently, I won't hide from you that a little suffering, physical or otherwise, would do her no ort of harm, but of course,' she hurriedly ıdded, 'there must be no question of our involving ourselves with the law in any way.'

I SAW very clearly that now that Mrs. Fleming had surmounted the initial difficulty of speaking to complete strangers on his rather piratical subject, she was enjoying herself immensely, and was looking forward to seeing Mrs. Farbman tortured with red pincers by several long-tailed devils in a miniature Hades. Of such are even the mildest and most gentle women when another woman has interfered with their personal liberty.

'Of course,' she went on, 'I would hate to be cruel to anyone—I even step over a beetle if I see one on the floor—but I suffered from Mrs. Farbman for a very long time now, and if you gentlemen can really succeed in helping her to new interests in life, I shall be grateful to you all my days.'

Inexperienced though we were in business, we were both of us already aware that when a client begins to talk fluently of gratitude, it means that there will be less fluency when the hour for the commercial side of the bargain arrives, so I said very gravely: 'We will do our very best for you, Mrs. Fleming, but you must understand that we cannot absolutely pledge ourselves to success. Our terms are that you pay us one hundred pounds if our endeavors succeed, and fifty pounds in any case, succeed or fail. We cannot, of course, pledge our word that Mrs. Farbman will never return to you again. We can only promise you that we will not claim success until she has been removed from you for three months. An occasional visit during those three months does not count against us. The way we would put it would be that, after watching the case for three months, we are all definitely of the opinion that Mrs. Farbman's attentions have been removed elsewhere, and we shall settle this question by asking Mrs. Farbman herself as to whether this is so. Are these terms satisfactory to you?'

'One hundred pounds is a great deal of money,' said Mrs. Fleming, her beautiful eyes filling with tears.

I saw that Chippet would probably be touched if I left them alone. It is both fortunate and unfortunate to have in such a firm as ours a prominent official dangerously susceptible to feminine charm, so I said very sternly indeed: 'Those are our terms, Mrs. Fleming. Take them or leave them, as you please.' But, as I had foreseen, once the picture of Mrs. Farbman, unhappy and isolated, had penetrated Mrs. Fleming's imagination, she was caught and held.

'I agree,' she said. 'But please, gentlemen, be as quick as you can in helping us. I feel that if I have to suffer as I have done during these last months, I shall poison Mrs. Farbman with powdered glass or hyoscin or strangle her in her sleep.'

'WHAT!' interrupted Chippet, greatly interested. 'Does she actually sleep in your house?'

'On several occasions,' said Mrs. Fleming, her little cheeks flushed with anger, 'she has insisted on sleeping in our spare room, in case she should have some ideas for my husband's book in the middle of the night.'

'I don't see,' said Chippet, 'why she shouldn't have those ideas in her own house as well as yours.'

'She says,' said Mrs. Fleming, 'that it's all a matter of atmosphere. Everything is atmosphere, according to her. There is, for instance, all the difference in the world between the thoughts that you have in a hot bath and in a cold one, and what you feel like after breakfast and what you feel like before tea.'

'There's nothing very original about that,' said Chippet.

'In my opinion,' said Mrs. Fleming, 'there's nothing very original about Mrs. Farbman anywhere, but you shall see for yourself.'

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

The New Woman

(Concluded from page 3)

parties, and both of which indulge quite freely in open lobbying. A politically inclined woman may belong to one of these. Or she may join one of the clubs of the older parties; or, if she lives in a large city, become identified with one of the political machines. Or—and most of the women belong in this class—she may simply cast her vote when the spirit moves her, and the moving spirit in this instance is quite apt to be the male member of her family.

The two major women's political organizations are distinguished, not for the harmony of their relations, but for the lack of harmony. They did not work together before suffrage, nor do they now.

The League of Women Voters, which stresses its nonpartisanship, is advocating a policy of distinctly socialistic trend: disarmament, a maternity and infancy act, easier Constitutional amendment, and the like. The National Woman's Party, on the other hand, is concentrating its ammunition on the chimera of an 'equality'—so its leaders assert—which will 'sweep away every remaining vestige of subordinate conditions for women that the law can touch,' economic, industrial, political.

One of the peculiar results of universal suffrage has been the election of a number of women to office under the so-called 'dower right'—the custom by which widows are elected to fill the positions formerly held by their deceased husbands. Surely this form of entail is one scarcely compatible with the best American traditions. A woman, if she is fit to hold office (and no doubt many are) should be elected because of her own outstanding abilities, and certainly not for reasons of sympathy for her bereavement.

This does not mean, of course, that the women so elected have not been capable officials; they have, many of them, and their public records for the most part have been good; but even this cannot justify the policy of 'dower right.'

Serious charge has been made that the entrance of women into politics has been one of the chief causes in the disintegration of the home. Whatever the truth of the charge, it cannot be denied that the advent of the two happenings has been almost simultaneous. At the recent clinical congress of the American College of Surgeons, Dr. W. Blair Bell, noted English surgeon, declared that degeneration of the male is indicated by the rise of woman in political spheres. He pointed out that when women have been in the ascendant, civilization has disintegrated and given way to more virile systems. Feminism, he said, bodes ill for both women and society, for feminine psychology is ill adapted for administration of the world's affairs.

'If women are going to change the world, and we hope they will, and are going to get the peace that we all pray for and the coöperation and good will,' declares Lady Nancy Astor, one of the foremost of the newer order, 'we have got to begin with the children.'

BUT how much time have women left for the upbringing of children? Those women who have been drawn into the maelstrom of 'practical politics' are the greatest sufferers, for they have had to sacrifice, for their atom of political power, something of the finer attributes of womanhood. Many brilliant women who entered politics with high ideals are now mourning the shattered remains; many have acknowledged bitter failure. Beyond question, the atmosphere of a local political machine can be only degrading to a woman. Those who enter into the petty intrigues of the local bosses bring themselves down to the level of those bosses. *Ability is not such a requisite to these women as is docility; their chief function is to take orders, not give them.*

Politicians have at last awakened to the fact that the 'woman vote' is largely a myth; they now realize that nominating a woman on a party ticket will not insure a tidal wave of feminine ballots toward that ticket. The differences between the two major women's political organizations are carried on through the whole gamut of women in politics. Individually women are no more harmonious than collectively.

Women cannot lead one another. They must be led by someone they regard as their own equal, or one more able than themselves. And few militant women admit that of other women—particularly in politics.

Middle Age Has Vanished

(*Concluded from page 8*)

than those which are obvious, but that at such an age the batteries must be masked, the danger insidious; this was considered incontestable.

I wonder what a story with the same gist would now be called? 'A Woman of Sixty,' I suppose.

Though the change has much deeper roots, clothes do play an important part in the merging of ages.

There is now no longer any recognized livery for the different stages in a woman's life. Time was when at a glance you could have told whether she was single or married, mother or grandmother. The materials, color and style worn by the young, the middle-aged and the old were quite distinct. Now it would require an inspired Sherlock Holmes to distinguish a maid from a matron, a 'has-been' from a 'may-be.'

Whether she has a past, a present or a future, she dresses in the fashion. Formerly anyone could have recognized a middle-aged woman not only by her dress, but also by her movements, her manners and her conversation. It is not that we now ape youth; that we fight a stubborn rearguard action; but that there is now no longer any arbitrary time curfew to curtail the activities and energies enjoyed in youth. If we are wise, we do not attempt to conceal our age. It is more that we do not consider it. We may be covered with crow's-feet and thatched with gray hairs. What matter? Wrinkles (the right kind) do not disqualify and the vogue for *poudre* heads witnesses that gray hairs are becoming.

Yes, we now reject what used to be considered a necessary evil, the dark ages of a woman's history. Transitional periods—as in architecture—are so unsatisfactory. For goodness' sake, let us be one thing or another. Our middle-aged ancestresses fell so heavily between two stools, becoming too old to be courted so many years before they were old enough to inspire respect.

Let us pray that we may undergo a magic transformation and, when the time comes, be young on one day and venerable the next.

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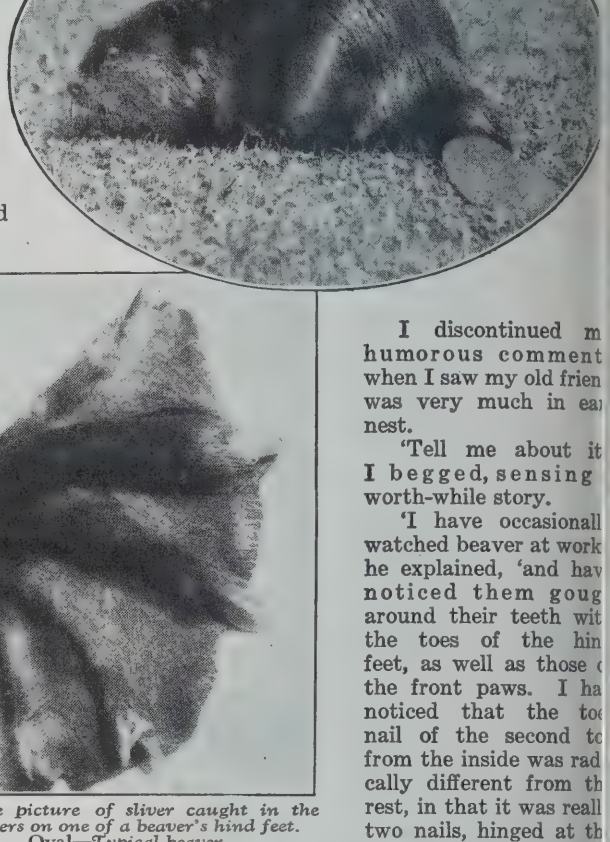
The Beaver *Carries* Pincers

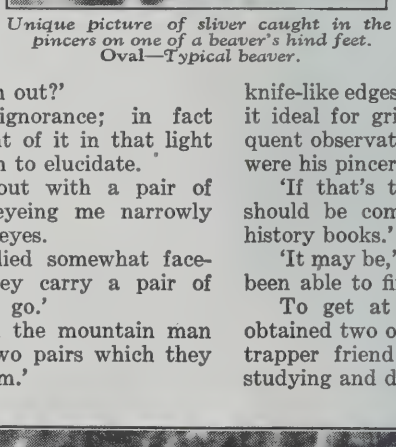
So *He Can* Pull Slivers *From His* Teeth *and* Gums

By F. J. CLIFFORD



IT SEEMS to me,' said the old fur-trapper whose snow-blinded eyes had forced him down to the haunts of civilization, 'that with all the writing about wild life, some of the writers might have said a few words about the extraordinary feet of the beaver.

'You know that beaver are consistent wood-workers—that in felling trees and cutting logs for dam construction they do it all with a set of self-sharpening chisels, their teeth. Now, it is only natural that they should get slivers stuck in their gums or wedged between their teeth—sometimes very tightly. How can they get them out?'



Unique picture of sliver caught in the pincers on one of a beaver's hind feet. Oval—Typical beaver.

I confessed my ignorance; in fact that I had not thought of it in that light before. So I asked him to elucidate.

'They pull them out with a pair of pincers,' he replied, eyeing me narrowly with almost sightless eyes.

'Well, well,' I replied somewhat facetiously. 'I expect they carry a pair of nippers wherever they go.'

'Exactly,' answered the mountain man evenly. 'They have two pairs which they always have with them.'

I discontinued m humorous comment when I saw my old frien was very much in ea nest.

'Tell me about it I begged, sensing worth-while story.

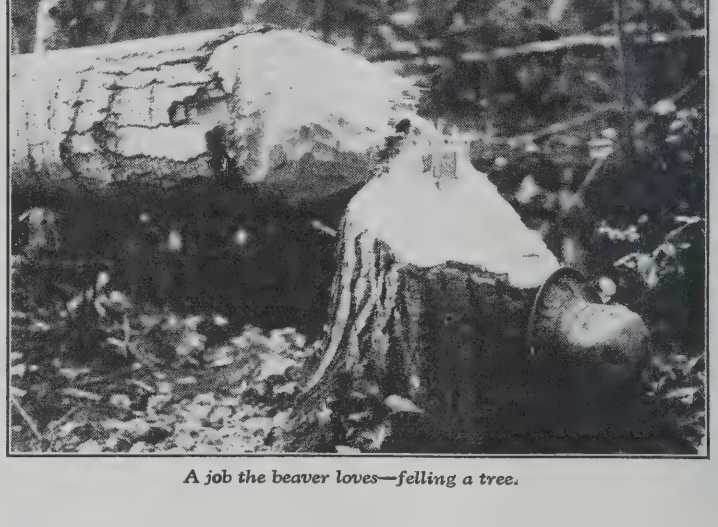
'I have occasionall watched beaver at work he explained, 'and hav noticed them goug around their teeth wit the toes of the hin feet, as well as those the front paws. I ha noticed that the to nail of the second t from the inside was rad cally different from th rest, in that it was reall two nails, hinged at th base, and two of th knife-like edges coming together would mak it ideal for gripping small objects. Subse quent observations convinced me that the were his pincers—a pair on each hind foot

'If that's the case,' I replied, 'then should be commented on in our natura history books.'

'It may be,' he replied, 'but I have neve been able to find it mentioned.'

To get at the thing first-handed, obtained two of the feet in question. M trapper friend and I spent several hou studying and discussing them.

'One very wis act on the part nature,' he com mented, runnin his fingers over th velvety webbe foot, 'is the wisdo of placing the pin cers just wher they are. Had the been placed on th outside toe, the would have bee subjected to muc more danger Neither would i have been wise t put them on th large center toes since they some times have th nails torn off.'



A job the beaver loves—felling a tree.

Hectic Sport of Mountain Climbing

(*Concluded from page 15*)

whole series of ascents in the district. It has only once been climbed—by Norman Clyde in 1924—but we had little doubt with reasonable luck we should be successful.

We started at dawn and made excellent progress right up to the base of the final cliff that frowns so majestically down the Swift Current valley. Only a faint stuffiness in the air and some lurid-looking clouds at dawn had foreshadowed evil. High on the far shoulder that juts out on the left hand sky line as seen from the hotel, a trickle of stones slipping down the cliff made us look up. We saw what we expected. Three little white dots were picking their way carefully across the precipices—Rocky Mountain sheep! As we mounted we spied no less than twenty-one of these fine creatures, all, had we realized it, making their way toward shelter, having already sensed the coming storm.

Under a rock at the point where the cliff rears itself upward we halted, three and a half hours out, for a munch. The wind had risen and now begun to howl dismally about the crags above us. Before long a wide belt of storm cloud swept up from the southwest and great raindrops splashed and drove in spray across the rocks. There was a hint of clear sky beyond the storm wrack, and we lay wondering whether we might not still be able to seize a short spell of clear weather and gain our peak after all. In time the drops lessened and we sallied out. A wide gully rifts the north face of the mountain and by ledges we came to its edge. Overhanging walls tower on either side, and its bed, though extremely steep, offers the only probable line of ascent on this face of the mountain.

THE wind was cold and rough but not so powerful as to make climbing impossible. Water from the rainstorm was flowing into and down the gully and dripping from the cliffs above, which jutted out so that the drops fell far outside us. All below was swathed in cloud. We halted at a point where we could survey the great cliff, a special doubt being in our minds. In a few moments the doubt was justified. With first a click and a hop, then a bound and a shattering crash, a large stone came hurtling down, the rain (the first that had fallen for many days) was dislodging the loose débris that lies out on every big mountain. This projectile was followed by others. It became clear that in such weather the gully was no place for human beings. So we beat a disappointed retreat and set out to look for another line of ascent not exposed to this danger. For against falling stones the climber who is penned in on difficult rocks in a gully can do nothing.

The skill of a rock-climber is shown by his choice of handhold, and his adhesion to those he has chosen. Much depends on the correct estimate of the firmness of the rock where weight is to be thrown upon it. Many loose rocks are quite firm enough to bear a man's weight, but experience is needed to know which can be trusted, and skill is required in transferring the weight to them without jerking. On all difficult rocks the rope is the greatest safeguard for all except the first man in the ascent, the last in the descent. In very difficult places help may be obtained by throwing a loose rope round a projection above and pulling on it.

After much searching we found a possible line on the south face of the mountain and made progress up steep rock faces. But the wind was rising. The clear sky to the southwest had vanished. The whole heavens were now leaden and from time to time the mountain would be wrapped in whirling clouds. Gust after gust buffeted us, almost wrenching us from our hold. It became a matter of listening for the scream of the oncoming whirlwind and clinging with all our strength until it had passed. We were moving one at a time and anchoring by passing the rope round firm spikes of rock whenever this was possible. So we approached the climax.

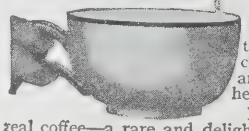
THE summit was not more than 300 feet above us, when the thing that we had been dreading happened. Through the howl of the gale broke the muffled, distant, drumlike roll of thunder. It seemed to encircle us and to creep in upon us from all sides. At the same time, with incredible rapidity, the peculiar tension which tells of a near electrical disturbance was upon us. Our finger tips tingled, our hair stood on end and brush discharges from the neighboring rocks contributed their queer hissing and crackling to the pandemonium of the gale. Sounds as of a gigantic whip sweeping through the heavens seemed to foretell the imminent oncoming of the deluge. The rain when it came would be our greatest danger. Wet, cold rocks would be doubly difficult to descend.

Without losing a moment, though full of bitter regret that the summit must be abandoned, we began to descend. A race against time began in which five minutes lost now might later mean a difference of hours spent in staggering and crawling down the lower slopes through the darkness, or even a night spent drenched to the skin shivering on some lofty ledge in that howling circle of infuriated elements.

To combine safety with speed under such conditions tests the climber to the utmost. We were fortunate in being able to reach easy ground, when the rope could be taken off, just before the full fury of the storm struck us. The sky seemed to split open with a deafening crack and to discharge a flood. It was impossible to look upward. As we huddled against a rock we counted ourselves indeed lucky to have escaped this pitiless pelting while we were maneuvering upon the well-nigh vertical walls above.

Such are some of the real thrills and dangers of mountaineering. True, we were defeated, but days like this can be ranked in memory far above many a triumph. They bring into play the whole range of the mountaineer's skill, judgment and experience. Without these they would be merely so many gambles with destiny, with the odds heavily against one. Only the mountaineer knows what these odds are and how strangely lucky the foolhardy beginner is, especially when he suspects no danger. One may sum up by saying that the experienced climber is more of a sage than a hero.

FOR COFFEE LOVERS
Who Fear Caffeine



There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. A coffee all may drink at any hour and to their hearts' content.

Not mock coffee, but real coffee—a rare and delightful blend. We simply open the pores and remove the caffeine. That is the source of all coffee's harm.

Caffeine is tasteless and odorless. Its removal does not affect the flavor or aroma in the least.

This coffee is called Kaffee Hag. The finest hotels now serve it. In countless homes it is the favorite brand.

Learn what it means to you and yours. A coffee you need never fear or stint. A coffee you can drink at night and sleep. Children can enjoy it.

This coupon with a dime will bring a 10-cup package to you. Get it for some coffee lover who cannot drink caffeine. Clip coupon now.

KAFFEE HAG 10¢

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Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).

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THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

Joseph Lincoln Tells of His Cape Cod Years

(*Concluded from page 3*)

know is work and perseverance and some ability.'

I could see that the rover was fading quite away and I sent out a last faint call for him.

'Are Cape Cod scenes and memories of old-time houses with you when you write, wherever you are?'

'Not consciously. But I've seen a good many Cape Cod homes, and boyhood impressions are lasting. I remember in my grandfather's house how dark and gloomy the front hall was. No one ever used it except on Sundays. There was just enough light to make out a half model of grandfather's ship. I used to love that ship. There were sailors in the rigging and sailors in a little boat alongside. I liked it a good deal better than I did the crayon portraits of grandmother's four brothers all in a row on the parlor wall, looking as if they were frozen there.

'Cape Cod parlors were seldom opened except for weddings and funerals. The family used the "setting room." How those parlors smelled! There was nothing very cheerful suggested by the odor. But I did like the collection of curios from abroad that were usually on the whatnot. In our own parlor there was a fascinating collection of shells from tropical beaches and an alabaster Tower of Pisa. You see, it's natural enough for me to write about Cape Cod.'

I asked Mr. Lincoln his opinion of modern tendencies in literature.

'Well, I have my aversions,' he admitted. 'Not all of them will bear telling. Some present-day drama bothers me. I can't see the use of a thing like *What Price Glory?* And much of modern biography had better never been written. We all know that Byron was no Sunday school scholar, as for Shelley, my sympathies are with Mrs. Shelley, and it really isn't any of my business how Stevenson kept his finger nails. But I have an idea that the influence of those things isn't so great as we imagine when we let them irritate us. For myself, I enjoy reading Locke, Sabatini, and Tarkington. It may be childish, but I take pleasure in a good story.'

Most people have a hobby and I wondered what Mr. Lincoln's would be.

'I'm afraid I must confess to one,' he said. 'I don't say that I've been collecting, but I've been buying things I like for a good many years. These half models of ships and ship pictures, for instance. I am especially fond of this of my father's ship, *The Mist*. And here are night lamps of rare color. And these peach-bloom lily vases have a story. The man who secured this color by heat would never divulge his secret. He died at ninety and the process died with him. And I like this Bennington speckled cow. If you will step out on the porch I'll show you my latest purchase. I just bought it today.'

We had been moving about the room, admiring the really beautiful pieces, and on the porch there was an equally alluring collection of lacy Sandwich glass and Staffordshire china and some excellent old furniture. In the center, on a table, stood an enormous bottle of pale green glass, at least three feet tall and of generous girth. Doubtless it was a treasure, but both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln stood somewhat aghast before its size.

'I really don't know what I wanted of it,' reflected Mr. Lincoln in the plaintive litany of collectors the world over, 'and I ought not to have bought it, but I did.' Then he brightened up. 'Antiques don't fit this house so well as they did our place in Hackensack. Now we've taken an apartment in Merion, just out of Philadelphia. It's pleasant to be near our son Freeman, who is on the staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And I like to be fairly handy to New York. I should hate to miss the luncheons of the Dutch Treat Club. In the future I think that Mrs. Lincoln and I will travel more and make our stays here longer, too.'

I asked Mr. Lincoln about his philosophy of life.

'Well,' he replied slowly, 'I think that the ordinary person is a pretty decent sort. I think that the average man, considering his inheritance, his disappointments, his knocks in life, puts up a pretty plucky fight of it.'

At that moment the haunting figure with the salt gale rustling his oilskins stepped out of the shadows. I had forgotten him, but he looked me straight in the eye until I had the two confused. He followed us out on the lawn and stood near as we watched the long white line of surf gleaming in the darkness as it broke on Chatham bars.

'This is a wicked shore,' remarked Mr. Lincoln, 'although it looks so peaceful. There have been more wrecks in this vicinity than in any other spot in New England. They used to call it the "graveyard of ships." There are three coast guard stations in the neighborhood, Old Harbor that you see across the bay, Chatham and Monomoy Point.'

'That is the jumping-off place of the world, isn't it?' I asked.

'It's pretty dreary,' admitted Mr. Lincoln. 'I used to walk out there sometimes. I knew Old Nat who lived as a hermit more than halfway there. When I was a boy he was town fiddler and in all the merrymakings. Then for some reason he withdrew to that forsaken place to live. One evening I met him going home with his wheelbarrow and we stopped to chat and got to talking about the high cost of living.

'"Cost me nearly thirty-five dollars so far this year to live," complained Nat, "but I made some easy money. I got out two gallons of scallops, swelled 'em in water (which is against the law) and at Chatham Station I got seven dollars and a half for them."

'He hadn't minded pushing a wheelbarrow fourteen miles through the sand for his easy money! Cape Cod was his home and he loved it as I do. And I love the old folks on it.'

Mr. Lincoln returned to the library and I went out to the boulevard. Pausing after a moment and looking back, I could see him take up a book from the table. But the Other One, the vague form in shimmering oilskins, was still on the lawn, looking out to where the combers were hissing over Chatham bars.

Home of Joseph Lincoln at Chatham, Massachusetts.

'I know there are people who can turn out a short story in two or three hours and it will be good enough to sell,' Mr. Lincoln once said, 'but I cannot help feeling that it would have been much better if the writer had devoted more time to it. In my case, doing work that is satisfactory to me in any degree means that I must fairly sweat it out, if I may use the expression.'

Again, he said, 'A man writes what he knows. If he tries anything else it must fall—show hollow. And I find that it is necessary to write to your audience.'

Mr. Lincoln knows his audience, but, better still, he knows the people about whom writes.

Can Editors Be Bought or Influenced?

— (*Concluded from page 13*) —

ead of a Cincinnati company as saying the se of vegetable fats is increasing. The ext letter, carefully couched in established ewspaper form under a Washington date-ne, relates that the director of a speed-meter company safety council says 33 er cent of drunken automobile drivers o unpunished. The letter, of course, specif-ally names the speedometer company.

We learn from other envelopes that the National Probation Association had a wonderful meeting in Cleveland May 24, hat officers for the ensuing year to three f West Point's most important activities were announced today; that Moscow, nder Soviet régime, is enjoying excellent ealth, that the annual May-Day festivi-ies of Mount Union College 'held the center f attention in Alliance, Ohio, today,' hat 'Earl Carroll is beginning to receive etters from all over the country against vithdrawing his annual revue from the oad, which he did in Philadelphia and Boston because of prudish censorship.'

When you invest in real estate, the Realtor does not present you with a watch. Yet when some people buy advertising space n a newspaper, they expect the newspaper o throw in a watch, painting or suit of clothes in the shape of free space in the news columns—and many newspapers do. Now these sections of a newspaper are business office adjuncts and almost first to last are advertising on a majority of papers, although a majority of papers carry on the pretense that they are news sections.

As evidence of the lengths to which some advertisers go, I cite in conclusion one story received recently from a real-estate firm. The advertiser wrote it himself. The article was headed 'AS A MAN THINKETH!' Here it is:

In conversation with James P. Price, of the firm of James P. Price Real Estate company, as he sat at his desk in his well appointed offices, the writer was impressed with the intense earnestness and keen business foresight of this young aggressive addition to the live real estate brokers of this city.

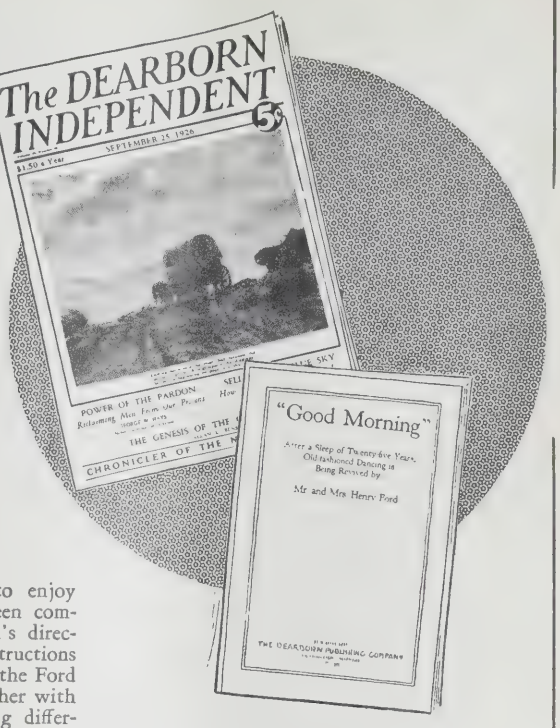
Seven years ago Mr. Price left the employ of one of the larger manufacturers of the city to enter the field of real estate selling with one of the largest and most successful organizations then operating. He started as a salesman in a profession that was new to him and backed only by an ambition and determination to leave forever behind the hated 'time clock' and all that a mere number implies in our modern industrial institutions . . .

It is not hard to fathom the secret of this man's well earned success. His oft-repeated phrase, 'he who thinks he can, can,' is his daily mental attitude and he lives by that simple psychic truth.

An oft-repeated truism of the late Elbert Hubbard is: 'A business is merely the lengthened shadow of a man.' So in the next 10 years when another million human souls constitute the city to the west and south, the shadow of James P. Price will be permanently identified with this great center in acts of solid and substantial achievement.

Mr. Price (Price of course isn't the man's real name) had every expectation that his story would be printed. It wasn't.

LEARN *to* DANCE *and Keep Young*



The Old American dances as revived by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford have created widespread interest.

To render it possible for everyone to enjoy these beautiful dances there has been compiled and published, under Mr. Ford's direction, complete information and instructions on each of the dances as taught in the Ford School of Dancing at Dearborn, together with calls, music and pictures visualizing different steps.

'Good Morning'

is the title of this interesting book. It contains 169 pages, carefully printed in clear type, and durably bound in attractive paper covers.

It also explains the origin and etiquette of the dances; style and deportment, and how to arrange and conduct a successful dance.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are now given an opportunity to obtain a copy of this popular book free. It regularly sells for 75c a copy, but for a limited time we are offering a copy of *'Good Morning'* in return for obtaining a new subscriber for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Thousands of men and women are just waiting to be asked to subscribe to this great publication. Many of them are your own friends and neighbors. All you have to do is to secure one new subscription and forward it on the coupon below. We will immediately send you a copy of *'Good Morning'* with our compliments.

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Shapes That Come and Go

(*Concluded from page 7*)

that when he went to Bowdoin at seventeen he already knew it better than the seniors, and could talk and write it freely.

He read the Elizabethan and Queen Ann dramatists, and was on cordial terms with Dr. Samuel Johnson. He cared nothing for mathematics; but he perused endless volumes of Voltaire in an old French paper-covered edition, duodecimo, small and execrable print—but Voltaire!

Franklin Pierce, the future general and President, thought 'Hath' was the greatest man in the world, and was saved from many a folly by his resolute and irrefutable counsel; Horatio Bridge, a harum-scarum youth, consulted, obeyed and loved him to the end of his life; and the studious and cool Longfellow recognized his eminence and foresaw his fame. Had Hawthorne had Longfellow's financial advantages, he would not have grown up the almost invisible hermit that he became for twelve years after graduating from college.

His first assiduous visitor was Herman Melville. After Hawthorne had settled in The Wayside at Concord, a modest young man knocked at the door and shyly asked admittance. He was of middle height, strongly built, with a short black beard, and thick hair falling athwart a broad forehead; his black eyes sparkling with soft light. His name was Richard Henry Stoddard; and shy though he was, he had the courage to say that he was a poet.

Hawthorne took to him from the first, and though their actual association was short and seldom, the friendship went on to the end of Hawthorne's life, and the younger man kept on loving him and his memory till his own death in 1903. Perhaps Hawthorne was attracted to him by the fact that, although he talked of literature and even of Hawthorne's books with sense and acumen, he also came to ask him a favor: Hawthorne had been a customhouse official, Stoddard felt the need of similar help from the Government, how should he set about it? It pleased the author, perhaps, to be consulted on a matter of business instead of the destiny of mankind, the nature of morals, and the conscience of the individual, and he entered heartily into Stoddard's problems. Pierce was of the past, Buchanan was just disappearing behind the scenes, and Lincoln was an untried man; Hawthorne had no political pull, therefore, but his experience of the ways and byways of Government service was at his young friend's disposal, and very welcome. His advice, by word of mouth and afterward by correspondence, was very keen and canny, with a satirical touch to it at the Government's expense.

Stoddard, when he was in the way of advising Hawthorne's son, many years afterward, often spoke of it with emotion. He himself had never been able to drag himself out of poverty, and he had had misfortunes. His wife was a really great woman and of extraordinary character. They had two sons, one of whom died in childhood, of the other I will not speak. Stoddard said to me, in reference to him, 'I went down to my office in the morning, and he was well and happy; when I came back in the evening, he was dead! Julian, I've never been worth anything since!' He was a true poet, but his poetry never caught the popular fancy.

In the latter years of his life he gave me the volume of his collected poems, which had been out a twelvemonth or so: 'How many copies do you think they sold of it?—Three!' One of the longer poems, 'The King's Bell,' he had long before sent to my father: the Bell was to be rung only when the King could declare himself perfectly happy; and it was never rung at all.

My father wrote to him, 'I should wish it could have been sounded once at least; and yet, looking back over my own life, though I have been a happy man, I can't say that there have ever been conspiring circumstances so happy that I could have rung a joy-bell!' In one of Stoddard's last poems, he addresses the great poets of past times, their vision and their triumphs, and adds:

I was not of them: life, to me,
Has been a strange, bewildered dream,
Wherein I knew not things that be
From things that seem!

Howells believed that 'realism' was the right thing: he could appreciate Hawthorne's style, but must dissent from his attitude toward the portrayal of human life. He was afterward to deliver that famous criticism on the two great English novelists: 'Ours is a finer art than that of Thackeray and Dickens.' He gave the impression of associating Henry James in this view, and perhaps justly, though James, who never met my father, didn't openly subscribe to it. I don't think Howells ever directly expressed an opinion on the art of Hawthorne whereas James once intimated that beautiful in their way though Hawthorne's romances are, 'We *must* not write like that!' Neither he nor Howells ever disobeyed this injunction; and, perhaps, nobody since.

I undertook the translation into legibility of the manuscript of one of Hawthorne's posthumous books which had no title, but which I called *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret.* My mother, before her death, had attempted it, but it had successfully resisted her. The thing was written on large octavo letter paper, and in a handwriting so minute, and the lines so close together, that many pages would contain as much as fifteen hundred words each. A good magnifying-glass could overcome this; but that was not the only or the chief difficulty. For one thing, Hawthorne, when he wanted to change a written word, wouldn't cross it out, but 'smooched' it with his finger, while the ink was still wet, and rewrote over the 'smooch.' Again, in the hurry of composition, he would often sketch a word rather than define the separate letters; the word would be there, but as with its articulations swathed in a veil. At a first glance, it might look like one or another of a dozen words of the like length, and one had to begin guessing, first by the context, then by the extensions above or below the line of certain letters, such as 'g,' 'h,' 'y,' or 'l'; then by choosing the word most fitting the sense, which was always the one Hawthorne had chosen.

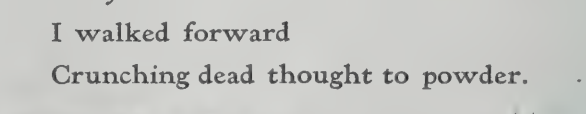
All these surmises had to be written out on the margin of the copyist's page, for mature consideration; and they were often not solved till after hours or days of study. At last, perhaps, light would be shed upon it by the same word in another part of the manuscript, written comparatively legibly. Be that as it may, when the true word emerged, it was unmistakable.

There are passages in it equal to some of Hawthorne's best; the story as story is absorbing; but as a whole it is unsatisfactory, as Hawthorne himself, indeed, had determined.

Late Autumn

Donald Slesinger.

I WALKED through woods,
Crunching dead leaves beneath a lazy step.
The trees about me, bare of their late beauty, waited;
With here an evergreen
Waving black stately limbs in scorn,
And there, in the midst of nakedness,
A tree heavy with splendor,
The old-gold splendor of the dying year.
I walked forward
Crunching dead thought to powder.



JOHN SOBIESKI—

Gallant Soldier of Fortune and American Citizen

By JOHN ANSON FORD

Lineal descendant of King John III of Poland, he saw his father condemned to death by the Czar of all the Russias, and his mother die of grief soon after; he knew the bitterness of exile and poverty; he fought the Indians on the Western Plains of America, and he fought for the Union during the Civil War and for freedom under Juarez in Mexico, and his pistol ended the life of Emperor Maximilian; for nearly half a century he was a dauntless reformer in American public life; and now at the age of fourscore and more he is still the same brave gentleman of his youth.

Colonel Sobieski has never lost his boyishness. Here he is with an old friend, George M. Bassett (front).

SIXTH lineal descendant of King John III of Poland. An exile with his widowed mother at six years of age. A stowaway bound for America at twelve, a fighter against the Indians at sixteen, a bugler 'mortally' wounded at Gettysburg at twenty-two, and at twenty-four a colonel in the Mexican Army and condemned to death. At twenty-six a Minnesota legislator; subsequently for more than fifty years a dauntless reformer. Such is the amazing record of John Sobieski—above all a courageous and gentle democrat.

To hear this man's story is to have intimate glimpses of many of the outstanding events in history for the last three-quarters of a century. To know the man himself is to receive both a benediction and an inspiration. More than fourscore years of age, he yet retains a buoyant, almost youthful spirit which seems only to have been mellowed by all the fierce strife through which he has passed. His is an uncompromising optimism which gives one new faith in the cause of democracy and the upward march of the human race.

Above all else, this man is a rare exemplification of living patriotism. Having freely offered his life on many battlefields, he turned in time of peace to other battles for the right and gave himself with equal abandon to every cause which he espoused. Though gravely wounded in the Civil War, he never consented so much as to ask for a pension until so persuaded just a few months ago. At the close of his brilliant services for Mexico, that republic sought to reward him with rich lands, but these he declined. His has been the life of a modern knight errant, who, gathering consecration but not bitterness from the suffering of his noble forebears, and his own tragic boyhood, has spent his years, his substance and his strength as nobly as any emissary of chivalry.

It was something more than two years ago, at a dinner of the Los Angeles Adventurers Club, that I first saw Colonel Sobieski—the hero of whom I had read since boyhood. He was a guest of honor and before I learned his name one glance at his massive head and powerful frame told me that he was a man of distinction.

In the course of the evening he was called on for a few words of personal reminiscence. He rose deliberately and paused a moment as he straightened himself up, his dark eyes sweeping the company before him. Instantly the subdued noises in the room ceased. At first his voice was low and deliberate, but presently the tone took on greater resonance and his words came swiftly, sketching briefly the outstanding adventures of his life. It was difficult to believe that he was eighty-five. The speech was short and possessed a simplicity and frankness which removed it far from boasting or self-praise. In fact, when Sobieski sat down it was evident that only a very small part of his story had been told.

In 1846 his father, Count Sobieski, fifth lineal descendant of King John III of Poland, shared in an insurrection against Russia, was captured and imprisoned for eighteen long months. Vividly the colonel pictured the events transpiring at the close of those eighteen months of suffering.

'From the day of my father's capture, my mother had not heard a word from him,' he explained. 'Then unexpectedly we were visited by a detachment of Cossacks who commanded my mother to follow them to Warsaw. Though I was but six years old, that two days' journey, in our own carriage escorted by those fearsome Cossacks, is stamped indelibly on my mind. Even more poignant are the memories of days that followed.

'The viceroy, the Czar's brother, into whose presence we were led, lost no time in imparting his tragic message. My father was still living but was to be executed the next morning and my mother's own father and two brothers were in the same prison and were to die at the same time! By authority of the Czar the viceroy proposed that my mother consent to have me, her only child, educated as a Russian by the Greek Church and that she herself take the oath of fidelity to the Russian Czar.

'No, do not suppose that in return for this the lives of any of our kin were to be spared. The utter cruelty of the Russian régime knew not even that much of mercy. In return for her sacrificing her son to the Russian hierarchy she was to earn the privilege of continuing to live in her own estate! The penalty for refusing this offer was to be immediate exile and confiscation of all our estates and belongings!'

With what fervor Colonel Sobieski repeated the reply of his mother: 'Sire, you may tell the Emperor that he can take from us all that we possess and banish me and my child from our native land. I may be compelled to beg for food, but I will forever teach my boy that he is a Pole and to love liberty, despise tyranny and revere and cherish the cause for which his father died; to hate with an undying hatred that nation and sovereign who murdered his father and kin, despoiled us of our lands and country and sent us to exile!'

But evidently the crafty henchman of the Czar hoped that the proud mother would relent her high determination. As a means

to that end they led her and her small son to the horrible dungeon where the husband and father was confined—revoltingly filthy, with a few straggling rays of daylight filtering in. For six agonizing hours these three wept, counseled and prayed together, and then mother and child parted from the father forever. What a picture to hang on memory's wall! Little wonder that after six years of wandering in strange lands, haunted by fears, the spirit of the brave mother broke under the strain and she died in England, leaving her only son an orphan and an exile at twelve.

We sat on the broad veranda of the Los Angeles home of Colonel Sobieski's daughter as he told us this part of his life story and so vivid had his voice and gestures made the events of those far-off years that the quiet palm-shaded street almost faded from view and in its stead I saw a waif, too young for complete despair, turning his face toward America. To his boyish mind, as it had been to his mother's, America was a magic land where equality and freedom and opportunity reigned supreme.

Being without money the little fellow succeeded in stowing away on the warship *Constellation*, and arrived in New York February 22, 1855. This date he calls his 'new birthday,' as well as Washington's, for it marked the beginning of a new life. Stirring events were to be crowded into the coming year.

I marveled at the absence of bitterness as this patriarch talked of his childhood. Instead there was an ever-recurring sense of humor, which lighted up somber scenes and made one understand how his spirit had conquered such a multitude of difficulties. Likewise hearing him tell of famous American people and events gave one a better understanding of our own history.

'I enlisted as a bugler soon after reaching the United States,' the colonel explained, 'and saw several years of service against the Indians of the Southwest and West. Then the Civil War came on. There was no reason to doubt or hesitate. I threw my whole life into the Union cause and finally, on the field of Gettysburg, received an abdominal wound which the surgeons pronounced "mortal." They carried me to an emergency hospital marked, "Mortally Wounded."

'It was a dreary prospect. Just outside they were digging our graves and all about me was terrible suffering. A surgeon examined my wound hurriedly and with a very solemn face said to me, "Young man, do you realize the seriousness of this wound? You have but a few hours to live. I urge you to make your peace with your Maker." '

Unexpectedly a twinkle came into the old man's eye as he reached this point in his story.

'At that time I was still more or less ignorant of many common phrases in the English language,' he went on, 'and I did not altogether understand what the surgeon meant. "But sir," I said to the surgeon, "why should I make peace with my Maker? *I've never had any trouble with him!*" '

The kindly laugh that accompanied the anecdote revealed a rare geniality which has smoothed many rough places through three-quarters of a century of battling for the right. And this battling has been literal as well as figurative. While under the Stars and Stripes Sobieski participated in forty-two engagements and was under fire 426 times.

Would that every American could obtain his or her picture of historic events and persons from the lips of men like this. For example, he is one of the few still living who came into close contact with Lincoln.

It was toward the close of the war that he met the Great Emancipator. To Sobieski Lincoln assigned the perilous task of going to Richmond as a spy and appraising the strength of the Confederate capital's fortifications. He easily assumed the rôle of a Polish nobleman, and under the pretense of being a refugee, passed through the enemy's lines and into Richmond, where he remained three weeks.

He interviewed the leaders of the Rebellion, including President Jefferson Davis and members of his cabinet, and Robert Lee. Eventually he reported to Lincoln that Richmond, in his judgment, was impregnable. The colonel believes that if Grant had heeded his advice the North might have been saved great numbers of lives that were sacrificed in the struggle to reach Richmond.

Later Sobieski was dispatched as a spy to Mobile. Arriving there in safety, he presented letters of introduction to various prominent Confederates, including a Dr. Downey. The latter dropped a remark which makes the old veteran chuckle even to this day.

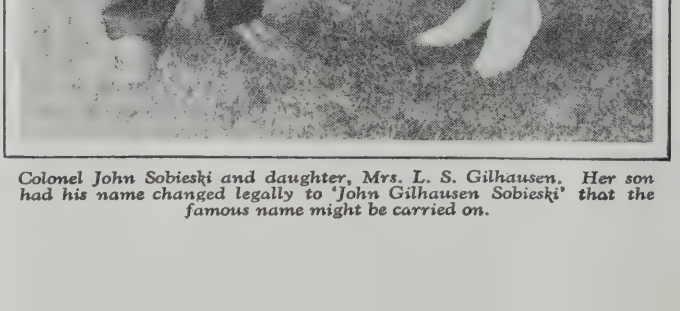
'The enemy has been trying to get into Mobile ever since the war began,' Dr Downey boasted, 'but not a d—— Yankee has succeeded in getting in yet, except prisoners of war!'

Sobieski's outlook on life is the result of a broad experience. Intense in his love for America, he possesses nevertheless an international sympathy not found in those of more limited vision. He has a peculiar affection for the great Mexican leader, Juarez, whom he places beside Washington and King John III, as a great patriot.

When the zealous young Pole was mustered out of the United States Army in June, 1865, he at once determined to enlist in the cause of Mexico's republic, then in dire straits by reason of the French invasion and Maximilian's determination to set up a monarchy. After a futile attempt to take a company of American comrades with him into Mexico by way of New Orleans, where he had been discharged, Sobieski and three faithful companions turned north and then westward, making their way as best they could across country until they penetrated Mexico. There the Americans were received by a remnant of an army at whose head was a general with a frank and emphatic hatred for everything north of the international boundary. The young American's diplomacy and obvious sincerity finally won the general over and so began eighteen months of service in the cause of another oppressed people.

Just sixteen days before Sobieski enlisted under the Mexican flag Maximilian had decreed that any man found fighting for the republic should be shot! The young Pole had a good cause to remember Maximilian. But as a volunteer who soon became a colonel he little dreamed how fate was to turn the tables which had been so against him and his mother eighteen years before.

But to return to the story of Maximilian. It was the Maximilian who banished Sobieski and his mother, together with a number of other political exiles, from Milan, Italy, for engaging in a popular demonstration in that city. Eighteen years later the tables were turned, for Maximilian after a few months' bold showing on Mexican soil was captured by the republican forces and condemned to death. It so happened that Sobieski was placed in charge of the would-be emperor of



Colonel John Sobieski and daughter, Mrs. L. S. Gilhausen. Her son had his name changed legally to 'John Gilhausen Sobieski' that the famous name might be carried on.

Mexico the second day after his capture. The young crusader could not refrain from going personally to Maximilian and reminding the prisoner of the decree which had banished him, Sobieski, and his mother from Italy.

'Maximilian could scarce comprehend all that I told him,' the colonel remarked. He seemed partly dazed by the swift progress of events which had brought him to such a sad state. But at length the significance of the situation crept over him and he uttered this brief but significant comment: 'Well, time rounds up all things!"

'I was in command of the reserve firing party at Maximilian's execution,' Sobieski continued. 'When the order to fire was given he fell mortally wounded. I then ordered one of the men from my party to advance and, handing him my revolver, ordered him to place it to the ear of the suffering man and fire. Thus ended his career.

'Perhaps my reason for this act calls for an explanation. In no sense was it personal revenge that prompted me. Rather, I wanted to be sure that the dying man's sufferings would not be prolonged. I had my own weapon used because I was sure it was loaded, whereas there was the possibility that any gun which could be selected from those held by the firing squad might be loaded with a blank cartridge.'

Colonel Sobieski was sentenced to death, on one occasion, for refusing to execute more prisoners of war. Various sad experiences had convinced him that it was not only futile but morally wrong to take human life. The incident in question, which came so near having a tragic end, occurred at Sonora when Sobieski declined to execute twenty-two French boys who had been taken prisoner.

'I was tried and sentenced to be shot for my refusal to obey orders, the sentence being subject to the approval of General Escobeo, who at that time was 500 miles away. After waiting in suspense for a month, one morning I saw General Casteno in whose command I was, hurrying toward me, waving a paper in his hand. Embracing me and kissing me in Mexican fashion he exclaimed, "You are pardoned. You are pardoned!" '

SOBIESKI learned afterward that General Casteno's beautiful daughter had ridden a thousand miles to secure that pardon and speed with it back to the camp. When the republic was reëstablished this son of Poland and adopted son of America was hailed as one of Mexico's saviors, and showered with honors. He was also offered 10,000 acres of Mexican land but declined the gift.

Followed peaceful but strenuous years in the United States. While still a young man he was elected to the Minnesota legislature as an avowed advocate of temperance —a striking tribute to the power of his eloquence. Another cause which he espoused in that early day, when its advocates were considered cranks, was woman's suffrage. Abolition of the death penalty also has received his ardent support for half a century and more.

The colonel says frankly that he was not a politician and furthermore he did not propose to become one.

'But I have never regretted the "indiscreet" things which I said in my brief political career,' he added smiling, 'and I have lived to see the various causes which I championed enjoy far greater success than I hoped for in my lifetime.'

Until five or six years ago Colonel Sobieski lectured constantly, chiefly in America, on various great reforms and historical figures. His lectures were made doubly brilliant by the introduction of personal anecdotes concerning these individuals.

WHEN the lad's soul was still plastic and memories of earlier years were still vivid as yesterday, his dying mother, crowned with snow-white hair, though only twenty-nine, exacted from the boy this pledge: Never to drink intoxicating liquors or gamble; ever to cherish the cause of freedom and fight for any land or race that is struggling for liberty. Those vows and the dying mother's blessing have lived with Sobieski from that day forward. They have been guiding stars that led that lad along the path of a master adventurer. But Sobieski poses as neither a hero nor a knight errant, and his ready wit is quick to bring admiring friends down to earth. The other day, for example, I was helping him from an automobile and remarked that his rheumatism was evidently troubling him.

'Yes,' he replied with a twinkle in his eyes. 'Not so long ago I went to a doctor to get some medicine for this rheumatism and he put up a prescription for me and handed it over with elaborate directions. "By the way," said the doctor, as I was leaving, "after you have tried that medicine, if it does you any good I wish you would let me know. I've got a devil of a bad case of rheumatism myself." '

Colonel Sobieski's friends find it hard to be conventional hero-worshipers in the presence of such ready wit, but they are very sure that few have ever surpassed him as a comrade, counselor and friend in time of need.

The White Weasel

(*Concluded from page 5*)

Chief had plenty meat, plenty ponies. He go hunt, take care ponies, go in battle. Women work round tepee. Now no hunt, no war, White Weasel nothing to do. If he dig dirt like squaw, people laugh. White man point his finger at him, red man no like that so he come in night and dig, mebbe so no one see. Help women earn money, buy flour coffee. So it is.'

'I see, I see,' mused the contractor. 'Well, you tell him that I will pay him for his work last night and night before, although I don't know how long he worked. If he wants to come and dig at night I'm agreeable and I won't say anything about it if he'd rather I wouldn't. You get the names of all the men who worked and the number of hours and I'll see they're paid hereafter—just the same as if they worked with the squaws in the daytime.'

Thereafter till the cellar was complete White Weasel appeared at the agency only late in the day and the hand in which he held his cigaret trembled a little at times, and the slow grace of his step had a perceptible halt, but his face was as calm and his dress and manner as patrician as ever.

The white man's road was long and dark and painful but White Weasel had entered upon it. He was already the leader of his people.

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'How about the possibility of prohibition in Europe?' was the question thrust at the ***Man Just Home from Europe.***

'It is not only a possibility,' he replied, 'it is in some degree a reality. The sale of drink is prohibited during certain hours in England, Scotland, Ireland and the Free State. Saloons do not open until 10 in the morning, they close part of the afternoon, and early in the evening. The law is strictly enforced, too. In the Free State a research commission is cutting down the number of saloons by half. In every city in Scotland you will find a hot prohibition campaign in progress. It gave one an uncanny feeling to hear on the streets of Scottish cities the same arguments, the same line of attack, which was familiar to the United States fifteen years ago. A number of Scots of the upper classes laughed to me about it, and I said to them, "Look out, now; that's exactly what we did in the United States, and we didn't have your peculiar Scotch conscience to deal with, either. Some day Scotland is going to take a little too much and wake up in the morning and vote itself dry. I can see history repeating itself all over your land." As a matter of fact, Scotland is the only country in Europe that I should expect to go dry. England, never. France, Belgium, Germany, Italy—no. These are already temperance countries. Belgium already has prohibition to the extent that hard liquor is prohibited. In France it is almost impossible to procure. The people don't drink to excess. It is worse than a sin, it is a social offense, to drink to intoxication. We never had temperance in America. Our temperament is not temperate in anything. We go sled length in whatever we do. We are not "sippers," as the Latins are; we are gulpers. Of course, it is the gulpers that rule the world today and the sippers have lost it; but whether there is an alcoholic element in history, I don't know. I can only record my impression that John Barleycorn is as much under scrutiny among his European friends as he is here in America. Everywhere in England and Scotland you see signs in the hotels announcing that the liquor served there is cut 20 per cent below proof. And as far as the European despising us for our prohibition, let me tell you that he secretly admires us. At any rate, no intelligent European ever expects the United States to go wet again. They know us too well for that.'

* * *

'How does it feel to be catapulted in an airplane from the deck of a battleship?' we asked ***the Naval Aviator.*** 'Why, it's nothing,' he replied. 'You see, a battleship does not have enough deck space to allow a seaplane to get up speed, so the catapult is used. It acts on the same principle as a boy's slingshot and accelerates speed rapidly. Usually compressed air is used for the power behind the discharge, but experiments with a charge of powder have proved so successful that a number of ships use it today. The catapult is on a turntable and it discharges the airplane into the teeth of the wind where it is lifted aloft by the force of the charge behind it plus the lifting resistance of the oncoming wind. The aviator experiences no discomfort. It's just like going up in a very fast elevator, only of course you go more or less parallel with the surface of the sea.'

* * *

The Financial Writer from New York told of the 'Haven of Wrecked Hopes.'

'There was until late years,' he said, 'an old broker in Wall Street who was noted as a collector of "Cats and Dogs"; in other words, of obsolete securities, stocks and bonds of dubious value, or of no worth whatever. He paid next to nothing for his collection, but made money out of it in the peculiar ways known to men of his vocation, such as, for instance, selling securities to corporations in receiverships, who needed the old stock to effect reorganizations.

'In William Street, the financial district of New York conducts an auction salesroom which is a clearing house of stocks, bonds, notes and other forms of securities in which no other market is any longer to be found. The great banking houses of Wall Street have made loans on this type of paper; the corporations which issued them have in many instances showed declining earnings, defaulted on interest coupons or passed their dividends. Such securities, as a rule, are not listed on any Exchange; they have no known market value, they are worth only as much as they may bring.

'This form of paper has reached the bank vaults through customers who made loans upon them; when the loan clerk decides that the security has become of doubtful value, the loan is called, and if the customer fails to make good, the security is sent to the auction salesroom on William Street to be disposed of, its value defined, and the loss charged to the bank's customer. Although the place is called an auction salesroom, one may find there neither buyers nor sellers. The banks, as a rule, bid in the securities at prices they deem satisfactory, in order to establish an official quotation.

'Lists from this salesroom are published weekly. The securities quoted represent enterprises that have gone glimmering; corporations grown embarrassed; companies that have lost hope of rehabilitating themselves. The quotations make instructive reading to investors. Some of the lists published within the last few weeks are interesting. For instance, 6,680 shares of four different photoplay concerns brought $25 for the lot; 100 shares of a foreign trade company sold for $1 the lot; 500 shares of a silver mining concern brought $1; 500 shares of another mine's company brought $6; $30 bid in for a broken lot of collateral, consisted of a variegated assortment of securities, including 100 shares of a gas company, 100 shares of an oil company, 100 shares of a terminal transfer railroad, 1,700 shares of a copper mine, 200 shares of a tobacco concern and 12,917 shares of a taxicab company's preferred stock. The banks lose money on such loans, of course, if they are unable to make their customers pay up, and the latter are left with the small consolation that risky ventures in uncertain paper are sorry steps on which to mount the ladder of fortune.'

'I suppose, really, that dress is not modest or immodest—it is the people who have these qualities,' said ***the Missionary on furlough.*** Undoubtedly his mind was full of contrasts and comparisons, for most of his calls for the past ten years had been made on Polynesian natives in their palm-tree huts. He had heard new discussions of the theme of dress, and this also stirred him to compare his home land with his mission field.

'In my station,' he said, 'the old customs call for scanty clothing. There are only a few articles, but these must be worn. They are worn, so to speak, as vestments of respectability. To appear without them is regarded as rude and insulting to others. You may thus find a native of the old school in an attire extremely reduced, but as modest in spirit as if clothed in flowing robes. Sometimes scantily clad barbarians will seem more reserved than fully dressed civilized persons when these become hilarious or bold.

'I have been away, so I have had nothing to do with the dress question in America, and have made no comments on it. And now I find I have no comment to make. People ask me whether I think the girls are immodestly dressed. I am more concerned with the question whether they are modest at heart, and I naturally believe they are, with exceptions. As a missionary among one-time cannibals, I am more interested in souls than in skirts—I have been taught that there is more in the inward grace of modesty than in the outward show of it.'

* * *

The Retired Farmer from New England, a man of substantial property, seemed strangely unhappy. 'You know, he said, 'when Mother and I were struggling along on the old forty down by the river we were happier than we are today with everything to complete our comfort. Then we had a mortgage on the home and the children were growing up hungry and not any too well clothed. We worked hard, both of us, to make ends meet and pay the interest on the debts. Finally land values went up and the debt was cleared. By working hard we created a surplus and on the advice of my banker I invested it at different times. Eventually these investments turned out well and now I have more than I need. We left the old homestead down by the branch and moved to a new home in the city.

'I found my time taken up with reinvesting my money and seeing that every dollar earned its keep and brought more to the fold. My wife acquired social ambitions. When the time came we sent the children to seminaries and colleges and now they come home only occasionally. They do not sit about the home fire as they used to, and the money they spend would lift many a mortgage the size of the one we struggled under in the early days. Do you know, I consider myself a failure? Others say I have succeeded. Perhaps I have, but in the back of my head there is a voice saying I have not.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Something over a year or two ago a charge was made by some farm papers and magazines that the tariff on incoming Canadian wheat was practically harmless to the Canadian exporters to this country shipping to our mills, because they claimed that after this incoming wheat was mixed and ground up with a certain percentage of our wheat the tariff was refunded all but a cent or two per bushel. Is this true?

ANSWER: There are two provisions of law governing the milling of Canadian wheat in bond. The provisions now in force will be found in the Tariff Act of 1922. Under the one provision, commonly known as the drawback clause, the full amount of the duty fixed by law is paid at the time of importation and a refund of 99 per cent of the duty is secured upon the exportation of the flour or other by-products made from imported wheat. Under the Tariff Law of 1922, at least 30 per cent of domestic wheat shall be mixed with the imported wheat before a drawback can be allowed. The other provision under which imported wheat may be milled in bond for export requires that the entire mill, or part of a mill, be placed under bond. No duty is paid on the imported wheat, but the law makes it imperative that all the flour made from such imported wheat must be exported from the United States. The mill feeds and other by-products may be entered for consumption in this country upon the payment of the regular duty, which at the present time is seven and one-half per cent ad valorem.

QUESTION: Are there any figures to show the number of automobile deaths and murders in New York City, as compared with Chicago?

ANSWER: Latest figures available give the number of murders and homicides in Chicago for one year as 307, and for a corresponding period in New York, 390. During this period there were 684 persons killed by automobiles in Chicago, and 961 in New York.

QUESTION: Explain what is called the rule of 3.

ANSWER: The rule of three is the method of finding the fourth term of a proportion when three are given, the numbers being so arranged that the first is to the second as the third is to the fourth, which last is the term required to be found; then this is found by multiplying the second and third terms together, and dividing the product by the first.

QUESTION: What are the capacities of the largest stadiums in the United States?

ANSWER: Grant Park Municipal Stadium, Chicago, 100,000; Yale Bowl, 80,000; Venable Stadium, Baltimore, 78,000; Los Angeles Stadium, 75,000; Memorial Stadium, University of California, Berkeley, 72,800; Ohio State University Stadium, Columbus, Ohio, 63,000; Yankee Stadium, New York, 62,000.

QUESTION: What was the total area of the Louisiana Purchase, made in 1803?

ANSWER: 827,987 square miles.

QUESTION: How long must a naturalized citizen reside in the United States to be elected United States Senator, and what is the age limit?

ANSWER: No person can be elected a Senator who has not attained the age of 30 years, and been a citizen of the United States for 9 years, and who is not, when elected, an inhabitant of the state from which he is chosen.

QUESTION: Does the northern or southern half of the United States receive the most rain?

ANSWER: Since there is no geographical division of the United States as a northern and a southern half, we are listing below the average annual precipitation by states: Washington, 32.84 inches; Oregon, 25.10; Nevada, 8.11; Idaho, 17.89; Utah, 14.01; Arizona, 13.23; Montana, 15.81; Wyoming, 14.05; Colorado, 17.76; New Mexico, 15.15; North Dakota, 17.94; South Dakota, 20.23; Nebraska, 23.57; Kansas, 26.64; Oklahoma, 32.61; Texas, 31.07; Minnesota, 25.92; Iowa, 32.22; Missouri, 38.87; Arkansas, 47.83; Louisiana, 54.64; Wisconsin, 30.66; Illinois, 36.42; Mississippi, 54.84; Michigan, 29.13; Indiana, 39.21; Ohio, 38.14; Kentucky, 45.74; Tennessee, 49.56; Alabama, 53.91; Florida, 52.76; Georgia, 50.04; South Carolina, 47.79; North Carolina, 49.94; West Virginia, 43.82; Virginia, 43.14; Maryland and Delaware, 41.87; Pennsylvania, 41.66; New Jersey, 46.54; New York, 39.24; and for the New England states, 40.54.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: I have written the Bureau of Justice with regard to how I may obtain information concerning criminal statistics, such as the name of city, state or place having the highest criminal percentage. Also the character of crime and the comparison with that of England. Is this the proper department to write to?

ANSWER: Figures are being compiled by the United States Census Bureau, but have not been completed as yet. They expect to have the report completed within the next two or three months and inquiry at that time will probably give the information you want.

QUESTION: Why is the getting of a patent such a burden (high cost and long wait)?

ANSWER: A patent is granted upon a regularly filed application, complete in all respects, upon payment of fees, and only after a determination of utility and completeness of disclosure of the invention, and a search to determine its novelty. The preparation of an application is a highly complex proceeding, and generally cannot be conducted properly except by an attorney trained in this specialized practice. The inventor should, therefore, employ a competent attorney, for without skilful preparation of the specification and claims, a patent grant is of doubtful value. Fees for filing application, et cetera, are set by Congress, but if an attorney is employed, his fee is not within the jurisdiction of the patent office. Length of time depends to some extent upon the division to which the application is assigned. After application is received, a thorough search must be made by the patent office to establish that a patent has not already been granted for a similar device. Due to the larger volume of work in some of the divisions, a longer time is necessary to secure action. Much depends on the promptness of the attorney employed by the inventor, in taking steps necessary to bring proceedings to a conclusion.

QUESTION: Was it ever proved that any United States emissaries induced Panama to secede from Colombia? Were United States Marines landed from our warships to protect or countenance them in this revolt?

ANSWER: Although charges have been repeatedly made that agents of the United States induced Panama to secede from Colombia, they have never been substantiated. Nor has it been proved that United States Marines were landed to protect or countenance them in this revolt. Instructions to the U. S. S. *Boston*, *Nashville*, and *Dixie*, which were sent to the scene of the trouble, were as follows: 'Maintain free and uninterrupted transit. If interruption is threatened by armed force, occupy the line of railroad. Prevent landing of any armed force with hostile intent, either government or insurgent, at any point within 50 miles of Panama. Government force reported approaching the Isthmus in vessels. Prevent their landing if, in your judgment, the landing would precipitate a conflict.' President Roosevelt, in his message to the Senate and House of Representatives, stated: 'No one connected with this Government had any part in preparing, inciting, or encouraging the late revolution on the Isthmus of Panama, and that save from the reports of our military and naval officers, given above, no one connected with this Government had any previous knowledge of the revolution . . .' During the Wilson Administration a treaty was negotiated with Colombia, to pay her the sum of $25,000,000 'to restore cordial friendship.' The treaty, as originally negotiated, contained an apology, which was stricken out when the treaty was finally ratified by the Senate during the Harding Administration.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Some plain facts about the McFadden Banking Bill are told by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a widely read financial paper. 'Congressman McFadden is indulging in some unnecessary worry,' it declares. 'In a speech before a local business organization he expresses the fear that unless the McFadden Banking Bill can be adopted at an early date, the failure to pass it "will strike a serious blow at the Federal Reserve System because the disintegration of the national system will continue." Mr. McFadden may spare his fears and content himself.'

McFadden Bill Comes in for Criticism

The editorial continues by discussing the 'main objection' to the measure. 'That objection has always been found chiefly in features which have received little or no attention from the public at large . . . Let us be perfectly clear about this matter. One of the central features of the McFadden Bill is a revision of Section 5200, Revised Statute, *which will perpetuate and render more dangerous hazardous conditions relating to lending which now exist in the national system* . . . [Italics are ours.]

'As for the rest of the McFadden Bill —its provision with regard to savings, its failure to restrict the growth of unsupervised chain banking, its admission of undesirable paper to Federal Reserve rediscounting facilities and all the other elements of the bill, there is nothing that can be said by any careful man except that they are completely anathema.

'It ought to be simply out of the question for Congress to do serious banking evil in the theory that some good may come of it . . . The McFadden Bill is neither a help to the Federal Reserve System nor to the national banking system, but will be a serious detriment to both. Congress should continue to pigeonhole it and let it expire with the short session.'

❦ ❦ ❦

General Andrews, who has for some time been threatening to make the United States bone dry, has not receded one inch. He is still threatening.—Des Moines *Register*.

❦ ❦ ❦

When William James, the philosopher, proposed that a substitute be found for war he was thinking how war has monopolized all the great emotions. Victory, triumph, glory, valor, courage—they are all war words, born of the sword and the slashing combat of the battlefield. They are words so ornate, so imbued with the lofty spirit of great occasions, that they seem utterly out of place in the world of daily humdrum. We do not say that the bricklayer shows courage, that the carpenter is armed with valor, that there is glory in going to work in the morning, that the banker and merchant win triumphs and victories.

The World's View of Courage

Before we can stop war James thought some miracle must be done to invest peace and the plodding ways of peace with the sparkling radiances of great behaviors. And that is hard to do. And it is strange that it is so. Of course, it is the element of danger that lends the startling character to shining deeds. If the bricklayer were to leap from his towering wall and save a life, he would instantly become heroic and his action one of courage. But such courage might be as nothing compared to the silent steadfastness with which he lays bricks and does his daily duty in the world.

A no-account man who jumps into the river to save a drowning person instantly achieves the renown of courage. Another man drubs along patiently at an obscure task and pays his way out of debt or meets some rasping obligation with cheerful faithfulness, showing a courage that is dauntless; but no one ever hears about it, and the man may even be regarded as a dub by those who know him.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

As a matter of fact, the drudging industries in shop and field, the incessant faithfulness to daily duties, the patient loyalties of dependable labor and service everywhere, the trite and commonplace goings-on which have no lure of fame to inspire them, probably rank higher than all these shining gauds of occasional prowess. But how to make them seem so and to invest them with emotional content so that a man will feel it to be more glorious to lay brick than to go to war, more richly satisfying to be a good citizen than to be a soldier —that is the problem that Philosopher James could state but couldn't solve.

And so the world goes on, weary of the humdrum by which it lives, thrilled by the zeals and passions and glories which maim and kill and destroy. Peace is pacifism, while war still is courage, valor, victory and triumph.

—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

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The word for 'peace' in French is pronounced 'pay' in English but otherwise the two are unrelated.—Detroit *News*.

❦ ❦ ❦

The following interesting dispatch from New York was carried recently by the Associated Press: 'Max Wunschauer, importer of Jewish Bibles, was brought to the custom house today for interrogation concerning twenty-four cases of Jewish Bibles seized after 454 bottles of cognac was found packed under the Bibles. The cases containing Bibles and liquor arrived on November 9 by the Hamburg-American liner *Thuringia*. Special Agent Luskie, of the Treasury Department, while inspecting the Bibles, opened several cases and discovered the cognac concealed in false bottoms. Wunschauser denied all knowledge of the liquor, of an estimated value of $2,300.'

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It's all right to profit by your mistakes, but it's cheaper to profit by the mistakes of others.—Escanaba *Daily Press*.

❦ ❦ ❦

Including Sergeant Edward Perrin, shot early Saturday morning, nine Detroit police officers have been murdered since the first day of last January. Like several others of those killed, Sergeant Perrin was directly a victim of the bootlegging business. And that fact ought to weigh heavily on the consciousness of a good many thousands of people in this community.

Accessories Before the Fact

For every person who has been patronizing a blind pig or a bootlegger is morally, at least, an accessory before the fact. To a greater or smaller degree, drops of the shed blood sticks to his (or her) hands. In order to gratify his appetite, he has been encouraging and helping to maintain an outlaw, criminal class with a large percentage of utterly callous, brutal members who think little more of killing a man than most people do of killing a fly.

—Detroit *Free Press*.

❦ ❦ ❦

What Chicago needs is not the 'finest jail in the world,' which it is boasting it is about to build, but a method of getting the right sort of people to inhabit it.—Portland *Oregonian*.

❦ ❦ ❦

A controversy over mineral-bearing lands has arisen between the historic Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government. It seems that in 1670 King Charles II granted a charter to the 'governor and company of adventurers trading in Hudson Bay' and this gave the company full possession of all the lands and resources, including 'gold, silver, gems and precious stones' found in this area which was really the entire watershed of Hudson Bay. This includes Western Labrador, Northern Quebec and Ontario, and the three Prairie Provinces. When in 1869 the area known as Prince Rupert's land was acquired by the government through negotiation, the company surrendered its privileges including mineral rights, save those rights about the trading posts. In this surrender the Hudson's Bay Company received $1,500,000 and one-twentieth of the land in the 'fertile area,' which was designated as that part bounded by the Rocky Mountains on the west, the international boundary on the south and the North Saskatchewan River on the north and the Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg River and Lake Winnipeg on the east. They were also to retain 50,000 acres about the trading posts. Now the Supreme Court must decide on the ownership of the precious metals in the area kept at the time of the surrender, and in the area consisting of one-twentieth of the fertile belt.

Mineral Lands of Canada in Controversy

BRIEFLY TOLD

CANADA HAS ONE GOLF course for every 19,393 inhabitants; in the United States there is one for every 25,793 persons.

THERE IS AT PRESENT a world shortage in tin, caused by the demand for its use in the manufacture of widely varied articles, including loud speakers and silk hosiery.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE GAME of football is indicated by the record that one of the first official acts of Augustus Caesar was to revise the rules of football, a game learned by the Romans from the Greeks.

DURING THE LAST THREE centuries 190,000 persons have been destroyed by volcanic eruptions, 176,500 of these fatalities being in the Pacific area.

THE PTARMIGAN, snow bunting and dotterel are the only birds that make their homes in the High Tops, as the Alpine country of Scotland is called.

REVENUE COLLECTED BY all states in 1925 amounted to $13.19 per capita as compared with $4.66 per capita in 1915.

NATURAL (HAIR) COWHIDE is being used for women's coats, hand bags and hat trimmings, showing the natural shades of Jersey, Guernsey, Holstein and Old Red Cow.

THE FREE LIBRARY of Philadelphia claims the record in delinquency of patrons. A book was recently received from Holland which had been out for one hundred years.

THE WHEEL IS BY MANY considered the greatest invention. Without it modern transportation and motive power would be impossible.

CROCODILE LEATHER IN various bright colors is being tried experimentally in the manufacture of men's shoes.

MANY OF THE SPLENDID abodes of the aristocracy in Britain are being dismantled and abandoned owing to the heavy expense of upkeep.

TO RETAIN housemaids in London some families are offering ten weeks' vacation, eggs and bacon, radios and the use of the family car.

A CLOCK MADE ENTIRELY of straw, even to the wheels, weights and pendulum, has been constructed by a skilled clockmaker.

THE SLAIN OF THE World War would not make a third of the toll of human life exacted by Genghis Khan during his reign over Asia.

THE WORLD'S MOST ardent motorist is an Alaskan who owns an expensive automobile which he drives back and forth over his own private road, 200 feet long, because Alaska's 1,700 miles of splendid highways are not available to him in his backwoods home.

THE GROUND ON WHICH the White House stands at Washington is appraised at $10,500,000. The sixteen acres in the plot were originally purchased for $1,600.

AN OLD CUSTOM at West Point calls for a general remitting of punishments whenever a royal visitor makes the request. Both Queen Marie and the Crown Prince of Sweden exercised this privilege when they visited the academy.

AN INMATE OF AN Iowa prison was so satisfied with his surroundings that he refused to leave when his term expired and had to be forcibly ejected.

SO DELICATE IS A new instrument now being made to measure heat in the more distant stars that fly wings are used in parts of its construction. In making the instrument the craftsman cut down a brass tube to such thinness that it crumples under its weight like a piece of paper.

GIRAFFES ATTAIN A SPEED of thirty miles an hour in their native habitat.

TENTS OF CHEESECLOTH cover the tobacco fields of Cuba as a protection against insects and the ordinary weather conditions.

IN ANCIENT HUNGARY, a feather in a man's cap signified that the wearer had killed a Turk, this being the only lawful way of showing the number of slain enemies. From this ancient custom of using a feather as a mark of distinction is derived the familiar saying, 'a feather in his cap.'

A RED DIAMOND weighing eighteen carats has been found on the Lichtenburg diamond fields in the Transvaal.

DRIVEN BY OVERPOPULATION to eating tree bark and seaweed from the ocean, the wild goats of Guadalupe Island are changing their habits and in some respect their form. They are learning to climb leaning trees in search of foliage.

A DUST ATTACK FROM airplanes has been used with some success in Russia in combating grasshoppers.

ALL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS in Russia including women are required to take 180 hours of instruction in military science during their regular four-year course, and two months' field practice during the summer.

WHEN THEIR THERMOMETERS fail to register, men in the Far North can determine the approximate temperature by building a wood fire. At forty degrees below zero the wood fire appears to give off steam instead of smoke.

PARACHUTES ARE NOW used in dropping mail bags from airplanes.

EIGHTY PER CENT of the population of Portugal is illiterate.

THE PER-CAPITA ANNUAL expense in the United States for public-school education is $16.25.

MILKWEED IS USED IN paper surgical dressings, textiles, glucose, cattle food, fertilizer and rubber.

GERMANS HAVE EXPERIMENTED successfully with electric fertilization by drawing electrically charged wires through the ground.

PRACTICALLY ALL varieties of medicinal plants and herbs grow in Jugo-Slavia, which country exports them extensively.

CEMENT AS GOOD AS or superior to that of the present day was made by the early Romans, and the Saracens manufactured an excellent steel.

THE SERVICE OF A summons by radio has been declared legal by a New York court.

EVERY WEEK DAY in the year there are sold in this country 36,000,000 newspapers. The number of families in this country is officially stated to be about 24,000,000.

PROFESSOR NICHELSON, president of the National Academy of Sciences, announces that the exact speed of light is 186,284 miles a second.

RED IS THE COOLEST color for summer wear as it absorbs less of the rays of the sun than other shades. White is next, and black the worst. For winter clothing, dark colors are preferable.

MORE THAN A QUARTER of a million students in five eastern states receive instruction at the same time from the same teacher by radio.

A SUIT CASE ON WHEELS is a recent invention. The carrier folds up when not in use and only the small wheels project.

ROSES ARE GROWN in China for purposes other than ornamental. They are used to flavor confectionery and homemade wine, and to perfume tea leaves.

IN THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE annually about $60,000 in cash and negotiable inclosures, unreturnable to senders, goes into the exchequer of the office. Each successful claimant for advertised unclaimed letters is assessed one penny. These items make the office self-supporting.

Up From Slavery, the autobiography of the late Booker T. Washington, has been translated into the Turkish language, all the major European languages, the Braille system for the blind, Arabian and three East Indian tongues.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the relation of work to education.

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With this issue THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT enters upon its literary program for the new year, a program which is designed to make the magazine even better than before. New writers will be introduced, new features presented. Leaders in all lines of endeavor—in science, in the arts, in literature, in politics, in world relations, in agriculture—will be called upon to keep our readers informed as to the progress of the world and the development of world thought.

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At the same time the fundamental purpose—*The Chronicling of the Neglected Truth*—will be pursued as vigorously as in the past. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has become the recognized spokesman for those elements of Truth which have become submerged; it is free to serve Truth in all its neglected aspects. And there is still much to be done in this direction. It might be said, indeed, that the magazine has only cleared a little space in which to begin.

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As the first phase of the new program, three famous writers this week are introduced to the magazine —Robert Frost, Hamlin Garland, Hugh Walpole.

Robert Frost is without question one of the greatest of contemporary poets. 'He is New England,' Amy Lowell once said, and the appellation is highly fitting, for Frost has done more to mirror the life and ideals of New England than any other writer of his generation. He is generally acclaimed the true heir of those giants of a former day, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier.

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Despite his reputation and the great demand for his verse, Frost is not a prolific writer. Poems come from his pen but seldom, and 'The Same Leaves,' printed in this issue, is the first to be published by any magazine in many months. Other poems by him are, however, in store for DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers.

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In opening its columns to poetry this magazine has a twofold purpose in view: to offer outstanding verse by the great poets of this and other countries; and to afford worth-while poets who have not yet gained recognition a medium by which their work can come before the public. Among the better-known writers whose verse will appear in the near future are Edward Davison, Carl Sandburg, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Hamlin Garland, Gamaliel Bradford, Marguerite Wilkinson, Lew Sarrett.

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For nearly forty years the name of Hamlin Garland has been synonymous with Americanism. Sterling historian of the Middle Border—that great territory which extends from Wisconsin through Minnesota and out onto the Dakota prairies—he has done an invaluable service: he has immortalized an heroic epoch in the life of the American people.

Here Hamlin Garland tells the story of White Weasel, an Indian gentleman of the old school. 'The story was told me by an old army officer,' Mr. Garland writes. 'It presents a side of the red man which is not well known. In his old age White Weasel became my friend. He was a fine man and a noble chief.'

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Prominent among British authors of the day is Hugh Walpole, whose novels and short stories have enjoyed as great popularity in this country as in England. Son of a bishop of the Church of England, Mr. Walpole has skilfully woven the cathedral towns he knows so well into a background for many of his stories. At the present time he is in America fulfilling lecture engagements.

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One of the most perplexing questions facing the public today is that of women and the ballot. It has been openly charged that women have not a single major reform to their credit, that they have forsaken the home for the political meeting without accomplishing anything worth while. Defenders of suffrage declare that women cannot be expected to accomplish in six years what men have failed to accomplish in as many centuries. They insist that many major reforms have been started and many incidental ones effected.

Because of the importance of the problem, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT prints this week the views of a woman, a former officeholder, who believes that women have failed in their use of the ballot. Later those who believe that suffrage has proved a success will be given opportunity to express their views. The present article should not be construed as presenting the views of this magazine.

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ROBERT FROST is author of *A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston*, *Mountain Interval* and *New Hampshire*, the last named, published in 1923, being awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry. In recognition of his literary genius, Yale University has bestowed upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature.

MARIAN BRUCE CLARK served for ten years as chief investigator in the New York State Department of Labor. She now resides in Washington. (p. 1)

MAY B. WHITING, of Boston, has interviewed many of the leading authors of the day. (p. 3)

HAMLIN GARLAND, novelist and dramatist, is one of the outstanding men of American letters. His latest work, *Trail Makers of the Middle Border*, is being given unstinted praise by reviewers. Other well-known books by him include *A Son of the Middle Border*, *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, *Main Traveled Roads*, *Ulysses Grant*, *The Book of the American Indian*. (p. 4)

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, knew personally most of that great coterie of writers that centered around Concord a half-century and more ago. He is himself the author of many books. (p. 6)

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, daughter-in-law of the former Prime Minister of England and Lady Asquith, is earning a brilliant name with her sprightly essays. (p. 8)

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS is a well-known Middle Western newspaperman. (p. 12)

DOROTHY E. PILLEY, of London, is equally noted as a mountaineer and a writer, is a member of various Alpine clubs, and has climbed many of the most difficult American peaks. (p. 14)

HUGH WALPOLE is one of the most popular of present-day English writers. His current book, *Harmer John*, is listed as a best seller in this country where his work has been exceptionally successful. Among his other novels are *The Man With Red Hair*, *The Old Ladies*, *The Cathedral*, *The Young Enchanted*, *Jeremy*, *Jeremy and Hamlet*, *The Thirteen Travelers*, *The Secret City*. (p. 16)

JOHN ANSON FORD, newspaperman, traveler, is a member of the Adventurers' Club. His home is in Los Angeles. (p. 25)

Winter Sports

Where the Snow Lies Deep and Crisp

Sport for its own sake means the building of a hardy and venturesome race.

In learning to dance one can preserve decorum, but the snowshoe initiate finds it a different proposition. Soon she will learn the swaying stride of the 'coureur de bois' and find it delightful. —*Wide World.*

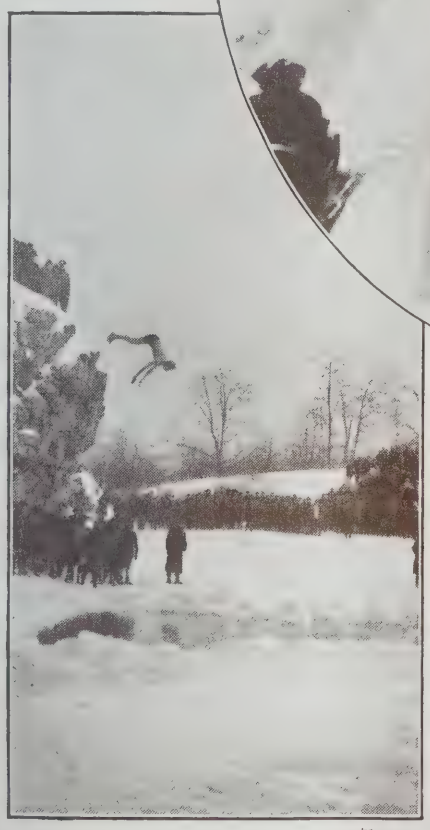
A leap on skis is not unusual but to do a jump such as this on a toboggan is a worthy trial of skill and endurance. —*Wide World.*

Oval—*The race is on! Down the long, swift slope they fly, bodies low to avoid resistance and heads up to see the goal. This is the long slide at Montreal.* —*Wide World.*

Below—

The Plains of Abraham witness another battle royal, but harmless snowballs are the only weapons used. Boston youths visit Quebec to indulge in winter sports for which that city is justly famous. Recreation in the cold, frosty north builds bone and muscle.

—*Herbert Photos.*



—*Keystone.*

Polar bears do it, so why not this 16-year-old boy? The leap is thirty-five feet. The water is icy cold.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
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YOUR job is your field - If you say you are too good for your present job, have you ever given any thought to methods by which your present job could be made good enough, or even too good for you?

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27.
Number 10

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

$1.50 a Year | DECEMBER 25, 1926 | Five Cents a Copy

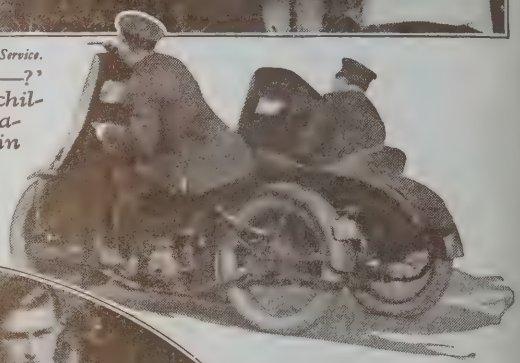
WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA? CAN ANYONE BE POSITIVE?' LOUIS C. KARPINSKI. (Page 21)

What Next?

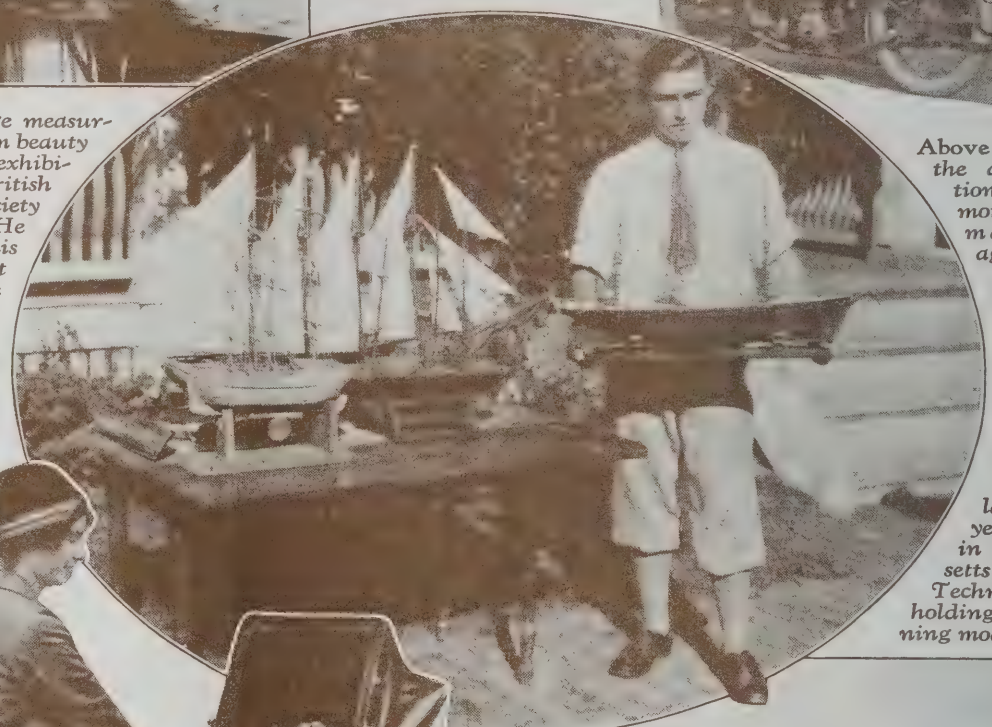
The Unusual in Work and Play.

Press Illustrating Service.

'Oh! Say can you see——?' But these deaf and dumb children sing the American National Anthem vigorously in the sign language, under the leadership of an instructor who keeps time with a band playing.



A goldfish judge measuring an aquarium beauty at an annual exhibition of the British Sea-Anglers' Society in London. He first moistens his hands so as not to remove the slimy, protective coating on the fish, which acts as a barrier against parasitic microbes. *Herbert Photos Inc.*



Above—*Police need the added protection of armored motorcycles in this machine-gun age.* *Herbert Photos Inc.*

Oval—*'Down to the sea in ships.' Because he builded better than seven thousand other youthful contestants this lad wins a four-year scholarship in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is holding the prize-winning model.* *Herbert Photos Inc.*

Herbert Photos Inc.

'Rock-a-Bye-Baby' on the asphalt! Baby takes a ride in England.

A disposal plant takes care of the dead whale in this stockyard of the high seas, after it has been drawn through the waterproof door in the stern. *Herbert Photos Inc.*

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Volume 27
Number 10

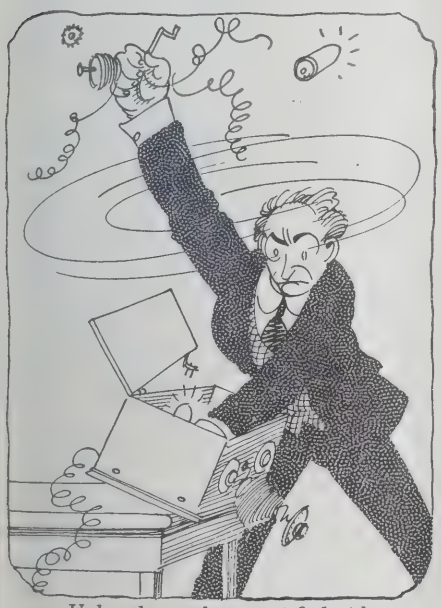
Public Demands That Congress Suppress PIRATES *of the* AIR

By ALLAN L. BENSON

THERE can be no satisfactory broadcasting unless both the public and the broadcasters are fairly well satisfied; but in seeking to please both of them, Congress should begin with the public. Nor does this follow merely because the public's financial investment in radio is far more than that of any corporation. If the 5,000,000 radio sets in this country cost, on an average, only twenty dollars each, the public's financial interest in radio is $100,000,000. Even the Radio Corporation of America has invested nothing like that. But the real reason for putting the public first is that unless the people are satisfied with radio, the thing must go to pieces. The broadcasters themselves would not be satisfied with that.

—Herbert Photos.

Symphony orchestra in the broadcasting room of a large station. Two microphones are in use here.



Unless the people are satisfied with radio the thing must go to pieces.

What do the people want? They want to hear. They want to hear one station at a time—not two or three at a time as is now the case when wave lengths are so close together that only the most expensive sets can separate them. They do not want to hear whistles and other sounds indicating interference. They want good, clear reception.

There can be no clear reception so long as so many broadcasters are on the air. They came in when there was no law. By coming in they have gained a certain legal status. Probably no court would say that having begun broadcasting when no law forbade them to do so, they must now scrap their plants and lose everything. If the present chaos were to continue the public's investment of more than $100,000,000 would be seriously impaired, but the public unfortunately has not, in this matter, much legal standing.

While the public has admittedly no legal standing, it nevertheless has great powers which it is beginning to use. In Chicago and some other places listeners' associations have been formed, the members of which have pledged themselves not to listen to stations that they consider to be operating in defiance of radio welfare. If necessary, more listeners'

The people want to hear one station at a time—not whistles and other interference sounds.

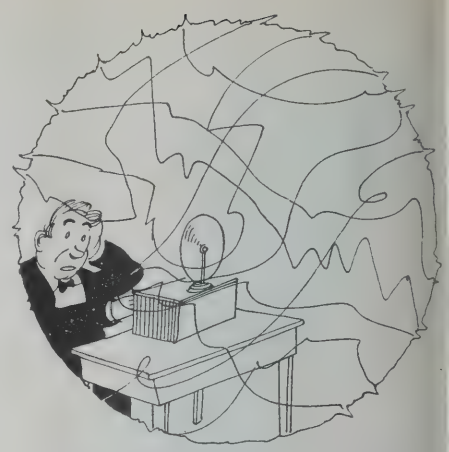
associations can be formed. The people are not to blame because too many broadcasting stations are on the air.

The broadcasting stations are themselves to blame. After the courts decided last summer that the Federal Government, because of the inaction of Congress, lacked the power to keep off the air anybody who had the desire and the money to get on, these gentlemen wedged themselves in where there was no room for them. They knew there was no room.

They knew that to insure satisfactory reception there must be a margin of at least ten kilocycles between wave lengths.

They wedged themselves in because they knew that to do so would give them a certain legal status when a new law was enacted and readjustment came. But the moment they turned on their power the inevitable interference began. To avoid the interference some of the older stations jumped to other wave lengths and they themselves became disturbers. Stations that had been assigned to low wave lengths jumped to higher ones, whether they had been molested or not, merely to get up where more receiving sets could get them. The air is now so churned up that reception is good nowhere except in small places remote from great cities. Even a superheterodyne, which is perhaps the closest tuner yet devised, cannot dodge the whistles and the general confusion, though it can separate the stations. Reception is so bad that, more and more, people are turning for entertainment to other things.

If radio is to be worth any further attention, Congress must prohibit stations from transmitting on waves less than ten kilocycles apart. This should mean that the stations that crashed the gate when the law was down should be compelled to get off the air, but it probably will mean no more than that they will be compelled to get back in line and cease interfering. In other words, the stations that crashed the gate will be assigned the wave lengths and part of the time of some of the older stations. This will be an injustice to the older stations that obeyed the law and an injustice to the public, but it is doubtful if that can be avoided.



The air is now so churned up that reception is good nowhere except in isolated points.

—Herbert Photo.

Amusing scene in a radio station during the broadcasting of 'Rip Van Winkle.' The sounds of rain and thunder are being simulated as Rip feels the urge to sleep.

Tune in wherever you will and you get the same stuff—not worth the current that brings it in.

The only hope of relief now lies in the chance that as broadcasting stations give up the ghost no new ones will be licensed to operate until the number of stations shall have been reduced to reasonable limits. The air is by no means a proper place for the installation of a monopoly, but neither is it a place for anarchy.

If radio is to be worth anything, the number of stations will have to be reduced even below the limit of what can operate without interference. No matter what anyone may say about the idiocy of striving for distance, everybody wants to do it now and then and he can oftentimes get something of interest one or two thousand miles away that is not, at the moment, available at home. But what sense is there in offering long-distance sets for sale if the set is to be so hemmed in by a barrage of local stations that it cannot reach outside the town? Many of the best stations in Chicago cannot be heard in New York until after midnight, when the New York stations have closed down, because the Chicago carriers cannot penetrate the encircling New York barrage. If radio is to be confined, to the most part, to a twenty-mile area there is no use having more than a twenty-mile set. But if radio is to be limited to such a small area it is going to lose much of its charm and a great deal of its usefulness.

Congress, of course, can do nothing less than enact a law compelling broadcasting stations to keep far enough apart not to interfere with each other. It was willing to do that last summer. The hitch arose over the question whether the law should be administered and the industry regulated by an individual or by a board. Those who favored a board did so because they were afraid of the development of a monopoly in the air. Nobody wants an air monopoly, nor is there likely to be one. But there is far more danger of air chaos than there is of air monopoly, and if anything could be worse than air monopoly it would be air chaos.

When laundries begin broadcasting, as they have done and are doing, it is time that attention was paid to something besides air monopoly. If radio is not to degenerate to a nuisance, somebody in Washington should be vested with power to keep the situation tightly in hand. A board is (Concluded on page 22)

The Divine COMEDY of NEWSPAPERS

By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

THE book critic and the music critic of one of the largest newspapers in the United States recently sat at a desk in the local room of that newspaper.

The owner was a hound for art—the arts generally. One of his hobbies was music, and he was particularly fond of symphony music and a zealous backer of it, adjectivally in his newspaper columns and financially out of his newspaper's profits. He especially admired the city's nationally known symphony orchestra.

At the publisher's order the music critic made a trip around various metropolitan musical centers to size up similar orchestras. He had just returned. Incidentally, he was stuffed to satiety with symphony orchestras.

He said so as he sat opposite his friend and read the proof of an organ recital that was to appear the following Sunday. He made some markings on the proof and tossed it to the book editor.

'I'd like to run the thing like that,' he said, sourly.

The other read the interlineations, laughed, and threw the proof on the desk. They put on their hats and left.

In the composing room the music page was being locked up. Sunday music pages are usually printed early in the week.

A copy boy strolling through the room spied the proof on the critic's desk, picked it up and hurried to the foreman. The foreman recognized the critic's handwriting and handed the proof to a linotype operator.

'Joe, hustle these corrections. We're right on the dead-line,' he instructed. ('Dead-line' is the time of going to press.)

Now the setting of newspaper type is largely mechanical, as is the work of a telegraph operator receiving a message. Neither pays much notice to text unless something in the story catches his fancy. It isn't the compositor's job to inquire about the text anyway. That is the function of the editor or the sub-editors, or perhaps a proof reader. The operator's work is to run off on the machine anything given him.

The 'corrected' lines were substituted, and the page went to press. When the publisher turned to his pet music section Sunday, he found the following reading matter gracefully banked around a picture of Charles M. Courboin, noted Belgian organist.

'It is the purpose of the symphony society to bring to this city occasionally the world's most distinguished organists to play the DEVIL with the Murphy organ.'

Farther down, after introducing Mr. Courboin:

'Mr. Gabrilowitch has arranged a ROTTEN program.' And then after announcing that among the compositions, the organist would play a HOT sketch by Schumann, the story gave suitable fillip to the whole absurdity by saying:

'Widor, who did the Sixth Symphony, is eighty years old, still actively engaged in his profession, and still organist of St. Sulpice, in Paris. This Sixth Symphony was the work selected by Leopold Stokowski, director of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, with Courboin as soloist, when the organ in the Wanamaker auditorium at Philadelphia was dedicated a few years ago. IT WRECKED IT!'

The speed of composition required by numerous editions results in ludicrous blunders. There is great haste to get the paper away quickly to the consumer. Moreover, compositors have the unequal mentality of men in any other occupation. This man is a thorough workman; the man at the next machine may be a witless ox.

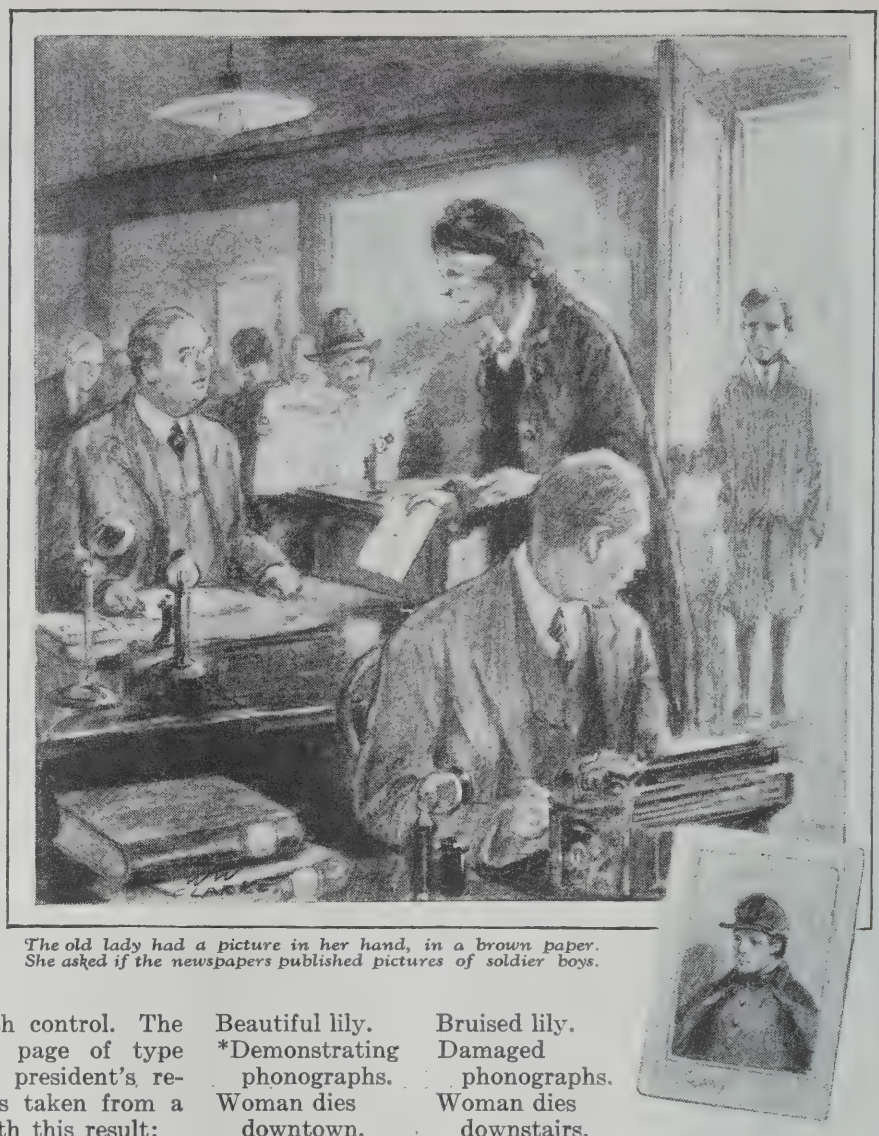
It is an unusual circumstance, and a strange one, that transposed type lines have a singular habit of arranging themselves into nonsensical statement but one in which the statement seems to be made in good faith because the

The guest repeated his story and rerolled his coat sleeve. 'How did you come to hit upon this ointment?' asked Eddie.

subject, verb and predicate appear invariably in proper order. Take for instance the following lines which appeared recently under a two-column picture which bore the heading, 'Queen Marie Faces Camera':

'This is the first time a monarch's consort has been photographed in bed, particularly before her hair was brushed. The young man in her arms is her *two-story frame building. The three stills seized are shown below.*'

The make-up man in putting the lines into the page had juggled two sets of cut lines. One applied to Queen Marie; the other had to do with a liquor raid on a two-story frame building.



The old lady had a picture in her hand, in a brown paper. She asked if the newspapers published pictures of soldier boys.

Some time ago the president of one of our universities spoke in favor of birth control. The man making up the page of type linked up the college president's remarks with some lines taken from a '[illegible]wave' story, with this result:

'[illegible] president came out for birth control yesterday before two oil stations, four chain stores and six blind pigs.'

In three months, in one newspaper alone, the following typographical errors got into print, utterly destroying the sense of the articles until they were caught and corrected. The publisher was not to blame. The hired human equation was:

As it was written.	As the printer set it.
Devil's disciple.	Devil's discipline.
Song recital.	Soup recital.
Symphony concert.	Sympathy concert.
Flood in lowlands.	Flood in landlords.
Virgin birth of Christ.	Virginia birth of Christ.
500 freshmen.	500 fishermen.
Greeted with applause.	Greeted with apples.
Wedding took place.	Welding took place.
Informal supper.	Improved supper.
Promotion of officials.	Prostitution of officials.
University smoker pleases.	University sucker pleases.
Pardon onus passed.	Pardon bonus passed.
Beautiful lily.	Bruised lily.
*Demonstrating phonographs.	Damaged phonographs.
Woman dies downtown.	Woman dies downstairs.

*This mistake appeared in a paid advertisement and, of course, delighted the advertiser.

Not long ago in a Chicago composing room, the make-up man accomplished a delightful welding of two stories. One was a cable from Biarritz. The other had to do with a severe storm in Wisconsin. With the printer's help, the paper came out with this strange information:

'"One wild party" is the way Americans described a revel Friday night at the Pavilion Royal, at Bidart, near Biarritz. They told . . . of entire circuits of wires down, whole communities in darkness, power plants out of commission, and a 90-mile-an-hour gale sweeping down trees and unroofing houses. Throughout Wisconsin trees and wires were down. Five of the six dead . . . won large sums at baccarat.'

Some years back in an eastern city Woodrow Wilson, candidate for President, was making a campaign speech. He was duly reported. A linotype operator, in setting the story, referred to him as 'Woodrow' in some places and as 'Woodroe' in others. When the proof reader went through the proof, he caught the mistake. He drew a circle around the correct name and a circle around the misspelled name, and he ran an arrow from the wrong spelling to the correct spelling. He ran a line from that point to the edge of the proof and wrote, 'Make uniform!'

A thoroughly witless operator did just as instructed. He ran through the story and wherever Wilson's first name was mentioned, he reset it to read 'Uniform Wilson'—and that is the way it ran in the first edition.

That a newspaper loses prestige through such individual stupidities is unquestioned, but many persons are required to get out a newspaper and the infallible workman is just as rare as he is in any other business.

Then there is the humor of the news supply end:

Salvatore Cortesi is as much as St. Peter's a monument of Rome. His office is the Fleet Street of the Eternal City, and he has been for years the correspondent there of the Associated Press. He has been friend of king and pope. One can therefore readily understand the wounded dignity of Mr. Cortesi one morning when he came upon a letter from the directing manager of the A. P. and in it announcement of a new ruling which required that henceforth all bureau managers of the news service furnish bond. 'Enclosed find blanks which please sign and return.'

Cortesi felt that this was equivalent to saying, 'You've got to show us that you won't walk off with the office furniture.' This to a man who for years had upheld the prestige of good journalism in Rome; a man who had done such excellent work that the Associated Press had retained him there for years as its trusted representative.

The injured Cortesi sniffed, especially when he came to the last clause of the bond application: 'Give as references two persons who will testify personally to your good character.' Well, Cortesi found a couple for them.

When the Associated Press opened its Rome correspond- (Concluded on page 23)

The Rise of an American Race

What Effect *Will the* 'Old Stock' *Have on the* People *of the* Future?

By AARON HARDY ULM

'I AM an American!' is a proud boast, but just what does it mean? Is there such a thing as an American race in the sense that there is a German race, an Irish race, or a French race?

An American race is evolving, say scientists like Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, famous anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution.

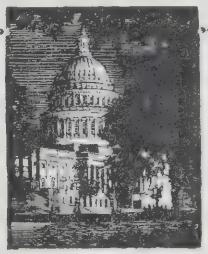
The vestiges of a distinct race, these hold, are found in old American stock. This stock when pure has certain characteristics which set it off from that of all other racial groups. Dr. Hrdlicka's studies show, for example, that the average 'pure American' is a taller person than is the average of any other large white group.

It is unlikely that the average 'pure American' of a hundred years hence will be so distinguished. For old stock has not been keeping pace with new stock which is now apparently in the lead. But as will be shown, old stock is apt to be the prime ingredient in the make-up of the American race of the future. It and its kind are far in the lead.

From now on the entire population—or at least the white portions of it—should progress definitely toward becoming a distinct race or racial group. For a mighty change has come about lately. The make-up of the future American is not being left altogether to chance, as was that of the present American. For once, the development of a race or racial group is to be guided by a measure of conscious control.

Before that can be done well, the ingredients for the making of this race must be determined. An interesting study toward that end has been purchased by a group of officials and experts in Washington. The findings may be given the force of law. For, unless the program now decreed is abandoned, they will be made the basis for distributing immigration quotas after June 30, next.

When the last immigration act was passed Congress decided that such immigration as is to be permitted should be made to conform as nearly as practicable to the present make-up of the population of the country. All Orientals are of course debarred. No numerical limitations apply to immigration from Canada, the West Indies or Latin America. That from Canada is probably more 'American,' in true racial make-up, than is the present total population of the United States. Should that of more or less colored peoples from the West Indies or Latin America ever become formidable, it no doubt will be restricted as is that from Europe.



'THERE is a geological survey which studies our material resources, a biological survey that studies our animals, but there is as yet no anthropological survey that would study the physical, physiological and mental development of our people. Yet no country is faced by greater problems as to its population than the United States; nowhere are there so many ethnic elements being melted together.'—Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the Smithsonian Institution, in an article in the Forum Magazine.

At present immigrants from Europe are limited to annual admissions from each country of not more than two per cent of the natives of the country that were here in 1890. Under that rule a total of about 165,000 quota immigrants can come in annually. The arrangement roughly approximates a distribution on the basis of the national origins of the entire present population of the country. But it was provided, when the act was passed, that the distribution be made more exactly in accordance with national origins. The authorities were allowed time for finding a way to do this. The period will expire with this fiscal year.

The total of quota immigrants will be limited to 150,000 and these will be distributed in ratio to each country's contribution to the American population as of 1920. This means that calculations must take account of arrivals at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock as well as those at Ellis Island as late as the year 1919.

Under either the present arrangement or the prospective one, the total of quota immigrants that can come in each year amounts to not more than one and one-half tenths of one per cent of the present population. It scarcely offsets emigration from the country. So in any event, European immigration is not apt to be sufficient, in future, to greatly affect the present ratio of ingredients for the making of an American race. So the make-up of the American race of the future might be forecast by weighing the ingredients in the make-up of the present population.

The weighing of those ingredients means a determining of the ancestral or national origins of all white Americans. That is, the hope is to find where all of us came from. It is no simple task.

Our annals are probably more nearly sufficient than are those of any other numerous people. But they are far from being complete. The rivulets of race that merge in the big stream which now comprises the American people have run tortuously from sources in many respects vague.

Those who have worked on the problem divide the rivulets into two main sections. One has to do with 'old,' the other with 'new' stock. By old is meant that which stretches back to the formation of the Federal Government; by new, that which since has come in from abroad.

Today, there is an almost fifty-fifty division between the two, when the negro element is omitted. This does not mean that immigrant strains of present prominence are dominant. In fact, they amount to less than is popularly supposed.

Old stock and its kindred still is preponderant in the make-up of the American people.

The statistical story of this old stock has rarely been told, though it is the most remarkable one of the kind in the history of the world.

The United States Census Bureau has estimated that in 1920 there were in the country the equivalents of 47,330,000 full descendants of the free whites who were here in 1790, when the first national census was taken. It

may be reasonably assumed that the number is now 50,000,000.

This does not mean that there are in the country 50,000,000 white persons who can claim a 100-per-cent Colonial or pre-1790 American ancestry.

'It is possible,' Census Bureau experts say, 'that not more than 20,000,000 persons in the country are of absolutely pure native (pre-1790) white stock, while the remaining 27,000,000 of the total of 47,000,000 (in 1920) estimated as the numerical equivalent of the native white stock may be mixed with varying proportions of new white stock in 45,000,000 persons.'

This phase of the subject will be discussed more fully in another article. For the present we sketch the old white stock factor alone.

The most remarkable thing, certainly to this commentator, about the old-stock factor is the statistics of its sources.

Most of us, the writer suspects, think of the settlement of early America as a mass enterprise, somewhat like modern-day immigration. It was no such thing.

It is probable that the equivalent of 50,000,000 old-stock white Americans now in the population descends from not more than 250,000 original incomers!

The figure can be an estimate only because the early settlers gave little thought to statistics. We know, it is true, how many persons settled originally at Jamestown or came on the *Mayflower* to what is now New England, and the statistics of other historically distinguished groups.

Numerically, however, the groups which knew they were making history, and therefore recorded facts in detail about themselves, were insignificant. Most of the early settlers came individually or in miscellaneous groups without any fanfare here or abroad.

The totals were amazingly small. James Truslow Adams in his recently published *History of New England*—one of the truly great works of the time—says that the bulk of original immigrants into New England arrived between 1620 and 1660. And the total, he says, was not more than 40,000. Keep that figure in mind so that the significance of some to be given later on may be fully appreciated.

In his *Notes on Virginia*, which state then, the most populous, had 567,614 inhabitants, Thomas Jefferson made statistical note of only 3,602 'importations' of persons. These were the arrivals in Virginia between the years 1607 and 1621. They comprised the bulk of the incoming Cavaliers, though others came later. 'After 1638,' says another historian of the period, 'scarcely any came but those who were brought as merchandise to make sale of,' that is, indentured servants. Some estimates are that the persons of the latter class made up at least half of all coming to the colonies in the early days.

Benjamin Franklin estimated that in 1741 only 80,000 whites from abroad had settled in the colonies, whose aggregate population he estimated at one million. All the colonies had then been set up, Georgia being the only one established after the 17th Century.

Old American stock as now existing goes back largely to the 17th Century, during which the prime influx of English blood took place. This blood is still the biggest single factor in the make-up of the American people.

Immigration into the country after 1700 was composed largely of non-English people. During the 18th Century the Scotch-Irish began to come in large numbers. In one generation half the population of Ulster emigrated to the United States. Some historians say that the famine of 1740 caused 12,000 persons to come to America from all parts of Ireland.

The probably biggest unit of immigration during the 18th Century was made up of Germans. The Mennonites, who still preserve much of their old culture, began coming in 1683 and in 1707 they were joined by the Palatines fleeing from the devastating armies of Louis XIV. Between 1727 and 1775, it has been estimated, 70,000 immigrants, chiefly from Germany, passed through the Philadelphia port. In 1750, some records indicate, from one-third to one-half of the population of Pennsylvania was composed of non-English-speaking immigrants. Even Franklin expressed the fear that the colony would be taken over by 'foreigners.'

In an encyclopedia, it is stated that between 1725 and 1768 the inflow into all the colonies 'rose from 3,000 to 6,000 annually,' and that when the Revolution began, one-third of the population of the entire country was of foreign birth. The statement as we as the ones repeated in the foregoir paragraph probably exaggerates th facts.

Censuses were taken in most of th colonies at different times prior to th Revolution. No division was mad between native and foreign born. Th head countings were resented by muc of the population because of a Biblic allusion to an act of punishment in posed by God on the Israelites on a count of a census-taking. Because this and also the patently fault methods employed, the figures are n accepted as more than approximate accurate.

From the record of those hea countings and other data, the Censu Bureau has estimated the total coloni white population at different perio as follows:

1690	185,000
1700	246,000
1720	247,000
1740	776,000
1770	1,840,000

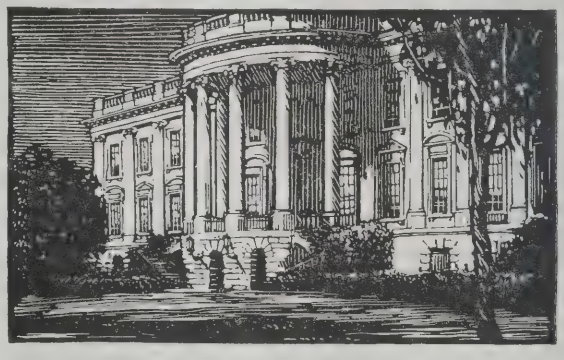
The first national census in 17 disclosed a white population of 3,17 444. No division was then made b tween native and foreign born. On the names of heads of families we recorded. For all but four of the stat these lists still exist. Sever years ago the Census Bure made a study of the names r corded in the course of the ce sus of 1800, with the view estimating the racial make-u or national origins, of the whi inhabitants of the country 1790. The distribution arrive at is as follows:

National origins in 1790	*Number*	*Per cen all whites*
English	2,605,699	82.1
Scotch	221,557	7.0
Irish	61,539	1.9
Dutch	78,959	2.5
French	17,619	0.6
German	176,407	5.6
Others	10,664	0.3

The distribution in most of th states was approximately as for th country as a whole. The ratio of En lish was least in Pennsylvania, b names recorded in the census of 18 indicate that 59 per cent of the popul tion there derived from English a cestors.

The population was preponderate a native one then. In fact, the Amer can people as a racial entity we 'older' then than they are now wi practically one-third of their make-u not more than two generations r moved from Europe.

General Knox, when Secretary War in President Washington's fir Cabinet, estimated that there were on 76,000 foreign-born (Concluded on page



Impression of the White House rendered in pen and ink by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Crowd in mountain town of Syria welcoming French Mission girls (in white).

General Gouraud (seated) receiving submission of Sheik Saleh. General Billotte is shown standing.

With General Gouraud *In the Land of the Crusaders*

By HAL WALKER

ONE hundred and twenty kilometers over the mountains to the sea was our schedule from Hamah to Banais, in Syria, where we were to nch, and with General Gouraud leadg the caravan in a large touring car, ie only American one in ie party, we left the valy of the Orontes with the ater wheels of Hamah singg their different tunes and eaded almost due west aoss the plain. For the first our it was rough going over road which never had been rfaced, but soon we struck ie first of the mountain road.

Through the heart of a ountain range in which ie Alaouites have mainined their freedom since ie days of the Crusades, rench army engineers in a w months built a road wide nough in most places for vo automobile trucks to ass each other, opening up land where, since the dawn f history, only camels and ules had been able to ravel, and where in many laces even camels could not go. This work was done in spite of the hostility of the mountain people who had always preyed on such travelers as crossed their territory and who had been raiders on the coast towns as late as two years after the French assumed the mandate.

Massive castle in the Syrian mountains—one of the remnants of the Crusades.

The pacification of the country was accomplished almost wholly by the famous Foreign Legion.

We had just struck the foothills when we saw the first of the Légionnaires drawn up beside the road. There was only a squad of them, but General Gouraud stopped the whole caravan and talked to each of the privates and noncoms in the outfit, asking each of those decorated where he had won the citation.

The general on that trip wore a faded khaki blouse with his rank on the sleeve and only one medal of all to which he is entitled, the *Medaille Militaire*, which can be won only through great heroism by a general personally leading troops in battle, or by a plain soldier. No officer, with the exception of a general, ever wins this decoration. White sun helmet, faded blouse and riding breeches, General Gouraud filled the picture of a fighting colonial administrator. The Yanks of the

(Concluded on page 20)

Pencil Drawing by STANLEY W. WOODWAR

The Birthplace *of the* QUAKER Poet

By MAY B. WHITING

TO FIND the Whittier homestead we journey from Haverhill along the Merrimac River toward Amesbury about seven miles. Then we come to a monument beneath the trees, at first almost startling with its suggestion that the poet may be buried at the crossroads. But it is only a generous marker to show that the birthplace is near, so we turn down the country road and immediately the scene grows familiar. There are the rolling country, the hills, the woods, the appearance of isolation that Whittier has described so often. We cross Country Brook with its haunted bridge which the poet as a lad never dared approach at twilight, for a neighbor had seen a ghost bobbing for eels from it, and his own mother used to tell of a witches' meeting there, attended by six old women in sky-blue coats.

A few steps beyond, on the northern slope of Job's Hill, is the birthplace, a plain, white-painted farmhouse with lilac bushes at the corner. There are many such in New England, but none is held so dear. For Whittier is the poet of the people; his roots are in the soil and their flower as indigenous as the mayflower in the woods or the golden-rod that fringes the stone walls his hands have laid.

Thomas Whittier came from England in 1638 and settled in Amesbury where Witcher Hill still bears his name, preserving the old pronunciation. He built a log house at first, and when his family was old enough to help, erected the homestead. There was no road then, so the house faced Fernside Brook, and we enter by a little eastern porch that opens into the kitchen. By the path is a bridle post and steps for mounting, and for a doorstep there is the circular stone which for generations ground the Whittier corn.

More than the other rooms, the kitchen shows the life of the farmer's family, their toil and simple pleasures. Here is the old dining table, the mother's spinning wheel and her china, the cider mug and a bull's-eye watch hanging by the fireplace. In front of the wide hearth with its crackling fire of logs the household assembled on winter nights, as we have read in *Snow-Bound.* Whittier was an old man when he wrote the poem, and he looked back wistfully to the days of his boyhood. The change in rural life he could already foresee; the change in home life he could not dream of, but his own family circle was bright and beautiful in his memory.

There was the father, stern and just, with stories of the Canadian wilderness which he had traversed; the mother, busy with her knitting, recounting tales of Indian ravag in her girlhood hom or, as the light r flected in the narro windows from the snov darkness without, reci ing the rhyme abo the witches making te The uncle gave of his lore of woodcra the beloved Aunt Mercy added h words of peace, and the young fol actually listened—we have the poe word for it—finding pleasure in t experience and wisdom of their elde

There was the visiting schoolmast with his gay adventures in earning living, and that 'not unfeared, ha welcome guest' whose cultured mann contrasted with the homely spee of the family. This was Harri Livermore who years later, when s was an old woman, had that boon whi we may sigh for but seldom enjo 'to see oursel's as ithers see us.' Whi tier supposed her dead, for she h been absent from the neighborho for years, journeying in Palestine a Syria. On her return she went to Ne Jersey, and while waiting one day in drug store chanced to pick up a copy *Snow-Bound,* which had just be published. After a moment's perus she snapped, 'This book tells a pack lies about me,' closed it with a sla and marched out of the store.

From the kitchen leads 'mothe room,' raised three steps above t others because of a boulder in t foundation which could not be remove Here is the old 'four-poster,' a fla bottom chair, and, under glass, t baby clothes made

(Concluded on page

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

IT IS natural, in the present limited degree of human experience, for men to insist on the continuance of their own special folly if only it seems profitable. They make speeches against the tightening vise of economic law, they hold conventions which pass resolutions against the inevitable effects of causes, as if Talk could accomplish anything, and Brag do duty for Progress. And all the time the Earth turns round and their mistakes come back upon them.

As a nation we are passing through a period when, as never before, it is necessary for us to face the facts; not to succumb before them, but to recognize and read them for what they are. Facts are unreasonable only when they are unrecognized, but recognized they become readable signposts from which directions may be drawn. But facing the facts seems to be constitutionally difficult for the majority of mankind. A strange and perverted psychology exists among us which suggests, if it does not say, that if we only ignore the fact we can thereby destroy the reality behind it. In the business world especially there is a pernicious doctrine which even finds its way into written statement that it is bad business psychology, as the phrase is, ever to acknowledge that things are not so joyous as the professional optimists paint them. Optimism in time of difficulty is not the blind denial that difficulty exists, but the confident declaration that every difficulty can be removed by retracing our steps to the point where we entered upon the course which made the difficulty possible. Wisdom is the result of analyzing our errors anyway, but the prohibition of such analysis is the decrease of wisdom.

Prosperity is held to be a fruit of the mind, and so it is, but it is not the fruit of the mind that blinds itself to facts. Blithe-mindedness on the wrong path is not sufficient to transform the wrong path into the right one. To maintain pretended belief in well-being until the very pressure of ill-being exposes the pretension as a falsity, is a device to hide from the people the true state of affairs for the sole benefit of those who can still accumulate a profit before the storm breaks.

Fortunately for those who live in this most fortunate land, the basic elements of prosperity are always with us. To supply the daily needs of our mighty millions of population is the biggest, best and most continuous business in the world. It insures a sort of perpetual motion in the region of supply and demand. It is the normal exchange of what we have for what we need, and the principal profit which accrues is the freedom to live, to develop the normal experience of human beings, and so beget wisdom. But when this exchange is tampered with, and the balance upset, difficulty comes and men's thoughts are forcibly turned to the under-side, away from the upper-side, of living.

If there is any warning which the American people need—and it is not being given them—it is that each family is, or should be, its own business manager. Economically considered, the material affairs of a family are as much a business proposition as the affairs of an industrial corporation. Fortunately, there is always a sufficient number of families who know this instinctively or have figured it out for themselves to guarantee the economic stability of the nation.

But there is a sufficient number of the other kind to threaten the balance. The family that does not keep itself solvent, that unduly mortgages its future for non-essential and unproductive things, for things that do not raise it toward a higher condition and greater independence, but create a burden under which it is impossible to rise, is not only endangering its own solvency and usefulness but is decreasing the margin of safety upon which the nation depends.

Any system of business in which the money-lender conspicuously thrives is not a truly prosperous system. The greater the spread between the supply and the need, the more middlemen squeezed in between production and use, the heavier the drag on the nation's prosperity. Credit may be an admirable device when it lessens this spread, but when it increases it, it becomes an enemy to national economic health. If the costly spread between Supply and Use could be abolished, or could be plowed back into productive life, there would be no more debate as to whether prosperity actually exists or is just a word.

There is all the difference in the world between investment and debt, and that should be learned by every American family. The first is a support, the second is a drain. The error of credit is that it makes no distinction, it encourages both with equal vigor. In the end the proper management of the country devolves upon every household; it cannot be handed over to profiteering finance.

THE American home, in its economic aspect, is as much a business proposition as any industrial corporation, just as dependent on good management, just as subject to failure through bad management. In all this talk about prosperity, we forget that the first point where insolvency begins is in the American Family, and that the origin of it is debt which represents no productive investment. Credit that burdens the family instead of releasing the family's energies is the initial blow at prosperity. To keep the American family solvent and independent, carefully protected by sound household management, is the first requisite of national prosperity.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Mr. Nathan Straus

MR. NATHAN STRAUS, formerly a well-known Jewish merchant of New York, one of whose department stores operated under the Christian name of R. H. Macy and Company, has found his way prominently into the Press with a challenge. This device has lost somewhat of its originality; issuing challenges was a favorite pastime with Jewish publicity hunters several years ago. They quite innocently assumed, or wished the public to assume, that to ignore the challenge was a confession of error. The interesting point which they overlooked was that a challenge has already been issued to them. The debate has already been started, and one side of the argument is in. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in a very full and pertinent statement laid the matter before the only competent judges in this cause, namely, before the American people, and it is now proper for Jewish spokesmen to meet the issue by addressing their defense to the same judges. Issuing new challenges does not obscure the fact that a previous one still stands. To suggest, as Mr. Straus does, a smaller jury of New York clergymen and publicists who do not know that a Jewish Question exists and would not dare to say so if they did, is merely to pretend to be issuing a challenge while actually evading one already issued to whom it may concern.

Having, it is hoped, set Mr. Straus right as to the priority of the challenge issued by this magazine, we should like to continue our friendly service by straightening him out on other points where he seems to be misled. For example, he speaks of 'the campaign of slander against the Jewish people,' as if it were true that such a campaign was made. It is regrettable that Mr. Straus has not striven for accuracy of statement here. If every Jew were an International Jewish Financier, then Mr. Straus would be justified in saying 'the Jewish people,' and if telling the truth is 'slander,' then Mr. Straus would be justified in the use of that term to describe THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S disclosures. But as neither of these suppositions can possibly be true, Mr. Straus's statement falls of its own weakness.

The 'slander' consists in calling attention to the claims which Jews have made for their own preëminence in the world. These claims are largely true and have been made by responsible Jewish leaders. To repeat these for the benefit of other people cannot possibly be 'slander.' Some of these statements are as follows: the International Jew invented our financial and interest system, and is today in direct control of all financial centers of government, including the United States Federal Reserve System which he organized and is now perfecting according to his original plan; he is a potent power in governments; he pulls so many strings in business that no banker or business man feels that it is safe to oppose him; he owns the Press or controls it so that only pro-Jewish facts are ever admitted to print; he influences the education of our youth to a degree unapproached by any other group; he is the most closely organized racial entity in the world with an espionage system that covers every village and every larger center in the country; he controls the revolutionary elements of the world on one hand, and the ultra-conservative elements on the other, so that he has equal power in communistic Russia and in capitalistic England; and, not to mention the theater or the motion picture or agriculture, the International Jew is the chief control in the making of war, of which he is also the chief profiteer.

All these are statements deducible from the most deliberate utterances of Jewish spokesmen and illustrated at large by Jewish history. To agree with the Jewish claim to preëminence in these matters is no more a 'slander' than to agree with their claim to preëminence in the clothing trade. Besides that, it is a service to the American people to tell them who their bosses are.

It might interest Mr. Straus's suggested jury to take up the above statements, find their numerous counterparts in Jewish literature, and then compare the claims with the actual facts.

This magazine will be glad to direct them to the sources.

To conclude this comment on Mr. Straus's interesting speech at Boston, we agree with him in all that he says about himself as a philanthropist. Philanthropy was a great thing a hundred years ago. Genuine philanthropy today means the payment of such wages as will render philanthropy unnecessary. It may be that Mr. Straus revolutionized the wage rate paid to employes of department stores which he controlled, and that he reduced all excess profits on goods, but if so he has neglected to chronicle it in the long list of his philanthropies as printed in *Who's Who*. Unfortunately for our full appreciation of that list, this magazine has always held that there is something disgraceful in receiving 'charity,' and something shameful in offering it. We have contended that the truest Charity was the effort to make 'charity' superfluous. But on this point we willingly accord to Mr. Straus the same freedom of opinion which we exercise for ourselves.

The Legislative Flood

WHEN Congress reconvened for the short session 12,000 bills awaited action; they were the leftovers from last July. By March 4, the date of adjournment, additional thousands will have been added. How Congress can give careful attention to 12,000 and more separate pieces of legislation in a scant three months is a problem to awe the lay mind, and yet our lawmakers must expect to do this, for every one of the multiple thousands of measures has of necessity been introduced by some Senator or Representative.

Hundreds of these bills are introduced solely for political effect, with no hope of passage or even serious consideration. Many of them are purely 'pork barrel' ammunition for the Congressman's defenses when he comes up for reëlection back home. Still others are 'crank' measures, introduced by the legislators at the behest of small cliques they dare not offend. Others are 'educational' measures, to accustom the people's mind to a certain kind of propaganda. Others are hardy perennials which bloom, regardless of defeat, year after year. And still others are put in for 'trading' purposes, to be withdrawn if certain favors are accorded in exchange. Yet every one of these bills must be read on the floor of Congress, every one must be printed and distributed, every one must be referred to some committee 'for action.' Every one must take up just so much of Congress's time—and that time is sharply limited. The legislative hoppers are so clogged with unimportant bills that it is rare when Congress pulls itself together to act on matters of vital importance.

Fifteen Million Words

EXCLUSIVE of the great press associations, nearly fifteen million words about the Hall-Mills murder trial were carried over the telegraph wires from Somerville, New Jersey—the greatest number ever written on any story in history. Many of these words were penned by so-called special writers, highly paid authors who were enrolled for the occasion to record their own reactions to the grim testimony. Others were by trained newspapermen, skilled in the art of adding a dash of flavor to stale facts to make them seem fresh. New York newspapers led the country in offering the tale to the public, even the most conservative printing whole pages dealing with each day's evidence. Just what justification there was for all this publicity is obscure. The threadbare excuse that the public demanded every gruesome detail could not be applied, for the public—as a whole—wearied of the story long before it dragged to a close. Even the most avid sensation-seeker could scarcely be expected to read every word printed.

Apparently realizing that some form of apology was needed, the usually unbending New York *Times* has attempted an explanation that is surprisingly lame. 'The chief motive of the newspapers,' it declared, 'was to help, if possible, in clearing up a baffling mystery. The court proceedings were minutely printed, not because the details were scandalous or salacious, but because of the wide and urgent appeal to human curiosity and intelligence which so extraordinary a crime, so long and so unaccountably unsolved, necessarily makes.' But *was* this the chief motive? In what way did newspapers help 'clear up the mystery'? Until the inescapable weight of evidence in favor of Mrs. Hall appeared, the moving spirits among the publicists conducted themselves very like persecutors of a woman whose singular self-possession seemed to madden them.

The trial is over and the sole impression upon the American mind, aside from that of unpleasantness, is the feeling that the murderers of Mr. Hall and Mrs. Mills probably have never yet been named in public.

Wooden Houses

BRITAIN has come to it at last—wooden houses. Thus is another tradition shattered. The change is more remarkable in Scotland than in England, for in England there is the tradition of the 'half-timbered' houses, a picturesque feature of some of the older towns and villages, but in Scotland for centuries the majority of the houses have been substantially built of stone from the nearest quarry. In some places sandstone has been used, in others limestone, in others the hard basaltic rock found on the seashore with trimmings of red or gray granite.

But it is the hardness and intractableness of this local stone that has caused the cost of building to mount so rapidly. Slates have also greatly risen in price, and in all kinds of buildings slated roofs have been in use for many years. And so the wooden house begins to appear.

It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the art of the thatcher, now almost forgotten, will again be called into being, for a well-thatched roof is a good roof. Corrugated iron roofs are being used with some of the wooden houses, but corrugated iron is an unlovely thing at the best and only emergency need has justified its use among some of the builders.

But Britain is now paying more for her wooden houses than stone or brick cost her before the war, and carpenters' wages are much higher than were those of stonemasons.

The Adventure of Mrs. Farbman

By HUGH WALPOLE

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Illustrated by HAROLD WETTERSTEN

Mr. Duhamel suggested to Mrs. Farbman that she should drink a cup of coffee in his own little room just above where we were sitting.

Synopsis of Preceding Installment

In pursuance of their enterprise of removing bores—for a consideration—the three members of the firm take on the case of Mrs. Farbman who has disturbed the domestic harmony of the Fleming family. In the capacity of secretary to Mr. Fleming, a scientist of note, she dominates the household, to the great disgust of Fleming's wife who in her desperation has engaged the services of the bore-removal agency.

ON THE very next evening Chippet and I had our first meal in the house of the Flemings. Because I am a realistic novelist, there is nothing, I suppose, in this modern world of ours that can possibly surprise me. The Flemings' house, Mr. Fleming, the numerous little Flemings, and the great Mrs. Farbman herself, were all exactly as I had expected them. There is something to me strangely depressing about Golders Green, and the Flemings' house would have been depressing anywhere. It was one of those houses in which the kitchen is in the middle of the drawing-room, and dusty palms in large glazed pots stand cheek by jowl with onions frying in the pan and water sizzling in the copper for the children's weekly bath. It was one of those houses in which every sound made by anybody within a five-mile radius is heard ten times intensified wherever you may happen to be. It is also one of those houses in which the boards creak, the windows rattle, soot falls down the chimney, the cat fights the dog, the babies fight one another, and the cook gives notice, all in your immediate proximity. I was very sorry indeed for Mr. Fleming, who was a very, very long, thin man with a forehead so high and a chin so receding that you felt that the only way to give his face any real help was to push it all down a little and then to hold it in position with iron bands for a year or two; but he had nice, mild eyes, a straggling and desolate mustache, and an anxious, deprecating air that so often goes with clever, absent-minded genius.

Mrs. Farbman, of course, was exactly what I expected her to be—one of those men in women's clothing, as flat as a board, with that contemptuous curl of the lip that belongs almost invariably to masculine women when they are in the presence of the inferior sex.

She took up a great deal of room in that small house. The masculine jacket that she wore had its pockets full of papers. She was always producing a fountain pen from the center of her masculine bosom and taking innumerable little notes in little pocketbooks, writing them down with an air of finality as though it were the day of the last judgment and she was settling the destinies of all the poor human beings who were waiting in frightened, huddled masses at her large, uncomely feet. It was quite natural that Chippet and I disliked her at sight. It was equally natural that she disliked and despised us. Mrs. Fleming introduced us as two young men who had been immensely attracted by what they knew of her husband's genius and had come thirsting for more information. Mr. Fleming was as touched as a child by my eager inquiries about newts and their habits, and one or two remarks that Chippet made about snails and their different geographical varieties brought tears of pleasure into his eyes; but I realized that Mrs. Farbman detected us at once for the humbugs that we were. I realized also, during that first meal which consisted very strangely of scrambled eggs, cheese cakes and meringues, both that Mrs. Fleming was not a good housekeeper, and that this business of ours, into which we had entered with so light a heart, was going to be no easy one. Halfway through dinner, supper, or breakfast, whichever you like to call it, there was a sharp little contest between Chippet and Mrs. Farbman. Mrs. Farbman had a terrible habit of leaning her bare and bony elbows on the table, supporting a face which exactly resembled that of an intelligent and over-educated horse upon them, and staring at the speaker of the moment with a penetrating glance of contemptuous scorn. She was so staring at Chippet, who was trying to explain to Mr. Fleming that when he was a small boy he had kept snails in a cigar-box and harnessed them to match-boxes, and made them run races with one another, which, he went on, he would never have done had he only known, as he knew now, what interesting creatures they were.

'Humbug!' said Mrs. Farbman suddenly.

'I beg your pardon?' said Chippet nervously.

'What you're saying about snails,' said Mrs. Farbman, 'is humbug. You never cared in the least about snails, and you don't care about them now.'

'Excuse me,' said Chippet, flushing angrily. 'Allow me to have my own opinion about the things I care for and the things I don't.'

'Oh, you can have your own opinion,' said Mrs. Farbman, 'but I wasn't born yesterday, you know,' which, indeed, was the truest thing she ever said.

I saw at once that these were the worst possible tactics for us to adopt. I tried to kick Chippet under the table, but most unfortunately kicked Mrs. Farbman instead. She turned her attention to me, and I did my best to be as charming as I knew how, but really the woman was intolerable. She

assumed complete command of the house, and when one of the children was heard crying in the next room, and Mrs. Fleming rose to go to her, Mrs. Farbman said: 'Sit down, Flora, sit down; don't make a fool of yourself.' When a very untidy maidservant brought in the meringues, Mrs. Farbman, glaring at her, said: 'What was that noise that I heard in the kitchen just now?'

'Nothing,' said the maid, tossing her head.

'It was the loudest nothing I've ever heard,' said Mrs. Farbman. 'That china shall be deducted from your wages.'

She ruled, in fact, the house with a rod of iron.

Now, this is the really interesting feature of this our first adventure. You will certainly say that Mrs. Farbman, as I have described her to you, is a good deal of a caricature, and to that I would reply that more people are caricatures than you probably know, and that many people are caricatures at first sight and cease to be so when we know them a little better. Now, this, I repeat, is the curious and interesting thing—that before the end of our meal I was beginning to be quite fond of Mrs. Farbman. I cannot explain this except by saying that, as I am a modern novelist, the most extravagant types have an interest for me, but, apart from this professional tenderness, there was something about Mrs. Farbman that was lonely, touching, and pathetic. With that swift perception of human nature that is one of the finest gifts I possess, I saw that she was a lonely, unloved woman, whose rudeness and masculinity were largely a covering for a longing for affection and some sort of commendation of her talents and erudition.

MR. FLEMING was, in all probability, the only human being in all her life who had appreciated her brain and industry, and it was for that appreciation that she clung to him more than for anything else.

After dinner we sat in the small, stuffy sitting-room that smelled of mixed biscuits and stale eau de Cologne, and Mrs. Farbman held forth at interminable length on the connection between the psychoanalysis and the suffraget movement. She had a great deal to say, and she said it vigorously, and I saw at once that she was longing for our appreciation, as eager for it, indeed, as a small girl who is reciting for the first time her school piece before a crowd of indifferent relations. That was a picture that I shall never forget—the close, ill-smelling room, overcrowded with marine pictures, china ornaments, bamboo bookcases, albums of family photographs, ferns and human beings, with Mr. Fleming's long body stretching right across the floor, his eyes closed and sunk deep into his forehead, his bony hands clasped together on his lap, Mrs. Fleming angry, watching Mrs. Farbman with indignant eyes, Chippet, distressed already by the certainty that we were going to fail in this our very first case, and Mrs. Farbman, seated like a man, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, staring into space, her voice rolling on and on, and words like 'Freud,' 'Jung,' 'Inhibition,' 'Mrs. Pankhurst,' and 'Bolshevism' spattering the floor with such vigor and energy that it seemed as though they must leave permanent marks on the faded carpet.

YES, I liked her better and better as the evening proceeded. I remember once, at the zoo, seeing a large monkey in the corner of its cage, chattering, making fantastic gestures, scratching itself in impossible places, doing everything it could to attract the attention of a group of bored and superior monkeys who were half asleep in another corner, and in the eyes of that large monkey there was a look of the most desperate loneliness I have ever witnessed in animal or man. Such loneliness was there in the eyes of Mrs. Farbman. More touching still was it that she herself was unaware of this, and would have been certainly most indignant had you told her of it. As she talked I saw in her all those long desolate years, that eagerness for wisdom, and longing for the possession of some human being who would care

'Give us another week, Mrs. Fleming, and if we are still unsuccessful, we will call the case off.'

for her and her alone, that consciousness that must have come to her in spite of herself of her ugliness and oddness, that desperate sense that even this man Fleming, whom she had succeeded in attaching for a brief period, might at any moment slip from her. All these things I saw, and you may believe me or no, as you please, but before that first evening was over I felt, as I considered the project that had brought Chippet and myself to that house, something very little short of a murderer.

A MURDERER! Yes, that's all very well, but we had our business to consider, and at the end of the first fortnight we were bound to confess that we were dangerously near to defeat. Other things were happening at this time, other clients were coming to us—of whom I may speak on another occasion—and Borden was conducting one of these with every prospect of success, but this affair of the Flemings was for Chippet and me, our ewe lamb, our first-born, our precious pet. Chippet was nearly in tears whenever he thought of it. Mrs. Fleming was becoming frankly impatient, and I could see that if we failed there would be great trouble in extracting from her the promised fifty pounds. She had begun by thinking us perfectly delightful; there was every prospect of her ending by thinking us contemptible fools. We spent a great deal of our time under the Fleming roof. Those rooms had already overflowed before our arrival, and it was not, in very truth, vastly diverting to spend hours of the day and the best part of many an evening in a small, stuffy villa in Golders Green, stepping, so to speak, from infant to infant, and eating meals of so horrible and unnatural a kind that Chippet's hitherto admirable digestion was in danger of being permanently ruined, and I myself turned quite green at the thought of scrambled eggs, a dish in which I had hitherto delighted. But the main trouble was this increasing affection of mine for Mrs. Farbman. It baffled Chippet completely. At first he supposed that I was being diplomatic and seeking to gain an influence over her. Then when he discovered that I was winning no influence at all, and that I really seemed to like to be in her society, and when he caught me on one occasion looking into her dim and gray-green eyes as I might have looked at the face of my favorite dog, he was puzzled and finally indignant.

'Good Heavens, Seymour,' he said, 'you don't mean to tell me that you like the woman!'

'I do like her.'

'But she hates you. She hates you even worse than she hates me. She's a terrible woman!' And his voice rose into a shrill scream, as it often did when he was excited.

'I don't know that she hates me,' I answered, curiously hurt at his accusation. 'I think she's rather beginning to like me.'

'Oh, no, she isn't,' said Chippet. 'I overheard her saying last night to Mrs. Fleming that she would be very glad to know how much longer those

'What you're saying about snails,' said Mrs. Farbman, 'is humbug. You never cared in the least about snails, and you don't care about them now.'

two imbecile friends of hers were coming to the house; and Mrs. Fleming said that she thought that she would like to have a clever novelist to talk to, and I won't tell you,' continued Chippet, smiling maliciously, 'what exactly it was that Mrs. Farbman then said about you as a novelist.'

'Oh, don't mind me!' I said hurriedly, pretending not to care.

'Oh, no, I don't,' said Chippet, 'only I will tell you this—that time's passing, and if you're going to waste these precious hours by attempting to win Mrs. Farbman's bony heart, you are not playing the game, and we may as well dissolve partnership.'

I COULD not deny that Chippet was right. Business was business, and however attractive I found Mrs. Farbman, something must be done to further our plans. And yet how strange and even, in an obscure way, romantic those hours in her company were! I have never known so truly stupid a woman as Mrs. Farbman was, nor have I ever known any woman capable of such a flood of apparently clever conversation that was finally quite meaningless. It was with this meaningless flood that she surrounded and overwhelmed poor Mr. Fleming. He may have been once, in the days before the arrival of Mrs. Farbman, aware of the ultimate purpose and purport of his book, but she had by now so fluently confused him, she so persistently led him off the straight track the moment that she perceived him to be upon it, she flung at his enormous, but I cannot help thinking, rather empty forehead such incessant little pellets of disconnected information, that the poor man just crumpled up and moved in a kind of stupor from phrase to phrase, seeing his newts, his tadpoles, his snails, and whatever, all scuttling away from him—I am quite aware that newts and tadpoles cannot scuttle—into a vast misty distance whence he desperately began to be aware he would never recover them.

IT WAS for this reason, I think, more than any other, that he would really have given his immortal soul to be rid of Mrs. Farbman; but you had only to look at him, to listen to his mild, amiable voice, to watch the timid way in which he scratched his fast thinning hair, to be aware that he would never of himself be able to escape this bondage.

At the end of the third week the crisis arrived. We came, Chippet and I, one day to tea and found Mrs. Fleming alone. We could see plainly enough that she was in the very worst of tempers. 'Well,' she asked us, her blue eyes flashing, her little snub nose trembling with indignation, 'do you mind telling me how long this farce is to continue? I hope you will forgive me if I say exactly what I think.'

'That,' interrupted Chippet, smiling nervously, 'is what we want to hear. I know that so far we have not been a great success, but——'

'Thank you,' broke in Mrs. Fleming, 'I am grateful to you for admitting that much. No, you have not been a great success, and I hope your feelings won't be hurt if I tell you that I am not at all sure that you are not a pair of humbugs against whom one might very reasonably bring an action. Here have we been three weeks, and Mrs. Farbman is more securely in the house than ever before. You have done nothing,' she cried, 'to persuade her to leave us! You have had innumerable meals in my house, and although I am not one to begrudge my friends any hospitality we can afford, yet my husband and I a not wealthy or would not be li ing in Golde Green. You ha done nothin nothing, nothin She then burst i to tears.

'Give us a other week, M Fleming,' said 'and if at the e of that time we a still unsuccessf we will call t case off, and will not ask you pay us a penny.'

This mollifi her somewhat.

'You must co sider, Mrs. Fle ing,' continue Chippet eagerl 'that we have su gested a number plans that you have refused to conside such as Seymour here traveling wi Mrs. Farbman in an airplane to Par and leaving her there, or hiring a mot car and going with Mrs. Farbman the Lake District and losing her on o of the mountains, and there have be many other schemes of that kind whi you have absolutely forbidden us consider.'

'There,' she cried, in the middle her tears, 'doesn't that show how i competent you are? Haven't you see already enough of Mrs. Farbman know that no mountains and no Par nor anywhere else would prevent h from returning? She will follow wherever we go. I see myself withi another six months a murderess in t dock at the Old Bailey, my husban dying of a broken heart, my childre thrown upon the streets!'

A very trying scene, in sooth. Mr Fleming's tears were as bad as Mr Farbman's psychoanalysis, and, quit frankly, of the two women I infinitel preferred Mrs. Farbman.

THAT night Chippet and I were i despair. We suspected that we had, aft all, no real talent for this particul business, and it intensely chagrined u both that our partner Borden—whom w had always rather despised as an ove muscled and brainless sportsman—should be bringing his first case, tha remarkable one of the Twickenha footballer, to a really successful issu while we were failing.

Upon what little chance do th wheels of life turn! Had it not bee for a curried egg I might at this momen be begging my bread in the streets o London, Chippet might never hav become Sir Gordon Chippet, I. B. E.— our lives, in fact, might have ended i dismal and untimely failure.

On the following evening we were once more dining at the Flemings'. It was a melancholy meal; even Mrs. Farbman was rather silent, my heart was like lead. Sardines had been our first course—those especially greasy and enormous sardines that are like miniature whales, with huge spine-bones warranted to defeat the strongest teeth. Our second course was a dish of curried eggs, better cooked, I must honestly confess, than anything that we had yet eaten under the Fleming roof. I was sitting opposite Mrs. Farbman. The dish went its round, went round a second time. It was enough for me to have caught one glance, one gesture, one spark of a gray-green eye. That night, as we found our places in the Hampstead tube, I clutched Chippet by the arm and murmured excitedly in his ear: 'I believe we are saved; I believe I have found a way out at last.'

'What do you mean?' he replied so loudly that a row of *Evening Standards* descended and a succession of astonished faces stared in our direction.

'Wait,' I answered. 'I must think this out tonight, but I believe the key is discovered.'

On the following afternoon I went to the Flemings' house and found Mrs. Farbman there alone. I came in without her hearing me, and caught her seated low down in a crazy rocking-chair, staring in front of her, the inevitable notebook on her lap, and in her eyes that same monkey-like absorption of loneliness that I had noticed before. I stood there for a moment watching her. I knew so well what she wanted, and yet I was taking away from her the closest semblance to that need that she had ever found. In all this, as you will have by now perceived, the Flemings themselves were very shadowy creatures to me. I have a scorn of human beings who are unable themselves to remove burdens for which they themselves are responsible, and that scorn was going to make my work difficult for me in many ways. What would happen, I could not but ask myself, if it was in these cases to be always the bore who roused my sympathy instead of the sufferers from the bore? Well, if that were so, I should learn something more about my fellow-beings than I had known before, and that same learning is, I imagine, the chief aid to knowing something more about oneself, which, in its own turn, is the first purpose of life.

Well, to get on with my story. The first words that sprang from my lips—and they literally did spring, to my own intense surprise—were: 'Oh, Mrs. Farbman, I wish you liked me better—I do like you so much!'

This remark, when she had supposed that there was no one in the room besides herself, naturally made her jump. She turned round to me, notebook slipping on to the floor; then, when she saw who it was, she gave a kind of grunt of dissatisfaction and turned her back on me again. Then she said, speaking as it were to no one in particular: 'I don't like many people in this world and young men (*Concluded on page 26*)

The Cheapest Thing *in* Europe— HUMAN BEINGS

DIAMONDS are relatively cheap in Europe! Wines and liquors are cheap, rated in dollars and cents, in Europe. Furs and fine robes are to be had for a comparative song in Europe. But cheapest of all the things in Europe are human beings.

In England as in Germany, in Holland as in France, in Denmark as in Italy, in country of high exchange, in country of low exchange, in country with currency at par as compared with 1914, everywhere in Europe human beings are to be had—cheap.

The railroad employe, the street cleaner, the municipal workers, the day laborer in every walk, the clerk in the bank, the commercial traveler, the employed are all cheap. Hardly one receives a wage which suffices to pay more than bed and board and a trifle for clothes. Scarcely one is sufficiently valuable to require the services of a life-insurance agent. Insurance here is largely to pay the funeral expenses, to provide a decent burial. But widespread insurance of human beings is not found in Europe. Human beings are too cheap.

There may be a vicious circle which prevents the decent living wage in Europe. How can wages be higher without further increasing the cost of living? But vicious circle or not, prosperity will never come to Europe until the laborer is deemed worthy of his hire. Here the ox is muzzled who treads out the corn.

Meat and butter and eggs cost about the same as in America. Bread and vegetables are slightly cheaper. Rents for the common people are appreciably cheaper, being regulated by law. Clothes are also less, railroad and street-car fares, theaters and amusements are not as expensive in Europe as in America. But wages are not one-third the American wage; a dollar a day is hardly attained by the day laborer in England, in Denmark, in Holland, in France or Italy or Belgium. The result is that the laborer, representing the great mass of the people, has not enough wage to get the decencies of life.

In ordinary apartments a bath is entirely exceptional, toilets are atrocious, running water is not common.

A successful commercial traveler in France or Belgium gets about 1,000 francs a month; a highly successful one may achieve 1,500 francs, or approximately fifty-eight dollars. But after paying for apartment and for food and clothing there is left a sum inadequate to buy a piano, a phonograph, a wireless, or even to dream of an auto.

A stenographer in France or Belgium gets possibly 600 francs a month, not sufficient to provide more than the absolute necessities. The mechanic in England receives two pounds a week, and if especially capable may receive two pounds ten (shillings), about twelve dollars and a half. But this provides no margin for luxuries and not sufficient for the decencies. The clerk on small pay must dress for his job; in England this requires frock coat and silk hat for everyday wear for a man who gets possibly twelve dollars a week.

In Belgium and in Holland and in France day in and day out thousands of women spend several hours a day in laboriously washing the pavements, scrubbing and polishing the house entrances. On hands and knees you see a Belgian woman scrubbing the sidewalk, rinsing out the cloth over and over again by hand. Yes, again and again you see a woman take a large brush and with water and brush scrub the paved street where horses have passed. It is a picturesque sight, often depicted by artists! It is not a picturesque sight as you reflect upon the meaning. These poor humans have nothing better to do.

The problem of the sexes is much more apparent in Europe than in America. Themes which are hardly broached with us are exploited in the theater and on the printed page. America has its quota of such literature and drama, but in Europe there seems absolutely no limit to what is presented. This rests fundamentally upon the disregard for humans! The fatherless babe and the wrecked family are, after all, only cheap humans!

The dignity of man, the superlative value of human beings, must be recognized in Europe before the world will be right again.

Where SANTA *and* What H

Snapshots *From* Kris Kringle

Above—He makes sure the chimney is all clear for his exit on Christmas Eve.

Right—Santa's workshop. The shelves are full of toys and things for all Christmas stockings. If you look very closely you may see your present there. Santa is all dressed up, ready for his annual Christmas journey.

Left—Out in the woods Santa Claus has a Christmas tree of his own. It is not a cut-down tree which soon withers, but a real growing tree which lasts for many Christmases. Santa has trimmed this tree since it was quite little, and see now how much taller it is than he! Perhaps he is wondering how he can trim it if it grows much higher.

AUS Lives Does

Right—Santa tests out a toy telephone. He is probably saying, 'And what would you like in your stocking for Christmas?'

Above—Ready to hitch up the reindeer. The sleigh is loaded with toys and covered with snow. It is a frosty moonlight Christmas Eve.

Left—Santa puts wood on the fire to keep it blazing till he returns home early Christmas morning. He must keep his forest hut snug and warm.

—And here is his hut e deep, thick woods. It find, but you will know sign on the chimney: A'S WORKSHOP.'

Right—Home at last from round the world, and tired out. Santa was up all night and is sleepy. His tiny bedroom is just behind the fireplace.

The Boston Tea Party's *Last Survivor*

David Kennison, *One of the* Famous Raiders, *Who Died at the* Age of 115

By FRED L. HOLMES

TABLET ON ATLANTIC AVENUE, CORNER OF PEARL STREET, BOSTON, COMMEMORATING THE TEA PARTY.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

Here formerly stood Griffin's Wharf at which Lay Moored on Dec. 16, 1773, Three British Ships with Cargoes of Tea. To defeat King George's Trivial but Tyrannical Tax of Three Cents a Pound, about Ninety Citizens of Boston, Partly Disguised as Indians, Boarded the Ships, Threw the Cargoes, Three Hundred and Forty Two Chests in all, into the Sea And made the World Ring with the Patriotic Exploit of the Boston Tea Party.

'No, Ne'er was Mingled Such a Draught
In Palace, Hall, or Arbor,
As Freemen Brewed and Tyrants Quaffed
That Night in Boston Harbor.'

—Brown Brothers Photo.

Wash drawing depicting the wild activity which centered about the British ships moored in Boston harbor on the night of December 16, 1773.

ONE of the most interesting public monuments in Chicago has been erected to a man who would have been buried in the potter's field had not its city council intervened.

Three-quarters of a century ago, David Kennison, the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party, worked as a day laborer in Chicago. As he approached the 115th birthday anniversary, his health became so impaired that he was forced to seek charity. A few months later, when he died, he would have gone to a neglected grave had not the patriotic impulses of the city demanded something better. Instead, he was buried with ceremony, and since then fate has decreed that his grave, now marked by a large boulder, shall remain at the gateway of one of the principal public parks.

Lincoln Park has within its confines the famous bronze figure of Lincoln, by St. Gaudens; the memorial to Eugene Field, 'the children's poet'; the serene philosophical face of Benjamin Franklin; and the equestrian monument of General U. S. Grant, the largest casting ever attempted in this country. It was to see these and the many other wonders that I visited the park one bright morning in autumn.

'What things of interest do most people come here to see?' I asked one of the attendants.

'Everyone who comes asks to see the Lincoln monument,' he replied, pointing in the direction of the southern end.

'And what else?'

'Those who know about it want to see that big black stone to "Dave" Kennison. He was in the Boston Tea Party, and was 115 years old when he died.'

'Where is that?' I persisted.

'Over under those big shade trees near the west entrance to the park. He was buried there in 1852.'

Chicago was just emerging from its Fort Dearborn military life and village habits when David Kennison came west to make the place his home. It was a city with a population of 40,000 when he died; the first steam railroad had come three years before, and while he was still a resident an ordinance was passed prohibiting hogs from running at large in the city streets.

Blazoned on the bronze marker beside his grave is the statement that he was 'a member of the Boston Tea Party.' That single achievement takes the visitor back in the history of this country to a time when the colonies existed under British rule; when England was attempting to lay a tax on imported tea and when Samuel Adams and John Hancock were thundering that 'taxation without representation is tyranny.'

David Kennison was born in New Hampshire in 1736 and was living in Boston when the quarrel over tea and taxes was at its height.

The first tea ship from England after the tax had been decreed docked in Boston harbor on Sunday, November 28. The Puritan sabbatarian scruples were momentarily forgotten in the emergency and Samuel Adams invited the representatives of the adjoining towns to meet the following morning at Faneuil Hall.

Then followed many days of conferences between the consignees, the ship captain and the protesting citizens. Finally the colonial governor, a Royal appointee, took a hand and issued a proclamation forbidding 'further unlawful proceedings at their utmost peril.' The town meeting countered with a resolution forbidding all owners or masters of ships to bring tea from Great Britain or to any part of Massachusetts so long as the act imposing a duty on it remained unrepealed.

Two or three days after this meeting two other ships of tea arrived. Every precaution to obstruct the landing of their cargo was made. A military watch was kept at the wharf day and night, sentinels were placed in the church belfries and post-riders, with horses bridled and saddled, were kept in readiness to spread any notice of alarm to the adjoining towns. Such a state of excitement could not exist longer.

Under the law, a ship which has docked must obtain a clearance within twenty days. On Friday, December 17, the time limit would be reached for the first ship. On the morning of the sixteenth, affairs reached a crisis. Another meeting was called in the Old South Meeting House. In the streets were several thousand sympathizers. This proved to be one of the momentous days in the history of the world.

Hopeful of averting trouble, the ship captain was induced to visit the governor and ask for a clearance that the cargo might be returned to England. This the executive refused. While this conference was being held between the captain and the colonial head, however, a plan was being worked out by Samuel Adams and his advisers to meet the situation. A secret meeting was held in the office of the Boston *Gazette*. What was determined there did not become public until later. Shortly before the governor's refusal came, however, a resolution was passed by the meeting that the tea should not be landed. That showed the sentiment of the people.

It was nightfall when the communication of refusal was received. It met with no outward demonstration. The little church was dimly lighted by candles and the place had taken on a quiet and serenity, as if some great happening was about to occur.

'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country,' declared Samuel Adams, after the reading of the executive edict.

These fateful words were the signal for ction. They were a declaration of war. ut of the somber stillness came a war whoop nd fifty men in the guise of Indians hur- ed out of the midst and to the wharf. mong them was David Kennison, destined be the last survivor of the band

Before nine o'clock that vening the three hun- ed and forty-two chests tea upon the three ships ad been ripped open and mped into the ocean. ot a person was harmed. here was no rioting. A eat crowd looked on ap- ovingly during the early osty evening as the boxes ere hacked open with atchets and dumped over- oard. Then all departed nd the scene became iet.

Next morning the inds and the waves had afted the salted tea in ws of green foam all ong the Dorchester each and Paul Revere was riding into the awn toward New York to spread the news hat Boston had thrown down the gauntlet the King of England.

The Boston Tea Party was an assertion the principle that there could be no axation without representation. The un- ounded sentiment and rejoicing in the her colonies which followed showed that he people were united. It was this cohesion sentiment which resulted in the determi- ation to revolt and the ultimate winning independence.

'Often as it has been cited and described, he Boston Tea Party was an event so great that even American historians have failed to do it justice,' declared John Fiske, the distinguished American historian, in writing of this episode.

When war came David Kennison was a fighter at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and many another battle of the Revolution. The muster rolls disclose that he was also a soldier in the War of 1812.

Kennison must have been a man of remarkable physique. After the Revolution he settled for a time in New York, where he met with many physical injuries. A falling tree fractured his collar bone and two ribs; the accidental discharge of a cannon at a military review broke both of his legs, and the kick of a horse left a scar on his forehead which he carried to his grave. He was married four times and was the father of twenty-two children.

Becoming separated from his family, Mr. Kennison journeyed to Chicago in 1845, where he spent the remainder of his life. He received a pension of eight dollars a month from the Government, but was compelled to work at day labor to earn enough to support himself. Finally he became an object of charity. His death occurred February 24, 1852. Even in those pioneer days his passing was an event of such importance as to be widely chronicled in the papers.

'It was fitting that such a character should receive an imposing funeral,' declares M. M. Quaife, in *Chicago and the Old Northwest*. 'On the day before his death, in response to a request presented in his behalf that he be saved from the potter's field, the city council had voted that a lot and a suitable monument be provided for him in the city cemetery. The funeral was held from the Clark Street Methodist Church, and several clergymen assisted in the service. At the conclusion a procession moved in two divisions from the church to the cemetery, to the accompaniment of cannon booming at one-minute intervals.

'In the procession were the mayor and the councilmen, a detachment of the United States Army, the various military companies and the bands of the city, companies of firemen, and others. Upon this spectacle and that of the interment, which was marked by the usual military honors, a large proportion of the population of the city gazed. The cemetery occupied a portion of the ground now included in Lincoln Park. When the use of this for burial purposes was abandoned a number of years later, nearly all of the bodies interred in it were removed. Kennison's was one of the few left undisturbed.

'The site of his grave had been practically forgotten for many years, when in 1905, with appropriate ceremonies, it was marked by a massive granite boulder, erected by a number of patriotic societies. Thus it has come to pass that Kennison's burial place possesses a prominence of which the humble soldier in life can hardly have dared to dream. Veteran of our two wars against Great Britain, participant in the Boston Tea Party and the Fort Dearborn Massacre, he enjoys the unique distinction of a grave in Chicago's most famous park, overlooking the blue waters of Lake Michigan.'

Artist's conception of the Boston Tea Party from an old print furnished by courtesy of the New York Public Library.

With General Gouraud

(*Concluded from page 7*)

Rainbow Division nicknamed General Gouraud, under whom they served in France, 'The Lion of the Argonne,' and last year had him in the United States as their guest. General Pershing once paid him the tribute of saying he was one of the French generals who knew what real fighting was, but even better than all that, I like to think of him as the fighter and colonial administrator, lacking gold lace and show, who would limp painfully out of his car at some lonely spot to go and talk to a private soldier, empty right sleeve hanging limp, as he stood fingering the medal the soldier wore and asking him about his service and family.

Fifteen or more years ago we Americans used to brag about the Benguet Road in Northern Luzon in the Philippines leading from the plains to Baguio in the heart of Benguet Province along the valley of the Bued River, swung across ravines by suspended bamboo bridges, and twisting by hairpin turns ever higher and higher. I still believe the road in the Philippines is a wonder of the road-makers' art but I also believe that this road from the valley of the Orontes in Syria to the Mediterranean is a greater piece of engineering. We wound and twisted up the sides of hills where we were able to look downward and see the whole motor caravan strung out, each car on a different level and no two in succession heading in the same direction, the turns were so frequent and so abrupt.

This was General Gouraud's first inspection trip over the road and into the country of the mountain people. At the first village where we stopped, all the people for miles had come in to get a look at this one-armed soldier whose fame had spread far and wide through the hills. They respect the general as a soldier, but they respect him more because he has given them schools, something they never have had before.

THIS was the burden of the talk of all the officials, brown men from the hills in queer costumes giving thanks for the schools that enable their children, all the children of the mountains, to learn. And these schools, for the great part in these isolated hills, are conducted by the wives of French officers on duty with the army there. Their task is as arduous as that of their husbands in another field, but the schools are cementing French prestige which the fighting of the Legion started.

The event of the morning was the personal submission of Sheik Saleh, king of the mountains, to General Gouraud and through him to France. The significance of this victory, which was due in a great measure to General Billotte, the direct commander at Lattakia, the capital of the autonomous territory of the Alaouites, is seen from the fact that never before have these mountain people recognized an overlord. From the time of the Crusades they have been free and independent, a law unto themselves in the hills and raiding the coast towns whenever they saw fit. Less than a year before this day when Sheik Saleh kissed General Gouraud's hand in token of submission, the Alaouites had raided the town of Banais, where we lunched later and the general dedicated a new schoolhouse which replaced one burned by the raiders.

In the afternoon we sped north, along the coast for the most part, making only two short stops before reaching Lattakia, which was the northernmost coast point we were to touch. Part of this road was French construction and this was officially opened and inspected by the general. It was late in the evening when we finally reached Lattakia (the ancient *Laodicea ad Mare*), a town of about 25,000 population with a fine municipal building as well as a Roman arch attributed to Septimus Severus. Lattakia is noted especially for its tobacco products and we visited the largest cigaret factory, as well as olive-oil works and soap-manufacturing plants.

I FOUND that the people of the coast know little about the Alaouites of the mountains, except that they have been a terror to the trading centers of the seaside for untold generations. We thought the mountain folk were Mohammedans from their fez wearing but I learned in Lattakia that this was not so. It seems that they made the Turks for all time believe they were Musselmans, but that they have a peculiar religion of their own. It is for men only and cannot be taken up until the male has reached the age of twenty-one. The women are forbidden to become members. Just what the religion is, no one outside its membership knows, and those inside keep the secret well.

On the second morning in Lattakia we started south on our return to Beyrouth, this time along the coast where more roads and bridges were inspected and the cornerstones laid for a school and a hospital. We went into the mountains for lunch at the town of another powerful sheik and were met miles away from his headquarters by groups of horsemen clad in barbaric colors and mounted on swift horses.

They galloped along the road on both sides as it swung around the shoulder of the hills and I did not understand how it was possible for them to make such speed over the rocks until I found their horses are shod with plates so no part of the hoof touches the ground. Here again General Gouraud was acclaimed by an immense crowd of people, and after a late lunch we took the road again with destination as the *Krack des Chevaliers*, which is an immense structure on the top of a lonely hill in the midst of a plain and built by the Knights of St. John.

The road for that late afternoon ride was the worst we encountered anywhere in Syria.

It was mostly over rocks, and several of the cars had broken springs as a result of trying to make even slow speed, because we were well behind our schedule. For an hour before darkness the famous Krack was in sight as the road wound around in the valley, first to the right and then to the left, but never seeming to get nearer. Orders had been given for horses to meet the party, but we were so late that the officer in command had given up and returned to camp before we arrived, so we went as far as we could by the cars.

Then in the darkness we had to make the rest of the climb to the fortress on foot through a ravine which was partially the dry bed of a stream, crawling over rocks and hanging on to a path that only a goat might follow with ease. It took more than an hour to make that climb, the latter part of which was lighted by the moon, and here again I saw the dogged courage of General Gouraud. It brought back to my mind the story of his arm: when he was so severely wounded and was sent to the hospital he asked the surgeons how soon he could get back to the front and they told him it would be about three months before the arm could be made whole. Then he asked how soon he could go if the arm was taken off, and was informed he would be fighting again in half three months. 'Take it off then,' was Gouraud's order.

This dogged soldier, with only one arm to steady him as he climbed around and over the rocks, and with a right leg which drags rather than swings as a result of other wounds, made that climb in the darkness which was a stiff task for those of us who had two feet and two hands. Finally arrived, we had a lecture on the architecture of the Crusades, and at ten-thirty supper after which we went out on the ramparts for a view that cannot be duplicated either in moonlight or the rays of the sun. The citadel rises alone, and for nearly fifty miles in every direction there is a clear view of the country. Towns could be picked out by their lights in the far distance while the valley below was shrouded in shadow and voices came up to us indistinctly. We had started at six o'clock that morning and it was eleven-thirty at night when we had our fill of the view. Then General Gouraud turned to us and said: 'Gentlemen, we will be up to see the sun rise'; and we were despite the fact we slept on hard floors that night, or perhaps because of it.

THE horses had arrived and so we set out mounted to gain the motors on the other side from which we had ascended the night before and rode down a flight of steps with two right-angle turns for at least one hundred steps before we came to the heavy doors which guarded the citadel then more steps down which the horses picked their way, and a long trail down over the mountain.

Then the long road again with destination as Beyrouth at night and we finally made it at ten o'clock that evening after going around Tripoli and cutting out a visit there to lunch with the Maronite Patriarch in sight of the Cedars of Lebanon. Striking into the hills on the outskirts of Tripoli we climbed and climbed through clouds of dust, orange and olive groves, picturesque villages perched on the hillsides until we were 1,400 meters above the sea and came at last to the summer residence of the patriarch who is over eighty and was dressed in his robes of office to receive us. Late in the afternoon we took the road again, and for the last hours were again beside the sea until we reached Beyrouth—and bed.

Who Discovered AMERICA?

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

WHO discovered America? Can anyone be positive in his opinion about the identity of the first explorer to touch these shores? To date, more than a thousand articles and a thousand books have been written to show that someone else, not Christopher, discovered us. However, fortunately for Christopher's peace of mind, these books and articles do not agree on the guilty party.

Long before there were any fruit stands in New York, and long before the blacking of boots was invented, Italians from Venice are reported to have visited the American shores. The first printed account of the Zeno voyages appeared in Venice in 1558. These voyages by Nicolo and Antonio Zeno were made between 1380 and 1404. In the Wytfliet atlas of 1597, the first separate atlas devoted to America, Estotiland, which is mentioned in the Zeno story, is identified with Labrador.

The voyages of Marco Polo deserve also to be mentioned in this connection, as much inspiration for discovery and much fiction concerning foreign lands is directly traceable to his entertaining accounts of his meanderings in Asia, two hundred years before the time of Columbus.

An article by M. de Guignes on the subject of navigations of the Chinese to the coast of America was published in 1761 in Paris in the *Memoires de Litterature*, of the Royal French Academy, at Paris.

Some thirty books and articles have been written touching this subject. A glance at the map of Alaska, Bering Strait and the Aleutian Islands shows that here was an easy route from Asia to America. In addition to this, there is striking similarity in certain customs of Asiatics and our west-coast Indians; plants and animals as well as human beings are similar on the two sides of the Pacific. The combination suggests the great probability of direct contact, in centuries before Columbus, between natives of Asia and natives of America, probably even migration from one place to the other.

The actual Chinese invasion in the Fifth Century B. C. is supposed to have taken place in the region of California.

The thesis that Africans first discovered America has recently been elaborated by Dr. Leo Wiener, professor of Slavic Languages and Literature at Harvard, a well-known scholar in Russian and Yiddish literature. The first volume, entitled *Africa and the Discovery of America*, was published in Philadelphia in 1920. The contention is based largely on a similarity of certain words in African and American Indian languages, as well as upon the possible African origin of tobacco, manioc, yams, sweet potatoes and even the humble peanut. Then these early supposedly pre-Columbian negroes are alleged to have greatly influenced the Indian medicine man. Despite the author's scholarship in the fields of Russian and Yiddish literature, historians do not take the author's contentions on America seriously.

Coming back to Europe, an early Welsh chronicle states that Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedh, sailed west from Wales in 1170; 'leaving Ireland on the north, he came at length to an unknown country, where most things appeared to him new and uncustomary, and the manner of the natives far different from what he had seen in Europe.' This story was especially popular in America after the Revolution and the story has been repeated hundreds of times. Parenthetically it may be mentioned that in the Irish folk stories there is a well-known tale of one Brendan or Bran, a monk, who in the Seventh Century reached the world to the west.

In the geography by the famous Arabic scholar Al-Edrisi, written about A. D. 1150, this writer states that eight Arabs sailed to the west to discover the western limits of the ocean. Since nothing is said about the return of these Arabs they can hardly be termed discoverers.

However, the story does call attention to the fact, now well known, that the Arabs were able mathematicians, astronomers and navigators. Their scientific development contributed not a little to make the Columbian discovery possible. The sciences of the Arabs were studied particularly in Spain and in Portugal. The mathematical and astronomical tables of the Arabs and the sciences of arithmetic and of trigonometry as developed by them, and equally their instruments for observation, were all employed by the navigators of the time of America's discovery.

A Polish pilot, Johan Scolve or Szcolny, is reputed to have made a voyage to the New World before Columbus. The reference was first given to Scolve by the Spaniard Francisco Lopez de Gomara in his *Historia general de las Indias*, of 1551. Just a year ago Dr. Sofus Larsen, librarian at the University of Copenhagen, published a scholarly work on *The Discovery of America*

Twenty Years Before Columbus, in which Scolve turns out to be a Norwegian pilot, on an early expedition suggested by the Portuguese.

John Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator, was mentioned by Sir John Barrow in 1819 as discovering Newfoundland in 1463 or 1464. Although many others have referred to the article, little substantiation has been found. However, the recent work of Larsen, mentioned above, revived the interest in the older Corte-Real (his sons were certainly here in 1501) and an early Norwegian expedition, made at the request of the Portuguese Prince Henry.

Similarly an account of a voyage in 1488 by Johan Cousin of Dieppe, accompanied by Vincent Pinzon, appeared in Paris in 1785 but has not received any corroborative support.

The famous *Nuremberg Chronicle* of 1493, a work widely circulated in many editions, refers to Martin Behaim as sailing west and discovering a new world. The globe made by Behaim in 1492 is conclusive evidence that Behaim had no first-hand knowledge of the lands to the west.

The lost tribes of Israel were supposed to be found in the New World. The first book on the subject was published in Venice in 1569. Manasseh Ben Israel wrote a work in 1650 which received the support of an Englishman, Thomas Thorowgood. Later old Americans like John Eliot of New England, the apostle to the Indians, Cotton Mather and Roger Williams, and even William Penn, inclined to this view. The theory was revived in the 18th Century by famous preachers like Jonathan Edwards and Jonathan Mayhew and in the 19th by Elias Boudinot and Lord Kingsborough.

No one today ventures to dispute the fact that in the 11th Century or earlier the eastern coast of North America was visited by Norsemen who stayed for months at a time. The Norse invasion is established with complete certainty. Icelandic narratives concerning these voyages were written as early as A. D. 1215

The earliest printed reference appears to be in a work of 1643, published in Paris, by Johannes de Laet, a Dutchman. At least one hundred and fifty books and articles have been written on the subject. Several monuments with runic inscriptions have been discovered in New England and as far west as Minnesota, showing the Norse invasion.

The Norsemen certainly saw these shores; it is possible and even probable that Asiatics came to our West Coast; Africans may have come to South America from the east, and some unknown European sailor may accidentally have reached our shores long before Columbus. Nevertheless Columbus put the New World on the map; Columbus made the New World a popular resort. Above all, the fact is that America, the New World, was in 1492 ripe for discovery or rediscovery and for exploitation, and Columbus was the fortunate navigator to seize the golden opportunity.

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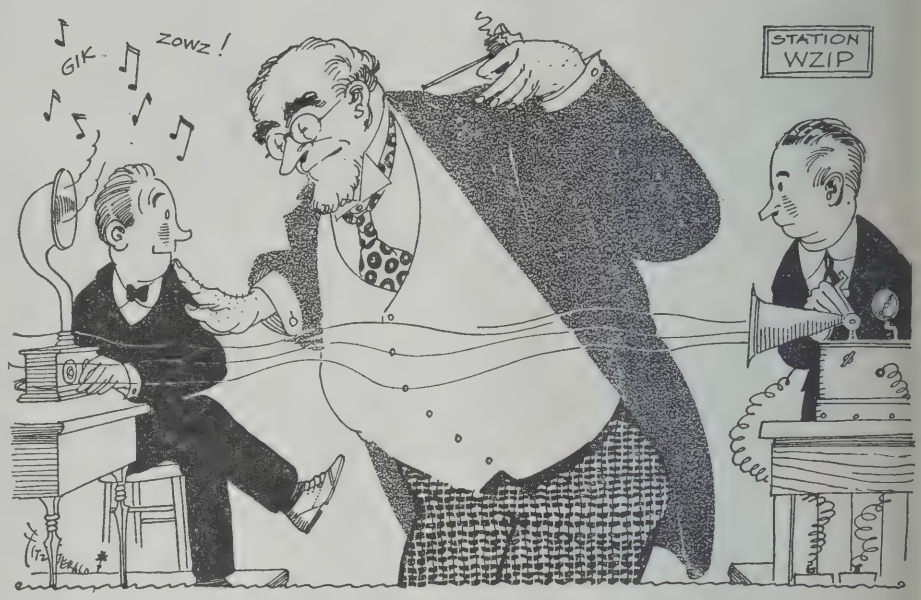
Pirates of the Air

(*Concluded from page 2*)



There can be no satisfactory broadcasting unless both the public and the broadcasters are fairly well satisfied but Congress should begin with the public.

not the best instrument for that kind of work.

BUT Congress cannot do all that should be done for radio. The biggest job of all is in the hands of the broadcasters themselves. They do not seem to realize that they are all broadcasting the same things. Tune in wherever you will and you get the same stuff—music, music, music, of various grades of goodness and badness, thinly sprinkled with 'talks' on this and that, most of which talks could not have been flatter and staler if large prizes had been offered for flatness and staleness. It is an appalling thing to have a set that is capable of getting fifty stations within twenty minutes, only to discover that they are all alike and most of them not worth the current that brings them in.

It is easy enough to see how this situation came about, but that neither justifies it nor makes it more comfortable. It came about because when the broadcasting art was new, music was the first thing to which the broadcasters turned. It was so obvious that music could be transmitted by radio and that people would like it. If there were no musicians at hand—and usually there were not—phonographs were hitched up to the microphones. And when broadcasting began to look up and it was desirable to hire gentlemen to arrange programs, who but musicians seemed eligible for the jobs? Musicians were employed—tenors, bassos, and perhaps others who manipulated the traps, the drums, the trombones, saxophones, and so on. What these gentlemen did not know about music was infinitesimal; ditto what they knew about anything else.

HOW much better it would be if the radio stations were so organized that one could always get what one wanted, just as one selects a book. Let one station transmit classical and semi-classical music all the time another popular music all the time, while another transmits nothing but the news of the day and interpretations of the news. Let one station transmit nothing but short stories—fifteen or twenty minutes long—another nothing but humor, another nothing but scientific and philosophical matters handled in a popular, understandable way. Arrange it that anybody could get on radio what he wanted when he wanted it. Stop this foolishness of pounding out the same stuff everywhere all the time.

The radio gentlemen may tell you that this cannot be done, because broadcasters are seeking advertisers to sponsor and pay for as many as possible of their features. That is no reason at all. The broadcasters have assumed that advertisers could be snared with nothing but musical programs, but this is an assumption that the facts do not justify.

MERELY because advertisers have been found who were willing to pay for the announcement that such and such an orchestra comes to you through the courtesy of such and such a company, this does not prove that advertisers would not be willing to pay just as much for an announcement containing their names in connection with anything else that might be put on the air.

All direct advertising on the air should be eliminated. People have no objection to the indirect form of advertising which confines itself to the statement that the program is transmitted through the courtesy of somebody, but the selling of real estate and furniture over the radio—or the attempts to do so—is intolerable. People resent it, twist the stuff out and the advertiser loses his money. So long as there was federal regulation this sort of thing was not permitted.

If Congress does not stop it, listeners associations will bring it to the attention of both broadcasters and advertisers that it does no good to either of them. Those who listen in have it in their power to control radio

The Comedy of Newspapers

(*Concluded from page 4*)

ent's reply no one was wonder-struck. It is seldom that anyone expresses surprise around a newspaper office. But there was a chuckle.

One dotted line said:

'First reference—Lombard; occupation, king; address, Quirinal.'

Below it was:

'Second reference—Leo; occupation, pope; address, Vatican.'

The Associated Press had another such experience with a correspondent in a small town who was noted for his quaint phrasing and his ideas of news values.

It is customary for correspondents to schedule the main office in their division of what may be expected in news from certain localities, with the number of words which the correspondent expects to write on each subject if the division office wants the story at all.

One night this correspondent wired, 'Girl drowned—100 words.'

Individual drownings are of little value except in the immediate locality. They are of national importance only if the individual is of national importance. Chicago headquarters consequently questioned this item.

'Was girl prominent?' it wired.

'Not prominent but dear to her parents,' he came back.

Jones appeared at the door of the local room only a few days ago. He came to me. There was a scar on his forehead—the deepest I ever saw—and he spoke English with difficulty. He had, he said, been in the poorhouse until a few days previously. While in the poorhouse he had hit upon a salve which was sure cure for blood poisoning. He rolled up a shirt sleeve and showed a healed scar as proof.

He recited other miracles the salve had accomplished.

It struck me he might furnish material for a human-interest story.

'Eddie,' I said to a reporter, 'there may be a story in this fellow. Talk to him.'

The guest repeated his story and rerolled his coat sleeve.

'How did you come to hit upon this ointment?' asked Eddie.

The visitor dropped his voice and leaned closer.

'It was a strange thing,' he said. 'But I had a dream one night. I dreamed there was a lot of wild animals in my room. My poisoned arm was aching. There is a woods near the poorhouse. The wild animals in my room gave me an idea. I got up and went out to the woods. I killed every wild animal there. Well, every one I saw,' he amended. (It seemed he did not want to exaggerate.) 'I took them back to my room and I boiled them all up. They turned into salve. That's how I came to find this cure.

I rubbed the salve on my arm and the soreness went away immediately.'

THE owner of a newspaper in the Middle West had a theory which he worked to the utmost several years ago. He would bring this young cub and that young cub into the local room and say to the city editor: 'Curt, give this kid a chance, will you?' His theory was that embryo talent might be lying around, and his hope was he might discover genius.

One day he brought in Joe, who used to drive a wagon for Sullivan, dyer and cleaner.

'You might give this boy a trial,' he said.

He was the boss, and, of course, Joe was put to work. An hour was enough to convince the city editor that Joe probably was a great delivery-wagon driver, nothing more.

He was patient with the lad, however. The unproductiveness of an hour might be the paralysis of stage fright. It never would do to let Joe go, and have some other paper discover he had the much-sought spark.

The city editor had his own head to think of. He let Joe stay two days.

'He'll never do,' he finally reported to the owner.

'Well, give him a couple of weeks' pay and let him go,' the owner said.

Joe went back to Sullivan and asked his job back. He got it, and Sullivan followed him out to the wagon.

'What's the matter, Joe? Didn't you like the newspaper business?' he asked.

'Like it!' Joe exclaimed. 'I'm sorry I ever learned it.'

Hector was different from Joe. He was a university junior, come to spend the summer on the paper, and had a flair for verse. He came to us with slightly the wrong idea. He came with the notion that what a newspaper wanted was profundity, which isn't true, for its readers do not want profundity.

The city editor was a thorn in his side. The second day he sent Hector to an underworld resort to see if he couldn't get a picture of a man who had been mixed up in some crime. Hector went and probably was glad when he found the place was closed. He came back, so reported, and sat down to compose a little poetry to a silken cloud which scanned freely.

At five in the afternoon the city editor went to him again.

'You better go back over there and make another try for that yegg's picture,' he advised Hector.

Hector's face took on a pained expression.

'Yes, sir,' he said, 'but I had been hoping you wouldn't ask me. It's a very rough neighborhood.'

But my mind always goes back to the gray-haired old lady. She was pathetically halt, pathetically wistful. She came when America was at war and at a time when everyone had a picture of a soldier they wanted printed. Each believed, of course, there was something to recommend his or her particular picture, forgetting the obscurity of the khaki-clad atom in the mass.

Many of the pictures were run, nevertheless. The old lady had one in her hand, folded in a brown paper, and she had another piece of paper on which something was written in her own cramped hand. She asked if the newspaper published pictures of soldier boys, and she was told that occasionally the newspaper did. It was hard to deny her, the way she looked at you, and the way her hands shook.

Would the editor please run this?—He would. She put her burden on the desk, after the editor had promised to see that the picture was safely returned to her. And then she limped out. Her step seemed a little lighter. The editor unwrapped the paper.

The picture inside was of a young man in the blue of the Civil War, and on the accompanying paper in the old lady's hand was this:

'To Harry, who died bravely at Appomattox in the service of his country.'

He was still the old lady's soldier boy.

The American Race

(*Concluded from page 6*)

whites in the country. The total of 17th-Century immigration probably was less than 75,000; that of the 18th Century probably did not exceed 125,000.

Thus the more than 3,000,000 white inhabitants in the country in 1790 resulted in most part from natural increase, which prior to and long after the Revolution was phenomenal.

'Their numbers are not augmented by foreign immigration,' wrote George Washington of the New Englanders in 1796. 'Yet from their natural population they are filling the western parts of the State of New York and the country on the Ohio with their surplusage.'

The descendants of the 40,000 original settlers in New England then numbered around 2,000,000.

IN HIS historic *Essay on Population*, Malthus, who wrote in the first years of the 19th Century, said of the increase in America:

'In the back settlements where the sole employment is agricultural and vicious customs and unwholesome occupations are little known, the population has been known to double every fifteen years. It appears from recent calculations and estimates that from the first settlement in America to the year 1800 the periods of doubling have been very little above twenty years.'

Adam Smith said practically the same thing in *The Wealth of Nations*, published in 1776. 'Nor in the present time,' he added, 'is this increase principally owing to the continual importation of new inhabitants, but to the great multiplication of the species. Those who live to an old age, it is said, frequently see from fifty to a hundred, and sometimes more, descendants of their own body.'

The high rate of natural increase continued for some time after the Revolution. In some branches of old American stock the rate still is high. For remember that the 3,172,000 of 1790 have grown into what are tantamount to 50,000,000.

What would the last figure be had there been no immigration, which practically all students agree had big effect on the rate of natural increase among much of the old American stock?

And what is the prospect, as shown by statistics to date, of that old stock being 'outbred' by new stock?

Some interesting studies as to these questions have been made. The findings will be set forth in a succeeding article which will deal chiefly with the development of the population since 1790.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

How Victoria *Trained* King Edward VII

The Queen *Thought* Prince Albert *the* Model *of* Perfection, *but* Young Wales *Did Not Respond*

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

The world from which he was to be kept was a world of kings and queens secure upon thrones which had defied the centuries.

Illustrated by J. A. NEILSON

THIS has been a hard world for kings of late; people are more interested in the radio than royalty. There is a feeling generally abroad that kings are one-cylinder cars in a six-cylinder traffic, no up-to-date nation wants to ride in one. Besides, a 'close-up' of a king or even a queen is often fatal to romantic conceptions of royalty. Old King Henry IV was quite right; a king—like a popular actor—should be seen only on his proper stage. Put him in plus-fours and lose him in a crowd and nobody would look at him twice. But the glamour has not quite gone. A Prince of Wales with a human way about him can still get headlines in the newspapers of a republic—perhaps a headline is our new fashion of coronation—and if you see the biography of a king in a bookshop you are pretty sure to pick it up.

Kings have, moreover, made a deal of history between them, the aftermath of which we are still reaping, and the historians will be busy for a long time yet auditing their accounts; and when a king has sat upon an historic throne which is still right side up, and been so considerable a force in the direction of world affairs as was the late King Edward VII, and a 'good mixer' besides, living through a long and pregnant period, his biography is more than the life story of a king. It is a cross-section of the whole history of his time.

The first volume of the official life of the late King of Great Britain, by Sir Sidney Lee, is for these reasons one of the significant works of recent years, and though the sheer bulk of it is forbidding, its contents are rewarding. It is official, for it was written at the request of the now reigning king and the author had access to documents and sources of information which would attend such a request. This gives the book a solidity other biographies cannot for the present possess.

Very likely Sir Sidney Lee has been influenced by the conditions under which he has written. He would naturally treat his subject with a grave and discreet restraint. There is no back-stage gossip in his pages, nor any reference to those amiable weaknesses of kings which, since the days of King David, have grieved the moralist and delighted the irreverent. When Sir Sidney Lee has to touch at all upon those dubious situations into which Albert Edward managed now and then to get himself, he writes as one in sorrow that the heir to the throne had not been more choice in his associates and goes on to less delicate matters.

But these are details. Slowly, but very solidly and convincingly, a commanding and engaging figure begins to show through his pages. Innumerable influences and interests converge upon the man whose birth was certified to by four physicians at 10:48 o'clock, Tuesday the ninth of November, 1841, and whose death—May 6, 1910—dates the end of an epoch in the history of the world. The first volume ends with his accession to the throne, January, 1901, and in its account of the forces which made him what he was, and his long attendance at the foot of his mother's throne, and the currents of the times through which he lived, and the fields of action and interest which he found for himself, and the influence he came finally to wield, though uncrowned, is a telling recital of the making of a king.

The book needs for a background Lytton Strachey's *Life of Queen Victoria.* That book is not official; King George never asked to have his grandmother thus set forth before the world, and still less his grandfather. Not that he could quarrel with a word of it for want of respect or truthfulness or even affectionate loyalty. But there is no setting of screens and drawing of shades to get just the right lights upon Strachey's figures. You see them for just what they were. The portraits which illustrate his books are proper enough. Th Queen and the Prince Consort with jewele orders and the Queen in a coronet or diade or some informal sort of a crown, and thei living jewels, curled and posed, gathere about their knees, or the Queen riding i Windsor Park, maybe, on a horse whic knows he is carrying royalty, or the Princ Consort in a befrogged uniform and te feet of gold braid.

But the pictures Strachey draws himse are different—a raft of family relation some of them poorer than the palace mic a strong-minded, capable, short, litt woman, the issue of thick-headed Hanov rians, who was in her youth such a contra to her forbears, whom Strachey calls plainl enough pig-headed, that England thanked kind Providence in grateful rapture for th death of the whole lot of them, and wh proved, before she died, that blood will tel the Prince Consort, a most estimabl character bent on improving his own min and the minds of nobody else, stiff as ramrod; and little Bertie—a sport on th family tree.

The young prince was born into a atmosphere of complete domesticity. Th Queen loved nothing better than to sit doin

cross-stitch while her husband read aloud to her Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, or played the organ. The Queen sewed and adored and 'could only pray that the prince would grow up to resemble his angelic father in *every, every* respect, both in body and mind.'

The lack of an answer to this petition must have shaken the Queen's confidence in prayer, and the attempt to answer it by taking the will of the Almighty for granted and making Bertie like his 'angelic' father, whether or no, is the key to a vast deal of misdirected energy in the nurture of the prince and, probably, to unhappy lifelong misunderstandings between the prince and his mother. For Bertie was never like his 'angelic' father.

If Victoria had never been a queen she would have been the shrewd, stodgy and somewhat dowdy mother of many children, thrifty, masterful and entirely competent, living largely in her family and gradually exchanging her slim, blond prettiness for a solid middle-age figure and double chin. She would have shown her will in the management of her children and her household, and her dependence in a thorough prayer-book devotion to her husband.

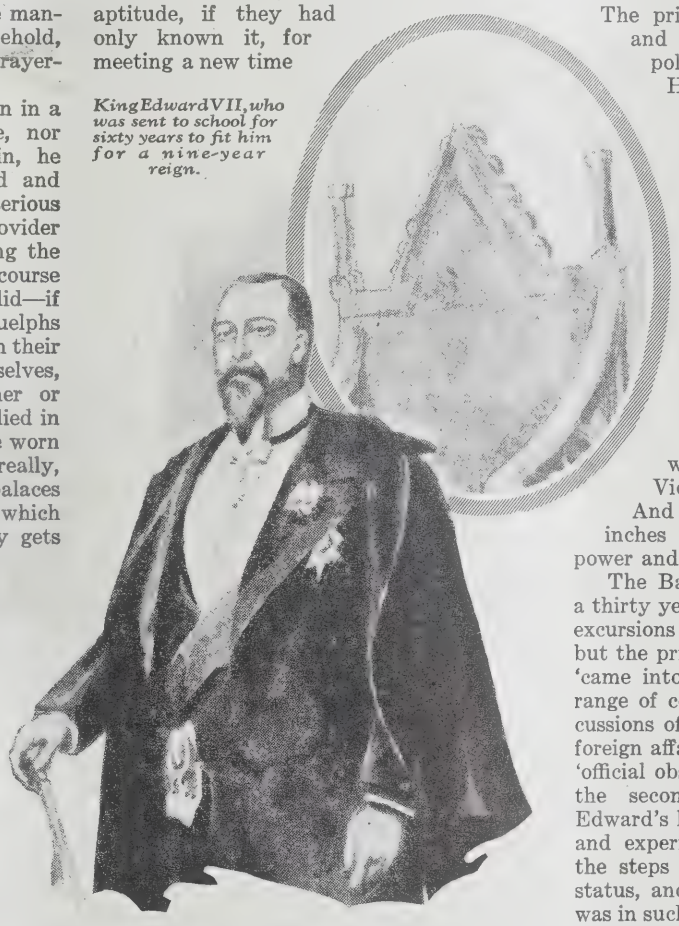
If Prince Albert had not been born in a plain and somewhat shabby palace, nor married the Queen of Great Britain, he would have been an earnest-minded and capable gentleman, desperately serious about his business affairs, a good provider and a most painstaking father, taking the devotion of his wife as a matter of course and showing her her place—as he did—if she presumed too much. The Guelphs would not have been very popular with their neighbors, living too much to themselves, and if—as it turned out—commoner or king, the head of the household had died in early middle life, the wife would have worn mourning till she died. This was really, when you strip away the setting of palaces and courts, the kind of family life in which Edward the VII grew up. Strachey gets down to the essentials of it far more directly than Lee, but there is no separating the essentials from the circumstances. Victoria was a queen and a very great one, her husband was the Prince Consort, the boy was to be a king himself, and Windsor and Buckingham were palaces, the centers of world administration and seats of enormous power. The family was related to half the reigning houses of Europe and presently to be related to about all the rest. The Prince Consort was a German, his daughter, Victoria, Jr., married the Crown Prince of Prussia, son of the first emperor of Germany and father of the last.

A royal household would be the center of as many lines of incoming and outgoing affairs as a switch tower at the Grand Central terminal, and somewhere at the center of it all was a friendly, good-tempered, blue-eyed boy who would have been the leader of his set if he had been born on a boulevard, but who was a problem to his literally Victorian parents because he was born in a palace.

His boyhood was a study in cross purposes. Time was to reveal what distinctive powers he really had and what weight of wise influence, if he were allowed to work in his own way. But that was neither his father's nor his mother's way. His mother never could believe that Bertie had grown up; his father feared he never would grow up.

The world from which he was to be kept was a fascinating, fermenting world, a world of kings and queens secure upon thrones which had defied the centuries and seemed more firm than ever. There was a Napoleon in Paris, a Hohenzollern in Berlin and a Romanoff in St. Petersburg, and uncles and aunts and cousins in little German capitals whom the boy might decorously visit as he grew older, with some natural hesitation about Paris.

But there was also a ferment of democracy which irritated Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and a new science which challenged old orthodoxies, and inventions and industries, and deep premonitory shiftings of the balance of power as though a ground swell began to stir in some hidden quarter of the sea, and a boy who had a keen, natural aptitude, if they had only known it, for meeting a new time



King Edward VII, who was sent to school for sixty years to fit him for a nine-year reign.

with a newer spirit than his anxious parents or his learned tutors—and he must be kept out of its currents.

Besides, he was not made for books. He did become widely read in the book of human nature. Turn him loose among people and he observed viewpoints easily and surely. He was a friend of the arts as they lived in artists and actors, and archeology was real enough if he saw it in Egypt, Greece or Palestine; but books were another matter.

His real education was in travel and what any boy born to a throne could not help absorbing in a court. He learned to shoot and to ride, but he never was so good a shot as his son, King George, and certainly never fell off a horse so often as his grandson.

He always wanted to be a soldier, and was always happier in putting on uniforms and acting as honorary colonel or general, than anything else. But he was sent to Edinburgh and Oxford and Cambridge instead of Aldershot. In these illustrious seats of learning he was expected to specialize in about every branch of human learning.

His visit to Canada and the United States was a happier study of modern history, and a tour of Egypt, Palestine and Syria a course in ancient history to which the prince took whole-heartedly.

Meanwhile his father died, his disconsolate mother went into an almost lifelong mourning and his family and the nation between them set him up with estates and revenues and a wife. His German relatives were touchy over his marriage to a Danish princess, but Alfred Tennyson wrote a poem about it and Great Britain rejoiced whole-heartedly and shone from John o'Groat's to Land's End with bonfires and illuminations.

The prince was naturally a politician, and he saw a fascinating game of politics being played about him. He was somewhere at the center of a web, spun by ministers and diplomats and kings and emperors and parliaments, which reached around the world, and he was impatient of being kept on the edge of it. He wanted 'direct and regular access to official papers and dispatches.' Prime ministers sympathized with him, but his mother held out against him. She distrusted his discretion and, besides, those red boxes full of momentous and sometimes explosive documents were the royal prerogative, and Victoria was every inch a queen. And if she were literally short in inches she made up for it in pride of power and station.

The Battle of the Dispatch Boxes was a thirty years' war. There were alarms and excursions and truces and renewed drives, but the prince was fifty years old before he 'came into authorized touch with the full range of confidential deliberations and discussions of the ministry on both home and foreign affairs.' For a generation he was an 'official observer.' Here is really the key to the second significant phase of King Edward's life. He waited as a man of force and experience for almost forty years on the steps of a throne; he had no official status, and yet no Englishman of his time was in such far-reaching touch with the men who made the history and directed the affairs of his time. He had tremendous latent authority, for he might be king tomorrow, but today he was only the Prince of Wales, with a touch of his far-off ancestor Prince Hal and a similar liking for somewhat Falstaffian friends.

His mother was quite willing that he should represent her socially and go through the endless ceremonials which are never complete in England without a representative of the crown, but 'she succeeded in defeating every proposal for his employment which involved sustained and continued responsibility.' The world knew him, therefore, as a courteous, pleasure-loving gentleman, and as a model of sartorial elegance.

The Adventure of Mrs. Farbman

(*Concluded from page 15*)

like yourself and your friend are abhorrent to me.'

'Why?' I asked, coming forward.

'You are useless, conceited, and ignorant!'—finishing her words with a snap, as though they were final.

'You can't expect me to agree with that,' I answered. 'Chippet and I have a very decent opinion of ourselves.'

'What are you doing here?' she asked, suddenly turning round and looking at me. 'What are you here for at all? You don't like Mrs. Fleming, you laugh at her husband, and yet you come here every day. Why?'

'Maybe to see you, Mrs. Farbman.'

'Stuff!' she replied. 'You are neither of you intelligent enough to interest me, and unless I am interested I am not attractive. I am quite aware of that. Besides, it's been perfectly obvious that you have both disliked me intensely from the very beginning. Are you trying, for some purpose of your own, to get me out of this house?'

'Suppose I am,' I answered, 'is there any chance of my succeeding?'

'Yes,' she replied quickly, 'if you can offer me anything better. If you want to know the truth, I have been for many months now so bored here that I could scream. I'd leave Mr. Fleming tomorrow if I could fill my life some other way; but I simply can't face the loneliness and emptiness that would come after all my occupation here. Of course I've been cheating myself. I've been pretending to myself that Mr. Fleming's work is important—which it isn't in the least—and I've liked the sense of authority that I've found here. I like ordering about, but I know quite well that even Mr. Fleming will be delighted to see the last of me, and Mrs. Fleming, of course, will light such a bonfire of ecstasy when I'm gone that it will illumine the whole of Golders Green for miles around. But where am I to go? What am I to do? I've been calling myself for years a modern woman, and there's another side, you know, to the modern woman question that many people don't consider. We go in for men's work, men's lives, men's ways of thought, and then we have to cling on like drowning men to a raft, cling on to a boat that's overcrowded already, the occupants of which are always digging at us with boathooks to push us back into the sea again, and shouting with joy when we drop off and drown. There's room for a few of us, but not for many. Besides, as you have probably already observed, I am not really clever enough. I have got a muddled, feminine brain. I cover my ignorance of facts with lots of talk, and hope the people will be taken in. I can't expect at my time of life, and with my appearance, to take anyone in as thoroughly as I've taken Mr. Fleming, and even he isn't taken in any longer, as you see. If I lose my hold on this little boat, I drown altogether. At my time of life I must think no longer of love and marriage. Well, then, where am I?'

'I'll tell you where you are,' I answered. 'You're going to dine with me tonight at the Vin Blanc in Soho.'

At the word 'dine' she sat up and looked at me eagerly. 'The food here is awful, isn't it?'

'Yes,' I answered slowly, 'except for the curried eggs last night. But there are better things than curried eggs at the Vin Blanc. There is, for instance, *sole meuniere* that is quite excellent, and they are better at whitebait than anyone in London.'

'Do they have nothing but fish?' she asked.

'Oh, yes,' I replied. 'Come and see!'

We looked at one another steadily for quite a long time.

'You're a clever young man,' she said. 'You're observant. You will get on. I will dine with you tonight.'

THE next scene of this voracious history was played out in the little, white, low-ceilinged upstairs room of the Vin Blanc. A new actor was added to an already competent company. This was little Monsieur Pierre Duhamel (no relation, by the way, to the author of *Vie des Martyrs*), the proprietor of the Vin Blanc. I have known Monsieur Duhamel through a considerable number of years. He was a cheery little soul, round and chubby, wearing always an immaculate white apron, a little black tufted beard on his chin. He had come from Paris ten years ago, had made his little Soho restaurant pay, but had never extended it, as he might have done, to something of a large and extravagant order that would have given him very quickly enough money on which to retire for the remainder of his days. He did not wish to retire. He made enough for his living; he was unmarried and preferred, as he explained to me, 'to enjoy his leisure hours.'

Now, he had always burning in his soul a curious passion, and that was to marry a truly intellectual woman. He was an immense admirer of the other sex, but always from the standpoint of brain rather than of body. Physical beauty meant nothing to him, or so little as not to matter, but a clever woman, or even a stupid woman who seemed to him clever, excited him to a frenzy of admiration and desire. What he liked best was to have as a habitual customer some member of the opposite sex who, while she discussed his *sole meuniere* and his Chateaubriand steak with real human appreciation, was also able to give him a little philosophy, a few words about the advancement of women, and a hint or two as to Bergson. The unfortunate thing was, as he had so often confided to me, that intellectual women were so seldom interested in cooking, 'and, after all,' he explained to me, 'I have nothing to offer such a woman except a good meal, a kind heart, and an attentive manner.' On one occasion, I remember, I had brought into his restaurant the lady principal of a famous women's college. He had given her such a meal as I have seldom enjoyed anywhere. It was pathetic to see the way in which he hovered round her table, hoping that everything was perfectly delightful, and then venturing a word on Bergson's book on laughter, being crushed by her quite natural gasp of astonishment and air of nervousness and look at me for reassurance. 'What a droll little man!' she whispered to me. That was the fashion, alas, in which all learned women considered Monsieur Duhamel.

I will confess to you that on this evening I was immensely excited. What would come of my plan? It might so easily fail. If it failed, my last card was played. It did not fail. Monsieur Duhamel's first glance at Mrs. Farbman told him that here was an intellectual woman indeed. Mrs. Farbman's first glance at the *sole meuniere* told her that this was a restaurant *sans peur et sans reproche*. I would not like to say that she was a greedy woman. I have never been able to understand why a really esthetic appreciation of food should be held to count against a man. I fancy that good food beautifully cooked was Mrs. Farbman's approach to the spirit of beauty, and it was an approach that had been throughout her hard and rather dreary life consistently denied to her. You could see from the way in which she ate her sole that she was not considering so much the perfection of the sole itself, but that it placed her in relation to all the beautiful things in life from which Mrs. Fleming's scrambled eggs had so long isolated her. As for Monsieur Duhamel, before the sole was finished, his face beaming with smiles, he had inquired as to whether Mrs. Farbman had yet mastered Einstein's 'Relativity.'

Of course Mrs. Farbman had not mastered it, being in that at least entirely at one with all her fellow human beings, but she had a great deal to say about it. A flood of words poured from her, words to myself quite meaningless and to herself nearly so, but sentences long and involved, containing capital letters and quite a number of proper names. Monsieur Duhamel's ecstasy was a thing to envy. 'But I see, madam,' he cried, 'that what you say is a profound truth. You have enlightened my mind. I cannot thank you sufficiently. If you knew what it was for one who is so persistently denied food for his mind by his inevitable pursuit of food for the body to meet someone as wise and brilliant as yourself . . . '

I was soon forgotten by both of them, and when at last I pleaded an engagement, Monsieur Duhamel suggested to Mrs. Farbman that she should drink a cup of coffee in his own little room just above the room where we were sitting, I left them together.

* * *

What more need I say? Simply this, that long before the three months were out Mrs. Fleming had delivered to us the check for one hundred pounds; that the Fleming household was a paradise such as I never could have imagined; and Mr. Fleming in spite of—or shall I say because of?—the departure of Mrs. Farbman, progressed with his book at double the speed of the earlier days; and that, finally, I was asked, on one beautiful summer day, to a wedding breakfast in the private room of the Vin Blanc, a breakfast that excelled both in the superb excellence of its cooking and in the vigor of intellectual conversation any meal that I had ever attended.

The Birthplace of the Quaker Poet

(*Concluded from page 8*)

by the poet's grandmother, Sarah Greenleaf. From these windows Aunt Mercy saw the vision of her lover on horseback entering the yard with noiseless hoofs and pausing at the door. A few days later she learned of his death at the same hour. As in most New England families, the isolation and terrors of the wilderness had deepened the touch of native mysticism, and warnings and apparitions gave a touch of romance to an uneventful life.

In the parlor is a table brought by Whittier's mother as a bride in 1804, and the sheets she spun and wove, marked with her initials, A. H. (Abigail Hussey), are in the red pine chest that Sarah Greenleaf brought a generation before when the house was new. There is a picture, taken from a miniature once the possession of the poet, of Evelina Bray, his boyhood sweetheart. She was the daughter of a Revolutionary veteran of Marblehead, and among the Quakers marriage outside the Society of Friends was frowned upon, while in the eyes of her family he was a country boy without prospects, obtaining a scanty education by making shoes.

One morning in June he walked from Salem to Marblehead to see her. She could not invite him to her home, but they wandered over the hill and by the fort, and a few stanzas in 'A Sea Dream' tell Whittier's memory of that day. Years later, when he was editing *The Pennsylvania Freeman*, she chanced to sit beside him in a church in Philadelphia, but she did not make herself known. She had married an eccentric clergyman who appealed to Whittier for financial help in his work, adding as a postcript, 'Did you know Evelina Bray?' In Yankee fashion Whittier replied, 'What dost *thee* know of Evelina Bray?' and the answer came, 'She is my wife.' More than forty years after their parting at Marblehead, Whittier persuaded her to attend the reunion of their class in Haverhill Academy.

Whittier never married, although he was by nature more sympathetic with women than with men. In the home of Mrs. Claflin, wife of the governor, on Mt. Vernon Street in Boston, he found true hospitality and met many of the personages of his day. He knew Holmes and Longfellow, but not intimately; he was more at ease with Emerson, and he was fond of Bayard Taylor who, like himself, was of Quaker parentage. But his mother and his sister Elizabeth were his companions at Amesbury where they moved to be nearer the Quaker Meeting House, but his friends were Gail Hamilton, Lucy Larcum, Alice and Phoebe Carey, Lydia Maria Child, and Celia Thaxter.

Many of his best poems show this pleasure in the companionship of women, and the scenes in his works, as 'The pines were dark on Ramoth Hill,' are always the scenes of his boyhood. In 'Telling the Bees' there is an exact description of the Whittier homestead, the garden in the rear, Fernside Brook with the stepping-stones, and the path by the old stone wall. If you follow this path to the right you will come to a walled-in plot, bright in autumn with golden-rod and sumac, that is the family burying ground. On a granite monument beneath an oak are inscribed the names of four generations, beginning with Thomas, the builder of the house, and closing with John Whittier and his wife, Abigail Hussey. Their son, the poet, is buried in Amesbury. About half a mile up the road is the old brick house where lived Lydia Ayer, the little maid of the quaint speech,

> 'I'm sorry that I spelled the word,
> I hate to go above you.'

Perhaps women, more than men, could sympathize with the repeated thwarting of the poet's desires. 'Disappointment in a thousand ways,' he wrote, 'has gone over my heart and left it dust.' Almost all his life he was bound by poverty, the earnings of an abolitionist's pen barely sufficing for the support of the household. A well-to-do Quaker from England, Joseph Sturge, visiting in Amesbury and seeing how cramped the family was for room, gave Whittier a thousand dollars to enlarge his house. Only with the publication of *Snow-Bound*, when he was old and his sister and mother had both passed on, did relief from financial concern come. Then, too, he had a genius for politics. He was called the 'high priest of the Republican Party,' and perhaps aspired to honor himself, but his health made it impossible. That was a disguised blessing, as blessings so often are, for it gave him a chance to let his thought go back to the farmhouse beneath Job's Hill, and we have such poems as 'In School Days,' and 'The Barefoot Boy.'

Whittier was less cultured than his contemporaries, but he had a deeper sincerity, and the very narrowness of his training made him more intense. There remain in the birthplace a few of the books that formed the family library, one novel among them, disapproved by the parents and read surreptitiously by the children. For periodicals there were the almanac and the weekly newspaper, the *Newburyport Free Press*, to which Whittier sent his first poem. William Lloyd Garrison, then twenty-two, was editor, and he drove out fourteen miles into the country to hunt up the new contributor who, very much embarrassed, was called in from his farm tasks to meet him. Garrison suggested to the elder Whittier that so promising a poet should have more schooling. 'Poetry would never give him bread,' was the stern reply. But it was later arranged that the lad should attend Haverhill Academy, earning his way by making shoes.

In the kitchen of the farmhouse genius was first kindled when a wandering Scotsman, over his mug of cider, sang 'Auld Lang Syne' and 'Highland Mary.' Later the schoolmaster loaned the boy a copy of Burns, and he saw that there was beauty in common toil and common people. And so we have the perfect record of New England rural life, the scenes and characters all of the neighborhood.

In a corner of the kitchen stands its choicest possession, a desk which belonged first to Joseph, son of the pioneer, and was then used by his son, his grandson, and his great-grandson, John Greenleaf. In middle age, when the poet felt like spending money a bit recklessly, he bought himself a new one and gave the old one to his niece who had it renovated and later returned it to the donor. He was delighted to see it again and on it wrote his later poems, among them 'The Eternal Goodness,' which, with 'Snow-Bound,' has made him our best loved poet.

Sparrow House in Winter

Rosemary Thomas.

TWO hundred miles from me now
A little house stands
White and small and lŏw-roofed
Against the moorlands.

Empty are its rooms,
Closed are its doors,
But shining are its windows
And polished are its floors.

The pickets all like soldiers
In uniforms of white
Proudly guard the little house
That stands so clean and bright.

It is never lonely,
For the wind's tune
Sings to it about the tides
Pulling from the moon.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

A new industry has sprung up of late in the United States,' said ***the Business Man from an Eastern State.*** 'It is the spreading abroad of rumors about your competitor. You would be surprised to know to what an extent this industry has grown. Some of the biggest advertising agencies of the East have had to do regular detective work to run down the source of the propaganda which was neutralizing their best efforts. For example: one of the best-known brands of cigarets suddenly dropped 80 per cent of its trade in an Eastern city because of a rumor that it had caused some disease of the tongue. The rumor was traced to a loving competitor. It was a systematic piece of misinformation, systematically distributed. Another concern suffered in an entire section of the country because a false report was circulated that it refused to hire Catholics. Several very large stores were reported to be anti-negro because they were not using the negro newspapers of Harlem for their advertising. Certain negro associations demanded redress and got it. Not only was advertising given to the negro press, but in response to a demand, negroes and negresses were placed on view in the stores—not as janitors, but in positions where the public could see them. There are more things happen in business than you read in the newspapers, although sometimes the newspapers themselves lend their columns to the propaganda of misinformation which is invented by one interest against its competitor. Maybe you know what I mean.'

'The first need of aviation now,' said ***the Air Expert,*** 'is a school for pilots. We are now in need of pilots, with no adequate means of training them. The day of the dare-devil flier is over. The pioneer in all these developments represents a certain type which does not do very well under the disciplinary requirements of a more mature period. It is inevitable that a new and untried and apparently dangerous method of transportation, such as flying, should attract the more adventurous characters, and that they should have all the defects of their virtues. It was so in the early racing period of automobiles. That day, however, is past for automobiles, and it is also passing from aviation. When proper schools are provided and pilots thoroughly trained, an entirely new type of individual will constitute our flying groups.'

'What I cannot understand,' said ***the Metropolitan Publisher,*** 'is that I can get all the trained journalists I want—the woods are full of them—but I can't get a trained business manager for my newspapers. To get a competent newspaper manager today, it is necessary to buy him away from some paper that has trained him, and one doesn't like to do that. Yet upon the business manager the modern newspaper largely rests; it is he who gives editorial achievement its chance to show itself. The editorial side has been heard of to the exclusion of the business side, yet some of the greatest newspaper romances are to be found in the business office. I know of no school of journalism that is training business managers. They train men to write news stories; they don't train men to write the checks that pay the news writers. Perhaps newspaper management cannot be taught, but still I think I could pick up a dozen or two men in this country who could give very creditable courses in newspaper business management to young men who might be interested. Just at the moment I cannot recall a single instance of an active business manager being invited to address any school of journalism.'

'Let me give you an illustration of the way the Oriental mind works,' said the ***World Traveler,*** just back from Asia Minor. 'I was crossing the desert on my way to Bagdad when I came on a party of men, women and children in a broken-down automobile far from any habitation. They had been there four days without food and the children were crying piteously. I gave them what food I had and sped on to the next station. I notified the native police.

' "Yes, we know they are there," they replied. "Yes they have been there four days, but no arrangements have been made."

'That is typical of the Oriental. They refused to aid without bargaining in advance. I was a bit indignant. I sought the British official who had heard nothing of the stranded party. He sent for the native chief of police. The wily chief came and when the British officer took him to task for his negligence the chief said,

' "Why I sent three automobiles to pick up those people."

'He had done all this the moment he saw me talking with the British officer. We proceeded on our way and presently in the desert our own car broke down. It seems that our chauffeur had sold his new tires in the village we just left, intending to purchase more at the next stop but could not make it. We crawled back to the village and the British officer took us into his home, and arranged transportation to the seacoast for us. So the bread we cast upon the waters—or sands, if you please—came back to us.'

'Roses and moonlight,' reflected ***the Poet,*** 'are responsible for more bad poetry, perhaps, than any other subjects. And yet, if we eliminate roses and moonlight from poetry, we should lose much very good poetry.

'After all, poets have always written about practically the same things; about eternal things; about the realities of existence. Always the really great poem strips away the temporal things of life and attempts to bring people face to face with realities.

'It is the little things that make the great chapters in human existence. So poetry is not about subjects at all, but about human emotions, human conceptions. For those things that are most properly ourselves are spiritual realities. Hence we discover that similarity, within variations, makes great poetry; and it is poetry that binds men together in the scheme of life.'

The Visitor from Scotland said he had been recently in Glasgow. 'But Glasgow is not typical of Scotland,' he remarked, 'any more than New York's East Side is typical of the United States. One of the reasons is that Glasgow, like all large seaports, has a considerable mixture of foreigners, but the principal reason is the Irish.'

'The Irish?' we asked.

'The "Irish menace" some of the Scottish newspapers are calling it. The whole situation is what may be compared to a super "Irish Bull." The Free Staters gave Britain no rest until they got self-government, and as soon as they got it they started leaving Ireland and coming to Scotland at the rate of 4,000 and 5,000 a year. This has been the rate of immigration for the past five years, and the heads of the various sections of the Scottish Presbyterian churches are getting very much alarmed.

'In order to drive home the findings of the General Assemblies, a deputation representing the Church of Scotland, the United Free Church, and the Free Church, recently waited on Sir John Gilmour, Secretary for Scotland, and asked him to urge government action. The Secretary gave a guarded reply, but it is very unlikely that the matter will end there.

'The deputation took pains to point out that there was no religious bias in their action, and that the question was "purely racial." They said that there was a danger of Scottish nationality and Scottish characteristics being swamped by the Irish invasion if it were not restricted. The Irish are willing to work for less money than the Scotsman, and as a rule they do not represent the best that is in their own country.'

'In late years,' said ***the Insurance Expert,*** 'the fire losses in the clothing trade, especially in New York City during periods when "business is bad," have been the scandal and the worry of the insurance world. Only the other day announcement was made that the United States had won first place from Europe in the fur industry. Simultaneously came word that increases of from 50 to 300 per cent in burglary insurance rates on furs had been placed in effect.

'The news that a sharp rise in rates was contemplated, due to the growing number of fur thefts, was made after a conference of forty-six companies represented in the National Bureau of Casualty and Insurance Underwriters. The new schedule provides for a 100-per-cent increase on the first $20,000, and a 300-per-cent increase on all amounts above this figure in the larger cities throughout the country, known as "Territory I." It is significant that the new rates apply only to burglary insurance, as robbery insurance rates on furs were increased some time ago. It is conceded by police officials and insurance authorities that these conditions are due primarily to the existence of "fences," who purchase the stolen furs from loft robbers and dispose of them later to the public in fur shops opened in the more distant cities to which they are sent surreptitiously.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Does the United States owe any money to France for the debt on the Revolutionary War?

ANSWER: With the exception of interest payments on $3,267,000 for a period of approximately five years, which France remitted, and commissions and bank charges incident to a loan of $1,815,000, which France agreed to bear, the account was paid in full. Due to the condition of the finances of the new American Government, interest payments on the loans from France, as well as installments on the principal and interest, with the exception of the interest remitted as shown above, was ultimately settled in full.

QUESTION: When did the *Tuscania* British liner) sink, and who were drowned?

ANSWER: The *Tuscania,* a British ship carrying American troops, was sunk off the coast of Ireland on February 7, 1918, and four officers and 208 enlisted men were lost. Some members of the crew also lost their lives.

QUESTION: How many cities in the United States have over one million inhabitants, and which is the larger, Chicago or Detroit?

ANSWER: According to estimates of the Census Bureau there are four cities in this country having a population of more than one million. They are New York, with a population of 5,924,000; Chicago, with 3,048,000; Philadelphia, with 2,008,000 and Detroit with 1,290,000.

QUESTION: Have federal tax collections increased this year?

ANSWER: Yes, by $251,859,623 in the fiscal year ending June 30. Income taxes accounted for most of the increase, corporation levies netting $178,747,037 more than a year ago and individual income taxes yielding $33,698,054 more.

QUESTION: What are the names of the last ten Secretaries of State?

ANSWER:

William R. Day appointed 1898
John Hay appointed 1898
Elihu Root appointed 1905
Robert Bacon appointed 1909
Philander C. Knox appointed 1909
William J. Bryan appointed 1913
Robert Lansing appointed 1915
Bainbridge Colby appointed 1920
Charles E. Hughes appointed 1921
Frank B. Kellogg appointed 1925

QUESTION: Can you give me some facts regarding the Bunker Hill Monument?

ANSWER: This monument stands in Charlestown, Massachusetts, now a part of Boston. It marks approximately the site of the first severe engagement in the Revolution, fought June 17, 1775, with 450 American casualties in killed, wounded and prisoners and a British loss of 1,100. The British forces numbered 4,000; the American 1,800. The monument is 221 feet in height, of granite from Quincy, Massachusetts, 30 feet square at the base, tapering to 18 feet square at the top, or where the form of the apex begins. The cornerstone was laid June 17, 1825, by General Lafayette, and Daniel Webster delivered the oration. Work was begun in 1827, discontinued for lack of funds, and finally finished July 23, 1842.

QUESTION: I should like to know the date, position and by what steamer the *Great Northern* was rammed during the convoy from New York to Brest in the latter part of 1918?

ANSWER: The *Great Northern* collided with the *Brinkburn* at 2:40 a. m., October 3, 1918, in 45° 43′ N. 16° 12′ W. On October 5, 1918, the *Great Northern* collided with *LaFrance,* Brest, France.

QUESTION: What does 'E' on the smokestack of a navy ship mean?

ANSWER: In a recent issue of 'Questions and Answers' THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT answered a question as to what the 'E' on the smokestack of a navy ship means. One of our correspondents took exception to our reply. The following information, which bears out our original statement, was furnished us by the Navy Department: 'Vessel standing one in engineering competition in its class—white 'E' on after smokestack. Vessel making 98 per cent of winner—red 'E' on after smokestack. Vessel standing one in gunnery competition in its class—white 'E' on control tower. Vessel making 95 per cent of winner—red 'E' on control tower. White 'E' on piece of armament (turret, gun or torpedo tubes) signifies that crew of that turret, gun or tube attained certain score.'

QUESTION: Are all officers and employes of the states or political subdivisions exempt from paying income tax?

ANSWER: Compensation paid to state officers and employes of a state or political subdivision, including fees received by notaries public commissioned by states and the commissions of receivers appointed by state courts, is not taxable. Employes of universities receiving salaries paid in part or in whole from funds available under the Smith-Lever Act of May 8, 1914, who are officers or employes of a state, are not required to return as taxable incomes the salaries so received.

QUESTION: Was the money repaid to Robert Morris that he lent the Government, and what was the exact amount? If the amount was not paid, could descendants of Mr. Morris claim this money?

ANSWER: The Treasury Department advises that the information on which the so-called 'Robert Morris Claim' is based is erroneous and the sum of money alleged to be in the Treasury awaiting distribution fictitious. The Congress of 1790, in which Robert Morris served as United States Senator from the State of Pennsylvania, passed an Act providing for the assumption by the Government of the United States of the debts of the Continental Congress, and if the Government owed him any money he had abundant opportunity to assert a claim, but there is no evidence in the Treasury Department tending to show that the United States was indebted to Robert Morris in any sum, nor does it appear that he ever claimed that the Government was indebted to him for moneys advanced.

QUESTION: How many miles of streets are there in Chicago and New York?

ANSWER: Total mileage of streets, paved and unpaved, in New York on January 1, 1925, was 4,145; in Chicago, 3,424.

QUESTION: In what battles of the Civil War did the Union forces have less men and win their fight? What number of men were captured and how many died in prison on each side?

ANSWER: Some of the battles in which the Federal troops were smaller in number but won: Fair Oaks, Atlanta, Pea Ridge, Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, Corinth, Bentonville and Jonesborough. In a majority of the battles, however, the Federal troops outnumbered the Confederates. Approximately 211,000 Union men were taken prisoners, and 462,000 Confederates. Of the Union men, about 30,000 died while in prison, and 26,000 Confederate prisoners died. It is difficult to arrive at exact figures, as historians differ greatly.

QUESTION: What has been the yearly amount of profits returned from the Federal Reserve System to the United States Treasury for the privilege of issuing money since the Federal Reserve Act became a law?

ANSWER: The Federal Reserve banks do not pay anything to the United States Treasury specifically for the privilege of issuing Federal Reserve notes. Payments to the United States Treasury as a franchise tax, however, as required by the Federal Reserve Act, have been as follows:

1917	$ 1,134,234
1919	2,703,894
1920	60,724,742
1921	59,974,466
1922	10,850,605
1923	3,613,056
1924	113,646
1925	59,300

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Borah Rated Highly by Chinese

In the *North China Star*, the daily English-language newspaper published at Tientsin, China, Charles James Fox, the editor, has some interesting comments on Senator William E. Borah. He writes: 'Under the title, "The Senator Nobody Knows—Borah the Enigma—A Politician Who Will Not Play Politics," THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has an interesting and instructive article on the Senior Senator from Idaho. It says: "Yet Borah is probably better known in Europe than any other American except the President." It might with equal truth have added, "And Borah is better known in China than any other American not excepting the President."

'Ask almost any educated Chinese, young or old, to name some one in American history and his answer is almost invariably Lin Kun, which is his pronunciation of Lincoln. Ask the same man to mention a great living American and nine times out of ten his reply is Bor Ah. Stories of the life of Lincoln are to be found in all parts of China and every Chinese, who has been lucky enough to go to school, has read them in his youth. Anything about Borah has "news value," in China.'

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It's the same old South: Josephus Daniels has written a long apology to a prominent citizen whom he had inadvertently called a Republican.—Detroit *News*.

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Iowa Women Now Can Be Legislators

What is believed to be the last remaining vestige of political discrimination against women—ineligibility to sit in a state legislature—has been ended. Iowa, the only state in the Union which prohibited women from having a direct voice in the passage of state statutes, put the eligibility question up to the voters in November with the result that an amendment to the state constitution, which makes women eligible as members of the state legislature, was approved. The granting of woman suffrage by constitutional amendment six years ago in most instances automatically granted to women equal officeholding rights with men. The constitutions of only a few states needed to be changed in this respect.

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Following the news of last week to the effect that the atom is divisible comes a dispatch from Chicago to the effect that skirts are to be shorter and tighter.—New York *World*.

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'News Values' as Seen by Convicts

From a prison cell comes an editorial on crime. It appears in *The Echo*, published by the convicts in Pennsylvania's Western State Penitentiary at Pittsburgh, and it bears a message for newspaper editor and newspaper reader alike:

'Where could the young criminal find a better schooling in crime than from the front pages of the daily newspapers and the feature articles in the supplements of the Sunday papers? To speak of them as primers of crime would be mild. If one were seriously bent on compiling a handbook of crime, for use of criminals, all necessary material could be taken from our average daily newspapers.

'Let any unprejudiced person, who thinks the above is overdrawn, study the first newspaper that comes to hand, and read the headlines of the featured news. Then read the detail with which every phase of any crime is described; the methods used in committing the act; the supposed manner of escape; what the detectives have discovered in the way of clues and how they plan to catch the perpetrators. Then search for news regarding some of the worth-while things in life, some noble action, a deed of devoted self-sacrifice in the interests of mankind, any one of the things that help to make the world better and inspire emulation in the hearts of others. Do you find it on the front page, with a heading an inch high? Or is it more often found on an inside page in an inconspicuous place? What impression can the criminal mind receive when it sees crime hold the chief place in the world?'

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

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With Pennsylvania on one side and Indiana on the other, the Ohio crowd feels as good as anybody.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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How Two Songs Were Born

Five-year-old Patricia Conroy, says the New York *Times*, is proud of her father, Martin Conroy, and of the songs he has composed and published. She stood listening to a phonograph the other day, hearing a soft-throated tenor singing 'If I Had a Girl Like You.' Suddenly she jumped up, clapped her hands and shouted: 'That's daddy's song! That's daddy's song!'

So her 'daddy' filed a suit for $200,000 against the Jerome H. Remick Company, music publishers, for alleged piracy of a song which he had written in 1914 and which he published and copyrighted in 1921. It was entitled 'I Wonder What Makes Me Love You.'

Mr. Conroy says the Remick song, published last year, was lifted bodily from his own published and copyrighted composition. The reply of the Remick Company will be that both songs are direct and obvious steals from Johann Strauss's 'Blue Danube Waltz,' which is not copyrighted

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Giving jazz to England about evened the score. She gave us sparrows.—Los Angeles *Times*.

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Is It 'Is' or Is It 'Are'?

To be *'is'* or not to be *'is'*—that is the question which still confronts high officials of the Burlington Railroad. After two months of eager searching they are still unenlightened as to when *'is'* is to be *'are,'* and when *'are'* is to be *'is.'* It all came about when a vice-president in a circular wrote: 'Along the right of way is a tremendous area in which *is* produced two-thirds of the oats and more than half the corn in the United States.'

The passenger traffic manager erased *'is,'* and substituted *'are.'* The vice-president reinserted *'is.'* Then each appealed to higher authority.

Chicago University said *'is'* is correct. Northwestern University upheld *'are.'* The dispute was carried up to Harvard. That institution approved *'is.'* A dictionary stood by *'are.'*

The vice-president wired Princeton and the traffic manager wired Yale. The answering telegrams came in together.

'Princeton prefers *"is,"'* gleefully shouted the vice-president.

'William Lyon Phelps votes *"are"* for Yale,' retorted the traffic manager. Finally they tossed a coin. *'Is'* won.

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I have no sympathy with this fashion [minimizing and blackening the fame of great men of the past]. Our great Americans who belong to the past were human, of course, but that does not prevent them from becoming great heroes and from doing great work in the liberation and upbuilding of their country. A touch of hero worship is a better quality than any amount of cheap and smart cynicism.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

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Druggists Fight Indecency

Druggists of Dayton, Ohio, have taken a step toward ridding their stores of salacious and suggestive magazines, which may be widely followed throughout the country. At a meeting of their association, the following resolution was adopted and signed: 'Be it resolved, that a committee be appointed to act as censors for the magazines and periodicals sold on our stands, for the purpose of controlling the output of indecent and salacious, if not illegal, magazines that are continually placed on the market by certain publishers who have no regard for moral decency, but simply play their nefarious practice for personal gain. We are of the opinion that such publications contribute in no small degree to moral lassitude and lawlessness, detrimental to moral and physical welfare.'

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE BARN WHERE JOHN Wilkes Booth stabled his horse, and from which he fled after the assassination of President Lincoln, has recently been sold by the War Department for $4,950.

THE CITY COUNCIL OF a city in India has prohibited the killing of mad dogs, on the ground that they are the same as human lunatics and must be put in asylums.

NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED WHALES were taken in Alaskan waters last year.

AN ARMY MULE WHICH strayed away from an army post in Panama was discovered forty-seven days later in a ten-foot hole, with saddle and bridle still on. He had subsisted on vegetation in the hole, and such water as fell his way.

THE WARM-HEARTEDNESS of American tourists is blamed for the recent attacks of dyspepsia suffered by the pigeons of Trafalgar Square, London.

THE HUMAN HEART makes 10 less strokes per minute when the body is in a lying position than when upright.

ON SOME OF THE LARGE ranches in Wyoming it is estimated that fifteen per cent of the cattle are stolen in a year.

AN ENTERPRISING resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, has equipped his radio set with eight loud speakers which he has installed in the homes of eight neighbors. He charges them two dollars a month each for the service.

ONE OF EVERY THREE persons in New York City is a Jew.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT recently destroyed $500,000 in counterfeit money which had been captured by the Secret Service over a long period. There were 20,000 counterfeit coins.

AN AUSTRALIAN PARROT in the London Zoo has gnawed his way out of eighteen cages in three years.

IN THE NORTHWESTERN PART of the United States there is an area of almost 200,000 square miles of solid lava, due to prehistoric volcanic eruptions.

THE TALL COCONUT palm tree helps supply mankind with buttons, soap, candles, candy, butter, sugar, paper, rope, baskets, brushes, mucilage and many other articles. To the savage it supplies all earthly needs, building materials, fuel, sleeping mats, food, drink and medicine.

IN JUNE, 1875, AN ACCIDENT to one of the experimental 'harmonic telegraph' instruments causing a vibration to be reproduced on a similar instrument in the next room gave Alexander Graham Bell the idea for the telephone.

DISCOVERY OF A sacred bowl, representing an antelope, has been made in the ruins of Elden Pueblo, near Flagstaff, Arizona, by the Smithsonian Institution.

THE TEREDO, or ship worm, which does great damage to ships, piers and wharves, has in its head small hard shells which form a drill powerful enough to bore into the hardest woods.

MONKS OF THE Benedictine Order are rebuilding the abbey of Buckfast in Devonshire, England, on the exact spot where it stood when it was destroyed one thousand years ago. These monks are noted beekeepers.

SHOES, FITTED WITH safety garters that slip on over the toe and sole and will not slip off during the wriggling foot movements of the Charleston, are becoming popular in London.

A PORTRAIT OF King James I, carved on a plum stone encased in a crystal and framed in gold, has been presented to the Chapter of Southwark Cathedral.

ANDORRA, A REPUBLIC in the Pyrenees between France and Spain, has no army, no taxation, no motor cars, and no roads.

IF THE HOUSEWIVES in the United States were paid for their home service at the rate of fifteen dollars a week, the payroll would amount to $17,000,000,000 yearly.

THE FIRST KINDERGARTEN in America was started at Watertown, Wisconsin, by the wife of Carl Schurz.

FRAU E. VON ISACESCU, of Vienna, is said to be the first woman who attempted to swim the English Channel. She made her first attempt in 1890.

IN THE ISLAND OF HAO, a French possession in the mid-Pacific, rats serve as mediums of exchange and with a sufficient number a man can buy a wife.

IN THE OZARKS a 'blowing' cave, in which the temperature stays around 40 degrees Fahrenheit, is used by the fruit growers of the vicinity as a mammoth storage plant.

AN OYSTER CONTAINING a $500 pearl was fished up from a Scottish river by a girl golfer who was searching for a ball that had fallen into the water.

THERE ARE EIGHTY-SEVEN women scientists, including chemists, zoölogists, physicists, botanists and pathologists, employed in the Government departments in Washington.

A NEW JERSEY schoolgirl found a dime coined in 1783. The coin is worth about $300.

ACCORDING TO AN OLD Japanese custom ten virtues were ascribed to tea drinking. They were: protection by all divinities, filial duty to parents, suppression of all evils, the vanishing of drowsiness, the harmony of all vital organs, immunity from disease and everlasting good health, amity in friendship, the keeping of a right mind and correct morals, the dispersion of all passions and a peaceful deathbed.

THE EARLY ROMANS at first had only one name, later three, praenomen, nomen, and cognomen.

AS A PLEA FOR RAIN the natives of Angola, on the west coast of Africa, cut off a man's arm at the shoulder and plant it in the ground with the hand sticking up.

THERE ARE ABOUT two gallons of blood in the body of the average man or woman

STARTING FROM SILVER SPRINGS, Maryland, in 1925, Frank M. Heath rode the same horse through thirty-two states, covering 5,898 miles.

'SNOW' FOR USE IN motion pictures has been successfully made from pine shavings.

GEORGETOWN, KENTUCKY, a city of about 5,000 population, obtains its drinking water from a natural spring known as Big Spring.

THIS YEAR MORE than fifty per cent of the students of Robert College, Constantinople, an American institution, are Turks, as compared with five per cent before the war.

GENERAL CHANG HAS ordered 4,500 Bibles and 6,000 New Testaments through the agency of the American Bible Society in China for the officers and men of his army.

IN AUTUMN BEES feeding on overripe plums sometimes become intoxicated.

IN EUROPE BRACELETS have been designed from coconut shells ornamented with gems and precious metals.

W. L. MARCY, OF New York, United States Senator a hundred years ago, is said to have first used the saying, 'To the victors belong the spoils.'

MANY OF THE 10,000,000 inhabitants of the Philippines are being converted to the wearing of hosiery.

A HAMADRYAD, OR KING cobra, from New Guinea, has been added to the Zoölogical Garden in London. It can strike to a height of six or seven feet and inject twenty drops of venom, two drops of which cause death.

PORTABLE RADIOS WITH aerials in parasol form are a novelty in Japan.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the duty of the American family to keep itself solvent.

One problem that Congress must face—and solve—during the short session is radio control. The 'air' is rapidly progressing from confusion to chaos; if something is not done soon the millions invested in radio may be seriously imperiled. That Congress realizes the seriousness of the situation is evidenced by the consideration being given to the bills now before it. (p. 1)

An American race is evolving, distinct from any other in the world. The make-up of the future citizen is not being left altogether to chance as in the past; definite elements enter in that will have important bearing on the generations as yet unborn. (p. 6)

And in thinking of Americans of the future, it is interesting to consider those of the past, the remote past. Who really did discover America? A dozen men seem to have good claims to the honor. (p. 2)

AN interesting story of the Custer Massacre, which he heard first hand from Chief Rain-in-the-Face years after the battle, is contained in a letter from a Californian:

Downey, California.

Your recent answer to the question: 'Where are the graves of General Custer's men located,' is erroneous. They are buried in the National Cemetery located on the Custer Battle Ground, seventy miles east of Billings, about halfway between Crow Agency and the station of Garryowen, on the Burlington Railway, two miles south of the railway on the ridge just above the site of the Sioux village that Custer was planning to capture, when suddenly he was surrounded by 3,000 Sioux Indians. Years after, in company with Colonel Cody and 'Curley' the Crow scout who witnessed the massacre, I listened to Chief Rain-in-the-Face tell of the battle. A powder-burned bullet hole in Custer's right temple when his body was found, suggested possible suicide, but Rain-in-the-Face stated to the contrary: 'All killed but Custer; he nothing to shoot but fight with broken sword; cry all time (spasmodic sobbing probably), no stop; I shoot him.' Old Sitting Bull then cut Custer's heart out and drank the blood. Otherwise, the body of Custer was not mutilated, he was not scalped. Every other body however had been terribly hacked and mutilated when found.

Occasionally we read of the death of 'the last survivor of the Custer Battle,' but that 'remnant' passed away some years after the fight at Fort Riley, Kansas; an old cavalry horse that the soldiers named 'Pawnee' who was found by a detachment of the 10th Cavalry, three days after the fight, saddled and bridled, stumbling around with one foreleg broken by a gun shot, the only living thing among the bodies of 473 dead men. Under other conditions, he would have been shot, but the veterinary surgeons patched him up. Every other mount and all the riders had been slaughtered, and it was generally believed that the old animal, after having escaped the slaughter of the horses and the detachment under Captain Keogh, left in the rear of the command that dismounted and advanced on foot, had after the battle was over, returned to the scene and was *hunting for his rider*, who had probably often fed him a little sugar from his hand. The boys of the 10th so construed it, saved him from execution and returned him to the 7th that nursed him until he, 'the real Last Survivor' passed away. 'Curley,' the Crow scout, coming from Major North with dispatches to Custer, reached about one mile from the battle-field and kept concealed during the action, made his way back to North, knelt down and sticking a lot of twigs in the sand 'swiped' them away with his hand saying: 'Custer, all gone!'

Now on the battle-ground, the spot where each dead soldier was found is marked by a permanent white stone. They are clustered thickly around the cross that marks the fall of Custer, and from there, a 'trail' extends back over one mile; clusters of three and four, and occasionally two, that mark the spot where 'buddies' stood back to back, and died. The last distant stone stands solitary and alone, telling where he who was then probably *the last survivor* was overtaken.

C. P. PHILBRICK.

'HAVE you ever tried to keep a hard-worked, healthy man happy on food costing little more than ten cents a meal?'—The question comes from an army officer on the Pacific Coast. His name is omitted because his personal point of view conflicts with the Government's official economy program:

Fort McArthur,
San Pedro, California.

I was very much interested in your editorial, 'In Line of Duty'—and particularly the last paragraph thereof—which appeared in your issue of November 27.

As this post is situated nearest the heart of the movie industry, let me tell you of our predicament. Although this is one of the most important harbors for the United States Fleet, and consequently its defense is of similar importance, we are carrying on with less than 200 officers and men. Consequently, most of the armament is out of service—although we try to keep it in first-class condition and to do all of the other duties and exercises so necessary to keep soldiers in readiness for war. It would be obvious, then, that everyone works.

The Government allows from thirty to thirty-five cents a day on which to feed a soldier, and a large part of the food is bought by individual purchases from local stores, not through the Quartermaster. We pay about the same price as everyone else. The ration allowance for November is 33.35 cents per day. Have you ever tried to keep a hard-worked, healthy man happy on food costing little more than ten cents a meal?

The officers over these men are held responsible that they are contented, for a discontented army breeds trouble. Consequently, every available cent that can be scraped up to add to the mess fund is eagerly grasped.

Where can we get it? Not from the Government. We cannot get it by charging admission to athletic affairs, for that is forbidden. We cannot tax the men, for a buck private at $21 has little enough after he has paid for having his uniform altered or pressed, his laundry, toilet articles, hair-cuts and a few movies.

The only place where we can get it is from the profits of the Post Exchange—an indirect tax on the officers and men and by *gifts* from civilians. So far as this small post is concerned, our income from the Post Exchange, which operates in competition with the stores in the surrounding city, is not very great. The *gifts from civilians* come almost entirely from the local motion picture producers in return for our services *given only when it does not interfere with our training.*

This money goes into the regimental and battery funds and enables us to provide food of sufficient quantity and quality to keep the men satisfied, to purchase athletic equipment and to obtain many another little item for which the Government makes no provision—but expects us to have.

So, until such time as some good American can induce the Government to feed the army decently 'the practice of lending American soldiers' and 'subverting their dignity' will be gladly indulged in as the best available means of obtaining that which every ordinary human most desires—decent food.

(Signed) ——— ———
Third Coast Artillery.

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ALLAN L. BENSON, magazine writer and formerly prominent in politics, was an original radio fan. He discusses legislation which is urgently needed to remedy the 'congestion of the air.' (p. 1)

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS, well-known newspaperman, concludes his series on the press by explaining how silly errors creep into print. (p. 3)

AARON HARDY ULM 'comes of old American, pre-Revolution stock, the direct ancestral line being German and the collateral lines Irish, English, Scotch, and many others.' Noted as a Washington political correspondent, he treats here with the 'American race' now in the process of evolution. (p. 5)

HAL WALKER, as foreign correspondent of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, visited the land of the Alaouites with officers of the famous French Foreign Legion. (p. 7)

MAY B. WHITING is familiar to DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers for her delightful articles on literature, and men of letters. (p. 8)

HUGH WALPOLE, famous English author is now lecturing in America. His latest book *Harmer John*, is numbered among current best sellers. (p. 12)

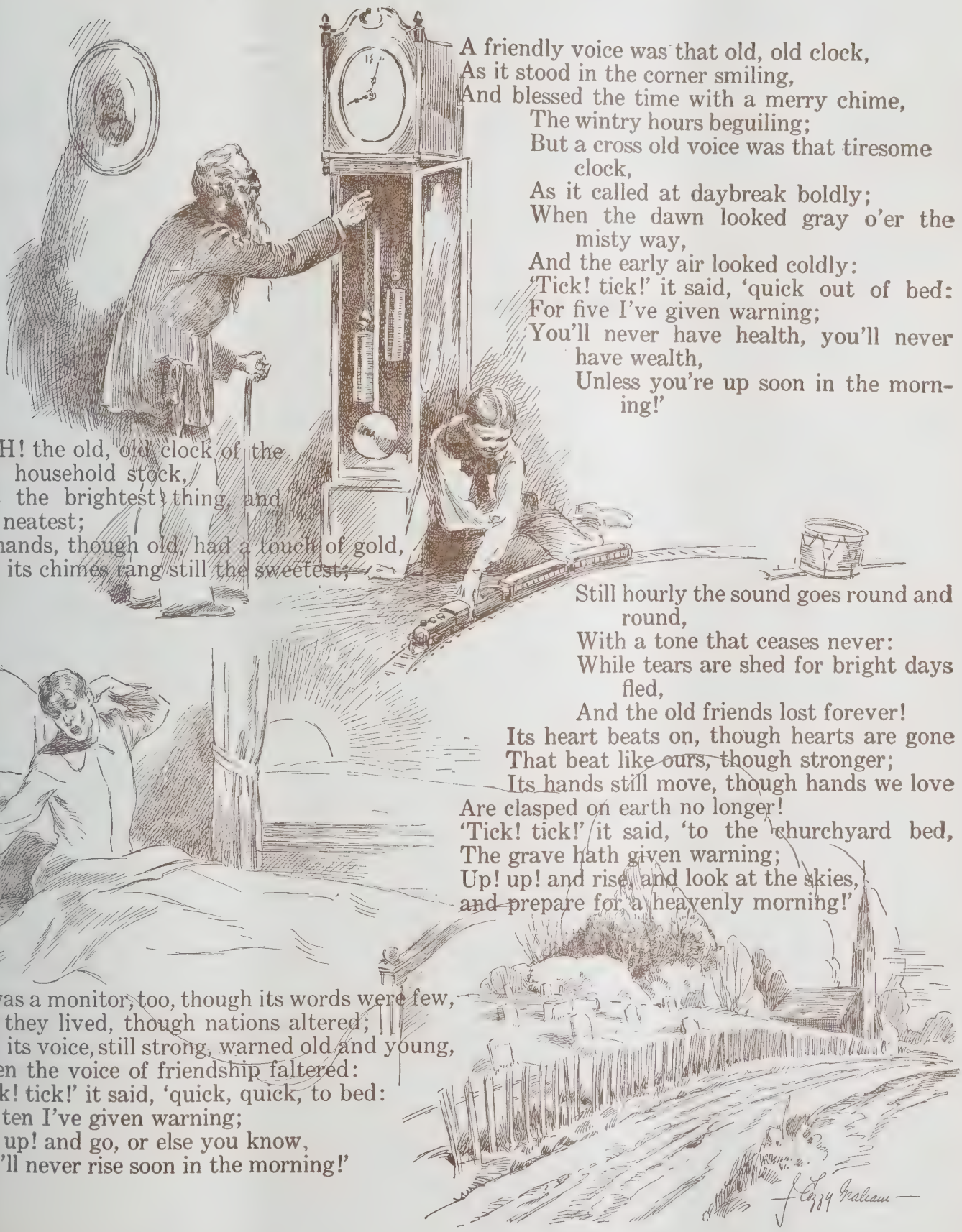
FRED L. HOLMES is a newspaperman and magazine writer. (p. 18)

LOUIS C. KARPINSKI, professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan, is an outstanding authority on American history. He is at present in Europe preparing a series of articles on current political and scientific events. (p. 21)

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Detroit, has traveled extensively abroad, and has a wide acquaintanceship among noted Europeans. (p. 24)

The Old House Clock

from McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader, Series of 1879



OH! the old, old clock of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chimes rang still the sweetest;

'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
'Tick! tick!' it said, 'quick, quick, to bed:
For ten I've given warning;
Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!'

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air looked coldly:
'Tick! tick!' it said, 'quick out of bed:
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never:
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
That beat like ours, though stronger;
Its hands still move, though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
'Tick! tick!' it said, 'to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning;
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!'

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URBANA ILL

BUT Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination,—it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy. A man dissatisfied with his endeavors is a man tempted to sadness. And in the midst of winter, when his life runs lowest and he is reminded of the empty chairs of his beloved, it is well that he should be condemned to this fashion of the smiling face.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson,*
in 'A Christmas Sermon.'

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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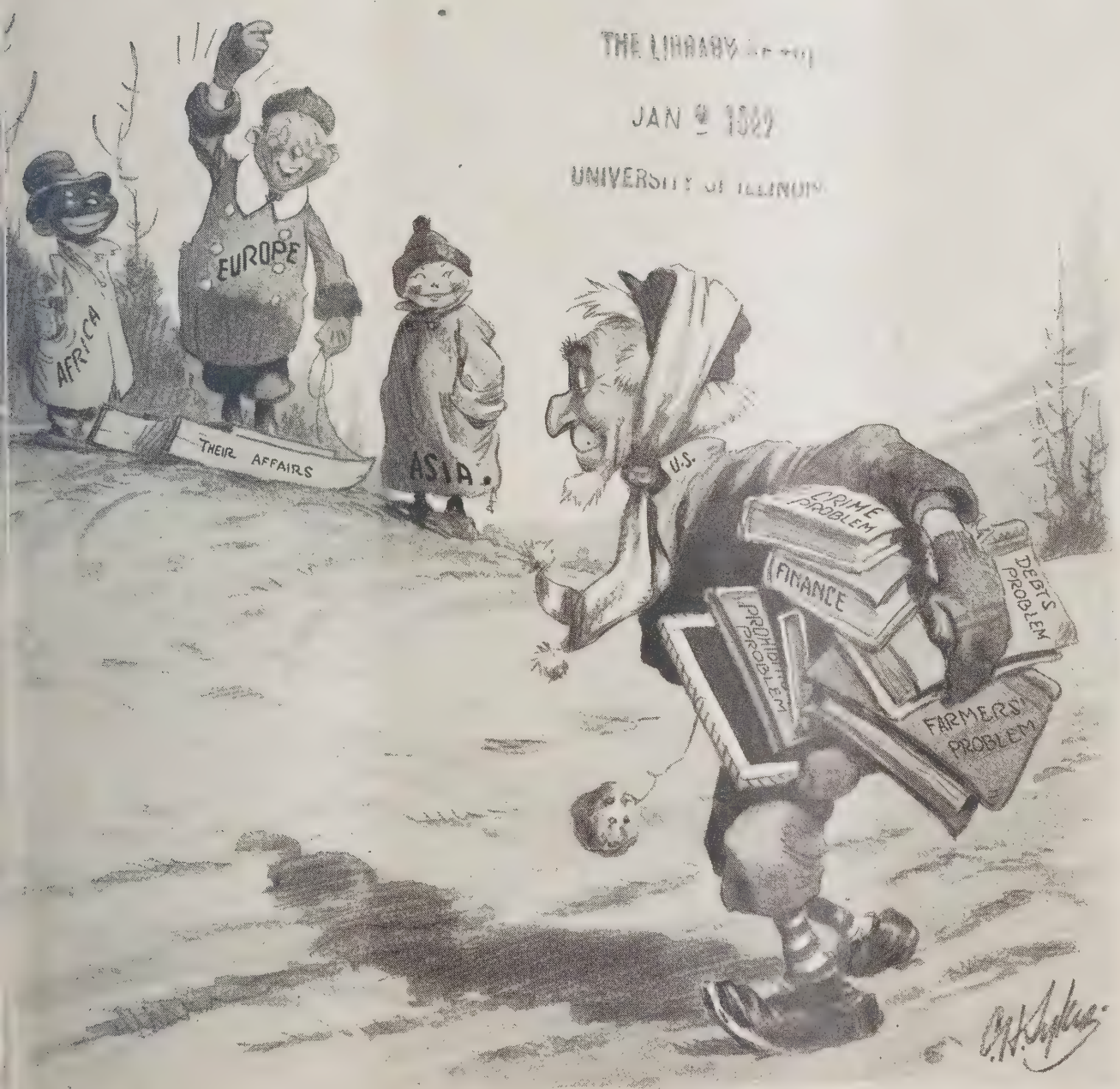

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AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

ANUARY 1
1927

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Overfinancing *the* Building Boom

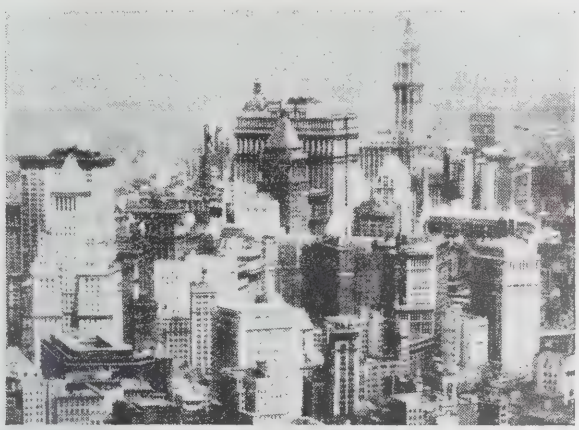
It Has Forced Many Bankers *to 'Carry'* Great Properties *Whose* Securities *They Sold to the* Trusting Public

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE telephone sounded on the desk of the realty expert who has the reputation of owing as much as, if not re than, any man in the ntry on the complex and putable subject of build- and land values. As an icial of a corporation that s loans of close upon one lion dollars on real estate the United States and nada, he has devoted two ades exclusively to the dy of such values. The lty man began speaking his friend at the other end the wire. He spoke em- atically; he tried to im- ss his hearer. 'Don't you it,' he said. 'Take my vice. If you were twenty rs younger, perhaps I ght say "Go ahead—take hance." But you've got the money you want. I h I had as much. Why n't you go to Europe, or p on playing golf? Yes, I know the property, but t section is overbuilt; l that's why I'm telling u that if you go into this ing now, you'll only rten your life.'

The dialog ended un- isfactorily, and the speak- turned to me and re- rked: 'That man has a lion dollars on which he getting eight per cent erest—$80,000 a year. e money burns in his ds.

'He wants to put it into big building project. You heard at I told him; but'—and he shrugged shoulders—'I know he won't listen my words. It is quite useless.'



—Brown Brothers Photo.

Part of Lower Manhattan.

THE astonishing building boom that has swept the country in the past six years has beautified the streets, avenues and landscapes of hundreds of American cities; magnificent hotels rear their proud facades; theaters of a capacity heretofore unknown have opened their portals; industrial buildings, twenty-five to thirty stories and more, in the pyramid style of modern architecture, lift their towers in thoroughfares which previously were lined with dismal tenements or grimy lofts; the states are punctuated with new suburban developments, dotted with English country houses, Colonial homes and Elizabethan manors, and sandy stretches of seashore, sound and lakeside have been converted into bungalow colonies clustering about golf courses and country clubs.

But as in all large public movements that are influenced by mass psychology, where much has been well and even splendidly done, indiscreet enthusiasm often leads to over-accomplishment, and this to disaster.

It is true that countless fortunes have been made in speculative buildings and development projects, but it also cannot be denied that in them fortunes have been embarrassed and even lost. Legitimate undertakings, backed with ample capital and with wise forethought, are garnering and will continue to garner the reward of their efforts, and securities issued against them in the shape of bonds, whose issues are prudently designed and guaranteed by strong surpluses, are sound.

Opinions on this subject have been sounded frequently since the early part of last year; their sponsors are divided into two groups. Realty and investment authorities have been trying to warn builders, property owners and mortgage-bond investors against the perils of overbuilding.

They have pointed out that one-eighth of the national income was expended in 1925 in construction. They maintain that many of the very largest buildings, hotels, apartment houses and lofts are already unnecessary; that while they may readily be filled with tenants, yet these will be drawn from structures somewhat older, but still available in every modern sense. They insist that bond houses put up many buildings in their anxiety to continue selling first-mortgage bonds to the public; that speculative builders, borrowing to the full the cost of construction, disregarding the income-bearing possibilities of the buildings they sponsor, sell them out at a profit, only to put the proceeds from their sales into fresh ventures; that even banks and financial institu-

tions rear monumental piles to perpetuate their names, and fill them with tenants by offering inducements that amount sometimes practically to free rentals. They say that they do not wish to place a check upon enterprise or expansion, but that a continuance of the above-named practices will involve unpleasant consequences.

—Brown Brothers Photo.
Where a sense of balance is essential.

The second group, composed of builders, or rather of bankers who finance building enterprises and market their securities, vigorously dispute the contentions of the realty authorities. And their reasoning is quite effective, if not to say convincing to many persons. The banker-builders maintain that the old and conservative methods of real-estate financing, based on European tradition, no longer meet the demands of the day; that modern enterprise and the abundance of liquid capital justify the adoption of newer and bolder principles of financing construction.

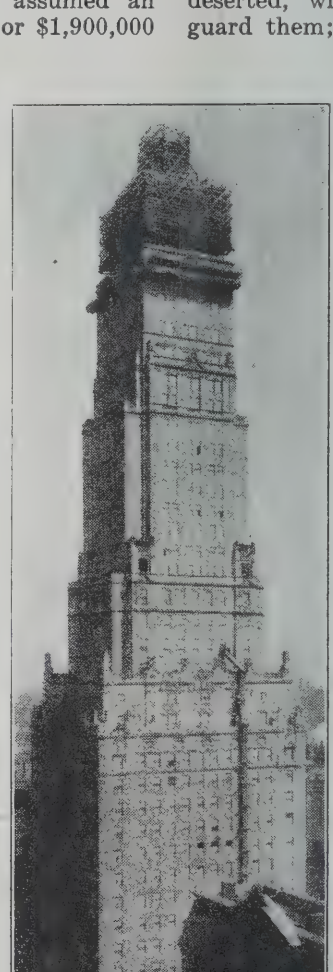
They argue that many of the proudest buildings that now grace the cities of the United States would not have come into being had they not been backed by the monetary support afforded by the newer system of finance. And they illustrate their argument with two facts: first, that their flotation of bond issues on new buildings has been uniformly successful, and second, that clients who have invested in such securities have never lost either principal or interest.

By the very intricacy of such arguments, the average person is confused. Time alone can be the great arbiter of the dispute. Results count, and the situation as it exists today is rather remarkable, even amazing, but as yet by no means tragic. Examples will be given of the actual condition of certain enterprises which loomed largely and brilliantly in the building boom of the last few years.

A few years ago a man from California headed east and broached to his friend, an investment banker, in one of the largest cities on the Atlantic seaboard, his ideas of organizing a hotel enterprise. He schemed to build a caravansary unexampled in that city—one which would be the last word in exclusiveness and elegance, and situated, quite naturally, in an ultrafashionable neighborhood. The banker listened and became convinced that the plan had merit; he agreed to raise money for the project from the public. His banking house had a country-wide prestige, and he never stinted his advertising bills. He succeeded in selling $6,500,000 in securities on this hotel proposition to investors who were eager to place their money safely in the best security of which they knew—that is, first-mortgage real-estate bonds.

Now the land on which the hotel stood had cost $1,000,000, and the building itself, outfitted with all improvements and innovations imaginable, cost an additional $3,600,000. Thus the property, which had cost the sum of $4,600,000, had assumed an obligation of $6,500,000, or $1,900,000 more than its builders had expended upon it. It is true that an additional security had been placed under the mortgage, namely the hotel furnishings, which were lavish but perishable.

Some time later the hotel promoter and the banker fell out; something happened to produce a rift in their relations, and the banker, whose boast was that investors in securities issued by his house should never lose a penny, 'took over' the hotel. That is to say, the banking house itself, which had underwritten and marketed the bonds, placed in charge of the property its own manager, and today conducts the hotel as part of its institutional enterprise. In other words, the banking house went into the hotel business as a side line, assuming the risks of the enterprise. The hotel is said to be prospering, and no objections have been raised to this arrangement; the bondholders have no cause for complaint.



Ritz Tower, New York.

In another eastern city, a simi enterprise was financed by a differe bond and mortgage house. This hot with its interior decorations, its furni ings and its cuisine, is in truth beautiful and attractive place, and great popularity with national a international visitors who make their headquarters. But like ma things beautiful and expensive, financial returns were such that bankers who sold its bonds have a 'taken over' the property, and running it today. These financiers th have also gone into the business hotel management.

In one of New York City's choic residential districts, overlooking sweep of the Hudson River, th stands today a tragic reminder of uncertainties attending the financ of real-estate ventures. An impos building rises to a height of twe stories, the upper ones being in tower formation now required by bui ing authorities, that light and air m not be shut out from neighbor structures.

For two years the majestic has reared its walls, abandoned a deserted, with only a watchman guard them; its hundreds of windo stand agape; bel them, wooden brid still cover the si walks to protect destrians from t dangers of t falling building ma rial; but the bu workmen are abs from the buildin still unfinished in rior. A group of p sicians had planned erect here a hospi apartment hou where wealthy in lids could live wh receiving medical tendance.

The enterprise v novel, and perha somewhat ventu some from the sta point of success, finally a bond ho was found willing finance the sche The walls were up, but before building could be co pleted financi troubles interven For two years the completed struct has stood vacant, a according to rep during that peri several of its found have suffered crush losses; one man is s to have dropped

(Concluded on page 22)

Vicente Ibanez at his villa at Mentone, France. —*Herbert Photo.*

Vicente Blasco Ibañez

DON QUIXOTE *of the Twentieth Century*

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

THERE is not a little about the Spanish patriot and revolutionary, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, in his lonely exile, that resembles his famous fictional compatriot, Don Quixote, and his battle against the windmills. Don Quixote, too, was a reformer, if you will recall, fighting against the obsolete tyranny of feudalism and chivalry. He was a singular, sad figure who fought all his battles alone, being deserted even by his otherwise faithful Sancho Panza. He and his ideas were received and combated as a visionary and each encounter seemed to result in utter defeat, leaving him grievously wounded in soul and body. Yet in the end this fictitious Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance did more than any other to break up the barbarism that he attacked.

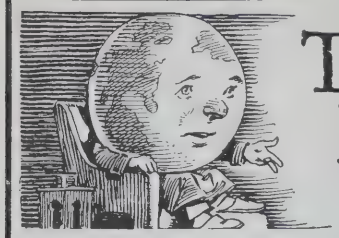
In his native Spain, Ibañez, too, is regarded—by his political opponents at least—as a visionary. His battles thus far have been seemingly as ineffectual as Don Quixote's encounters with windmills and have resulted in the main by his being clapped into jail, spending not days but years at the hands of the people whom he was trying to save. Finally, it has resulted in his expulsion from his native land under a threat of imprisonment and death should he ever return.

UNDAUNTED, however, he continues to propagandize revolution in Spain from his retreat in the French Riviera. It is said that he is in constant danger of assassination from spies that surround his villa; that he maintains a life guard and goes about armed to the teeth.

Don Quixote had his other side; he was one of the most comic figures in all literature. Ibañez shares this comic side with Quixote; there are moments when the revolution takes on a South American aspect. Ibañez, too, has the most doleful of countenances. (You have seen the kind of people I mean, who are so glum that they make you smile?) But it is no laughing matter for them, heaven knows!

Ibañez's retreat is in the village—or just out of it—of Mentone, the frontier town of the French Riviera on the way to Italy. From the observation terrace of Villa Fontana Rosa, as Ibañez calls his place, you can see the curving shores of Italy only a few miles away. But Ibañez may never set his foot upon them, because Mussolini is opposed to all revolutionists and will not grant them passport visas. And Ibañez told me he pined for Italy!

I arrived in Mentone from Monte Carlo one warm Riviera winter's morning. I took a tiny tram down in the market place with the usual first and second class places divided by the hair-line distinction of having a carpet nailed over the board seats. All the way out to Garavan, the section where I knew Ibañez lived, I saw signs: 'Villa Fontana Rosa,' with an arrow indicating the direction. I had idly thought it advertised a hotel, or some public place. When I alighted from the tram I was informed that the Villa Fontana Rosa was the residence of Ibañez. One could not possibly miss the way. This was (*Continued on page 21*)



The World Tells Its Tale of 1926

BY HARRY PENCE

AS THE year 1925 drew to a close many important events transpired which had direct bearing on the new year.

Congress convened and the House promptly passed a bill reducing federal income taxes. Turkey refused to accept the League of Nation's award in the Mosul controversy. The Irish Free State and Ulster settled their border dispute. As had been anticipated, an army court-martial convicted Colonel William Mitchell of insubordination and suspended him from his rank, duties and pay for five years. He resigned from the service. General Smedley D. Butler left Philadelphia amid a blaze of charges and countercharges.

On the very last day of 1925 Crown Prince Carol renounced his right of succession to the throne of Rumania.

Jan.

The new year found Germany in quest of a chancellor who could form a coalition cabinet and France in eager search for a minister of finance who could balance the national budget. The German Reichstag wrangled until President von Hindenburg dropped distinct hints of a dictatorship, which brought about the approval of Hans Luther's cabinet on January 19. In Latin America civil war had again broken out in Nicaragua, from the capital of which American marines had been withdrawn in August, 1925, after 13 years of occupation. The Tacna-Arica controversy between Chile and Peru became daily less amenable to settlement.

In this country the courts made considerable progress in January. On January 2, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals confirmed the conviction of Charles R. Forbes, former director of the Veterans' Bureau, and John W. Thompson, a favored contractor, for defrauding the Government and disabled soldiers and on January 11, the United States Supreme Court refused to review the conviction of Congressman John W. Langley, of Kentucky, for violation of the federal liquor laws. Langley promptly began serving his sentence. Thompson died on May 3. Forbes entered prison at Leavenworth on March 20. Langley did not resign his seat in Congress until the Supreme Court took final action in his case and when he did so his wife became a candidate for the vacancy. She lost in her first effort but in the regular primary in August she was nominated and was elected in November.

Another court decree of far-reaching consequence was the affirmation by the Federal Court of Appeals of the cancellation of Elk Hills oil land lease to the company headed by E. L. Doheny. In Hungary on January 5 a gigantic counterfeiting conspiracy was unearthed. Prince Ludwig Windisch Graetz had undertaken to finance a royalist coup with bogus French francs, for which misdeed he and his associates are now serving prison sentences.

On January 4, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon appeared before a committee of the House of Representatives and explained that the war debt settlements negotiated with foreign nations were equitable and generous without sacrifice of American interests. Later in the year he told a somewhat different story, but in the meantime the pacts had been ratified, the House approving those with Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia and Latvia on January 16.

After a stubborn fight in which a cloture was invoked the Senate, on January 27, voted for the adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice (World Court), with reservations. On January 25, the United States Liner, *President Roosevelt*, went to the aid of the British freighter, *Antinoe*, and standing by for four days took off the crew of twenty-five men at imminent peril to the rescuers. For this Captain George Fried and his crew were decorated by King George and were accorded a rousing reception on their return to New York on February 16.

Feb.

During this month the Senate took up the House tax reduction bill and, aside from repealing the publicity clause, added reduction to reduction until Administration and House loudly protested. This bill, the Revenue Act of 1926, was passed by the Senate on February 12, and was sent to conference. Most of the Senate amendments survived. The conference report providing for reductions of approximately $387,000,000 was accepted by the House on February 23, by the Senate of the following day and was signed by the President February 26. Instead of the promised deficit the Treasury now reports a surplus.

Mar.

In March the French Chamber of Deputies defeated Premier Briand's finance bill and he resigned his eighth premiership, only to reorganize his cabinet and undertake the job for the ninth time. A newspaper 'straw vote' on modification of the Volstead Law showed a 'wet' majority in 'wet' districts. The Tacna-Arica situation became more confused by the demands of Peruvians for protection during the registrations for the forthcoming plebiscite.

In the year 1925 undoubtedly the most

memorable event was the negotiation of the Locarno pact in which France and Germany gave mutual pledges to maintain peace on the basis to the status quo, with England, Italy and Belgium as guardians of the principals and guarantors of their good faith. According to this agreement, after its ratification Germany was to be admitted to the League of Nations with a permanent seat in the League Council. The League was called into special session at Geneva on March 8. France wanted Poland also to have a permanent seat in the council; Spain and Brazil both wanted seats on their own account. Japan objected to the whole proceedings for reasons of her own. Germany refused to compromise and on March 17 it was agreed to let the matter go over till the regular meeting of the assembly in September.

This month marked the first of a number of attacks upon the life of the Italian dictator, Benito Mussolini. On April 7, Violet Gibson, an English woman supposed to be mildly demented, shot at him and inflicted a slight wound on his nose.

On April 12 the Senate ousted Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa, seating a Democrat in his place. It was poor strategy, for he forthwith entered the primaries against Senator A. B. Cummins, loyal administration man, and defeated him for the nomination. Senator Cummins was 76 years of age at the time, and he died on July 30. On the day after the Iowa primaries Frank L. Smith won the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Illinois defeating Senator W. B. McKinley. In the wake of this election and the primaries in Pennsylvania, came a senatorial investigation into the extravagant use of money by various candidates.

General Pangalos was inaugurated as president of Greece on April 18.

The Senate ratified the war debt pact with Italy on April 21. An apostolic letter from Pope Pius XI to the bishops of Mexico, on April 19, clearly foreshadowed trouble which materialized before the year was much older.

On April 27 the most spectacular of a long series of murders in the Chicago crime war zone took place in the village of Cicero, in which William McSwiggin, assistant district attorney of Cook County, was among those slain in a machine-gun barrage. Investigations which followed got nowhere.

After long negotiations the British coal miners and mine owners failed to agree on terms, and continuance of the industry. In 1925 an impasse had been averted by a government bounty, but the time allowed for settlement of the differences passed without effective action. The miners went out on strike May 3 and union leaders called a general strike which paralyzed industry in the British Isles until it was called off, May 12. The coal strike became a struggle of attrition, the men drifting back gradually until, on November 13, the Miners' Federation gave up the fight and advised the miners to accept a compromise which was little less than complete surrender.

In May the North Pole was twice visited. On May 9 Lieutenant Commander R. E. Byrd, United States Navy, circled the Pole in a plane, setting out from and returning to Spitzbergen. Two days later Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, with Lincoln Ellsworth, American, left Spitzbergen in the Italian dirigible, *Norge*, crossing the Pole May 12, and landed at Teller, Alaska.

On the day Amundsen passed over the Pole, Marshal Pilsudski, former premier of Poland, advanced on Warsaw with his army. President Wojoischowski and his associates fled, the city fell into the hands of the invaders, many were killed in the advance, but by the end of the month a semblance of order was restored with Pilsudski declining office but directing affairs from the background.

On May 6 Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney-General of the United States, Thomas H. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian, and John T. King, once Republican national committeeman for Connecticut, were indicted for fraud against the Government in the return of sequestered property to the American Metals Company, a German firm, the specific charge in the case of Daugherty and Miller being denying the Government their faithful and unbiased services. King died a week after the indictment. The trial began September 6. On October 11 the jury disagreed. The case, called for retrial, has been set for a date early in January.

The next to the last day in May Abd-el-Krim, the turbulent chieftain of the Riff in Morocco, who practically drove the Spanish out of the hills and caused the French heavy losses at a time they couldn't afford it, surrendered. With his eight wives he was transported to Reunion Island in the Indian Ocean in August. On May 27 Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, and his wife, Princess Louise, arrived in New York, spent several weeks in America, and departed for the Orient. The Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia opened its gates May 31.

When William S. Vare, Congressman and political boss of Philadelphia, defeated Senator George W. Pepper and Governor Gifford Pinchot for the nomination in May, there was some surprise. This gave place to amazement, when a Senate committee, investigating charges of misuse of money in the campaign, discovered in June that the three candidates spent $2,793,587.02. After the adjournment of Congress in July the committee, headed by Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, went to Chicago and found a similar condition. On June 15 the effort to settle the Tacna-Arica controversy by means of the plebiscite prescribed by President Coolidge practically collapsed. Chile announced intent to re-

(Continued on page 24)

How the STORMS That Rage on the SUN Affect the EARTH

By
PROFESSOR F. R. MOULTON
As Told to
J. V. NASH

Professor Moulton.

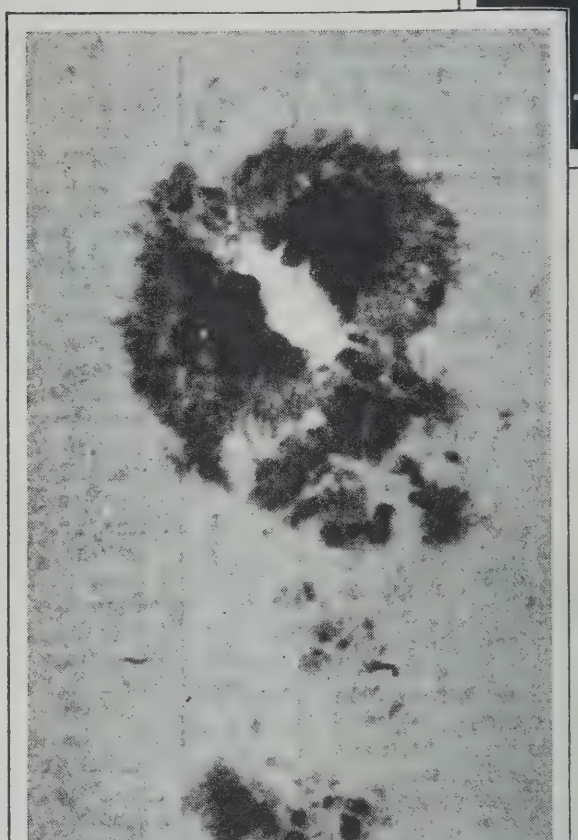
To the observer on the earth, the sun seems to pursue its placid way across the heavens, day after day, with no disturbances visible on its radiant face. But the astronomer, looking through his telescope, gets a view of solar storms of a scope and intensity compared with which the recent Florida hurricane was less than a light summer zephyr rippling the surface of a small pond.

Sun storms, with the accompanying phenomenon of sun spots, are not merely of academic interest. Nothing could be of more vital practical concern to human beings than a serious disorganizing of the sun, for it is upon the light and heat radiated from the sun, and the continuance of that radiation without marked fluctuation, that the existence of all life upon the earth depends. Then, too, the sun, as the dominating member of our solar system, governs the motions of all the planets, including our earth.

The amount of solar energy which is thrown into space by the sun is so immense as to be far beyond ordinary comprehension. It has been calculated that the energy radiated per square yard from the sun's surface is equivalent to 70,000 horse power. This represents an amount of heat energy which would melt a layer of ice 2,200 feet thick every hour all over the surface of the sun; it would melt a globe of ice as large as the earth in two hours and forty minutes.

The rate at which radiant energy of all wave lengths is received by the earth from the sun at the outer surface of the earth's atmosphere when the sun is at its mean distance is, in terms of mechanical work, 1.51 horse power per square yard, and the rate at which solar energy is intercepted by the whole earth is, in round numbers, 230 trillion horse power. Three hundred horse power are received on a building 50x150 feet. From another point of view, the earth is receiving energy from the sun at the rate of 160 horse power per inhabitant of the world. Yet less than one two-billionth of the energy poured forth by the sun is intercepted by the earth.

The rate of radiation from the sun



—All Photos Courtesy Yerkes Observatory.
The great sun spot of July, 1905.

Sun storm. This jet-like prominence is shooting out from the sun's edge 124,200 miles.

sometimes varies in a few da by as much as 10 per cent. this change were to persist for long period, it would have serious effect upon the temper ture of the earth.

Few, perhaps, realize that t sun is the cause of all the stor that arise on the earth. The s warms the air over the equa rial regions of the earth more th that over the higher latitud and the resulting currents th are set up produce our win Wind has been an importa source of energy utilized by m and all of that energy came fr the sun.

Again, all the water pow on the earth has been created the sun. The sun's heat eva rates the water of the ocean a raises it into the air a half-m or more, the winds carry a p of this water out over the la where it falls as rain or sno and in descending again to t ocean it plunges over precipices falls at steep grades, and ener is released.

The amount of work that t sun does in raising water wh falls again as rain may be realiz when it is pointed out that in t eastern half of the United Stat where the annual rainfall about thirty-five inches, 2,000,000 t of water fall on each square mile fr a height of half a mile or more.

Thus, too, coal—upon which civ ization is largely dependent for t maintenance of the great industr processes—is a child of the sun. was formed from plants which ages flourished on the earth. In millions tiny cells the sun's energy broke up carbon dioxide, which they inha from the atmosphere; then the oxy was exhaled, and the carbon was sto up in their tissues. When coal is burn the energy which the sun origina

ut into the plant is given up again. he energy derived from petroleum—e other great source of modern echanical power—has a similar hisry.

In short, all the important varieties energy used by man can be traced ack to the sun.

The source of the sun's heat is robably in the subatomic energies of e mass of which it is composed, and s radiation is probably in some way the expense of its mass. Nevertheless, it seems probable from several es of evidence that the sun will ntinue to illuminate and heat the rth at approximately the present te for hundreds of millions of years in e future, as it has done for corresnding ages in the past.

The titanic storms which rage on e surface of the sun are perhaps the ost extraordinary and fascinating of l the celestial phenomena observed r man. They occur with greater tensity and frequency about every even years. Why this is so, we do not yet know. The period varies by a few years, and the maxima are not always equally marked.

To understand the olence of solar activity it is necessary to get a idea of the magnitude ad the temperature of te sun. The diameter of te sun is about 866,000 rles. This number is so st that it does not cry to the ordinary ividual any very prece conception.

A good way to illustrate the great size of the sn is to imagine the erth placed at its center ad the moon revolving ound it as at present. Under these conditions, we should find that the moon's orbit is not only wholly within the sun, but hardly more than halfway from the sun's center. Another way to express the size of the sun is that it is more than a million times greater than the earth in volume. If an observer could look at the earth from the sun, our world would appear as a tiny speck, as small as Mars appears from the earth.

The high temperature of the sun is more astonishing than its great size. Even at the surface, from which heat is radiated into space, the temperature is about 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit—about twice the highest temperature that we can maintain by artificial means.

Since all known substances are not only melted but vaporized long before we reach this high temperature, it follows that the sun is not solid nor liquid, but in a gaseous state. The temperature of the sun increases rapidly with distance below its surface. There is reason to believe that long before the center of the sun is reached, the temperature is more than a million degrees Fahrenheit.

The great temperature of the sun causes it to radiate light and heat at the enormous rate just mentioned.

Since this heat must be supplied from below by convection and radiation, violent circulations of the sun's materials are induced, and the consequence is the storms of unimaginable violence which are frequently observed upon its surface.

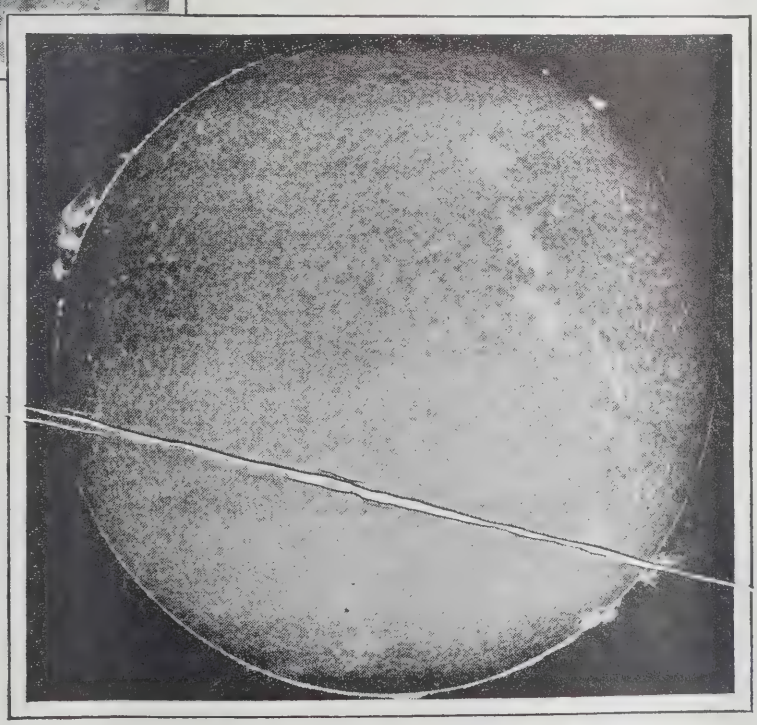
The solar storms range in diameter from the limits of visibility up to great disturbances more than a hundred thousand miles across. In these storms huge masses of vaporous heated materials, sometimes hundreds of times larger than our earth, are driven hither and thither with a speed reaching into hundreds of miles a minute. They are sometimes thrown aloft to heights above the sun's surface twice as great as the distance from the earth to the moon. In other words, some of these tongues of flaming gaseous material are thrown out beyond the surface of the sun for a distance of half a million miles. It is fortunate, indeed, for our earth that it is situated some 93,000,000 miles from the sun. If it were lashed by one of these immense arms of solar flame life would be annihilated.

The largest of these disturbances on the sun are on such a great scale that they can be seen with the unaided eye, through a smoked glass or the dense atmosphere near sunrise or sunset. Such storms have appeared several times in the last year or two, the most recent being in September of this year. Although they are occasionally visible with the unaided eye, they seem not to have been noted by the ancients.

(Concluded on page 25)

Notable display of sun spots, photographed on October 13, 1926.

Spectroheliogram of part of the solar disc, showing the great eruptions.



A number of storms are displayed around the circumference in this photo of the complete solar disc.

The Penalties of PUNCTUALITY

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Drawings by RICHARD BROECKER

Trains and tides will not pander to the unpunctual.

SOME virtues are not always their own reward. Far from it!

For instance, though your punctuality is certainly a convenience to your fellow creatures, to yourself is it not often heavily penalized?

'Be punctual and you shall be kept waiting' would be far truer than is 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

Oh! for a magic wand which could restore, for further use, all those hours which one has spent in waiting for others. Such a gift would be nearly as welcome as another favorite dream of mine—the receipt of a parcel containing all the things I have ever lost.

To be incurably punctual—a slave to the clock—incapable of adapting yourself to the lateness of companions, is indeed a misfortune.

You will waste time waiting everywhere—even at the altar!

To sit jigging in a taxi till your hair comes down while you wait to start out for dinner—dread of your hostess rising with the fare—is bad enough. Such is the recurring discomfort of the punctual wife of an unpunctual husband. Even worse was her fate in the early days of motoring when she dressed for a drive quite as deliberately as a diver dresses for a descent. According to the prevailing fashion, her hat was then teed up to the top of her head to the hair of which it was skewered by numerous painful pins. Gagged, blinded and stifled by veils, with goggles squashing her eyelashes, she gasped in the hall, impatiently awaiting the fortunate unpunctual. There are of course exceptions: trains and tides will not pander to the unpunctual; but on the whole, with what injustice does habitual tardiness escape any punishment! How seldom are the unpunctual themselves inconvenienced!

Take a dinner party. Who suffers? Not the last-comer who, arriving half an hour late, goes straight in to dinner—unless indeed he be shy, and surely no natural shyness could survive a long career of unpunctuality. No, the victir is the punctual guest, precipitated int a hostess-less room, there to b 'discovered' by unintroduced an abashed fellow guests.

True, the culprit's soup is congealec but then, so is everyone else's. In th case communal punishment prevails.

Another injustice lies in the fa that each individual establishes th standard by which he is judged. you have earned a reputation f punctuality, unerring exactitude will b expected of you, and a solitary laps on your part will never be forgive On the other hand the proverbial u punctuality of your friend is accepte with good-natured fatalism.

'Dear C. is a ways late,' says th hostess with an i dulgent smile. Pun tuality is no more e pected from C. tha agility is expect from a cripple.

I'm sure there a special wrinkles whi are delved by wa ing for others. 'Wa ing wrinkles' a probably just as de as those wrought l laughter and l worry.

If the theory f reincarnation be tru those who are u punctual in one e istence will be creat punctual in their ne Thus and thus or will they receive te punishment which s their due.

Such is the recurring discomfort of the punctual wife of an unpunctual husband.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

IF TRUE education turned men into dictionaries, or catalogs of guesses which men call philosophy, or even into trained brain police for the protection of a wholly wrong political economy, the world would be justified in abolishing it.

Such education, accomplishing such injurious results, would be considered worse than a hoax; it would be called a crime against mankind. Instead of fitting men for life, it would be considered worse than leaving them in their natural state, for such a system would be a systematic unfitting of men for life.

Yet these things are being done, and in the name of education; but thoughtful minds have always refused to believe that it was true education.

What they want to abolish, therefore, is not education, but false education; and the method of abolition which they approve is that of substituting the true for the false.

There is a great need of clear definition and of clear objectives in this matter of education. For example, we need to realize afresh that education is not something put into a man, but something drawn out or developed. A thoroughly schooled man is not necessarily, indeed all too seldom is, an educated man. He knows who wrote this or that, but he does not know how to grow his food. He can read but he cannot reap. He can parse verbs but he cannot plow. He is schooled, but in all the things by which he must live he is practically a greenhorn. He knows how to read but he cannot *know* most of the things he reads, because the only way of learning is by doing.

> *EDUCATION can only make a man at home in his world, that is, it can make him self-sustaining from the ground up. Most education ignores the physical basis of life. We rear increasingly large generations in the expectation of having others earn their living for them; we teach them to inhabit a paper world, to assume that ink is preferable to action. We have considered the Brain as the organ to be trained, and we have neglected the other and most important implement of the mind, the Hand. One trouble with the world is too much brain-work without the normalizing balance of hand-work.*

He is called an educated man; he is supposed to have been trained to fill a productive place in the world; yet when he goes upon the sea, every illiterate sailor lad is his superior; when he goes into the forest, the untaught Indian or guide is a learned sage in comparison; when he goes upon a farm, the tiller of the soil dwarfs him with his wide range of knowledge concerning heaven and the three kingdoms of earth; when he goes into industry he finds himself ignorant of the oldest knowledge of mankind; his education has turned him loose with everything yet to learn, and, in too many cases, lacking the knowledge *how to learn.*

Worse than that, he is misled into misjudging unbookish men as uneducated. It is Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, Harvard man, scholar and thinker, who says:

'When I was a boy on the farm . . . there were no scales on which to weigh the oxen that we intended to sell. How could we ascertain their value? . . . We measured the oxen; we put a line down the whole length of the animal's back, and then took his girth, and, taking the length and the girth as premises, from these figured out the weight and the value of the animal. That farmer had a very great influence on me. I remember to this day his formula, "Measure with exactness, calculate with caution, and in that way you will reach something like a sound conclusion." And again, "Look out for your premises, and then look out for your processes, and when you do that, you can be fairly sure of your conclusion." That farmer was an educated man.'

A paragraph like that answers the question, what is the object of education? Education can only make a man at home in his world. Which means, make him self-sustaining from the ground up. Most education ignores the physical basis of life. We rear increasingly large generations in the expectation of having others earn their living for them, while they themselves keep books on the exertions of the earners or write volumes on the social questions involved. We teach them to inhabit a paper world; we teach them to assume that ink is preferable to action.

We have considered the *brain* as the organ to be trained, and doubtless that is right. But no one has ever directly trained the *brain*, it is invisible and beyond manipulation. What we do is to train those protrusions or outer tentacles of the brain which make contact with life: we train the eye, the ear, the other senses. There are five of them, we are told; but only two of them play much of a part in educational activities; eyes for reading, ears for hearing. Of course, these have their uses in developing memory and judgment and other mental powers; we are not seeking to minimize the fact for a moment. But we are asking why that other protuberance, so to speak, of the brain, that other and most important implement of the mind, the Hand, is left untrained? Why have we left unnoticed the influence of the Hand on mental powers? Why have we refused to give due weight to the amount of benefit the Hand conveys to the brain and thus to the mind? Why have we deliberately neglected a region of the brain whose development is necessary to a complete thought or act?

Why?—well, we have never thought that the Hand had anything to do with mental training; we have thought that the high object of education has been to lift people above the necessity of using the Hand. Hand-work and brain-work have been put at opposite poles, when as a truth of life there is neither one without the other. The trouble with the world is too much brain-work without the normalizing balance of hand-work. But more of this again.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Congress

WE READ that all the lobbies, greatly increased and handsomely financed, are on the job at Washington again, and it is the judgment of some keen observers that the worst of the lobby proposals are likely to be adopted. If the power combine wants Muscle Shoals, if the spinster politicians want official authority to meddle with domestic maternity in the United States, if the unbalanced humanitarian theorists want children made compulsory idlers until they are eighteen or twenty-one, if interested parties want war with Mexico, there is a better chance of their getting these things than ever before—*unless the people quit reading next day about what Congress has done and begin the day before to tell Congress what it must not do.*

The World Court won in Congress, but lost so heavily in the Country that it was not even mentioned in the President's Annual Message.

If Congress gets the people into the habit of nullifying Congressional action by National sentiment, the reaction will not stop at that.

The great temptation of this present Congress is that it will be dominated by considerations of partisan advantage. The essential dishonesty of this is smothered out of the individual Congressman's consciousness by a strong sense of loyalty. There is nothing to be said against loyalty; few indeed are the sins that are or can be committed in its name; but the only loyalty that Congress can know is loyalty to the Country. Any lesser loyalty, to party or party leader or candidate, leads to overthrow.

There is not a single lobby at work in Washington today that is not using the argument of party loyalty and casting dark hints about the next election. Those who will win the election of November, 1928, are those who will be willing to lose it for righteousness' sake in January or February or March, 1927.

Americans and Money

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, the urbane and highly intellectual Will Rogers of modern English essayists, has been saying some true and interesting things about America. 'Of all the lies,' says G. K. C., 'the worst lie is that the American worships money. An American never talks of money in the hushed and awestruck tone that an Englishman employs in referring to financial matters.'

Excellent! It might have seemed in ill taste had an American said it. But when an American has listened all summer to courteous Englishmen deplore the 'materialism' and the alleged money-loving propensities of the Americans; and when an American has heard the French and Belgians and Italians and Germans say the same thing, his large international patience shows signs of strain, and a word like that of Chesterton's is refreshing.

For the truth is, England and the Continental nations not only worship money, but grovel before it. It enters into every marriage contract—which is not true in America; it determines every social position—which is not true in America; it controls the entrance doors to universities and colleges—which is not true in America; it has the first and last say in bestowals of title—more than it could possibly do in America; and, in spite of all the exposed scandals in American political life, the concealed corruption due to money in European political life goes wider and deeper. Money rules life in Europe; it does not rule life in America.

Europeans worship money. The chief difference between them and the Americans is that Americans will work for their money, while Europeans want only money that someone else has earned. To earn one's own money is rather honorable in America, but it is very much off color in Europe.

Europeans worship money and therefore attribute to it greater power than it possesses. They think money will rehabilitate Europe—a superstition that could exist only among the most primitive mammon worshipers. Americans know the limitations of money; they know that they can make money, and they know that money cannot make them.

The New Year

THE New Year is a time for looking forward, not backward. It is a time for new tasks, new problems, new achievements. It does not mark the beginning of a totally new era nor the passing of an old, but it does signify the progress the world is making. And that progress is the important thing, after all. With all the blunders that mankind makes, fearful blunders that drench the earth needlessly with blood, and with poverty, and with suffering, the world continues to go forward with amazing persistence. Those who can see but one way—backward, and whose sole ideal is the restoration of the old order, are blind to the benefits of this progress. They cannot understand that the old order has gone forever, that it will never come back, and that even the present order will soon give way to another and better. Change does not always denote progress, but all progress must come through change. And change no longer need be accompanied by hunger and homelessness. With each step forward men learn new facts, they discard old fallacies. They grope nearer to that perpetual Truth which in the end must prevail above all things.

Farm Relief—and the Mortgage

IT WAS in the ten-twent-thirt mellerdrammer that the village Shylock almost foreclosed the mortgage in the third act—and the boy who had gone away to the big city returned in the fourth act just in time to frustrate the villain and save the old homestead. Shylock's paper was spread over the farm, long before we knew we had any agricultural problem or had a host of experts to solve it.

Usually the two are mentioned today in the same breath—the farmer's sad plight, and the mortgage on his property. The latter is represented as partly responsible for the former and the former as entirely responsible for the latter—a sort of endless cycle of trouble.

Did anyone ever stop to inquire just why there are mortgages on the farms of the country? Were they placed there originally because of failure of crops, or were they part of the purchase price of the land—security for the unpaid balance? Careful investigations in some of our leading rural districts disclose that a very high percentage of the mortgages were due to that exigency, for which neither 'hard times' nor a weak 'export market' should be blamed.

This method of acquiring property is by no means confined to the country sections; and certainly it should not be ignored when the cry is raised of heavy losses and heavy mortgages. In more than one case, the farmer took the mortgage with him when he went on the farm. The interest runs on, whether the crop is good or bad; and we seldom hear of any wise agricultural leader, who happens to have his office in the financial centers, suggesting that it be remitted to the farmers who have had a poor crop year.

Shall China Be Dismembered?

AMERICA is not alone the traditional friend of China; this nation is the traditional supporter of Chinese unity. Need for reiteration of that support may be felt in the near future. It was more than a quarter of a century ago, when the great powers of Europe, acting in unison with Japan, seemed about to carve the Chinese Empire according to their own desires, that this country, through John Hay, announced the famous Open-Door policy which served for a time to end the partitioning. Through the years succeeding we have looked with disfavor upon foreign 'spheres of influence,' whether commercial or political. As recently as the Washington Conference the United States insisted upon full recognition of China's political and territorial independence.

But now comes word that the splitting of China into numerous units is highly desirable. We are told that China is already split in actuality, and that refusal to recognize this is refusal to acknowledge a fact. We are told that the present internal troubles of that unhappy country are due not so much to the greed of the war lords as to their desire for independence for their provinces. We are told that China is too huge to be administered as a single political unit; that at least two great states, north and south of the Yangtze River, should be formed. And the possibility of this last appears with the report that Great Britain may recognize the Canton Government of the South without withdrawing recognition from the Pekin Government of the North.

There is no question but that China is at present divided. But it would be a mistake to assume that the Chinese are not basically one, even though they are shattered by internal strife. And the Chinese have the right which is akin to all other races of working out their own destiny. 'China is one tree, not many,' says the Pekin *Leader* rather poetically, 'even though its branches sway and its leaves whirl in the winds which now buffet it from many quarters.'

Divorce as News

ENGLAND in prohibiting the publication of divorce testimony or 'details injurious to public morals' takes a definite move toward cleaner journalism. The question of freedom of the press, raised by some, does not enter in for the simple reason that no political or economic right is abridged. No right of comment is curtailed. All that is done is to prevent the printing of a certain type of unsavory scandal.

The regrettable feature of the case is that the newspapers did not take the step by themselves; they waited for the law to compel them. The same thing is now happening in this country. The pendulum of 'news' has swung so far beyond the line of common decency that it is but a question of time before the State will step in, unless the press itself takes corrective measures. It has been the invariable custom in America to allow institutions a long period in which to remedy their own evils. But if reform does not come, then the people rise up in their own right and abolish them.

Death by Mail

JUST why the United States Government should be not only a distributing but a collecting agency for the sale of pistols to irresponsible persons is one of those anachronisms so puzzling to the lay mind. Under existing laws all a criminal needs to do is to write the nearest mail-order house to receive a pistol by return post. He does not even have to inclose money: the postman on his rounds will attend to that detail when he delivers the weapon. State laws regulating the sale of pistols mean little. Even though all other channels be closed, the criminal can get his murderous instrument through the aid of his kindly Government. But even such good things as this must sometime come to an end. The House of Representatives, stirred by the rising tide of crime, has at last passed a bill barring pistols from the mails. That bill is now before the Senate. With two months still ahead of Congress, there is little reason why the bill should not be enacted into law.

The bay lynx is so stealthy and motionless in its pauses that timid insects and small birds are sometimes not alarmed by its approach.

Getting Better Acquainted With Our WILDCATS

Much Misunderstood Animals

By S. F. AARON

Illustrated by the AUTHOR

The puma is an exceedingly destructive foe of deer. All cats pursue the same of several methods of killing their prey. Commonly, they sever the vertebrae or dislocate the neck.

TO THE unthinking mind the term cat suggests at once cruelty, sneak-thievery, a spitfire disposition and a purring acquiescence which have come only partially and with reservation under the more kindly or tolerating human influences.

With most of our domesticated creatures there remains, in large measure, those hereditary inclinations developed in the wild ancestors of our pets, and even the human species has not got away from brutal influences by long odds. We must put the blame on the necessities of nature for those characteristics not in keeping with man's higher ideals.

Except for the habit of playing with captured prey and thus prolonging its torture through fear, cats are no more cruel than any other predatory creatures and not nearly so bloodthirsty as those of the weasel clan. The mother fox and coyote may often maim their victims so that the active young may learn the art of capturing and killing. The larger cats, tiger and lion, puma, leopard, jaguar and ounce, and some of the medium-sized species including the lynxes, very commonly kill their prey at the first attack. The little fishing cat of Asia, the eyra of America, the wildcat of Europe and the domestic puss are the chief offenders among the *Felidae* and perhaps there is nothing in nature, except man's more intellectual practices, that can surpass in cruelty the habit of holding the injured victims prisoner for many minutes prior to a feast.

The catlike approach when seeking prey is by no means peculiar to cats, for foxes, weasels, wolves, bears, owls and most of the reptiles possess it to almost as high a degree, though few are so well endowed for the purpose, which requires a high order of animal intelligence, and padded feet.

Our American cats represent the extremes in form and coloration that characterize the three groups of the family: the long-tailed, concolored, desert-hued species, as much at home among heavy lowland timber and thicketed growths as on the prairies or in the Bad Lands, the spotted cats that are almost entirely arboreal, and the bobtailed lynxes that some naturalists place in a different genus.

Of the former we have only two species that also represent the largest and smallest in the western hemisphere: the puma or cougar and the eyra cat. Though long known to hunters and naturalists, the big fellow is still the object of much misunderstanding. Its tawny body and size have earned it the name of Rocky Mountain lion, although its long, sinuous, beautifully graceful body and absence of mane give it nothing of the lionine aspect. It has also repeatedly arisen from an inexcusable custom been referred to by naturalists as the largest American cat, 'except the jaguar'; this is much the same kind of error as that of calling the lion the king of beasts, though the tiger is superior in size and ferocity. The largest jaguars do not exceed a hundred and seventy-five pounds with a total length of more than seven feet, while mountain lions have been taken alive weighing over two hundred and fifty pounds, with a length of more than nine feet.

The puma has been extensively written up, yet probably the half has not been told regarding the habits of this wonderfully agile and powerful animal. With the first efforts of American journalism imagination wove yarns of the puma's fierceness that were far from the truth, for there can be no doubt that before the advent of the gun the big, wary cat had inherited a worthy fear of the Indian's arrows and tomahawk. The early naturalists could hardly escape the idea of so large a cat being bold and at times willing to exert its feline ferocity upon man, but later a reversal of this was somewhat

overdone by pronouncing the puma invariably cowardly and never dangerous. The precise truth is that an intelligent wariness and an hereditary fear of man compel its usual caution and apparent cowardice; also that individual cougars differ, as well as conditions, so that there are authentic cases of its having, when driven by hunger, attacked human beings.

The widely published instance of a puma's having killed and partly eaten a boy in the Northwest is true. Probably the lad showed fear when he was followed through curiosity. Had he grabbed a stout stick, or some stones, and faced the animal it would have lost courage and sneaked away. This habit of following a feared enemy, the curious creature perhaps never having before caught sight nor smell of a human, is not uncommon with several wild creatures. Foxes, coyotes, certain birds, as the paisano and at times the ruffed grouse and even the blue-tailed skink, and the black snake possess the habit. The puma persists in this with the most extreme caution. I sat on one side of a deep arroyo and discerned a cougar on the other side, following my companion through the dense chaparral and at a distance of about forty yards. Although at times almost in full sight and in motion it was difficult to pick out the big cat across a space of about seventy yards. I knew a hunter in Tennessee who was followed near nightfall for more than a mile by probably one of the last surviving pumas of that region.

The eyra cat is very little known, either regarding its specific variations or its habits. It is far commoner than generally supposed throughout its habitat, which is all of forested South and Central America, the northern limit being the coastal area some two hundred miles above the Rio Grande. Catching a rare, swift glimpse of one of these little creatures in the mesquite and chaparral thickets one is impressed with the notion that some domestic puss has wandered this far. The several eyra cats I have seen have not much exceeded a large house cat. A closer view will reveal the relatively short legs and long body very unlike that of any other species and suggesting the weasel type. There are pale red, brownish and slightly mottled forms and not so long ago these were considered different species, one receiving the name of *yaguarundi*. The Mexicans give the eyra that name; a silent, wary, sly creature, it finds little trouble capturing the smaller rodents and it often surprises ground birds and rabbits. It is said also to feed upon lizards and harmless snakes and to be an expert fisher among the shallows of the coastal lagoons and low-lying rivers.

THE leopard-like jaguar is the giant of our spotted cats, but is an even handsomer and more richly hued animal, though generally considered less savage and bold than its old-world cousin. It ranges over most of South and Central America and within the wilder forested areas of the southwestern United States as far east as Louisiana and north to the mountains of the warmer parts of New Mexico, Arizona and, originally, California. As of the puma, wild yarns have been told of its killing hunters and threatening camps of prospectors, but beyond authentic cases of its standing its ground and snarling as a warning to someone who invaded its thickets, it appears to hold humans in such respect as never to make aggressive action.

There are two smaller spotted species native to the western tropics: the little margay, not much larger than a domestic cat and of many very different varieties, and the beautiful ocelot, the larger males of which equal in size an airedale dog. Both are also called tiger cats. The margay reaches Central Mexico; the ocelot invades much the same territory, both within and without the United States, as does the jaguar, but it is commoner and may wander more widely over the thicketed areas bordering our prairies. It is, of course, a matter of opinion, but the ocelot will come near to being chosen the handsomest of the new-world wildcats; it even rivals the marbled bush cat of the Old World. The ground color is creamy, silvery-white and russet; the double spots of velvety black are elongated or in rows. The form of the creature is perfectly proportioned; its motions express grace and power and as a tree climber it cannot be excelled among the cats. It climbs to the higher branches and sleeps well hidden throughout the day among bunches of moss that festoon the tall timber. It also lies in wait upon the lower tree limbs of groves and over runways of the smaller quadrupeds, springing down upon such prey as the chaparral cocks, wild turkeys, cactus quail, the wood-rat and smaller rodents, as well as certain reptiles. It would be interesting to know whether, by an easily made mistake, the cat ever springs on a rattlesnake, moccasin or harlequin, as birds of prey sometimes do. The brilliant colors of the latter reptile would tend to warn any sharp-eyed killer.

I have encountered but two ocelots, one among the thick lantana bushes and rock slides of (*Continued on page 23*)

Taking a look around. The bay lynx as you may, by rare chance, get a brief glimpse of it. Its colors blend into the background as distinctly as do those of the rabbit and partridge.

Mass Immigration May Affect

The Rise of an American Race

Ultimate Human Type in This Country

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE boast, 'I am an American,' when made in 1800 had a much clearer meaning, in a racial sense, than it has today. The facts indicate that between the close of the Revolution and perhaps 1830 we were more nearly than at any other period a 'race' or a distinct racial group.

Many wise men of that time were conscious of this. Thomas Jefferson, for example, opposed wholesale immigration on the ground, among others, that it would result in the American people becoming a 'heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass,' which they then were not.

The only extraneous group of big consequence in the population then was that of the negroes. The inpourings of these, like the progenitors of old-stock Americans, were much smaller than is commonly imagined. Carey, the accepted authority, says that not more than 330,000 blacks were brought into the country prior to 1808, when the slave trade was abolished. From the 330,000 and a negligible negro immigration since 1808 the 11,000,000 negroes now in the country are descended.

Although in slavery times negro fecundity was promoted, by reason of the property motif, to the point where the black population often nearly doubled in periods of ten years, there has never been any threat of negroes undoing old-stock American whites by 'outbreeding' them.

It is estimated by those who have studied the subject that not more than 250,000 white immigrants came to the country between 1790 and 1820 when the first recording of incomers was done. In 1820 it was estimated that the number of foreign-born and their children and grandchildren was 350,000 in a total white population of 7,866,797. Modern students say the figure is probably too large.

MASS immigration did not set in fully until the 1840's. In the twenties and thirties from 4,000 to 8,000 came annually, mostly from the British Isles.

In 1850, when the census first took account of the foreign-born population, there were in the country 2,244,606 immigrants, mostly Germans and Irish who had come in during the preceding twenty years. The foreign-born constituted about 10 per cent of the white population. The number doubled during the succeeding decade, but in 1860 almost two-thirds of the foreign-born population were made up of German and Irish people.

After the Civil War increasing numbers began to pour into the country from many parts of the world. But it was not until the late 1880's and the 1890's that the Southeast and East Europeans began to exceed in numbers the so-called 'Nordics' coming from Northwestern Europe. Thus the bulk of immigrants arriving up to a period close to that of the present generation was of stocks closely related to those making up the old American population.

THE first big inpourings were of racially congruous types—Irish, Germans, Scandinavians—though the bulk of them spoke other than the language of the country.

Meantime, the old stock multiplied at a decreasing rate on the whole, yet at a rate which for the entire 19th Century was extraordinary. Census Bureau experts figure that it increased nearly sevenfold, or 687.1 per cent, during the century. During the same period the population of Europe—which, because of industrialization, broke by far all previous records of growth there—increased 119.4 per cent. The biggest rate of increase in Europe was in Belgium, where it was 204 per cent.

Those figures should not be overlooked in considering the question of whether it is likely that immigrant stock will 'outbreed' that of old American strain.

The predominant factor in this strain is of British origin. The population of Great Britain in 1712 was approximately 9,000,000; in 1800, 16,200,000. Adam Smith said in 1776 that it had been doubling only about every five hundred years. But in 1900 the population of Great Britain was 41,000,000; it had doubled, and more, in one hundred years.

Writing with reference to British strains here and elsewhere, Census Bureau experts have said:

'The spectacle is presented of a nation which not only increased more generously than did any of its rivals, but at the same time created other nations, one of which produced a native population nearly equal to that of the mother country. It is possible that a racial growth similar in character may have taken place in connection with some of the colonies established by ancient cities along the Mediterranean, but in magnitude there appears to be no parallel in history for the population achievement of the British race from 1700 to 1900.'

The American branch of it achieved much more remarkably than did the British race as a whole, as do portions of that branch now, notably the one found in the Southern states.

The descendants of the 40,000 original New Englanders now comprise millions found in all sections of the country. But when immigrants began to overwhelm that section the fecundity of New England stock was checked until now, in its original sphere, it may not be increasing at all. Branches of it, however, in the Middle and Far West, are still increasing at a fair rate.

It is probable that old stock of the South has contributed more toward the present population of the country than that of New England, because there has been no such retardation in the South as in other sections.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 whites, mostly of pure Colonial ancestry, migrated from the Old South into other parts of the country between 1860 and 1900. Yet the white population of the South has grown faster than the negro population there. White emigration into the Old South has not been numerically important. At the same time, the South sent far more whites into the North and West than it sent negroes.

THE record of the multiplication of old white stock in the South has been used in testing the contention, which many have made, that had there been no immigration, the native population of the country would be practically as numerous as it is. Thomas Jefferson contended in his *Notes on Virginia* that, in the long run, natural increase would populate the country as rapidly as if assisted by wholesale immigration. The only affect of immigration on numbers, he held, would be to anticipate growth in population.

General Francis A. Walker, director of the census in 1890, reasserted the doctrine, as others have done since then.

Census Bureau experts found in 1909 that had the old stock in the country as a whole continued to increase as in the South, the native population in 1900 would have been practically as it was with immense contributions from new stock.

Census experts have held more recently that while the contention is 'reasonably correct,' the reason for it

is more complex than the one hitherto given. General Walker and others said that old Americans hesitated to rear large families in competition with immigrants accustomed to low standards of living. Yet in the South a similar competitive factor, represented by the negroes, has not kept the whites from increasing at a rate which in recent times has been about twice that of old-stock whites in the rest of the country.

So Census Bureau folk now hold that the lowered birth rate among old-stock whites is chiefly due to the fact that immigration hastened the development of social conditions which tend to curb increase in all the native population, old and new. The chief of these presumably are urbanization and augmented industrialism. Large families used to be the rule among old-stock Americans because, primarily, labor was scarce and land was plentiful.

LABOR is there so well rewarded,' wrote Adam Smith of America in 1776, 'that a large family of children, instead of being a burden, is a source of opulence and prosperity to parents. The labor of each child, before it can leave the house, is computed to be worth a hundred pounds clear gain to them. A young widow with four or five children, who, among the middling or inferior ranks of people in Europe would have so little chance of a second husband, is there frequently courted as a sort of fortune.'

But when immigrants came to supply this needed labor and to hasten the exhaustion of free land and the expansion of cities, old-stock Americans lost this incentive to multiply.

If this theory is correct, the finding has important bearing on the evolution of an American race or distinct racial group. For the conditions bear ultimately on new stock as validly as on the old.

In fact, Census Bureau statisticians have found that the apparent tendency of the immigrant groups to increase much more generously than do old-stock groups is largely an illusion. Even the birth rate among newcomers as a whole is evidently not much higher than that for native stock when full weight is given to probable rates in non-registration areas of the South. It is much higher, however, in those localities where immigrants concentrate in large numbers.

Moreover, it has been found that the birth rate among the children of immigrants is probably not so high as among other natives. One reason for this is that the children of immigrants, even those of mixed immigrant and native parentage, marry less freely—a fact only recently discovered.

So the Census Bureau is now inclined to the belief that the rate of natural increase is relatively the same for both old and new stock, as wholes.

CONDITIONS may be more favorable to continued gains in old than in new stock by natural increase. One reason for this is that old stock is less urbanized than new—much less so than the outstanding new kinds that have come in during the last thirty years. Birth rates invariably are higher in rural than in urban districts.

On the assumption that old and new white stock increases at equal rate, Census Bureau statisticians hold that the two, at the time of the last three censuses, were as follows:

Year	*Equivalent Population*	
	Old	*New*
1900	37,290,000	29,520,000
1910	42,420,000	39,000,000
1920	47,300,000	47,490,000

The gains by the new on the old are accounted for chiefly by the tremendous number of immigrants that came in recent times.

When it is remembered that the white population in 1790 was only a little more than 3,000,000 and that approximately 37,000,000 immigrants have come in since 1820, the comparative showing certainly is not unfavorable to the old American strain.

Unfortunately, basis data for exact findings are lacking. A record of emigration, for example, has been kept only since 1908. The census never took account of the children of foreign-born until 1890 and the national one has never gone beyond the second generation.

Yet there are sufficient data for fair approximations as to the component strains in the present population. John B. Trevor, who made an analysis for the Immigration Committee, United States House of Representatives, holds that, as to original sources, the population in 1920 was as follows:

Origin	*Per cent*
Northwest European	75.4
South and East European	13.2
All others	11.4

The Northwest European element includes that which came via Canada, New Foundland, Iceland, Australia and New Zealand as well as that which came directly from so-called Nordic countries of Europe.

THE South and East European includes most of that from Mediterranean and Alpine, or Slavic, stem sources, as well as the Russian and other Eastern Jews.

By all others are meant the Negroes, Orientals and those creditable to the West Indies and Latin America.

Taking the white population alone, Trevor finds that 83.7 per cent derives from Northwest European peoples, while only 16.3 per cent is from South and East European sources.

He distributes the Northwest European stock as follows:

Source	*Per Cent All American Whites*
Great Britain and North Ireland	57.5
Germany	14.5
Ireland	6
Holland	1.2
Scandinavia	4.5

The South and East European sources that have credits of one per cent or more are as follows:

Source	*Per Cent*
Italy	3.8
Poland	3
Russia	2.7
Greece	1.4
France	1.2
Hungary	1
Austria	1.6

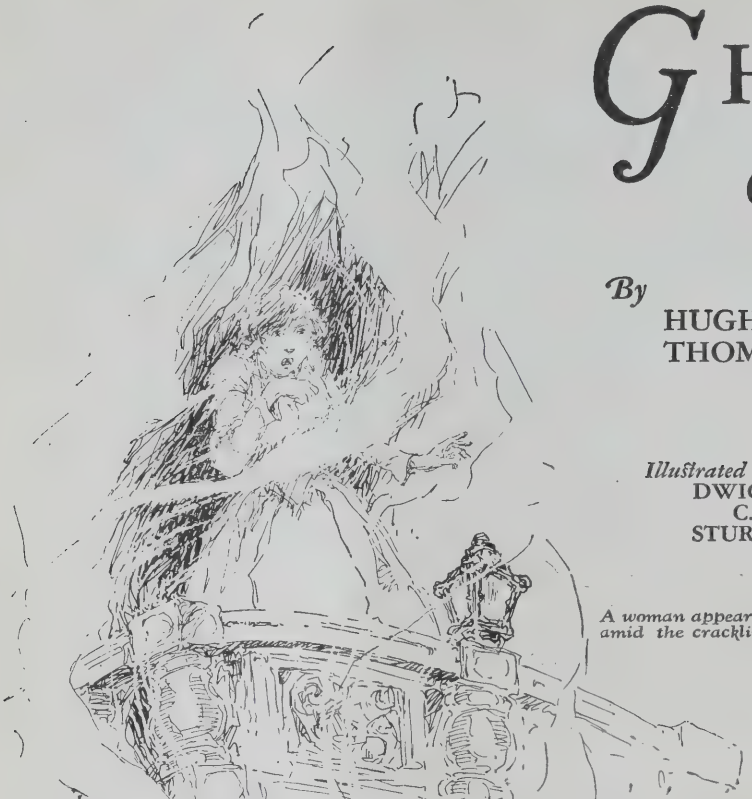
Pen-and-ink impression by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

It is thus indicated that old stock and its kind still are highly preponderant in the population of the country. Evidently the immense mass immigration of the last seventy-five years, while making a dent that isn't yet fully apparent, can bring about a change of not more than ten to fifteen per cent in the nature and ratio of ingredients that the country had in 1790 for the making of a race. The dent is not yet fully apparent for the reason that the mass of immigration of 'extraneous' racial type has been absorbed in only slight extent by the older and more homogeneous elements.

GHOSTS of the SEA

By HUGH THOMASON

Illustrated by DWIGHT C. STURGES



A woman appeared on deck amid the crackling blazes.

THERE is no man more sensitive to ridicule than the sailor. He detests the merest suspicion of being laughed at, and, while among themselves in the fo'c's'le sailors yarn endlessly, it is most difficult for the landsman to get a seaman to talk freely. Even then, one doubtful look or word of disbelief and he shuts up, close as the proverbial oyster.

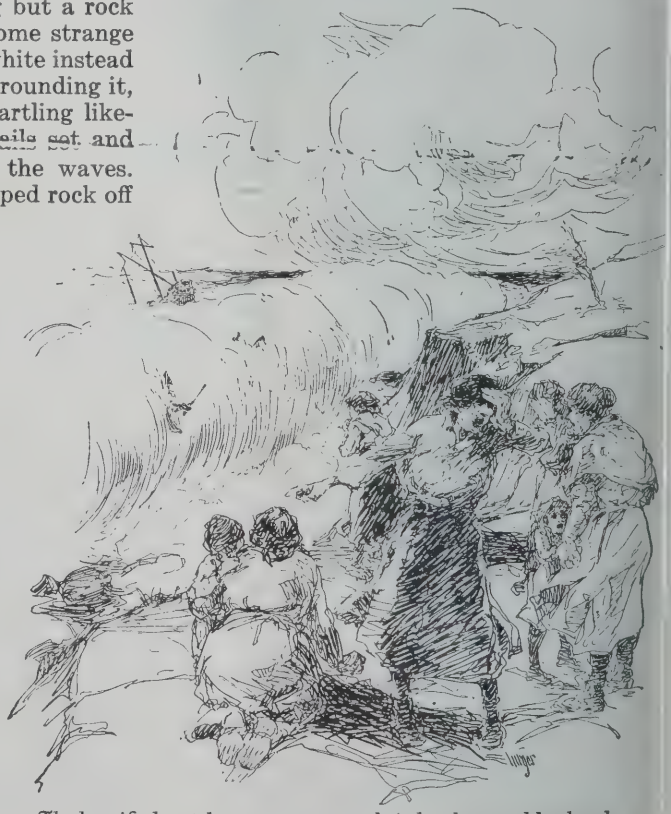
The consequence is that landsmen never hear of the strange things that happen at sea.

Many of these supposedly supernatural appearances are doubtless explainable from natural causes. To take one instance, the mystery of the well-known phantom ship of Cape Horn has recently been elucidated. Over and over again vessels on their way from Europe to Western America via Cape Horn have been startled by the sight of a large ship with decks awash drifting in an almost impossible position beneath the giant cliffs of the Straits of Lemaire.

At night or in a storm this bark with her towering white sails has the strangest appearance. The *Crown of Italy*, attempting to go to the aid of the supposed derelict, ran upon a reef and was wrecked, and a similar fate has befallen several other vessels. During the year 1907, at the request of the United States, the Argentine Government sent a steamer to make researches. It was found that the supposed phantom was nothing but a rock—a rock which, by some strange freak of nature, was white instead of black like those surrounding it, and bore the most startling likeness to a ship with sails set and deck just level with the waves. Another strangely shaped rock off St. Helena, whitened with sea birds, bears so exact a resemblance to a full-rigged ship that the oldest and most experienced seamen have been deceived.

Mirage, again, may account for some of the specters which have puzzled and alarmed mariners. Mirage is a phenomenon not confined to sandy deserts, for it is seen over snow and glaciers and also at sea. In 1854 H. M. S. *Archer*, cruising in the Baltic, saw the whole of the British fleet of nineteen ships inverted in the air apparently only a few miles away. At the time the fleet was actually hull down, the nearest ship being more than thirty miles from the *Archer*.

But apart from such natural phenomena, there are things seen at sea by no means so easy of explanation. We have no less credible witness to the appearance of a true phantom ship than the present King of Great Britain. The incident is recounted in *The Cruise of Bacchante*. On July 11, 1881, at four o'clock in the morning, a spectral ship crossed the bows of the vessel in which Prince George and his brother were cruising round the world. The apparition is described in these words: 'The Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light, as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood up in strong relief. Thirteen persons altogether saw her but whether it was Vanderdecken or the Flying Dutchman, or who else must remain unknown. The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, which were sailing



The horrified watchers on shore saw their brothers and husbands instantly swallowed up.

a our starboard bow, flashed to ask nether we had seen the strange red ght.' It is a curious fact that six hours ter the able seaman who was the first t sight this terrifying apparition fell om the fore-topmast crosstrees and as smashed to pieces.

The so-called Flying Dutchman is e best known all ghostly anderers of the cean, and his ory the most miliar. The nerally accpted version is at Cornelius anderdecken, a utch sea captin, was on his ay home from Batava when, in trying to und the Cape of ood Hope, he met ith baffling head inds, against which he ruggled vainly for ne long, weary weeks. t the end of this time, ding that his ship as in precisely the me position as at the eginning, Vanderecken burst into a rce fit of impious assion, and, dropping n his knees upon the ck, cursed the Deity id swore by heaven id hell that he would ound the cape if it ok him till the Day Judgment. Taken his word, he was omed there and then beat to and fro for l time, and sailors' perstition connects e appearance of his hantom ship with certin and swift misrtune.

All sailors believe that, while specter ships usually hail any vessel which they meet, it is the height of bad luck to reply in any way.

Vanderdecken is not the only ocean anderer in the latitude of Cape gulhas. There is another Flying utchman in the shape of Bernard okke. Fokke, who lived in the latter alf of the 17th Century, was very ifferent from the ordinary type of ollander. He was a reckless fearothing, who boasted that his vessel ould beat any other afloat. To make ood his boast he cased her masts in on and crowded more sail upon her han any other ship of that time dared arry. It is on record that he made he passage from Rotterdam to the ast Indies in ninety days, a feat at hat period savoring of the miraculous.

The story goes that in his anxiety o beat even his own record, Fokke old his soul to the Evil One, and at his ife's end he and his ship both disppeared. Transported to the scene of his old exploits, and with no other crew then his boatswain, cook, and quartermaster, he is condemned to strive endlessly against heavy gales that ever sweep him back.

Whether the phantom ship be that of Vanderdecken or of Fokke, the fact remains that nine-tenths of all the reported appearances of phantom ships are between the fortieth and fiftieth latitudes. Nor has the age of steam killed the tradition, for a year rarely passes without some vessel sighting one of these ghostly wanderers of the ocean. All sailors believe that, while specter ships usually hail any vessel they meet, it is the height of bad luck to reply in any way.

Phantoms of the sea have frequently been seen off various parts of the British coasts. In the old days Cornwall was notorious for wreckers, who worked their will along the iron-bound cliffs. Priest Cove is believed to be still haunted by one of these gentry, who during his lifetime preyed on the spoils of unfortunate vessels lured ashore by a false light hung around the neck of a hobbled horse. The wrecker is seen on stormy nights, but no longer on shore. He clings to a fragment of timber among the breakers, and is eventually dashed upon the rocks, and disappears in roaring foam.

The fishermen of the rugged coast of Kerry have another legend connected with the fate of wreckers. One winter morning, early in the 18th Century, a large ship was found, mastless and deserted, wedged among the rocks of that deadly coast. The wreckers eagerly pushed off, and to their joy found that the galleon was laden with ingots of silver and other rich produce of Spanish America. They filled their boats to the water's edge, and were eagerly pulling back when a monstrous tidal wave came rushing up out of the west. The horrified watchers on shore saw their brothers and husbands instantly swallowed up, and when the wave had broken not a sign remained of boats or men or ship. Upon each anniversary of the day the grim tragedy is said to be reenacted.

The Solway has more than one phantom craft. Centuries ago two Danish sea rovers, who had spent a lifetime in deeds of crime and cruelty, put in to Solway with their long ships heavy laden. A sudden furious storm broke, and the overweighted ships sank at their moorings with all on board. Upon clear nights these two vessels, with their high curved prows and rows of shields along the gunwale, are sometimes seen gliding up the estuary, but no money would tempt the local fishermen to go out to meet them.

The story is that about a century and a half ago two young men, well primed, did row out to investigate. They were seen to approach the ghostly visitants, when suddenly the galleys sank, and the boat and its occupants, drawn down in the swirl, were never seen again. The so-called 'spectral shallop' of the Solway is the apparition of a boat which was maliciously wrecked by a rival while ferrying a bridal party across the bay. It is

He saw that he had a bedfellow, a corpse with one eye staring, and a red beard tangled with seaweed.

manned by the fleshless ghosts of the wrecker, but the only ships which it approaches are those which are doomed to wreck or disaster.

The rocky coasts of New England are haunted by several ghost ships. Of these the specter of the *Palatine* is the best known, and her appearance flying down Long Island Sound is generally recognized by fishermen and coasters as a forewarning of a disastrous storm, Her story is a terrible one. The *Palatine* was a Dutch trader which, lured by false lights exhibited by wreckers, went ashore on Block Island in the year 1752. Having stripped her, the wreckers, to conceal all traces of their crime, fired her. As the tide lifted her and carried her, wrapped in flames, out to sea, shrieks of agony burst forth, and a woman, presumably a passenger who had bidden herself in fear of the wreckers, appeared on deck amid the crackling blazes. Next instant the deck collapsed and she vanished.

The New Haven ghost ship is, like the *Palatine*, an omen of disaster. In January, 1647, a vessel built at New Haven sailed on her maiden voyage. In the following June there came one afternoon a furious thunderstorm, and after it was over, and about an hour before dark, the well-known craft was sighted sailing into the river mouth—but straight into the eye of the wind! People crowded on the shore to watch her, but while still a mile or more away she slowly vanished from sight.

It was agreed that the apparition signified that the ship herself had been lost, and, in fact, she never was heard from again. Longfellow has written a poem embodying the story, of which one verse may be quoted:

> And the masts with all their rigging
> Fell slowly one by one;
> And the hull dilated and vanished
> As a sea-mist in the sun.

The storm-ridden Gulf of St. Lawrence is still haunted by the flagship of a fleet sent by Queen Anne against the French. The fleet reached Gaspe' Bay, when a fearful gale rose suddenly, and one after another the ships were driven on the rocks and broken to pieces or sunk. It was under the tall cliffs of ill-named Cape d'Espoir that the flagship came to her end, and upon each anniversary of the wreck the sight is repeated. Her deck is seen to be covered with soldiers, and from her wide, old-fashioned ports lights stream brightly. Up in the bows stands a scarlet-coated officer, who points with one hand to the land, while the other arm is round the waist of a handsome girl. Suddenly the lights go out, the ship lurches violently, her stern heaves upward, and screams ring out as she plunges bow-foremost into the gloomy depths.

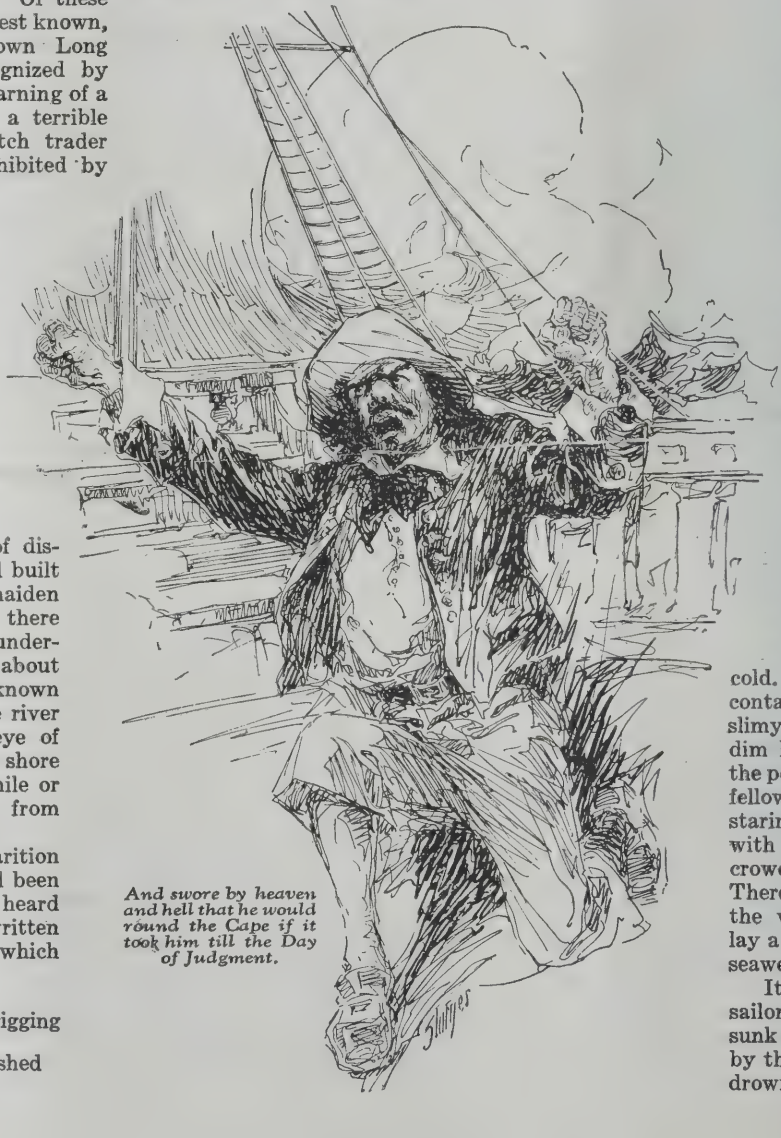
There are other sea phantoms besides apparitions of vessels, and not all are portents of misfortune. Some, indeed, are kindly in intention. Such was the drowned man who appeared in the middle of the night to Captain Rogers, of H. M. S. *Society*, and warned him to go on deck and have the lead cast. He did so, found only seven fathoms, tacked, and when morning came saw himself close under the Capes of Virginia instead of, as he had imagined, being more than a hundred miles out at sea.

A well-known novelist has written a most gruesome story of a ghost which invaded a cabin of a modern liner, and lay in its accustomed berth, dripping with salt water and festooned with seaweed. It is a very old belief among sailors that the ghost of a drowned man returns in this fashion. In Moore's *Life of Byron* it is related that a certain Captain Kidd told the poet how the ghost of his brother (then in India) visited him at sea and lay down in his bunk, leaving the blankets wet with sea water. He noted the time and found that it corresponded exactly with the hour at which his brother was accidentally drowned.

A similar incident occurred much more recently in the United States Navy. Thirty-nine years ago the old U. S. corvette *Monongahela* had a paymaster, a red-bearded man with one eye, who was known throughout the service as one of the best story-tellers in the navy. He was a most popular man, but his love of whisky eventually brought him to his end. He died on board and before his death he said to the other officers, 'Dear boys, you've been good to me, and I love you for it. I can't bear to think of leaving the ship, and if I can I shall come back, and you'll find me in my old cabin, No. 2 on the port side.' Although nobody acknowledged that he believed 'Pay' would come back, yet No. 2 remained vacant for three cruises.

Then Assistant Paymaster S—— joined the ship, and having, as he said, no superstitions, installed himself comfortably in No. 2. All went well and they were homeward bound when one night in April, the whole ship was terrified by unearthly screams. The officers rushed out, and there was S—— in a heap on the deck outside his cabin. When asked what was the matter, he gasped out, 'A dead thing—a corpse in my berth—one eye and a red beard. Horrible!' When he had recovered himself a little he explained that he had awakened, feeling very cold. As he moved he came in contact with something clammy, slimy, and cold as ice. By the dim light which leaked through the port he saw that he had a bedfellow, a corpse with one eye staring, and a red beard tangled with seaweed. The officers crowded into the door of No. 2. There was no corpse, but—on the wet and tumbled blankets lay a few fragments of barnacles and seaweed!

It is a common belief among sailors that a ship which has been sunk and raised again is haunted by the ghosts of those who were drowned.



And swore by heaven and hell that he would round the Cape if it took him till the Day of Judgment.

South When You Mean North

By F. J. CLIFFORD

[F THAT is a fixed habit with you—this pointing in a direction opposite the place you are discussing—then it is nearly certain you faced the rong direction when learning geography.

Look at a map of the Western Hemi-here. The top portion—that part held rthest away—is always printed to the rth. Hold your map facing that direction. you chance to be located in Central North merica, the map will show the Atlantic cean to your right. Even so it is. To the ft is the Pacific Ocean. Correct again.

Now turn and face the south. Your ap still maintains that the Atlantic is to ur right. Is it? No indeed. Raise your ght hand and it points to the mighty acific. Also—the map shows you are oking toward the Arctic Ocean. But you e not. You are looking toward Old Mexico id the Gulf.

Next—locate one of the innumerable hoolrooms that face the south. They are attered all over America. Children are udying geography. Perhaps a door in ont of them is open, or a window may be iere. Through it they see familiar country. hey have been taught that that way is uth. Glancing down at opened geography ooks, they study a lesson of the Eskimos id their funny igloos in the rctic. The map tells the young udents they are looking that ery way. They visualize—lo-ite the snow people far beyond ie familiar fields—*southward.*

Or the window may be to ie east. A boy gazes through —daydreaming. (No teacher as been able to smother it.) nd in his daydreaming he sees ndians, buffalo, grizzly bears, olves and great rolling plains f the West. That is what he as been reading about in his eography book. And an ac-ompanying map tells him he is oking that very way—to his ft—out through the open indow—*eastward.* Is there any hance for that boy or his choolmates to keep their di-ectional sense straight? Mighty ttle.

True—there is a small arrow o one side warning the reader hat the map is made to face he north. But that obscure echnicality is lost on most young minds. It s smothered in the steady grind of sitting ith faces to the south day after day, month fter month, year after year. The result is wisted directions branded so deeply in hose keenly receptive young minds—*that iey can never be fully righted.*

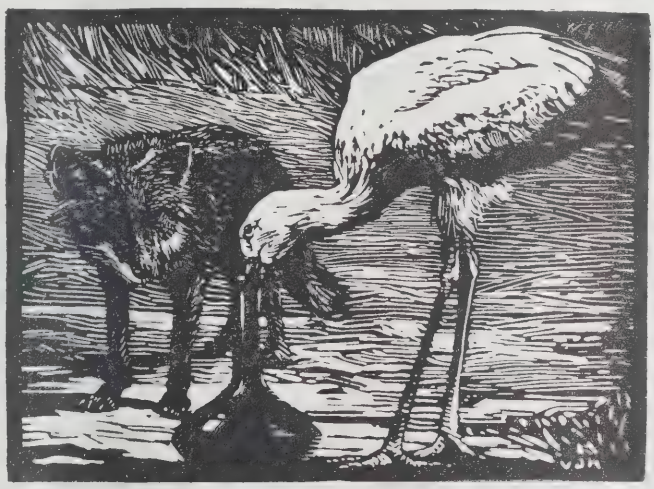
Directional sense differs considerably mong people. Some students can sit in a choolroom and study maps of distant ands with never a thought of their being o the north, south, east or west. A few, very few, will not know the direction they re facing.

But the other students—and I believe hey form a goodly majority—keep their irections in mind wherever they may be. nd keeping them in mind, it is only natural or the scholar to picture the north country straight ahead, the way they are facing, no matter if it be to the south, east or west.

Notice the people who have the habit of pointing opposite the place they are talking about. Then tell them which way they faced in early school years. It will be found both amusing and instructive. The majority of people will be surprised when the how of it is explained to them. It will elicit many personal experiences that vary from the ludicrous to the near tragic. The writer has listened to many in fifteen years of prying into the little-discussed subject.

One was told by a man from Montana. Unthinkingly, he pointed the opposite way in giving directions to a belated tourist. Instead of putting up at a warm hotel to the eastward that night, he landed in a snowdrift at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. A physician saved the most of two badly frozen feet.

The Montanan was greatly disturbed over the affair. He made a strenuous attempt to correct his directional sense but found it impossible. His surprise can be imagined when it was proved that faulty facing in early school years was the seat of his troubles. It had been a sort of skeleton-in-the-closet with him—a something that he alone possessed—a persistent reminder that he might be a bit off in the head.



Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

A critic to whom I sent an article on the subject sent me the following facts: 'For eight years in a country school I looked at a set of maps hung on the south wall of a schoolroom. As a result all my directions are reversed. I naturally think of the north-west as in exactly the opposite direction from what it is. When I began teaching in a rural school, I immediately hung all the maps on the north side of the room and had my map study from geography conducted with the pupils facing the north.'

Some schools may know about it and may be correcting it, but to date I have not found such. Far more schoolrooms are found facing the south, east or west, than those facing the north. I have questioned persons, from parents to professors. The subject was an entirely new one to the majority. And very few of the learned profession could be induced to give an opinion concerning the correctness of my contention.

One, a high-school inspector, listened with more than usual interest.

'Your idea is certainly new to me,' he said. 'But for all that, I think it deserves serious consideration.'

So I asked him to present it at the first meeting of the state educational board.

'That might do some good,' he replied. 'But much more would be accomplished if it were given publicity in some national magazine—one devoted to serious thought —.' And he named two or three.

We spent part of an afternoon together. He suggested the following conclusions:

That faulty directional sense through improper facing of pupils would be more pronounced in rural districts than in the graded schools. The same handicap might accrue through the improper hanging of maps, whether in the graded school of the city or one-room schoolhouse of the country.

Although the grade-school pupil is shifted about from room to room, there would be a strong likelihood of his mind-picturing becoming faulty if he faced the wrong direction when studying maps. Especially if two or more succeeding rooms faced the same wrong way.

More stress should be laid on the teaching of direction in the schoolroom. That simple lesson is often lost sight of in grappling with supposedly bigger things. The directional sense when fully and correctly developed is a most important help.

'But the plan nowadays is for one-way lighting,' said one objector. 'It is impossible to place all schoolrooms facing the north.'

Which is all true enough. But a little planning and changing about so that one or more rooms do face the north for pupils in the study of maps is surely not asking too much. At the very least, *no harm could come through facing them the right way.*

Most persons with misplaced directional sense are only that way with distant, out-of-sight places. They can look at the nearby country and feel that north is north and south is south. But when they think or speak of some place they cannot see—a distant city, a railway line, a national highway—it is then they are all jumbled up.

There has been a deal of criticism directed at our modern educational system. Just how much is merited is open to argument. But one thing is certain. The allowing of hodgepodge directional location of schoolrooms is a blot on the record of people who have been hired—who have the responsibility of preparing a nation's children for their life work.

How One Roosevelt Conquered *the* Father *of* Waters

By B. G. HUMPHREYS

IN 1809 Nicholas Roosevelt, of New York, a gentleman of education and inventive genius, possessed of a determined spirit for bold and adventurous enterprise, went over to Pittsburgh and built a flatboat, and, accompanied by his wife, boarded it and floated down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. It took six months to complete the journey.

The purpose of his trip was to collect all possible data touching the currents, eddies, shoals, and so forth, his intention being to build a steamboat for service on its lower reaches. Fulton and Livingston were associated with him, or rather were to be, if upon his return to New York his report satisfied their judgment that the scheme was feasible.

The trip required six months, but the information gained was well worth the labor, and upon his report to his colleagues, Roosevelt was set to work at once to build a steamboat for the Natchez and New Orleans trade.

It was necessary to take with him to Pittsburgh shipwrights and artisans from New York, as only the common carpenter could be found then at that distant outpost. The timbers, knees, ribs, and so forth, were found in the mountains and floated on the Monongahela to Pittsburgh. The planks were made by the old ripsaw process. Describing the building of the ark, Erwin Russell says:

Old Noah kept a-chipin' and
a-nailin' and a-sawin',
While all the wicked neighbors
kept a-laughin' and a-shawin'.'

This was exactly what happened at Pittsburgh in the summer of 1811 where his adventure was regarded by all as the foolish and iridescent dream of an impractical though daring enthusiast. In September of this year the boat was completed and ready for the voyage. She was christened the *New Orleans*, was 116 feet long, 20 feet beam, the engine had a 34-inch cylinder and the total cost was $38,000. She had two cabins, one aft and of four berths. This was the ladies' cabin. The other was forward and less pretentious.

Having first made a short trial trip up the Monongahela, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, the captain, Engineer Baker, Andrew Jackson the pilot, six deck hands, two female servants, a man waiter, a cook, and a Newfoundland dog named 'Tiger,' went aboard the *New Orleans* for the first trip ever made by a steamboat on the Mississippi River. Crowds gathered to watch the departure and wave good luck and goodby as the little craft glided off into the current of the Ohio.

On the second day after leaving Pittsburgh the boat reached Cincinnati. A great crowd gathered on the bank to view this strange craft, and after being assured that 'your boat may go down the river, but as to coming up it, the very idea is an absurd one,' Roosevelt proceeded on his journey.

They reached Louisville late at night on the second day out of Cincinnati, and when the patter of its wheels and the roar of the steam were heard by the awakened citizens, they rushed posthaste to the scene of the disturbance confidently expecting to find the fallen comet sputtering if not disporting in the river.

Everybody there, as at Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, knew that this wild experiment was a mad and foolish challenge to the forces of nature and they all made bold to tell him so. Everybody, I should have said, except the bold and intrepid Roosevelt and his equally valiant crew.

When he reached Louisville the river was too low to enable him to pass over the falls and he was perforce compelled to abide his time until the friendly elements would send rain to the upper watershed.

It is a fact perhaps worthy of note, as illustrating the times of which we are writing that while the *New Orleans* was tarrying at Louisville, Mrs. Roosevelt received a visit from the stork. This, her second son, being the first baby born on a steamboat on the western waters. Later we will see that the first courtship and the first marriage were also incidents of this historic voyage.

To relieve the ennui of his vexatious wait for the long delayed rains, Mr. Roosevelt steamed up the river and paid another visit to Cincinnati. To Roosevelt at least this feat accomplished with all ease, was probation strong as proofs of holy writ, and when the welcome rise at last came down the river he renewed the voyage with confidence. A multitude gathered along the shore at Louisville to witness the perilous descent across the falls and down the rapids.

Mr. Roosevelt, though quite confident in his enterprise, out of a spirit of abundant caution suggested that Mrs. Roosevelt leave the boat and rejoin them below the falls, but she would have none of it.

The river was not high, but the rise had ceased and the stage was stationary. He believed there was a margin of safety over the falls, and lacking in news facilities from the upper reaches, he feared delay might mean another soul-racking wait, and so he determined to make the run, and after some exciting experiences, successfully accomplished it.

J. H. B. Latrobe, a brother of Mrs. Roosevelt, writing of this trip in 1871, in the Maryland Historical Society paper says:

One of the peculiar characteristics of the voyage was the silence that prevailed on board. No one seemed disposed to talk; and when there was any conversation, it was carried on in whispers, almost.

Before the trip had ended it developed, to the surprise of the party, that other darts had been flying than those shot from the Indian bows. The captain of the boat had looked upon Mrs. Roosevelt's maid and he 'saw that she was fair.' The result was that a priest was at hand when the boat reached Natchez and the marriage took place aboard.

The romance of the voyage ended at Natchez where Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were received with great cordiality.

They reached New Orleans January 1, 1812, and the captain, according to Gayarre, stated that he had been but 259 hours actually on the way.

And That's How It Was

Wihla Hutson

I DID a favor yesterday,
A kindly little deed . . .
And then I called to all the world
To stop and look and heed.
They stopped and looked and flattered me
In words I could not trust,
And when the world had gone away
My good deed turned to dust.

A very tiny courtesy
I found to do today;
'Twas quickly done, with none to see,
And then I ran away . . .
But someone must have witnessed it,
For—truly I declare—
As I sped back the stony path
Roses were blooming there!

Vicente Blasco Ibañez

(*Continued from page 3*)

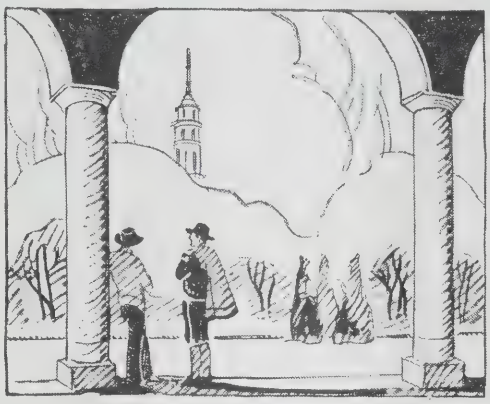
te first touch of the real Ibañez I got. I arrived at length at an imposing teway labeled 'Fontana Rosa.' I pulled e bell and a man who was washing several h-priced automobiles in succession before roomy garage came with a frown and arded me suspiciously. He spoke little ench and I spoke less, which added to-ther made less yet. Finally, he told me I d better go round to the main entrance d find out what I wanted. The main trance consisted of a still more imposing teway. This time a frowning woman, viously Spanish, answered the bell, arded me suspiciously and left me out-le the gate while she disappeared some-here inside. Soon a young man in a yed duster appeared and frowned sav-ely and suspiciously at me. I explained o I was and why I had come. He opened e gate and welcomed me. He was Señor añez's (Ee-bahn-yeth, he pronounced it) cretary and had written the letter asking e to come.

As we approached a small outhouse, nich proved to be Señor Ibañez's work-op, I was signaled to don respect as ough it were a garment. We entered a llway separated from the main chamber e a heavy portière. The secretary pointed thin for me to look. The great Ibañez t there posed in an attitude of heavy work.

I was then ushered into a long room, the les of which were lined with several thou-nd volumes of books in all languages. akespeare and Thackeray were among the nglish. Most of them were in Spanish, owever, and prominent among them was *on Quixote*. Be-des the books, the om was filled ith truck and ings not beauti-l; a sort of lum-r room for all his erary and other uvenirs. There as an elaborate ronze, for in-ance, of *The Four orsemen of the pocalypse* with an scription saying was the gift of ex Ingram, the otion picture di-ctor who pro-uced the film ver-on of the famous ory.

There were attered photo-raphs of groups herein Ibañez as always the entral figure; gned photographs great people 'to bañez'—Anatole rance, and Emile ola, among others; his picture taken with a roup of French generals at some un-eiling; picture of a dinner given him by the louse of Representatives in Washington; nother of a dinner given him by the Ameri-an Booksellers' Association with him sitting by the 'sohn of Roosevelt,' as he proudly told me.

The first contact with Ibañez consisted, then, of the ceremony of the pictures, as we might call it. Our interpreter had arrived—a chic little French madame—and we were escorted around the room and made to give obeisance to each of the objects in turn. Ibañez would stand in the background and wait until we were all set, then he would come forward and point to himself in the picture and say, 'Ibañez!'



AS I SAW Blasco Ibañez, he appeared to be a man of about fifty-five. He wore a brown cloth smoking jacket somewhat the worse for wear, very baggy trousers slightly frayed where they fell over the 'sneaks' —as we used to call rubber-soled shoes when I was a boy—which he wore. The fore-top of his head was bald; beyond that was a heavy fringe of gray-black hair. His face was severe, or a trifle petulant, I might say, and very, very solemn. He remains almost immobile until he becomes really interested in what is going on, and instantly he becomes like a bunch of fireworks and a galvanic battery in one. Nothing can then brook the flow of his words and ideas.

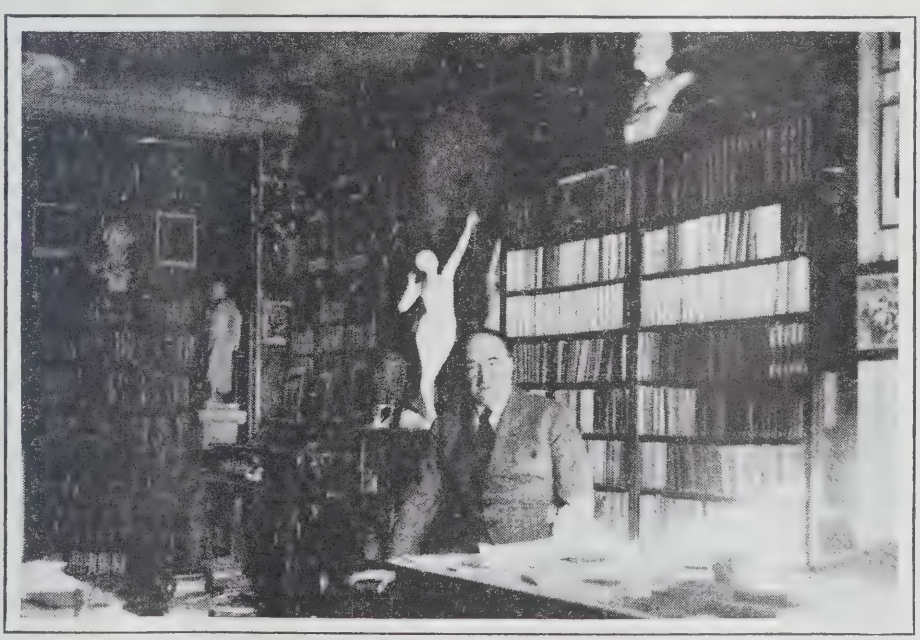
I imagine that he must be that way when he writes—he sits and first thinks a very great deal and then his thoughts suddenly come tumbling out with the passionate outburst of an avalanche and he endeavors to set them down. The moment he gets thus excited, his hands begin to gesticulate and his voice rises in trembling, pas sionate tones and he is all fire and eloquence and it is then that you can feel in gusts the same thing that he has so effectually put in his books after long periods of deep thinking—sweeping description, penetrating pathos and staggering philosophy. He is a delightful mixture of petted child of fortune, racy raconteur and savage savant. His personality is so pronounced and his words so precious that he is interesting at all times.

We ventured first to ask Ibañez about some of the things he had done in the past. He regarded us with a rather withering look.

'With the past I am not concerned,' he said solemnly. 'I am not like one of those Buddhas who sit and stare admiringly at their fat stomachs that were filled and satisfied centuries ago! I am only interested in Tomorrow! *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* had its day and fulfilled its purpose. But now I am launching new books—eight of them in a great series—that have a new and greater purpose, and if you like, I will speak of them, but not of the past.'

Señor Ibañez handed me a highly tinted jacketed book bound in paper. It was in Spanish and entitled *El Papa del Mar*. He inscribed it to me, making it a treasured first edition of all editions, being one of the first hundred off any press.

'I am writing history in fiction form. The two will be so closely welded together, that you may not see where one ends and the other begins. It shall be of great interest to America, for it takes first into consideration the mother of America—the *real* mother, who is Spanish —through her period of travail before the child, America, was born. There will be eight



—*Keystone View.*

Vicente Ibanez in the wonderful library of his French villa.

volumes, each depicting, in the form of a romance, one of the great periods of Spain's vital relationships with your continents of America.

'You will not like some things I have to say—you Nord Americans. For instance, after eight years of research, after I have examined all the reliable documents of the period, I am convinced that Christopher Columbus never stepped foot upon—never even saw!—any part of the continent of America! I can prove it.'

HE was challenging us almost fiercely. We had no answer. He continued:

'I begin with the book you have here—*The Popes of the Sea*, it will be called in English. The Pope of the Sea was the Doge of Venice. Next I shall take up the Borgias and call it *The Feet of Venus*. But all the while, mind you, history and romance will be walking through the pages hand in hand. More than that, there will be history of the olden days, knitted together with a romance of our day! Panama, London, America—all worked into the action together. The first books all verge toward the discovery of America.

'No, my friends, Columbus never got to America. He died before he could make the trip. It was Vespucci—Amerigo Vespucci of Seville, who discovered your country! Ah, they all thought they would go to India, but none thought he would discover America.

'You Americans of the North have usurped that title of "American"—you people of the United States. Why, not until the Spanish-American War did we people of Spain even call you people of the United States "Americans."

'My final book of the series will be *The Youth of the World*. That is you—your United States. Ah, you are just beginning—and we are old!'

He must be interested in American motion pictures that had brought him in an immense fortune alone. What did he think of them—for the future, of course?

'The American motion picture has no standard other than workmen and grisettes! That is all I can say.'

In the parlance of the day, Ibañez had 'said a mouthful.' What I was anxious to learn was the exact kind of a revolutionist Ibañez was and the character of his ideas. My impression, and that of all the people I had met, was that he was simply a bolshevist striking at the root of all stabilized government.

'Bolshevist!' I thought he would burst a blood vessel. 'I am not even a socialist! I am a simple republican—just as you in America are republicans. It is not politics that interest me at all—will you not understand? Will the world not understand? *It is Spain that I have in my heart.* In France I would be called a Conservative.

'In Spain, all is wrong. All is corruption. The people are heavily taxed and are squeezed and squeezed—for what? For money and more money for the king, for the army and for the church. All I ask for—and that is why my own people put me in prison and want to kill me!—are schools and freedom and a life this side of beggary for my people—only a little bit like you have in the United States. That is all I ask. But I cannot have it from the king, so I say then the king is a tyrant and we can only get these things if there is a republic. Without the things I ask there is no morality!

'All I want to see in my generation is these great things started. Administration for schools as well as for army and navy. Equal rights for Protestants, and not persecution. Schools for all and progress must follow. We have but a little country. But the church and the army eat up more than the people. Our government has no money for anything outside the Three Great Vicious Interests. We are bankrupt; we haven't a *sou* to meet our budget and don't know where to get the next penny from.

'My idea is simply to instill in the people the facts of their own deficiencies, and then the future will take care of itself. It must be sown and developed or Spain will die of dry rot. No, my friends, I am simply a Spaniard speaking for the welfare of my people—a republican, if you will. But the world has made not a patriot of me, but a demagogue seeking power, a loud mouthing thing, a bolshevist, a—Marie! Marie!' he shouted to a housemaid passing through the hallway, 'bring here the hundred-year-old cognac! I would drink with my friends—to Spain!'

And so we read in the day's press, along with the announcement of *A Novelist's Tour of the World* by Vicente Blasco Ibañez,

SPAIN'S ENTIRE ARMY TO BE REFORMED
Reduction Begun With Artillery
Money Saved Is Expected to Be
Devoted to Long Delayed
Public Education
And Improvement

The first time in history! And without a doubt the first unacknowledged victory of the Battle of the Windmills by that lone latter-day Don Quixote, Vicente Blasco Ibañez.

Overfinancing the Building Boom

(*Concluded from page 2*)

million, another a million and a half and a third is reported to have died from grief over the misfortunes of this tragic enterprise.

There is in a New Jersey suburban town an apartment house which was built at a cost of $600,000. A banking house agreed to finance it with a public bond sale, but it exacted from the builders a bonus of 'fifteen points,' which, in the realty business, means fifteen per cent on the construction cost. This bonus of $90,000 was pledged to the bankers. The latter then started to market the bonds they had underwritten; they sold securities to the amount of $190,000, which sum they turned over to the builders. Then the bond house failed, with a crash that resounded through the country, for it had financed buildings of a like nature in cities in many states. It is regarded as doubtful whether the unfortunate promoters of the building will receive anything more.

A large theater corporation is constructing a building on a plot of land somewhat apart from the section which is crowded nightly with theatergoers, but which is still near enough to obtain their patronage. In other words, the location is well selected, and the prospects for the success of the enterprise are favorable. But the financing of this proposition appears exceptional, to say the least. The corporation has sold first-mortgage bonds through a banking house to the amount of $4,250,000, and it has also issued stock in the form of 475,000 shares of 'no par value,' divided into 125,000 preferred shares and 350,000 common shares. These securities are already said to be widely distributed.

The bonds, when sold, were dated October, 1925, and the theater has not yet been completed. Bearing interest at the rate of 6¼ per cent, these bonds must annually pay a charge of $265,000, and this sum has now been distributed to the security-holders before the completion of the building, for the interest-bearing bonds were marketed before the ground was broken on the building site. Bond and mortgage houses customarily demand a bonus for underwriting securities, aggregating from 6 to 15 per cent. Making a conservative estimate of 8 per cent in this instance, the 'points' paid to the bankers probably amounted to the sum of $340,000.

NOW the preferred stock was marketed by brokers, who offered a bonus of one share of common with each three shares of preferred that were purchased. The preferred stock is to bear cumulative dividends of $3.50 annually, accruing from December 1, 1925. The theater, to all appearances will not be opened for business until nearly a year after this date, so the cumulative dividends, due before the enterprise begins earning returns, amount to $437,500. When the doors of the theater swing open to the public, the corporation which sponsors it will have entered upon its theatrical campaign with an indebtedness already incurred of close upon $1,042,500. This indebtedness works out as follows:

Interest on bonds, at 6¼%, paid before completion of building	$265,000
Bankers' bonus (estimated)	340,000
Accumulated dividends on stock	437,500
Total obligations incurred before business begins	$1,042,500

When bankers who sell securities are compelled to take over the properties on which they are issued, it is not a healthy sign; nor is the situation rendered healthier when real-estate bonds are sold a year or so before the property on which they are a first-mortgage lien is completed. And when furnishings of club houses and hotels are put under a mortgage, it loses its character as a first lien, and becomes a chattel mortgage.

The greatest asset of the country lies in its real estate, and more persons are said to be interested in it than in any other form of property, from the owner of a small dwelling to the corporate owner of the largest industrial plant, hotel or apartment house. In 1925, $675,000,000 worth of real estate bonds were sold, an increase of more than 1,000 per cent in the last five years.

The head of the National Association of Building Owners and Managers said the other day: 'There is something about the purchase of real-estate bonds that is different from other bonds. The fact that one can go into a building and really see it and realize that he is a part owner, even if he has only $500 or $1,000 of the issue, is alluring. But no building is worth more than it can possibly earn over a term of years, even though its door-knobs are gold plated.'

Getting Acquainted With Wildcats

(*Continued from page 13*)

Eyra cat who gives one a hasty glance and bounds away into the dense herbage of its haunts.

he Sierra Madre in Coahuila. The elegant reature had evidently been interested in ny netting of insects, for I turned and ound it observing me intently at a distance nd showing no tendency to retreat until I hortened the space by half. Then it trotted ff like a lazy dog, pausing now nd then in the common feline nanner to look back at me until t disappeared with a bound among he denser bushes, nor could it gain be routed out, although I magined it was watching me from ome shadowed, near recess.

The other experience was with-n a motts or grove of live oaks n Southern Texas. I chanced to glance up just before passing nderneath a horizontal limb not ive feet above my head and there eheld what, to a naturalist, is a nost entrancing sight: one of our eemingly formidable wildcats, and he most beautiful, at rest within ts haunts.

Such creatures well know their nereditary enemies, if they do not correctly judge individuals. I was greeted with an open-mouthed snarl and that forceful exhalation of breath by which all cats convey natred and dire warning. In this case, however, it was pure bluff; neither of us intended harm to the other. There must be some-thing lacking in the man who could turn his rifle upon a creature so vitally appealing. After cen-suring myself for having left a note-book in camp and being thus de-prived of making a unique sketch I began to address some words in a soothing tone to this rather over-sized 'kitty' and with the first sound of the human voice the creature leaped to the ground and fled into the bordering thicket. The ocelot has been called docile and been accused of lacking spirit.

I knew of a Mexican goat herder who, to save an injured kid in his hut from what he believed was a coyote, entered club in hand, barring the way out. The culprit was an ocelot and it attacked the man with such persistence that before he could give it a stunning blow it had clawed and bitten his arm so that amputation was necessary.

The artist came face to face with this fellow in Texas. The stout-bodied ocelot is perhaps the most beautiful of American wildcats.

Not least in interest are the short-tailed, ear-tufted lynxes of which, in North America, we have two well-defined species that, like all others of our wildcats, are too little known: The Canada lynx, called also by the Canadians with incomprehensible inaccuracy, *'loup garou,'* is a long and heavy-limbed animal with very large feet, necessi-tated by its travels in deep snow. Its pelt is valuable because of the long, thick fur and hair of silvery yellow with darker pencilings. Its range is the northern por-tions of North America and south as far as the upper tier of heavily forested states.

The bay lynx, known also as bobcat because of its short tail, is our commonest wildcat, also so called. It is most widely and generally distributed in the United States, inhabiting also the highlands of Mexico. Concerning the numerous pub-lished accounts of this creature and its northern relative there is much misunder-standing, error and lack of accurate data. Nelson states that the Canada lynx is one-third larger, weighing as much as thirty pounds. Hornaday quotes the account of a bobcat weighing fifty-one pounds and Sass records a South Carolina low-country cat at the same figure, further stating that thirty-pound bobcats are not rare in that country. If, then, the weight of the Canada lynx has been correctly given, it is smaller than the bay lynx, but probably really averages larger.

The geographic varieties of the bay lynx differ considerably, as do those of most animals of wide distribution. The southwestern bobcat is a gray and dark-spotted animal with very little tan or rufous, hardly de-serving the name of bay lynx. The Eastern United States form is so like the red fox in general coloration that at a distance it is not always easy to tell one from the other until the tail is noted. The lynx has a habit of wagging his stump when excited or angry. Reynard's long, heavy brush is almost the biggest part of him. The rich coat of rufous all over the upper part of the eastern bay lynx might make it a handsome crea-ture were it not for its rather un-gainly build, with hind legs too long, body and tail too short.

The bobcat, though sharing with the others of its generic relatives most of the feline char-acteristics, differs from them in being a nest builder. Its cousin of Canada finds shelter among dense spruce and fir; the puma selects retreats naturally leaf-carpeted. Those cats of the warm countries commonly need no spe-cial bedding and the rapid growth of vermin compels them frequently to change their quarters. But the bay lynx has, like the skunk, developed the habit of gathering material with which to make its kittens more cozy and comfort-able.

I have spent much time prying into the habits of the wildcat; there are more patience and per-sistence required than when an-gling. But it is sometimes worth all the trouble, even where the

shy animals are so scarce as not to have their presence known by the farmers and woodsmen. Interference will compel the mother cat to remove her kittens, carrying them after the manner of domestic puss—by the back of the neck.

One retreat I found by accident while seeking a vireo's nest. The young ones were able to follow the mother about and evidently returned to this lair each day. I caught the barest glimpse of the parent and one quarter-grown kitten scrambling up a fallen tree limb to the den in the rocks. The next day I found dead grasses, leaves and much fur placed in such a manner on a sheltered ledge as to make it certain that the kittens had been carried there after preparation. When a boy, in Tennessee, my chum and I discovered the kittens peeping from a rocky crevice that we did not care to reach, though the mother cat was away. Much later we returned and found a nest similar to that described above.

But at best one gets only a brief glimpse of the wildcat, unless in cruel traps or after the creature has been shot. Though having had numerous opportunities with gun in hand, I am glad that I have never killed a wildcat. Why destroy them? They do very little injury; if poultry, lambs and pigs are properly housed or penned the cats and foxes will take it out in destroying field mice and reptiles. Grouse and partridges escape by cunning and subterfuge; wild turkeys and rabbits are most plentiful where bobcats are commonest. It is unsafe to interfere with the balance of nature between predatory creatures and their natural, vegetation-destroying prey. Besides, to the nature lover there is a charm, a thrill in catching a glimpse of a sizable feline now and then and in knowing that the wide, yellow, curious, malevolent eyes may be watching in these hidden recesses. Possibly the cat is treading softly after him.

MANY foolish things have been asserted concerning the hunting of our wildcats, mostly to extol the powers of the beasts and then to magnify the powers of our friend the dog. Fenimore Cooper gives a ridiculous account of an old dog that for a time kept a puma from attacking two helpless girls. James Lane Allen makes his hero, without a gun, kill a puma that attacked him. Sass, who writes with convincing charm, oversteps the bounds of common sense by evidently believing and relating some old braggart's account of a noble hound's having, singly, killed a bobcat by crushing its breast with jaws and weight. This would be as impossible as to scare the little beast to death; its sternal bones are not of such fragile stuff and what, pray, were the feline claws, both fore and hind, doing while the dog was thus deliberately employed? There would have been nothing but bloody shreds left of the canine face, ears, eyes, sensitive nose and belly and not even a fighting bull terrier could have survived. But there is no mention of the claws; the cat merely bit the dog through the shoulder, though pinioned as it was it could not possibly have reached this part of the aggressor.

Once, while coon hunting, I mistook a small wildcat for *Procyon lotor*, climbed up and shook it out of a tree and it fell over fifty feet, quickly whipped three powerful dogs any one of which could kill a raccoon and rapidly got away from its human enemies to a pile of rocks two hundred yards up a steep mountainside.

The World Tells Its Tale of 1926

(*Continued from page 5*)

occupy the territory. Since then efforts have been made to settle the matter by negotiation. On the same day Premier Briand ended his ninth ministry, again reorganized his cabinet and began his tenth premiership June 23.

The International Eucharistic Congress, honored by the presence of twelve cardinals, princes of the Roman Catholic Church, met in Chicago June 20 to 24.

Aimee Semple McPherson of Angelus Temple, Los Angeles, who vanished at the beach at Santa Monica, California, reappeared June 23 at Douglas, Arizona, having escaped, she said, from kidnappers who had brought her from the California beach to a deserted cabin in Mexico. In Italy, on June 29, new industrial laws were proclaimed, restoring the nine-hour working day, forbidding strikes, and limiting the size and contents of newspapers.

Early this year it transpired that the Canadian Government was being defrauded of millions of her revenue. Instead of using the fact as an argument against the tariff the opposition used it to overthrow the government of Mackenzie King, Liberal premier, who was defeated on a test vote in the House of Commons and presented his resignation to the Governor-General

On July 3 Congress adjourned, having done little in its last few weeks except to discuss farm-relief measures, rivers and harbors appropriations and similar measures without taking action. On July 6 President Coolidge and his family sought rest and recreation in a camp in the Adirondacks, near Paul Smith's, New York.

The grand jury at Los Angeles heard evidence in regard to the alleged kidnapping of Mrs. Aimee Semple McPherson, but returned no indictments.

In answer to criticisms in Europe that the war-debt settlements with America were oppressive, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon stated, on July 17, that most of the war indebtedness had, in one way and another, been remitted, and that all the debit countries were expected to repay were advances for other than military purposes. This was at variance with what he had previously stated. Failing to redeem French finances from their distressful state Premier Briand resigned his tenth premiership July 19. Edouard Herriot's ministry lasted two days. Conditions were desperate. The French franc had fallen to a value of about three cents in American money. On July 23 Raymond Poincaré induced five other former premiers to join him and confidence in this new cabinet was voted on July 27. Since then the affairs of France have taken an upward turn.

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson, of Texas, sought renomination for the post. Her opponent, Dan W. Moody, attorney-general, received a plurality at the election of July 24. In Texas primaries a majority of all votes cast is necessary for nomination, so a 'run-off' was held August 28, Mrs. Ferguson being decisively defeated.

After many months of bitter dispute President Calles, of Mexico, declared his intent to put into effect on August 1 the church laws requiring priests to register, denying aliens the right of conducting religious services and imposing other restrictions on religious organizations. The bishops of the Catholic Church refused to recognize or obey these laws and announced that when they went into effect they would suspend the services and sacraments of the church. On July 31, therefore, the Catholic priests of Mexico left their places and their congregations without spiritual ministrations.

Gertrude Ederle, of New York, swam the English Channel on August 6, being the first woman to accomplish that feat. She anticipated a profitable stage career on the strength of the feat but two days after she was received at home with great éclat Mrs. Clemington Carson, also of New York, did the same thing and before a month had passed a German, a Frenchman and an Englishman duplicated the performance.

The state of New Jersey, prodded into action by a New York newspaper, reopened the old Hall-Mills murder mystery. In 1922 the Reverend E. W. Hall, of New Brunswick, and Mrs. Eleanor Mills, choir singer, were found murdered near that city. The authorities took no definite action until 1926. Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall, widow of the murdered man, was arrested July 28 and within a few days her brothers, William and Henry Stevens, and her brother-in-law, Henry Deb. Carpenter, were placed in jail. The first three defendants were placed on trial November 3 in the presence of 200 newspaper reporters. One telegraph company had 28 operators on the scene and ten press photographers were admitted to the court room. The trial lasted one month and resulted in acquittal for the defendants.

Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University and one of the foremost educators of all time, died on August 22. Rudolph Valentino, motion picture actor, died the following day.

On September 6, the Assembly of the League of Nations met and continued where it had left off in March. In the interim some of the difficulties had been ironed out. Spain was still obdurate. When Germany was voted in on September 8, Spain resigned. A compromise was reached on the matter of membership in the Council, its number being increased to fourteen and several countries being elected to two- and three-year terms, instead of one. The

ssembly transacted little other business of nuch importance.

Mrs. McPherson again came into the melight in September. The charge was nade that she committed perjury in telling er story to the grand jury. The preliminary earing lasted until November 3, when she vas held for formal trial.

Captain René Fonck, noted French var 'ace,' attempted to fly from New York o Paris on September 21. Preliminary test ights had been deemed satisfactory, but he actual attempt ended in tragedy. The iant plane burst into flames before it left he ground, and two men, a Frenchman and Russian, were killed. Captain Fonck was ot injured.

On September 18 storms of unprecdented velocity struck Miami and other Eastern Florida cities. The death list is fficially placed at 368. Property damage vas enormous. Great suffering and hardhip followed the storm and the American Red Cross, with other agencies, rushed aid o the sufferers. As soon as Florida recovered rom the first shock she set to work to reair the damage and to minimize the reorts of their extent, which the governor of he state and the mayor of Miami declared ad been exaggerated.

On October 1, John Barton Payne, President of the Red Cross, issued a formal tatement in which he said that the attitude f these officials impeded the gathering of unds for relief work.

Canada emerged from a complicated olitical situation in September with the Liberal Party restored to power and Macenzie King again premier. Early in the ear a scandal broke out regarding smuggling, and a vote of censure for the Mackenie King ministry was believed imminent. Mackenzie King asked Baron Byng, Governor-General of Canada, to dissolve Parliament and call for a new election. This Baron Byng refused to do, and Mackenzie King resigned.

Arthur Meighen, leader of the Conservative Party, was then called upon to form a ministry. He soon received an adverse vote from Parliament and a new election was called. Meighen's ministry served throughout the summer, but resigned in September when the voters swept the Liberals back into power. The Liberals did not have a clear-cut majority but were able to form a ministry with the aid of Independents and the Progressive Party.

Oct.

Queen Marie of Rumania, with her son, Prince Nicholas, and her daughter, Princess Ileana, arrived at New York October 18 and began their tour of the United States.

On October 25 the Supreme Court of the United States made a ruling greatly extending and confirming the right of the President to remove, without consulting the Senate, federal officeholders whose appointment requires Senate confirmation. As the month closed the bootleg gangs in Williamson County, Illinois, in and around Herrin, became active again, using machine guns and bombs.

Mussolini was again fired upon. The youth who shot at the Dictator was literally torn to pieces by the infuriated populace.

Nov.

The Congressional and state elections on November 2 left the House of Representatives in control of the Republicans, with a reduced, but working, majority.

On November 19, international bankers issued a sweeping manifesto calling upon the nations of Europe to tear down tariff and trade barriers. The American signers as well as the Secretary of the Treasury explained that it had no reference to this country.

Britain took an important step when the premiers of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South America and Newfoundland and the president of the Irish Free State foregathered with Premier Baldwin in London and defined a new status for the British Commonwealth of Nations. Hereafter these dominions will be known as 'autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status and in no way subordinate one to the other in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs.'

On November 4 United States Judge George W. English, of Illinois, impeached by the House in April, resigned, thus making a formal trial by the Senate unnecessary. On November 5 President Coolidge announced that the Administration desired to make a tax refund from the revenue surplus for the year.

Dec.

December opened with China in a turbulent position, with Cantonese revolutionists marching on Peking. The nominal government of China had further complicated matters by denying Belgium the special privileges that nation, along with other foreign countries, had enjoyed for many years.

In France the Berenger-Mellon debt settlement was about to come up for discussion and possible action in the Chamber of Deputies. Trouble with Mexico was indicated by Secretary of State Kellogg's sharp note regarding the Mexican land laws. It was widely intimated that Mexican 'reds' had been aiding the revolution in Nicaragua. Russia appeared to be inclining toward the 'right,' with Stalin firmly in the saddle, and Trotsky and Zinovieff in the discard.

On December 11 President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua issued a manifesto in which he renewed his accusations that the Mexican Government was actively supporting the Liberal revolutionary movement in his country. He charged that reliable information indicated that officials of the Mexican Government were outfitting a vessel which, with an armed expedition, would proceed soon to Nicaragua, under the escort of Mexican gunboats, to make war against the government. Asserting that successful Mexican interference in the Government of Nicaragua would mean the confiscating of private property, the denial of religious freedom, communism and political disorder, President Diaz called upon the Liberal revolutionists to make peace with his government.

Storms on the Sun

(*Concluded from page 7*)

It is these disturbances that produce what are popularly known as sun spots. When Galileo perceived sun spots through his little telescope he was regarded as a dangerous man who was corrupting the world by finding blemishes on the sun.

While the general cause of sun spots is almost certainly the high temperature of the sun, and the great rate at which it radiates heat into space, there are many things about them that are quite unexplained. The first of these is their approximate periodicity, with a period of eleven years, which I have already mentioned. The second is that they appear only in two bands on each side of the solar equator, extending from a latitude of 10 degrees to one of 40 degrees, both north and south of the equator. The storms are, on the average, more numerous and of larger extent in the southern hemisphere of the sun than they are in the northern.

A question of wide general interest is the possible effects of sun storms upon the earth. It may be stated at once that they do not change the total quantity of the sun's radiation to an important degree. The character of the radiation is, however, a little modified.

The most commonly observed of these phenomena is the *aurora borealis*, or northern lights, which are probably induced by solar disturbances. They are most frequent when sun spots occur in greatest numbers.

A related phenomenon is the magnetic disturbance that frequently occurs when there are sun spots.

Statistical studies of the question, extending over many years, seem to indicate that the weather has a slight periodicity corresponding to the sun-spot period, but the matter is generally regarded as being somewhat in doubt. At any rate, it is certain that the sun spots have no very marked effects upon the earth.

Strikingly as the sun and the earth differ in appearance and organization, they are blood relatives, so to speak.

It is now known beyond any question that there are present in the sun, in enormous quantities, such well-known elements as hydrogen, carbon, oxygen, sodium, calcium, iron, nickel, copper, and zinc; indeed, nearly all the elements found on the earth exist also in the sun, except a few of the heaviest.

There was one element found in the sun which up to that time was not known on the earth. It was therefore called *helium*, from the Greek word *helios*, meaning 'sun.' This element, which is a gas, was subsequently discovered on the earth. Owing to its being non-combustible and lighter than air, it is ideally suited for use in airships.

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Digging *into* Past History

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

ARCHEOLOGY has been recognized in modern times for not more than one hundred years, although there is evidence to show that it was practiced by certain scholars and rulers long prior to the Christian Era. Until the beginning of the present century only a dim outline had been obtained of the ancient greatness of the country now familiarly known as Babylonia.

All that was known before was in the historical references of Berosus, a Greek writer of the third century before Christ, who compiled a mixture of fact and myth, basing much of what he wrote on records of Nabonidus, a Babylonian king who lived two centuries earlier, the father of Belshazzar. It was known that Nabonidus had compiled a list of kings and dynasties back to the beginning of Babylonian history, but even in the time of Berosus it had been lost. The Greek writer was able only to note that the Babylonians estimated some thirty-two thousand years had elapsed since the Deluge, prior to which they believed there had been a high state of civilization in their country for nearly half a million years.

More than two thousand years elapsed after Berosus before the world got any real confirmation of his writings. Then the French at Susa and the British at the palace of Asurbanipul in Assyria began to dig up records of the Babylonians. Tablets were found containing many records, including the Code of Hammurabi, the great lawgiver who compiled the laws of Babylonia. Then, about the time of the University Museum expedition to Nippur, the most ambitious piece of excavation up to that time, tablets began to find their way into the hands of scholars which bore two sets of inscriptions. The characters were the same—the peculiar wedge-shaped marks—but all that had been learned about reading Babylonian was of no avail in reading the new language.

A CONTROVERSY arose concerning it, some archeologists contending that it was meaningless. Then thousands of the tablets were discovered at Nippur, and finally scholars succeeded in proving that the mysterious new language was really a form more ancient than the later Babylonian. It was the language of Sumer.

Now, after more than a quarter of a century of difficult work by English, French, German and American scholars, it is known that the Sumerians were a non-Semitic race and apparently the first settlers of the Mesopotamian plain. Just when the race became extinct is still a matter of conjecture, but by 2200 B. C., the Semites were in virtually complete control of the land. Their accession to power was a slow growth that was not completed for many centuries, and in the view of some scientists was made possible through the inability of the Sumerians to withstand the rigors of the hot, dry climate. At any rate, the Babylonians took over the culture and civilization that they found in the country.

The first Semite settlements were in the north, those of the Sumerians in the south. The land to the north was known as Akkad. Sumerian was retained for thousands of years as the official language. All the ancient religious services including psalms and liturgies were kept in Sumerian script. Then, as the Babylonians increased their control, the scribes made records of famous epic poems in both languages in parallel columns on the same tablets, which were then used in the priest school at Nippur. At that time, of course, relatively few of the population ever learned to read and write. All documents were prepared by the scribes and all written records were kept in the temple archives.

IT HAS taken many years to make even a partial translation of the twenty-five thousand tablets brought home by the University of Philadelphia Museum expedition from Nippur. In a previous article describing the work of Dr. Leon Legrain, now curator of the museum's Babylonian section, some idea was given of the difficulty of the work and also of the more important discoveries made by him. Prior to his arrival in this country other translators had found records giving them nearly all the names of kings and dynasties back to 2000 B. C.

He found tablet fragments, broken perhaps four thousand years ago, put them together and got successive lists furnishing the names of all dynasties known to the Babylonians who lived in that year or as early as 2500 B. C. By calculating months instead of years where the Babylonian chronologist ascribed reigns of 18,000 years and similarly long periods to certain kings, he has been able to construct the framework of the country's history back to approximately 5000 B. C.

From the religious point of view all Christendom is interested in Ur of the Chaldees in Mesopotamia because the place was the home of Abraham before Thare, his father, led him into the Land of Canaan. Apparently Ur of the Chaldees was a large province, the city being the capital or county seat. It was also the center of moon god worship, and for thousands of years conquering kings brought their loot to the temple there as sacrifice to the God Sin, and set up inscriptions describing their campaigns.

In its earliest days Ur was located on the banks of the Persian Gulf, at the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates. Since then those streams have carried down millions of tons of silt until the shore line has been pushed outward more than a hundred miles. That fact made it difficult to discover the exact location. It should be stated that the only outward signs of Mesopotamia's forgotten cities are huge mounds of sand, rising from the flat plain. No one has counted all the mounds as yet, but archeologists say there are hundreds of them, rising as high as a hundred feet above the desert.

When all of those cities were thickly populated the country was the most productive the world has ever known. It made agricultural records that have never been equaled. All the towns were connected by canals, which are still recognized as engineering marvels. So thoroughly were they constructed that although the beds have long since gone dry, the banks of most of them are still intact and could be used again, with little repairing, for the purpose for which they were built thousands of years ago.

Since the records at Nippur and other strictly Babylonian cities show that the original culture came from Sumer in the south, it follows that archeologists have turned longing eyes toward the southern settlements. Before the war, however, exploration was surrounded with difficulties. The Turks were then in control. They issued permits to recognized archeologists or to almost anybody else who would agree to leave half his finds at the museum in Constantinople. Then they decided on what constituted half. The archeologist worked presumably under the protection of the government, but that was uncertain, and he was subject to all sorts of trouble from wandering bands of Arabs. Under those circumstances it was impossible to get funds for systematic excavation.

Wars were frequent in early Sumerian and Babylonian times. Originally each community set up its own government. Then, as the arts and sciences progressed, men became ambitious for more power. A system of city kings was evolved. Sometimes there were several dynasties all operating at once, and each controlling a section of the country including many cities. Even in times as late as these of Darius the Persian conqueror it was the custom of the invader to tear down the wall that his predecessor had built around his city, and to destroy the public buildings.

SOMETIMES it is evident that cities were deserted for a century or more, but always the descendants of the original inhabitants returned and started to rebuild. Old ruins were simply leveled over or filled up. A pavement was put down of sun-dried bricks, each bearing

the name stamped into it of the new ruler. That habit furnishes an infallible record of time to the explorer.

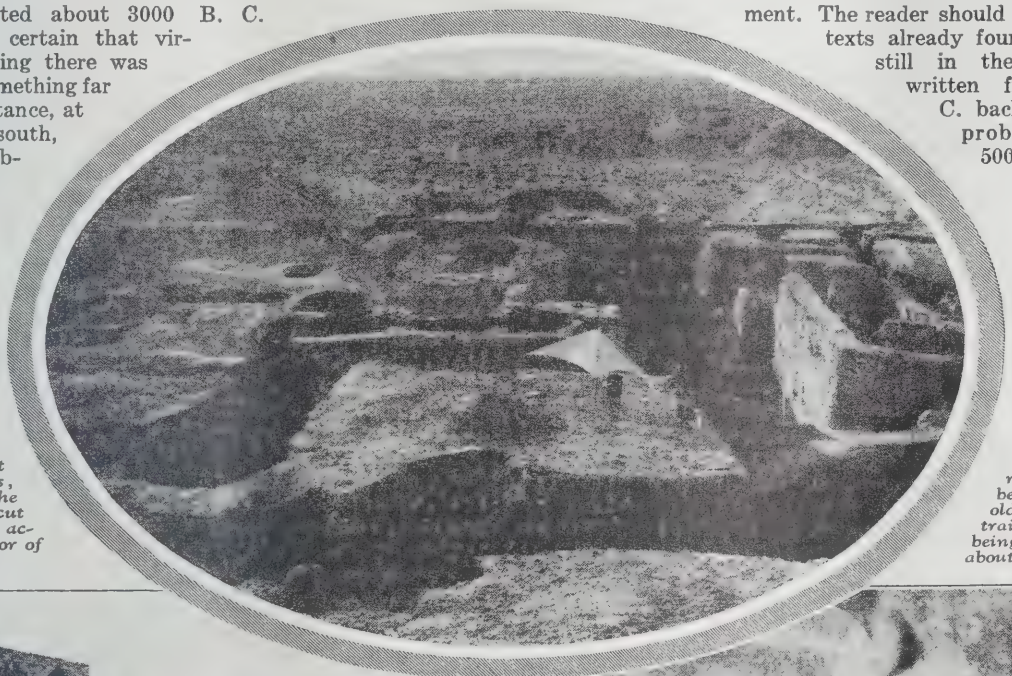
Nippur had twenty-one different occupations during its troublous history. Ur may have had forty. At Nippur was found the earliest known story of Creation, Paradise, the Flood and the Fall of Man, to say nothing of countless religious records bearing marked similarity to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The translations of those tablets were made by Dr. Stephen H. Langdon, a native of Michigan, now Professor of Assyriology at Oxford University, England, when he was curator at the museum in Philadelphia. According to the Sumerian version, it was Noah, and not Adam, who ate the forbidden fruit, and the Deluge brought an end to Paradise and incidentally to thousands of the populace.

The earliest of the tablets found at Nippur is dated about 3000 B. C. Scientists are certain that virtually everything there was copied from something far older. For instance, at Lagash, in the south, was found a tablet of stone containing an inscription fixing the boundaries between that city and Ur. The form of writing used is the most archaic known of the wedge-shaped system. It is, in fact, a collection of pictographs. One authority has estimated the date of that tablet as 4500 B. C. Another tablet almost as old contained an inscription describing a magical method for ridding a field of a plague of locusts.

The fact that stone was used is highly important. It is evident that although it was scarce in Sumer, it furnished the only means of making records for many thousands of years before some inventive genius hit on the idea of using clay. A whole library of archaic stone tablets may be found down in the lower levels of occupation at Ur of the Chaldees, and if so no one can tell how far back history may be carried and what revelations may be made of the early struggles of mankind. In that library will be an earlier story than any now known of Creation, Paradise, and the Deluge.

Among the eleven royal cities, seats of dynasties, known to have ruled more or less completely the land of Sumer and Akkad, from the Persian Gulf to the actual region of Bagdad, and even to the Mediterranean Sea, between 4000 and 2000 B. C., Ur had three times the honor of leadership. These eleven cities fall naturally into two groups; north and south, Akkadian and Sumerian, two different races and languages. The Akkadians were Semites.

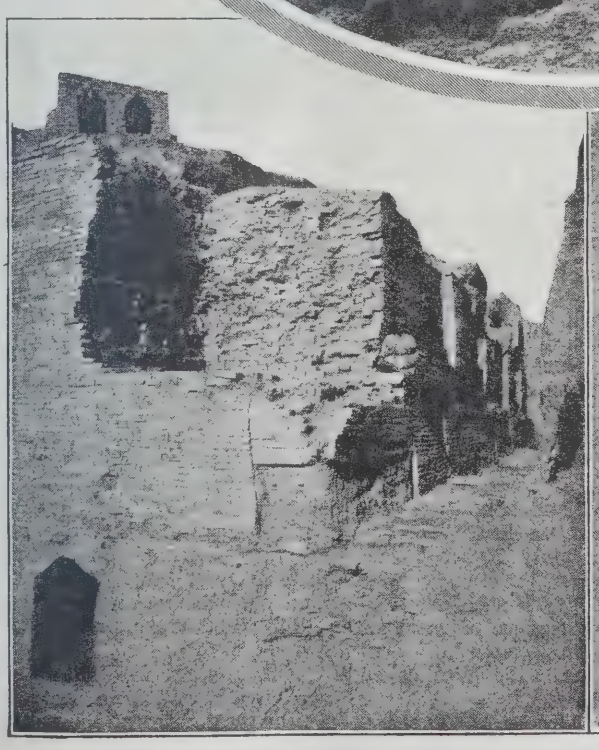
Exploration at Ur has yielded a text left by King Nabonidus containing a prayer for his son. Nabonidus rebuilt the temple of the moon god. He left other inscriptions there describing the conquest of Palestine referred to in the Old Testament. The reader should note that the texts already found and those still in the ruins were written from 500 B. C. back to a date probably beyond 5000 B. C.



General view of the Nippur ruins.

Sun-dried brick walls, twelve feet in thickness, through which the explorers had to cut in order to find access to the interior of the building.

Bas-relief of a royal personage, being one of the oldest known portraits of a human being, dating from about 2300 B. C.



CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

This is a tale of travel. Because, obviously, a man can't sit Buddha-like all the time, listening to those invested with the attributes of prophecy, those dull with didacticism, those full of critical contempt and those resolved to talk resolutely upon their own subjects. There's what may be called a Beowulf attitude, when a man goes about to see and to hear. And this is the tale of what befell between Detroit and Montreal on the train.

Chance acquaintances fell into a discussion touching the probable origin of oil because ***a Man from Beaumont, Texas,*** told of a new deep well drilling and fifty new derricks on Spindle Top, and a still deeper drilling in process by which it was expected to touch another vein or pool. Then ***the Montreal Man*** drew an imaginary picture of a watery world with sea monsters dying through a million years to the end that we of today might travel in automobiles. 'I run my car,' he said, in pleasing fancy, 'from Montreal to Nipissing, and in effect use up the product of a whale which swam in pre-glacial seas.' But the Beaumont man held that it was not reasonable to think that oil, the present production of which from the Beaumont field alone was 100,000 barrels daily, could have animal origin. His guess was that a vegetable origin was nearer truth. 'But anyway,' said he, 'guessing is missing,' as the Mexicans say.

* * *

Then the talk slid, somehow, into a groove concerning strange discoveries, queer things seen and odd things collected. ***The Quebec Physician*** told of several volumes in the library of the Philadelphia hospital, given by a Mr. Stockton-Hough, all of which were bound in human skin. Then the French gentleman who had been to the Clements Library and seen historical wonders, said that he had seen a book, owned by the family of the former Prince of Ligne, which was neither written nor printed, for each letter had been cut from a tree leaf and pasted on paper. So others told of strange collections, of people with a taste for well-shaped bottles, for walking canes, for first numbers of magazines, for dolls, for anything and everything under the sun.

* * *

'If you talk of interesting collections,' said ***a Man from Orange, New Jersey,*** 'consider that of Wilbur Macy Stone. He has the most unique collection of miniature books in the world, some of them so small that when they are fitted into specially prepared cases the box holding them is not larger than a special delivery postage stamp. And his wife has a collection of silver perfume cases, such as were used in the 18th Century.'

Then a man with a quick and observant eye, who turned out to be ***an Importer of Curiosities,*** assured us that he was on his way to a place near Vichy, France, to see what could be picked up. For significant things had been found there, he said; bricks, for example, of extreme antiquity, which bore inscriptions with signs resembling letters of our alphabet. The indications were that those who inhabited Europe, around 4000 B. C., were more cultured than we had credited them with having been. There were also engravings on stones of animals and of letters; also, what seemed to be the débris of a glass factory, very ancient indeed.

* * *

'And so,' said a tall and melancholy looking gentleman who told us that he was ***a Psychiatrist,*** 'with each discovery we push back the curtains of ignorance to find intelligence of a high order. When men lived in caves they carved tusks and etched pictures with more skill than some of us can command today.'

At that, there spoke up a man who had said nothing thus far, an unassuming kind of fellow who sat on the edge of the washstand, the seats in the smoker being comfortably full. 'Was the world ever inhabited by cave men?' he asked.

'Of course it was,' declared the Psychiatrist, then began somewhat in the manner of a lecturing professor, 'The caves from which we gain our idea of Mousterian culture—'

* * *

The Man on the Washstand interrupted with: 'Pardon. I meant to say that when we talk about cave men, we do so rather loosely, much as we might talk about Europeans, or mountaineers. Sweepingly, so to speak. Now I'm only a mechanical worker, you see, so not eligible as a theory builder. But it has always seemed to me that if the world held any considerable population of cave men, there would be hardly enough caves to go around, so to speak. There'd be a sort of housing shortage. So why shouldn't we assume that caves were somewhat in the way of storehouses, fireproof places in which rarities might be kept. Primitive museums, in a word. One guess is as good as another.'

At that the Psychiatrist shook his head in a dismissing way and cleared his throat for further speech. He had a fine baritone voice and an impressive manner, and was one of the sort to command attention, being oracular. So he slighted the man on the washstand and went on to tell us that the Vichy discoveries were just what he had expected, exactly what he had predicted once, with his wife for audience. Indeed he referred us to that lady by way of confirmation. For there had been, he said, similar discoveries made in Portugal, in the year 1904, at a place called Traz-oz-Montes, where inscribed bricks had been found, stone arrows too of the Neolithic age, wherefore he judged it proper to set the date of the bricks at 10,000 years ago. But there had been finds still more ancient, as when his friend, M. Piette, thirty years ago, found in the caves of Mas d'Axil bricks and stones with alphabetic signs, especially marks like the letters A, E, I, M, and L, and the date of their origin, judging from the stone arrowheads, was most certainly 10,000 B. C. 'As I say,' he repeated, seemingly very pleased with himself, 'with each new discovery we push back the curtains of ignorance to find intelligence of a high order.'

'But how do you locate the date?' asked the man on the washstand.

'There were the bricks, and there, *in situ*, were Neolithic arrowheads,' answered the Psychiatrist. 'Had the arrowheads been Paleolithic, we would have determined the date of the bricks to have been still older. Had we found, let us say, a ballista as used between the armies of Vitellius and Vespasian, we would have been justified in placing the date about A. D. 69. The method is simplicity itself.'

'I see. I see,' said the man on the washstand. 'And if you had found a fossil dinosaur egg there you would have placed the date at a million years ago,' whereat someone laughed, then tried to pretend he had coughed, noticing that the Psychiatrist was registering impatience, as the motion picture producers say.

* * *

'That is not intelligent criticism,' said ***the Professor*** somewhat sharply.

'But suppose those things were carried there?' persisted the man on the washstand. 'They might have been. There are all kinds of unexplained things, you know. For instance, long before Caesar's time there were tin works and gold mines in Britain. And old Caledonian crosses. And Saint Patrick, where did he get that name? From Rome? And a dozen medieval references to Ireland and Scotland before Caesar or Augustine . . . Unexplained things which theories don't fit. As to your finds, put it this way. Suppose my little workshop burned down today. It happens to be a light building of wood which would go up in a flash with all that grease and oil. Now in it I have a couple of pieces of Inca pottery which I picked up in South America. Some arrowheads too, besides other things. Well, suppose a hundred years after the workshop fire, when the place had been covered with débris, perhaps built over —suppose someone dug there and found those Peruvian fragments and the arrowheads, so built up a pretty theory of an ancient civilization near Hammond, Indiana. How about that? As for your Neolithic and Paleolithic divisions of time, that's all fanciful, take it from me. I've lived with primitive people and know that there are workmen skilled and workmen whose fingers are all thumbs, as the saying goes.

'Then there were specialists among natives, some making arrows and doing nothing else; some hunters; some carriers; some just bums and loafers. Man's man everywhere and always. Then there'd be learners of arrow making with all sorts of clumsy attempts which couldn't be destroyed. But down comes your theorist saying "Ha! A clumsily made arrow, therefore belonging to an age when men were clumsy. Evidence of evolution in art," and all that kind of thing, which is nonsense. Wouldn't you call the man a fool who, looking at a roughly built country barn and then at a dwelling house, would propound a learned theory of the barn being of great antiquity because of its crudeness of workmanship, and the dwelling belonging to a later age because of its finished workmanship? Yet that is exactly what the theorists do.'

'That is not intelligent criticism,' said the Psychiatrist, with scorn in his voice. So the matter dropped, because the learned man went into the other part of the car with contempt registered in his very step.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Was Sam Houston ever im-eached from the governor's office (Texas) id why?

ANSWER: In 1859 Sam Houston was ected Governor of Texas and tried to event the secession of his state; upon his fusal in March, 1861, to swear allegiance the Confederacy, he was declared de-osed.

QUESTION: Why is one of Queen Marie's ughters in exile?

ANSWER: Elizabeth, eldest daughter of e King and Queen of Rumania, was arried to George, King of Greece, who was ter deposed and banished from Greece ith his queen.

QUESTION: Is there a ruling by President oolidge, or the Postmaster-General, that l postmasters must not take an active irt in primaries or elections—national, ate, or municipal? Where can a copy of is ruling be obtained?

ANSWER: Sec. 312 of Federal Corrupt ractices Act, 1925, approved February 8, 1925, reads as follows:

'Section 118 of the Act entitled "An ct to codify, revise, and amend the penal ws of the United States," approved [arch 4, 1909, is amended to read as llows: "Sec. 118. It is unlawful for any enator or Representative in, or Delegate Resident Commissioner to, Congress, or ny candidate for, or individual elected as, enator, Representative, Delegate, or Resi-ent Commissioner, or any officer or em-loyee of the United States, or any person eceiving any salary or compensation for ervices from money derived from the reasury of the United States, to directly r indirectly solicit, receive, or be in any anner concerned in soliciting or receiving, ny assessment, subscription, or contribu-on for any political purpose whatever, rom any other such officer, employee, r person."'

A copy of this act may be obtained by riting to the Superintendent of Docu-ents, Washington, D. C.

QUESTION: Where was General Wade Hampton born and did his brother also erve in the Southern Army?

ANSWER: Hampton Wade was born in Columbia, South Carolina, March 28, 1818. No record of a brother but son died in attle, during the Civil War.

QUESTION: Please state the number of nembers in the chief religious denominations n the United States.

ANSWER: The Federal Council of Churches made the following estimates in 923: Roman Catholic, 18,260,793; Metho-list, 8,433,268; Baptist, 8,189,448; Presby-erian, 2,509,413; Lutheran, 2,465,841; Disciples of Christ, 1,383,247; Episcopal, ,128,859; Congregational, 857,846; Re-formed, 532,700; Mormons, 616,417; East-rn Orthodox, 518,354; Evangelical, 508,-139; Jewish, 400,000; United Brethren, 374,762; and others, making a total of 48,224,014.

QUESTION: What connection is there, or to what extent does the Federal Reserve System control the Federal Farm Loan Bank?

ANSWER: Officially the Federal Farm Loan Bank has no connection with the Federal Reserve System, each having been created by separate acts of Congress. However, the Federal Reserve Banks may—

—rediscount paper for Intermediate Credit banks

—buy and sell bonds of Farm Loan banks

—act as depositaries and fiscal agents for Intermediate Credit banks and agricultural credit associations;

the Farm Loan banks may—

—deposit their funds and securities with the Federal Reserve banks subject to check.

QUESTION: Where is the Mason and Dixon Line located and by whom was it named?

ANSWER: Mason and Dixon's Line is the boundary line between the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania as run by two English surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon during the years 1763-67 and popularly regarded prior to the Civil War as the dividing line between the free states and the slave states. Between 1901 and 1903 a resurvey was made by the states of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

QUESTION: Is the Grandfather Clause, a law used by the South after the Civil War to keep the negroes from voting, still in effect?

ANSWER: The real 'grandfather clauses,' basing the right to vote on descent from a voter, have existed only in North Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Oklahoma. In the first three states the clauses have expired by self-limitation. In Oklahoma the intention was to make the clause permanent but this intention was defeated by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1914, declaring such a clause to be in conflict with the Fifteenth Amendment.

QUESTION: What became of the Aswell Registration Bill in the last Congress? Did it come to a vote and who voted against it?

ANSWER: The Aswell bill did not come to a vote in the last Congress, and there have been no hearings on it as yet.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: How long is a person who made out an affidavit for an emigrant responsible?

ANSWER: Affidavits are not binding upon the person subscribing to them, and the person preparing such affidavit is not legally responsible for the maintenance of the immigrant on whose behalf it was prepared.

QUESTION: Has the Government ever made a survey to determine whether the men inoculated for the prevention of smallpox and typhoid have developed more resistance to other diseases and whether they are more immune from diseases other than typhoid fever or smallpox than men who have not been inoculated?

ANSWER: The United States Government has never conducted any experiments along this line. The general impression is that inoculations for prevention of smallpox and typhoid fever give immunity from these diseases only.

QUESTION: What does the United States owe in war debts, and to whom?

ANSWER: The war debt of the United States is now approximately $18,200,000,000. This money is owing to the holders of the Liberty bonds and other obligations. These were all sold in the United States.

QUESTION: Why do they refuse to permit the films of the Dempsey-Tunney boxing match to be shown anywhere in the United States?

ANSWER: Under an act passed July 31, 1912, it is unlawful for any person to mail, or to deliver to a common carrier, or to send from one state to another, any films of any prize fight or pugilistic encounter under any name, which may be used for the purpose of public exhibition.

QUESTION: By what means do they measure the depth of the ocean and how deep is the deepest place?

ANSWER: Depths in the ocean are sounded with steel piano wire not more than 1-30 to 1-25 of an inch in diameter and a detachable lead seldom weighing more than 70 pounds. The soundings are made by means of a special machine fitted with a break so adjusted that the revolution of the drum is stopped automatically the instant the lead touches the bottom, and the depth can then be read directly from an indicator. The sounding machine measures the length of the wire which runs out before the lead touches bottom. The deepest place, 31,366 feet, is near Porto Rico.

QUESTION: Who held office for one day between Wilson's administrations, and how did it happen that we were one day without our real President?

ANSWER: President Wilson took oath of office on March 4, 1917, his first term having expired March 3, 1917. He was President continuously from March 4, 1913 to March 4, 1921.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

The results of the Missouri Crime Survey are summarized succinctly in the Kansas City *Star*. They are important as revealing not only local conditions but conditions which exist pretty generally throughout the country.

Crime Survey Brings Surprises

Chance of escaping conviction:
For Murder or Manslaughter—11 to 1.
For Robbery—28 to 1.
For Burglary—50 to 1.

Why?

The coroner is not required to be a physician or to qualify as competent.

The police department under state rule is a political football. It is undermanned, and many members are aged or inexperienced.

The county sheriff's force is inadequate. It cannot arrest outside the county. State police are necessary to cope with the motor age criminal.

The prosecutor may dismiss charges without explanation. He should be under jurisdiction of the attorney-general.

A loose bail bond system permits almost anything.

Presumption of innocence of defendant, even though convicted and on appeal, is a hindrance. There is no presumption in civil cases.

The criminal code is obsolete, copied after an old English code that was revised years ago.

Extra jury challenges to defense give an advantage. They should be divided equally with the prosecution. A stricter jury exemption is needed.

A mush-mouthed, weak-kneed public aids the criminal through reluctance for jury service; changing of testimony; and failure to stick with the prosecution through delays.

The 'expert testimony' provision by alienists, physicians and others is abused. There can be no comment when a defendant does not take the stand. Comment should be allowed.

A year for appeal upon circuit court conviction is unnecessary.

A shoddy parole system and housing of young prisoners with old criminals increase crime.

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It would be pretty droll if China sent a gunboat up the Mississippi to a point opposite Herrin, Illinois, to protect some hand laundry in the vicinity.—Detroit *News*.

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Sixteen years ago Virgil Himelick who lived near Summitville, Indiana, brought home to his father's farm a quart of yellow corn which had been given him at school. With it he intended to raise some prize-winning ears. But his father frowned on the proposition and it was only after much persuasion he was permitted to plant his seed on the farm. Today that quart of corn has grown into a business so profitable that it requires an immense building, three stories high, which is capable of holding 1,000 bushels of corn. The first crop of Virgil's corn contained a yellow ear which won the prize offered by the school for the best ear of corn in that district. This success spurred the lad on to do better next year. Each year his corn took prizes and became known in surrounding counties and eventually throughout the Middle West. Finally other growers showing at county fairs were so far outdistanced by the boy that they refused to enter their product. Virgil now exhibits in state and international shows and has many prizes to his credit. Seed-corn buyers were attracted by his success and so great has this business grown that additional buildings must be erected to care for the seed.

A Quart of Corn Which Grew

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Hard times are those in which people pay the debts they made in good times to buy something they didn't need.—St. Paul *Pioneer Press*.

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Now that business and various allied interests have had their fling at suggesting laws governing the planting of cotton, and the regulation of cotton surpluses, the *Farm and Ranch*, of Dallas, Texas, as spokesman for southern agriculture, offers reciprocal suggestions. These are printed below without comment:

A Good Many Things Too Many

'There are too many drug stores. Reducing the number by half would decrease overhead and increase store volume of business, making it possible to operate on a smaller margin of profit. Therefore, we should have a law limiting drug stores to one for each 1,200 inhabitants.

'We suggest a law limiting the number of grocery stores to one for every 1,000 population. It is a well-known fact that there are too many grocery stores and that prices are unnecessarily high because of the heavy overhead and excessive operating expenses.

'There are too many banks. A law reducing the number by 25 per cent and the lowering of the rate of legal interest would benefit the entire population.

'A law reducing the number of newspapers, farm papers and magazines would increase circulation volume of those licensed to operate, increase the amount of advertising and make possible better papers and better magazines.

'*Farm and Ranch* suggests the adoption of Will Roger's remedy for congested streets and highways by prohibiting the operation of any motor that is not paid for.

'The number of commission merchants and middlemen of all classes handling food and feeds is far too large. Let's have a law that will reduce the number by 50 per cent and limit profits to 7 per cent on the investment.

'We would reduce the number of filling stations by 75 per cent.

'There are too many drummers. One can see a dozen in a country store that has less than $2,000 worth of goods on the shelves all of them trying to sell a bill of merchandise. Cut them by half, thus decreasing the cost of doing business.

'There are too many of everything, just as there are too many bales of cotton. Let us be fair in the matter and put a Government inspector in charge of every farm and of every store and factory. Only one out of every ten or eleven persons engaged in gainful pursuits has a Government job, and we submit the question: Is it fair to the rest of us? Everybody ought to have a Government job, and if we pass the laws we have suggested, this great injustice will be remedied. We are for less work and more money.'

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With 50,000 election districts missing out of 50,000 election districts, William Hohenzollern announces that the German people want him back.—New York *Times*.

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A Paris newspaper, *L'Œuvre*, not discouraged by an earlier effort to have a suitable hymn written for the League of Nations, has begun a new movement for an international anthem. A competition among the poets and musicians of the world is under way, the goal being a song which may appropriately be sung at League meetings, expressive, of course, of the ideals of the famous body which meets on the shores of Lake Geneva.

International Anthem Movement

Unfortunately for the high hopes the contest might inspire, patriotic hymns written to order have turned out rather badly in the past—one needs only to recall some of the State anthems in our own country for evidence. *L'Œuvre's* aim is a worthy one, but it has another handicap in addition to the difficulty of discovering the poet and musician who can turn on their inspiration like water from a tap. The League of Nations is too abstract a conception for us to become tremendously stirred up about as yet. We must wait another thousand years before the human race bursts into song over world peace and the agencies that have helped to bring it about. From a musical standpoint it would be just as well to have the various national anthems sung at Geneva in alphabetical order at the opening of each League session.—New York *Evening Post*.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

NEWS IN TWENTY-THREE tongues is printed within sight of the Statue of Liberty.

COLORED BALLOONS ARE regularly released by the Seattle Weather Bureau to determine the velocity and direction of the wind at various levels, thus aiding air pilots.

REINDEER HAIR, SHED in spring by the animals, is gathered and sold by the Eskimos for stuffing for life preservers.

AS LATE AS 1889 the dried flesh of the viper was described as a drug in the authorized English medical dictionaries.

HOW VALUABLE WAS THE Mexican cacao bean up to fifty years ago that the entire population of Mexico used it as money. One bean passed for a cent.

MICHIGAN STATE COLLEGE, founded in 1857, is the oldest agricultural college in the country.

THE BIBLE IS THE only book which is never off the press.

PIES, PASTRIES AND frankfurters have been banned from New York school lunches in an effort to encourage more balanced meals.

WHEN AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was installed as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, 2,000 of the students wore monocles in his honor.

AN OIL WELL AT Olinda, California, is now the deepest well in the world. It penetrates the earth to a depth of 8,046 feet.

MORE THAN ONE THOUSAND cars of dressed turkeys were shipped from Texas for the holidays. The fowls were fed and fattened on the leaf worm of the cotton crop.

ENVELOPES WERE FIRST used in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

A GREEN-COLORED EATING apple grown on a ranch in Washington measured 15½ inches in diameter.

THE CITY OF VENICE stands on 117 small islands, among which, winding through the city, are 150 canals, spanned here and there by 380 bridges.

AUTOMOBILE THEFTS IN THE United States during 1925 amounted to $300,000,000. One-fifth of the stolen cars were never recovered.

THE GIRLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE and Angora are bobbing and shingling their hair faster than those of New York or London.

HISTORIANS STATE THAT 5,500 years ago there were civil service examinations, public libraries and rural mail delivery in Egypt.

CHINA HAS A MOUNTAIN of alum 1,000 feet high.

AN ENGRAVED GRANITE slab will mark the site of the famous Washington Elm instead of one of its descendants, as was suggested.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING which struck a tree near a pond caused fish in the pond to become paralyzed, according to a report of the Bureau of Fisheries.

ROADSIDE MARKETS MADE $25,000,000 in sales this year, according to official estimates.

THE EIGHT COUNTRIES in the world that do not have railroads are: Albania in Europe; Afghanistan, Asir, Bhutan, Nepal, Oman and Yemen, in Asia; and Liberia on the west coast of Africa.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, W. E. Gladstone, Alfred Tennyson, and Abraham Lincoln were born in the same year, 1809.

POMPEII BUILT SIDEWALKS of asphalt and was the first to raise the center of her asphalt streets to drain off the water.

DURING A TERRIFIC gale, several three-inch tracer shells from the French battleship, *Patrie*, dropped on the roof of a hospital. They fell through to the cellar but no one was injured.

DANIEL DEFOE, AUTHOR of *Robinson Crusoe*, possessed the modern journalistic sense. When the notorious Jack Sheppard was condemned he visited him at Newgate, wrote his life, and had the highwayman, standing beneath the gallows, send for a copy and deliver it as his 'last speech and dying confession.'

IN 1866 EACH PASSENGER in the steerage of transatlantic steamers had an allowance of three pints of fresh water each day. Now third-class passengers never use less than fifteen gallons a day, and first-class passengers as high as fifty.

BECAUSE A PROSPEROUS haberdasher at Chesham prayed behind the counter, and in 1651 sold his shop, distributing the money among the poor, he was known as the 'Mad Hatter.' Hence the phrase, 'Mad as a hatter.'

SHEEP AND CATTLE HERDS need the little pasturage left in Montana and Oregon and because of this fact thousands of wild horses are to be hunted down and killed by ranchers.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH Missionary Society has provided the rector of an Australian parish as large as England with an airplane. The clergyman flies about his district preaching to the scattered populace.

THERE ARE THIRTY-NINE known diseases that may attack rose bushes.

FIANCEES ARE REQUIRED by law to return the ring when they break the engagement, under a ruling of the Virginia Court of Appeals.

A STOMACH CAMERA, that will take seven small photographs of the interior of the stomach, has been invented by a European surgeon.

THE ORIGIN OF THE anathema attached to the number, thirteen, has been traced to Scandinavian mythology, wherein there were twelve demigods until Loki, the sinister, intruded himself, making the unlucky thirteenth.

A PLANE CAPABLE OF carrying a ton of lobsters will carry such a cargo of crustaceans three times a day from the headwaters of the Gulf of California to Los Angeles and San Diego.

THE HANGING GARDENS of Babylon did not hang. They were in reality a series of terraces, supported by arches, rising one above another, like giant steps, to a height of 350 feet. The framework and the twenty-foot-thick wall surrounding the gardens were made of stone.

BEFORE SETTING OUT on their long journey to market, geese of Vilna, Poland, are made to walk through first tar and then sand. A protection to their feet is thus provided.

JACK LONDON WROTE 1,500 words a day, every day, seven days a week, 365 days a year.

A MOCKING BIRD IN A Hollywood, California, park, attacked a six-year-old boy, scratching his face and nearly blinding him. A park guard said he had also noticed the bird chasing cats and dogs. Ornithologists explain that the mocking bird has a protective instinct strongly developed during nesting period.

BRITISH FINANCIERS HAVE accepted a sixty-year contract to light Jerusalem.

CHICKENS MAY BE INFECTED with tuberculosis and spread it to hogs, according to recent tests.

THE COLOR OF APPLES depends upon their nitrogen content, the highest colored fruit having the least.

THE JAGUAR, WHICH HAS the usual fondness of cats for fish, is an expert fisherman.

VULCANIZING WAS FIRST achieved when a pot of rubber upset and came in contact with sulphur.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is spoken by more than 180,000,000 people, while German is second with 120,000,000.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses substituting true for false education.

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The real-estate bond business has increased more than 1,000 per cent in the past five years. It is an important element in the great new 'industry of debt.' Many, in fact most, of the huge buildings now being erected in the larger cities are built with borrowed money—money that comes from small investors. Such a situation is deserving of a careful and impartial scrutiny. It is given that scrutiny in this article. (p. 1)

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All important varieties of energy used by man can be traced back to the sun. So, too, can many of the phenomena that occur on the earth. Scientists have made many interesting discoveries as to the relation between the sun and the earth. Here one of the greatest scientists of the country tells the significance of these discoveries. (p. 6)

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Let's take just one more look at the year just past. What happened in 1926 that was worth-while; what happened that we, as ordinary citizens, might well be ashamed of? (p. 4)

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There is always something romantic about happenings at sea, romantic and mysterious. Many of the 'ghosts of the sea' may be ghosts of imagination; but others cannot be explained away that easily. Here is a yarn by a man who has sailed the sea, and knows its moods. (p. 16)

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A few weeks ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT printed an article on American shipping by W. C. Cowling. That the article was authoritative is attested by David P. Marvin, publisher of *The Marine Journal*, which is a leader in its field:

New York City.

Your writer has many fine, clear ideas, and in many ways we are in agreement.

Unfortunately, the need seems to be for a *definite shipping policy*, which he italicizes. Now one of the defects of a democracy is that it never has a definite business policy; it always refuses to be bound by anything as inflexible as that. It wants to get investors to put their money out, and then withdraw support, having accomplished its end. But maybe we have, as we hope, the most intelligent democracy there ever was, and can do something which has never been done before. The A. E. F. was the first successful overseas expeditionary force sent by a democracy against a considerable enemy; maybe we can get this done. If we can get the agricultural population to see that their financial interest depends on water delivery under our own control, a definite policy can be followed . . .

DAVID P. MARVIN,
Publisher
The Marine Journal.

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The difference between a 'Realtor' and an ordinary real-estate agent is explicitly explained in the following message:

There has just come to my attention an article called 'Great Names in "Blue Sky" Swindles.' I feel that you have made a very loose and improper use of the term 'Realtor,' and also wish to take exception to some of the implications with respect to 'Realtors' in this article.

'Realtors' are members of local boards affiliated with our association and the term is not synonymous with real estate men. It is evidently in the latter sense that you may have used it.

It was the 'Realtors' of Florida, that is to say, the members of the local real estate boards in Florida, who did their best to stem the tide of speculation. It was the Realtors of Florida who went to the State Legislature and asked for the immediate adoption of a real estate license act, so that there should be some regulation imposed upon real estate operators and brokers, and so that the public might be protected.

We are trying to build responsibility and integrity into the real estate calling through our association. We are trying to distinguish the person who abides by our ideas as to how a business should be conducted by calling him a 'Realtor.' As an advocate of clean business, I know we will have your sympathetic support in this effort. May we not, therefore, hope that you will in future articles not use the term 'Realtor' in the manner in which you have in this article?

We recognize that because real estate is tangible and a good investment there are men who will take advantage of the public. These men, however, we do not have among the ranks of the Realtors, and we do not wish to bear the onus of their misdeeds.

H. U. NELSON,
Executive Secretary,
National Association of Real Estate Boards.

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Letters from those who like the magazine are always welcome. Here are some chosen at random from one day's mail:

I have been moved time and again to write to you, merely to express my personal appreciation of the numerous articles and editorials that I have found myself so completely in sympathy with.

We have a very few magazines in this country that are really educational and broadening. For THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT I have a feeling of respect and admiration, and I also feel that it is truly enlightening.

The pleasingly balanced diet of matter you open before us is highly conducive to a healthy mind. Some of your historical articles are of great interest. President Lowell's 'Recent Tendencies in Education' is commendable. Your efforts in 'This to You' and 'This from You' cannot be sufficiently praised.

P. A. NETLAND,
Hanover State Bank,
Hanover, Minnesota.

Ada, Minnesota.

As long as the matter and the editorials are as they are now, I am glad to subscribe. In no other magazine can you find the frank material which you find in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It runs in the unusual channels and fills a field which no other means of public information supplies. It is wielding a widening influence in getting people to think for themselves.

Respectfully yours,
GILBERT A. BRATTLAND.

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Due to an error the *Book of James* was changed to *Epistle of James* in the recent article, 'Reliability of the New Testament,' by Henry A. Sanders. The *Book of James* is an Infancy Gospel written late in the Second Century and is published only in the Apocrypha of the New Testament. It is not particularly well known even to ministers.

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C. H. SYKES is recognized as one of the leading cartoonists of the country. Staff cartoonist of the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* and the New York *Evening Post*, and political cartoonist of *Life*, he is one of those whose illustrations are most widely reproduced. (cover)

CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN served for a number of years as financial editor of the New York *Herald*. (p. 1)

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS has spent the past year abroad interviewing foreign celebrities, the articles later to be collected in book form. He is best known for his *Other People's Lives*, published in 1924. (p. 3)

HARRY PENCE is a Cincinnati newspaper man. (p. 4)

FOREST R. MOULTON, co-discoverer of the planetesimal hypothesis of the origin of the solar system, is professor of astronomy at the University of Chicago. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences, a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, a member of the American Philosophical Society, and American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the author of several books. (p. 6)

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, daughter-in-law of Herbert and Margot Asquith, is earning a wide reputation of her own as a writer. (p. 8)

S. F. AARON, naturalist, studied for a time at the Academy of Natural Sciences and later was entomologist of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum. He now makes his home in Delaware and writes extensively on nature subjects. (p. 12)

AARON HARDY ULM is a Washington writer and political correspondent. (p. 14)

HUGH THOMASON followed the sea for twenty years. Among other things, he has made the trip with a salt caravan from French Upper Ubangui across Bilma Desert to Lake Tchad, and has served as a surveyor in the heart of Uganda, Africa. (p. 16)

Forty Years Ago

From McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader
Series of 1879

1

I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse playground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with me upon the green,
Just forty years ago.

2

The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place,
Some forty years ago.

3

The old schoolhouse is altered some;
The benches are replaced
By new ones very like the same
Our jackknives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
The bell swings to and fro;
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'T was forty years ago.

4

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low; 't was once so high
That we could almost reach;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.

5

Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know, I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom!
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark;
'T was dying sure, but slow,
Just as that one whose name you cut
Died forty years ago.

6

My lids have long been dry, Tom,
But tears came in my eyes:
I thought of her I loved so well,
Those early broken ties.
I visited the old churchyard,
And took some flowers to strew
Upon the graves of those we loved
Just forty years ago.

7

Some are in the churchyard laid,
Some sleep beneath the sea;
And none are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.
And when our time shall come, Tom,
And we are called to go,
I hope we'll meet with those we loved
Some forty years ago.

J. Ellen Graham

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WHETHER a man chooses employment as a career, or business for himself, he will find but one door of entrance, and over that the inscription, 'LABOR and KNOWLEDGE.' Whatever your goal in life, the beginning is knowledge and experience—or, briefly, work.

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MUSSOLINI *as* Arbiter *of the* Fate *of* Italy

By JAMES S. WILBUR

WHAT is to be the destiny of Italy? Will Benito Mussolini, whose person centers e authority and dis-)line of an entire nation, rvive the uncertainties the Italian character? There is only one man-r of analyzing Dictator ussolini's position, and at is to approach it from e hypothetical side. hether he will wholly cceed in his task of build-g a great Italy and re-nerating a people whose ry loves are comparable ly to its intense hates an experiment which all irope, indeed the world, ay well begin to watch th interest.

Four years ago Benito ussolini found Italy at e crossroads. It was der, work and discipline, chaos and self-destruc-)n. Now once more aly is at the crossroads. hich highway the ancient nd of the Caesars is to llow after four years of internal scipline and reconstruction is a deci-)n which has passed out of the hands the Italian Duce. This decision is the hands of a people who have passed rough centuries of turbulence and riods of master-mind rulership not like that which began four years o.

Those who have climbed the steep les of Mount Vesuvius and stood thin the lava-encrusted crater have rhaps had the same feeling that a ose observer has in all Italy today. elow one watches with languid in-rest the thin line of smoke issuing om the cone above. There is a illiant sun and a sky of gentle blue at soothes. Once aloft and in the ater, however, there is the shock of subterranean rumbles and violent effusions of smoke and flame as pent-up pressure finds an outlet. When, one asks, will the big explosion come?

KNOWING the Italian character perhaps even better than his ancient predecessors, the Italian Duce has banked upon force to maintain order within Italy as well as to command respect from international neighbors. Under conscription which calls all matured male Italians to the colors for from six to eighteen months, Mussolini is enabled today to bring together a well-trained and adequately equipped army of five million men . . . These forces are designed to impress Italy's neighbors and enemies alike, and possibly act as a legitimate urge upon them to assist, peacefully, in solving the serious problem of finding territory on which Italy's fast expanding population may be planted.

Why is Italy again at the crossroads? What has happened? Let's put it briefly, somewhat chronologically:

More than four years ago Italy was on the rim of red communism, a bewildered nation in which ministerial inefficiency was second only to national lethargy and slovenliness. Italy lacked the strong hand. Mussolini came from the social depths and supplied it. Fascism was the magic battle cry. It rallied from all sections of the peninsula. It was on the lips of blackshirted youth who converged on Rome and swept over the ancient capital to submerge all Italy.

Socialists, communists, dissenters of any creed or nation, were caught in the flood of Fascism and came out with broken heads or suffering special treatment with castor oil. There was a Socialist deputy, Giacomo Matteotti, who persisted in his hostility to the new régime. He was kidnapped and brutally murdered. There were thousands of cases of near murder and perhaps tens of thousands of pillage and violence. Each had its aftermath of smoldering, repressed hatreds which, like the subterranean gas of Vesuvius, must some day reach the surface.

The much-discussed iron hand of Benito Mussolini has found its strength in the reign of terror carried out by *il Duce's* Fascist battalions. Much in the same fashion that Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico, used to send his Rurales to chastize those bold enough to criticize the régime, Fascist chiefs in Italy have sent their blackshirts to teach enemies of Fascism lasting memories of the imprudence of word or act against the Supreme Chief.

What has happened in an administrative way in Italy is too well and generally known for detailed reiteration—opposition press relentlessly silenced, freedom of speech and liberty of action destroyed, parliament reduced to Fascist representation and power of absolute dictatorship vested in the hands of one man. There is no doubting the organizing genius of Italy's dictator. It is not difficult to say that he is a great man. He knows the Italian people and their temperament.

By the organization of industrial

and labor syndicates with all strings leading direct to Rome, he has eliminated the dangers of strikes and lockouts. He has Fascistized agriculture and fought a winning battle against foreign wheat. He has developed water power and diminished Italy's need for foreign coal. He has reorganized the army, navy and air forces. In short, during the brief space of a few years, Mussolini has lifted Italy from far down in the rank of nations to the border line of first rank —if Italy afforded the natural resources and national temperament to reach this category.

FROM bases at Spezia and Taranto, he can mobilize a formidable host of light, fast naval craft, many of which are the last word in modern construction. Notably, during the past two years an Italian merchant marine has been floating as a powerful auxiliary for the new fleet. Figures not generally known, perhaps, are in the files of foreign naval and army air attachés in Rome showing that Italy's air program reckons some three thousand airplanes and seaplanes. The Italian air budget for 1926 was greater than that of the United States.

The development of military, naval and air forces, however, is somewhat beside the point. But what about the Italian character? Has Mussolini felt that he was building upon a solid basis with this war machine alone? Not in the least!

Benito Mussolini's personal position—his iron hand—within his country has another meaning. He has organized his rabble which he led into Rome four years ago as his personal Fascist militia. Whereas the army, navy and air forces are offensive or defensive units dealing with foreign forces, the blackshirt militia is *il Duce's* protection against the imponderable Italian temperament and, if you will, the Italian character.

THERE is a startling precedent out of the Middle Ages, in the case of Cola de Rienzi, which will demonstrate the capabilities of the same citizenry which is gyrating around the Mussolini of today. But in the meantime, what of this Fascist militia which is the root and stock of the Italian dictatorship? It comprises some 190,000 blackshirts as a 'first line national security' force with a more loosely knit second line of 100,000. These legions today cover every section of the country.

In addition to his regular militiamen, of which Mussolini is the recognized commander-in-chief, *il Duce* has been careful to take into his own hands all vital lines of national communication. There are some 28,000 blackshirts operating the railways, three thousand in control of posts and telegraphs, and a special corps of four thousand more known as 'port militia.' The latter have in their hands every access from the sea, every port, every wharf. Thus as counterpart to internal revolt, Italy's dictator has the railways over which rebellion might converge on Rome, the wires and mail services through which conspiracies might be organized and ports through which arms and munitions might be brought into the country.

Blackshirts in Italy today not only control vital communications so precious in times of stress, but the actions and thought of a nation of twenty-nine million people. They crack heads, raid private domiciles and maintain order for all except themselves. How long can such a situation last? Possibly not forever.

GOING to Italy not to meet and interview Mussolini,' wrote a well-known American novelist recently, 'but to go about in the rôle of writer and observer to discover what was going on, the situation I found possessed an astounding color. What exists in Italy is, if I am not seriously mistaken, hysteria rather than healthy enthusiasm. I spent in Rome the day given over to the annual Fascisti celebration, the day of the recent attempted assassination at Bologna and the day of the dictator's return from that city. I visited a dozen cities, talked with the people and (what was a more illuminating experience) with foreigners living there. I saw the parades and attended the meetings. The total impression gained was one of impending disaster. A country cannot continue in such a state of nerves, under such a dictatorship, indefinitely. Something must happen . . . assassinations, wars or another revolution.'

When Mussolini ordained the law against Freemasonry and other secret societies, Masons, particularly, became objects of the hunt. Their heads were cracked, their homes raided. When the Rome foreign office intimated that plots against Italy were stirring among Italian expatriates on French soil, Frenchmen became enemies of Italy's blackshirts and irrepressible groups of this militia raided French consulates at various places and assaulted French railway workers at a frontier junction. Fascist newspapers heaped hate and vituperation upon their Latin neighbors. Each attempt upon the dictator's life was a signal for anti-French demonstration and, eventually, France demanded immediate official apologies to which Mussolini readily assented.

THERE have been indications for the past eighteen months that Italy's ruler has sought to curb the excesses of his blackshirt legions. Heads have fallen. Caesar Rossi, chief of the official press bureau at Rome when the Deputy Matteotti was murdered, suspected knowing of the plot, is today an exi His property has been confiscate Robert Farinacci, secretary general the Fascist party, proponent of stron arm methods and violence, was sum marily dismissed by *il Duce*.

The last leader to incur the chie tain's wrath was Italy's Minister Interior, Sigñor Federzoni, possibl because he sought, with the aid Riccioti Garibaldi, descendant of t famous liberator, to manufacture a fa conspiracy against Italy in Franc This plot, the French insist, w hatched to discredit French prote over the official Italian claim th France winked at plottings against h neighbor.

Fearing his chief collaborators mo and more, Mussolini added the Minist of Interior—with its control of secr police—to his own individual list cabinet portfolios. Aside from t premiership, Mussolini now holds t posts of ministers of War, Nav Aviation, Foreign Affairs and Corpo tions in his own cabinet.

Has Mussolini lost or is he losi control over the bastion behind his ir hand—his Fascist militia? Will he able to curb the violence of this p sonal bodyguard, or will it turn up him because of his own moderatio These are questions which the futu must answer for Italy. Will the dic tor continue to throw the 'raw me of bombast to these legions wh apologizing for their acts to fore countries?

FOLLOWING the attempt upon t dictator's life at Bologna, late October, by a deluded fifteen-year- youth, instantly knifed to death in tracks and stamped beyond recognit by an infuriated mob, he proceed calmly to the railway station wh troops were drawn up as a guard honor.

'Raise high your rifles,' he exhort 'so the world can see this forest bayonets.' There was no mention the attempt upon his life. But in state of excitement, it was enou

Fascist violence ran riot in ma parts of the country. Those suspec of anti-Fascist sentiments were hun out, insulted and assaulted. An offi censorship of all news leaving country kept many of these incide under cover.

The *Impero*, an extremist Fas organ, of Rome, expressed the attitu of militants when it hailed the n phase as 'the end of Italy's democra past.' This organ advocates the retu of the old Roman law giving all a sundry the right to slay enemies of country wherever found.

'Italy's democratic past is dea said *Impero*, 'and no one mourns thi monstrous creature which was liberty of the press.'

By A. E. JENKS

How Primitive Was Prehistoric Man?

The Maker of Stone Implements

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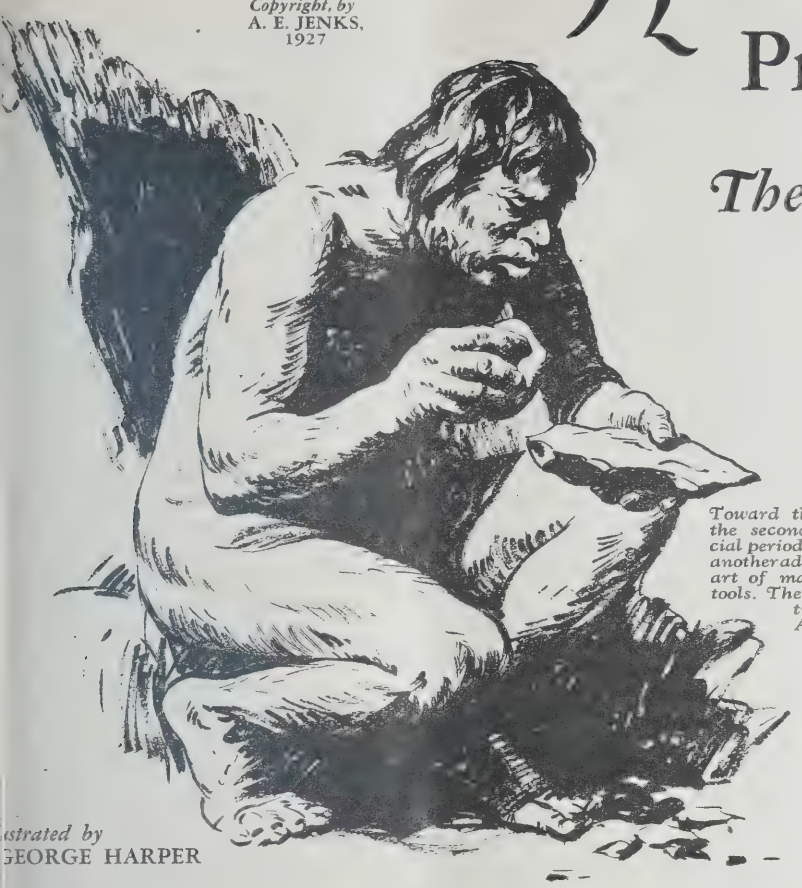


Toward the close of the second interglacial period there came another advance in the art of making stone tools. The new industry is called Acheulian.

Illustrated by GEORGE HARPER

SHOULD one attempt to discuss the material culture of modern man, he would be swamped by its multiplicity. But primitive man traveled light. I was once the trail with a savage family mov- out of the old house into the new. ie man walked lightly laden with his apons. The woman followed, carry- on her back, from a headband over r crown, every other material thing e entire family possessed, including e rolls of matting and birchbark to ver the new dwelling.

For us it will be easy to sweep away m the culture-picture of our daily es the common things which the nerican Indian did not possess. eep away the city with its stores, tels, churches, theaters; its pave- nts and street cars, buses, trucks d autos. Sweep away from the home e dining room with its table, chairs, d dishes; the library with its books d periodicals, the bathroom and its b; the bedroom, its bed, wardrobe, d mirrors—but leave a small supply red grease paint. Sweep away the oking stove—in its place are three nes, some ashes and smoldering als. Leave one room on the earth for in which the family members all e born and die, where they cook and et and sit and sleep.

Around its short wall-line are small ndles containing all the material things the family possesses—clothing, weapons, tools, stores, treasures, precious heirlooms. The savage traveled light. The prehistoric man traveled lighter still. Some things, however, we know he did possess, because they are of enduring stone and have been preserved from early human times over wide areas of the earth.

The time of which we are to write is spoken of as 'prehistory,' and of course it is a time preceding written history; but in mineralized bones and in stone implements from known geologic strata already recovered from South Africa to the British Islands, and from Japan to the Atlantic shores of Europe, the peoples, cultures, and certain events of those early days are being read as from a familiar book. And systematic researches are now so common that annually new paragraphs are being read and fitted into their proper places. Just as large books are written word by word, sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, chapter by chapter, so every other product of thought develops from simple beginnings. Man did not begin his industry of stone implements with chipped arrowheads, leashed to slender arrows guided in their flight by feathers.

Hand ax, an Acheulian implement, delicately chipped. From Tunisia, Africa.

In the earliest periods are the crudest stone tools, called 'eoliths,' or dawn-stone tools. Eoliths are stones which early man picked up and used to assist his teeth, hands, and feet. Professor Aime Rutot of Belgium has, in all probability, given more time than has any one else to field and laboratory research on the subject of eoliths. To see in his laboratory in Brussels his demonstration of eoliths is a not-to-be-forgotten privilege.

As Professor Rutot points out, there are five purposeful movements of the hand which can be assisted by a stone held in the hand:

First, is the movement to *pound;* and a stone grasped in the hand was used to break, to crush, to macerate.

Second, is the movement to *cut;* and a rather thin, sharp-edged stone was used to cut like a knife.

Third, is the movement to *chop;* and a thicker, coarser, sharp-edged stone was used to chop or to chisel.

Fourth, is the movement to *scrape* or to *smooth;* and a blunter sharp-edged stone was used to wear away the surface.

Fifth, is the movement to *pierce* and *penetrate;* and the pointed stone was used to punch and pierce.

Man first picked up and used such stones as would well suit his simple fivefold need; to pound, to cut, to chop, to scrape, and to pierce. In some of these stones a certain adjustment was made so that they would better fit the hand and not injure it. By use the edge of the improvised implement became worn or chipped.

One way to distinguish the man-used eolith is that the part which shows chipping, as from use, is the part exposed for use when the crude implement fits best for service in one's hand. The other is that as the stone is held in the hand, as for use, the chipping is visible only on the back side instead of on the front side. Eoliths are most abundantly found in Southern England, Belgium and France.

Fortunately for revelation of the

truth of the early days during the prehistory of humanity, one group of people, the Tasmanians, who lived on the island of Tasmania, just south of Australia, was in the earliest stage of stone culture at the time they were known and studied by the white man, and they continued to make eoliths until their extinction, fifty years ago. Thus, most surprisingly, we have from actually known human usage the full complement of early stone implements; men who numbered eoliths among their common stone implements have actually been seen to use and modify the eolith.

BUT even if this were not true, we should be obliged to assume the eolithic implement as a matter of cultural necessity, because man must have used stone implements as crude as eoliths before he was capable of making the implements of the next higher stage of culture, namely, the Pre-Chellean.

Following the extremely crude eoliths which stare at one from the very dawn days of humanity, there was a stage of culture of very evident design. It is called 'Pre-Chellean.' It marks the beginning of the Quaternary epoch in geological time, and was a period of long duration. Cultural progress in those early days was slow, the duration of Pre-Chellean culture covered the geological time of the Gunz Glacier, the first great glacier of the glacial period, also the Gunz-Mindel interglacial period, and the Mindel or second glacier. It covered the life era of the men represented by the Piltdown race.

The Pre-Chellean culture is abundant, especially in England, as with the Piltdown man; in France, in the famous early strata of the valley of the Somme; in Belgium; and in Spain, as at Torralba. Such numbers of Pre-Chellean implements have been found that the museums of prehistory in Europe have them by the many hundreds and the thousands.

Pre-Chellean culture is distinguished from eolithic culture in that, in addition to the eolithic implements which were continued in use, there appeared two types of implements which as they plainly show were purposely though rudely chipped. One was a sort of crude hand-cleaver or ax-like stone, which was purposely chipped by a hammerstone, but which is rough, and chipped with little design or control of blow. The second was a slightly reshaped flint chip; its rechipping made the crude tool of slightly better use.

Man thus lived through the cold period of the Gunz Glacier, on into the warm first interglacial period and survived the returning cold of the Mindel Glacier with no great advancement in his culture.

With man's advent into the subtemperate climate of the second interglacial period there is a distinct advance in his stone art. It is that of the Chellean stage. It was first named by G. de Mortillet after the town Chelles on the Marne River just east of Paris. Near Chelles there was an extensive old river terrace of sand and gravel twenty-six feet thick, halfway down which were the strata of the first found Chellean implements with the bones of elephants, rhinoceros and hippopotamuses of the early warm or interglacial period. The distinctive Chellean implement is the hand ax, or cleaver, or, as it is everywhere called, the *coup de poing*. It was deliberately chipped on both faces. The handhold end or butt is rounded. The work end is well pointed, and the sides or edges are sinuous. It could be used for all the five fundamental movements of the hand emphasized by Rutot. It is from two inches to fourteen inches long.

THE Chellean men also began to perfect a hand-knife with cutting and sawing edges whose back was often chipped dull and smooth, or less sharp, to fit the hand and forefinger. Also there are found well differentiated implements chipped to a point and used for piercing and scratching in a definite area of restricted compass.

The Chellean culture stage, represented by the Heidelberg man and also, perhaps, by the Rhodesian man covered most of the Mindel-Riss, or second interglacial period, which was the longest and warmest of the three interglacial periods. Since the climate was hot and humid, it was favorable to abundance of plant life, and hence to abundant food for animals and men.

Toward the close of that second interglacial period (Concluded on page 23

Artist's impression of an Acheulian home site, in the open country.

Man's Own Flat Wheels

Needless Abuse *of that* Marvelous Mechanism, *the* Human Foot, *Causes* Fallen Arches

By MYRON M. STEARNS

Drawings by RICHARD BROECKER

DO YOUR feet hurt? If they do you have plenty of company. Probably no fewer than 25,000,000 Americans share your trouble.

Try it on your friends. 'It's a funny thing,' you may begin—though it is sometimes hard to see anything funny about it—'but when I first get up in the morning my feet hurt like a toothache. Then, after a little while, they're all right. Do you ever have any trouble like that with *your* feet?'

You'll be surprised. If they don't have that trouble, it will be some other, equally poignant. It may concern the bunion corn. It may be a tale of dogs that ache at night, after a long day in the office. It may run to sharp little pains in the front of the foot, experienced when walking. It may be a whole volume of woes, leading to the very threshold of what seems like a Grade-A attack of rheumatism. If among all your acquaintances you come across a single one with no complaint to make, write yourself down as a better detective than Diogenes. For foot-faults today are almost universal.

You can't blame the feet. That the gentle foot can take from a hundred to two hundred pounds forward, backward, or sideways without trouble or complaint thousands of times a day is itself a miracle. Imagine stumping around on the ends of two bones if you want to get an idea of how our system would be shocked if there weren't some way to break the jar. Even with pads on the bottoms of the bones, it wouldn't be much better—any more than an automobile without springs would make comfortable riding.

Our feet, as a matter of fact, are mighty smart little inventions. To take the jar of walking they are constructed in such a way that we stand practically on tripods, with patent elastic ends; one neat little tripod in each foot, made of the very best assorted bones. One corner of the tripod is in the heel. The front corners are at the sides of the ball of the foot, just behind the toes. Between these corners are two low arches, a short one across the ball of the foot, and a longer one at right angles to it, from the top of the front arch to the heel. The weight of the body rests, with a universal joint at the ankle, on this tripod.

In walking we strike first the heel (the hind corner of the tripod), then carry the weight forward onto the ball of the foot. The ends of the tripod are fastened together by layer after layer of excellent muscles, that give way a little, like tough rubber, and allow the bones to spread a bit when weight is applied. That takes the place of automobile springs, and enables us to walk without shaking our teeth out. It is, I submit, neater and more efficient than an automobile spring. But it is also more complicated and delicate.

In the early days, before the big jump from the treetops, our ancestors got along all right. The feet, carrying only the rear or stern end of the body, had nothing to kick about. They had grown up in the business. A good deal of climbing and grabbing had been done with them, too, so that they were tough and nimble and well developed. Four good, serviceable, body-carrying hands, our remote arboreal forebears evidently possessed. Look at almost any member of the monkey tribes and see. Some people can even control the muscles in their toes still, so that they can stretch them apart like fingers and grab with them readily—fantastic inheritance from those distant days before men became hairless, and invented corporations to do their grabbing for them.

Feet, in the days of the ancients, were something to be seen and made much of. Every little dimple had a meaning of its own.

But when primitive man raised himself above the tall grass of the jungle and began padding around on his hind legs, he walked into trouble. Walking on one end suddenly threw a double strain on the rear set of hands. They were too soft, and too small. The weight was considerable. Anthropoid apes at times suffer acutely from various foot disorders, and we can safely assume that early man, who walked barefoot, suffered with them. Coming down hard on hidden stones, he bruised his feet. Thorns stuck into the palms, now turning into soles.

Under the double burden that the whole body imposed, the feet began to get bigger and stronger. In time, perhaps, they would have hardened and learned to like their work. In the natural course of development they would have been banged and toughened eventually into regular hoofs or equally thornproof pads. But civilization stepped in and stopped all that. Civilized man got impatient. He decided he couldn't wait any longer for the slow processes of nature. He'd put an artificial hoof on the under side of his still soft foot, and gain a couple of eons at a single hop. He invented shoes—or, rather, sandals.

That was a pretty good idea. The ancient races made excellent use of it—a smooth hard pad, strapped to the under side of the soft human foot, to make its work easier. No more thorns, no more bruises, no more burrs between the toes.

Feet, in those days, were still something to be seen and made much of. Sandals, you see, left them exposed. The Greeks paid close attention to the form and culture of the foot. Every

little dimple had a meaning of its own. It was as bad manners to come to dinner without washing your feet as without washing your hands. Egyptians gave due attention to feet. Pedicures in the barber shops were quite the thing, just as manicures are now. Even in Roman times Egyptians were renowned as expert pedicurists. And in Roman wars, you remember, the legions often marched from one end of the known world to the other. Their feet were well attended to.

THEN things began to go wrong. Perhaps, as they won their way farther and farther north, the centurions began to get cold feet. Sandals gradually fell into disuse. Moccasin-like hides, with the fur side turned inside, were wonderfully comforting in winter; the bare feet retired into their furry recesses.

The practice of chiropody retrograded, as civilization, and with it body culture, fell below the level of the Roman period. Instead of keeping the feet strong and beautiful, something to be proud of, like well-shaped and well-kept hands, the folk of the early Middle Ages began to neglect them, and as they became less attractive, hide them more and more in primitive shoes. As early as A. D. 500 Saxons were definitely committed to one hundred per cent footwear. The next five hundred years saw a transfer of attention from the health and strength of the *foot* to the looks and shape of the *shoe*. And there she stayed. Shoes became pointed. It was a style. Pointed shoes made feet look less like feet.

So man's effort to improve on nature with artificial feet has more or less gone wrong. Instead of merely assisting feet by adding artificial walking-surfaces without hindering their gradual development, modern shoes have, to a great extent, prevented even adequate growth. Instead of getting harder and stronger, more and more able to bear the unusual burden that man's upright position has thrust upon them, our feet are continually getting softer and weaker. And the smaller they get, and the less able to do their work, the prouder we are of them.

During the last few decades we have been getting a lot more of these good ideas. We now ask our already weakened feet to do still more difficult things. By using railroads, bicycles, and automobiles we take away whatever chance they had to toughen and develop properly through abundant exercise; and, at the same time, we make them do their stuff on city pavements and concrete roads, that add immeasurably to the shock and strain of walking. The result has been just what you might expect. Only, because it's so obvious, we're just beginning to find it out.

Bad foot conditions affect our vitality and spirits and efficiency more than we realize. Tired or painful feet will tend to break down anyone's 'morale.' To paraphrase an advertising slogan, 'Ask the man that has them.'

To understand how the shoe of civilization pinches, we need only to take one good look at the inside of the foot.

There are seven fine bones fitted carefully together in the heel and middle of the foot, but the ball of the foot, and the toes, are a regular little boneyard. From the main seven-bone structure, five metatarsals run down to the base of the toes. The front ends of these, just behind the toes, are higher in the center of the foot. That constitutes the forward arch. In front of the arch there are fourteen more bones in the toes. The bones in the back part of the foot remain pretty much in one position, but the five metatarsals spread out as the weight is brought forward in walking, and the toes spread out with them.

There is the whole thing in a nutshell—or, as you might say, in a small shoe. Unless the toes, and metatarsal bones of the forward arch, have room to spread out, the muscles that pad the foot and give elasticity to the tripods get no chance to do their work. Th they lose interest in life. When, neath the strain of walking, t weakened muscles become inelastic unduly stretched or bruised or in a way incapacitated, there's the dicke to pay. The muscles are anchore with ligaments, around the bon And the ligaments, although tough a unfeeling members in themselves, fast to a delicate tissue-paper-l lining around the bones known as periosteum. Here is where nerves located with a generosity that wou surprise you.

IN the cases that we call flatf or 'fallen arches' the muscles usua become inelastic, the ligaments pulled out of place, and the sensit bone-linings are disturbed. Then, you already know if you happen to one of the goats, the fun begins. T pain, in good live cases, may ca aches or twinges or sudden lightni like stabbings in the foot, the calf, thigh, or the hip.

It took the war to wake us Until 1917, we didn't know that, a nation, we have flat feet, like duc But the draft showed us. Nearly f out of five of the men rejected physical defects during the dr according to a prominent New Y specialist who was on the advis board of medical inspectors for New York a throughout t war, were rejec because of m feet.

'Foot defec say the dignit statistical repo published by military auth ties, 'are by far most important all defects fou in the populat of military a Of flatfoot al 301,146 cases w discovered am the drafted m examined in country, while, all, 354,677 wou be rookies had e fective feet. T meant a rate 128.72 per 1, men, or, roug one man out of every eight.

A prominent New York foot spec ist points out that one man out of ei with weak feet in the draft me about one person out of four in entire population, for older peo and women, are more than twice likely to have defective feet as yo men of draft age, say between 25,0 000 and 30,000,000 altogether.

Besides the prev- (Concluded on pag

It took the war to wake us up. Until 1917, we didn't know that, as a nation, we have flat feet. But the draft showed us.

The French View of the French Debt

A GREAT and influential group of French politicians is making every effort to destroy the friendly feeling evident in France today for America. Here in France, especially in the press, not only America but England is subjected to a deliberate program of vilification which threatens the present friendly relations. By pamphlets, by the daily press, and by tremendous placards, preliminary to public meetings, these French politicians are campaigning not only against the ratification of the pending debt agreements but quite as much campaigning against America and against England.

On the billboards of Paris one may read: 'We owe to the United States nothing.' It is intended to be read with all of the various implications of the phrase. Today the public and irresponsible references to Château-Thierry, to Belleau Woods, are almost invariably by way of disparagement, the small number involved and the trifling assistance rendered. 'Let us not be enslaved to the foreigners,' meaning to England and America; this is the heading of a call for a mass meeting of protest.

What a change has come over the French newspapers and the French pamphleteers since 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918! In the first years of the great war our assistance was greatly desired and greatly appreciated. To place the utterances of 1914 to 1918 of the same newspapers and the same men alongside their utterances of today would be ludicrous, did it not have a pathetic side.

Recently there has been widely circulated in France a book, *The Great Injustice*, by the French financier, M. Octave Homberg. The author was head of the French delegation to America in 1915, which in company with the English delegation under Lord Reading negotiated the Anglo-French loan of half a billion dollars. The book is written by M. Homberg in his capacity of politician-financier. It now appears to M. Homberg that the notes given to America by France in 1915 to 1918 and 1919 were given 'under duress,' having the dagger at the throat. So also the subsequent loans made by commissions under M. Homberg were made 'under duress,' and the signatures are worth nothing. 'An obligation extracted by force' is the phrase which M. Homberg attaches to the notes given by him for the loans which he sought in America so assiduously in 1914 to 1916.

M. Homberg permits himself many other liberties in addition to the continued references to 'the pretended American debt.' This politician-financier makes (p. 55 of *La Grande Injustice*) the following interesting assertion: 'Behold a country which, before the war, was largely a debtor nation; subject to periodic financial crises which threatened the whole economic structure and from which it succeeded in escaping more than once thanks only to the generous assistance given by France and by England!' This will be news to economists studying the financial history of America.

For the information of the French deputies, M. Louis Dubois has published a pamphlet entitled *Les Accords de Londres et de Washington*, distributed gratis by several newspapers. The author is a member of the Chamber of Deputies from the Seine, a former Minister of Commerce and Industry and former president of the Commission on Reparations. This pamphlet of three pages is printed by 'The Union of Economic Interests.' It is to be hoped that an English translation of this document will be made and circulated since it will show the weakness of the arguments used by French politicians, engaged in toying with friendly relations, to serve political ends.

At the outset the author disputes that any reduction in the loan has been made by the United States. For some of these French politician-financiers interest is a strange and unusual phenomenon. While France today could hardly negotiate a loan at 7 per cent, the granting of a loan by America to France for 62 years at 2 per cent to 3½ per cent seems a monstrous injustice.

M. Dubois protests further against the freight rates charged by American ships—and even more violently against the charges of the English merchant marine. The reasons for the increase of freight are not touched by the author, nor yet the losses due to submarines and the enormous losses of America in the shipping venture. This would not, of course, fit into the argument. The war prices of wheat and coal and all supplies was a part of the monstrous injustice, apparently all chargeable to Uncle Sam, who is so rich.

Even the commercial loan of 407 millions, due to war stocks sold at ridiculous prices to France, comes in for a rather tardy scrutiny by M. Dubois. The fact that the American Government lost upon these sales of material billions of dollars is not mentioned. Uncle Sam is rich, of course, and billions mean nothing to him. It seems that these stocks were sold by the French at a loss, so it is alleged. The goods were bought, the price was agreed upon and accepted, but nevertheless the payment remains open to serious scrutiny by the debtor. However, American trucks, which were sold at about a fifth of their cost, continue in active use in France. M. Homberg finds fault with (Concluded on page 27)

Going *to the* MOVIES *With* Tartarin *and* Therese

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

There were many single vacant seats, but we were three in number and no one would move to let us sit together.

NOT long ago, I was browsing down in the south central part of France in a quaint little town nearly as old as the Christian Era.

This little town is called Tarascon and it was made famous by Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist, in his three humorous novels: *Tartarin of Tarascon*, *Port Tarascon*, and *Tartarin in the Alps*. Daudet selected Tarascon as the outstanding example of French provincialism—with its charming simplicity, its boasting yokelism yet honest kindliness—that has furnished amusement all over the world where the self-satire has been eagerly translated. Tartarin, the vaunting and lovable Tarasconois, has taken his place with Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Falstaff and all the other notable figures in world literature and drama.

Drawings by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

Archway in one of Tarascon's ancient walls.

But, strangely, Tarascon is 'undiscovered.' Daudet has made Tartarin and his Tarascon so unbelievably and audaciously 'real' that nobody will believe that it exists. Naturally, then, nobody thinks of going to a place that does not exist in reality; so they don't. Baedeker gives it but a few lines; travel writers seem generally to have ignored it. And Tarascon seems well satisfied with this neglect, since it has never forgotten nor forgiven Daudet for his ruthless words.

Tarascon does exist nevertheless. Tartarin still lives in Tarascon in the persons of its few thousand inhabitants and altogether a visit is like turning over and rereading the leaves of Daudet. But it is infinitely more medieval than Daudet made it.

You can prowl about the town for hours and completely forget that Columbus ever discovered America. You will find yourself strolling through tortuous streets with drunkenly leaning houses and bulging windows like glaring eyes that remind you of those streets and houses you saw in *The Golem*. Everything in sight is centuries old: signs, street lamps and buildings.

You find yourself walking about the old crumbling town walls with their bastioned gateways that had withstood a thousand sieges before Napoleon was born, peering into alleyways that held dread secrets in the time of Benvenuto Cellini and stumbling upon a parish church part of which had stood there for more than a thousand years! A little farther on you pass through an archway that must have felt the prick of hostile arrows in its early days, and come smack up against the finest medieval castle in this part of France. It is the chateau of King Réné of Anjou.

You go back to your hotel wondering who the deuce you would have been, or *are*, in this great big natural-born movie-set you have discovered several thousand miles away from Hollywood.

Entrance to one of the two motion picture theaters in Tarascon.

It all seems like a great romance in which you are playing a double rôle of actor and spectator. The romance is sustained by Tartarin, the proprietor of the hotel, hovering around you in his carpet slippers and personally superintending the serving of the savory potage and the delicious sauces, the perfect wines and the creamy cheese *de la pays*. The romance continues when a bill is handed you for 12 francs *vin compris*—about 45 cents!

Supper over, Tartarin and Therese his wife, exhibit a pleasant excitement of anticipation. We ask what the excitement is about? And learn that they are going to the movies!

Going to the movies in this sleepy medieval town miles from nowhere! These stupid French *Provencals* trying to be up-to-date enough to comprehend and enjoy the 20th (Concluded on page 2

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

LAST week we spoke of the Hand as one of the extensions or implements of the mind, an avenue through which the mind makes contact with the world. We may put it this way: as the brain is the organ of the mind, so the Hand may be said to be the organ of the brain. The Hand commonly would be called a limb, and not an organ, but when we consider that it has been estimated that 90 per cent of the elements of education are conveyed to the brain by the Hand, we are justified in referring to it as the organ of intelligence.

More than that, we are justified in referring to the Hand, as we did last week, as 'the most important implement of the mind.' Comparisons are always risky, and when one compares the Hand with the eye or ear or tongue, it seems to sink in importance. We readily observe this in education, for our schools are almost wholly devoted to the Eye and Ear. Yet it is against this almost unanimous agreement to rate the Hand so lowly that modern science sets up the claim, and proves it, that the Hand is, first of all, unequaled as a factor in the education of the individual, and, second, unequaled in its range as an instrument of the mind's expression.

To state it simply, the Hand is the most important road *into* and the most important road *out of* the mind. More *impressions* reach the mind through the hand than through any other organ or sense; more expressions reach the world from the mind through the Hand than through any other human channel.

Of course, a statement like this falls within the criticism of personal experience, that is, one can determine for oneself by careful observation whether it is true. In fact, it is only by careful observation, by tracing to their sources all the elements of the individual's education, that the Hand has been lifted from its obscurity as an educational factor. And from time to time we shall be giving in this Page, and elsewhere in this magazine, illustrations and instances which confirm what has just been said.

When we can say that people can speak with the Hand, hear with the Hand and partially see with the Hand, as in the case of Miss Helen Keller, but that no one has yet seen with the ear nor heard with the eye, it should not be difficult to perceive that the Hand assumes a much more important place than we have assigned it.

THE Hand is of primary importance in reaching the results all good educators seek. It is estimated that 90 per cent of the elements of education are conveyed to the brain by the Hand. It may therefore be called the organ of intelligence. At the same time the Hand is an instrument of the mind's ***expression,*** *but more* ***impressions*** *reach the mind through the Hand than through any other human channel. No one is really educated unless the hand is a factor in that education. Through the eye a man may read all that has ever been written, but he will never get to the heart of things except by contact and action.*

The point which we shall be content to urge at present is that educators must begin to consider, as indeed many of them already do, the prime importance of the Hand in attaining the results which all good educators seek.

We are not speaking of 'manual training' or anything like that. We are not resting at the point reached by trades schools. We are not insisting that the main benefit of hand-training is industrial, that it will supply men with trades and trades with men. All these are considerations by the way. What we are insisting on is this: *the individual is not educated unless the Hand is brought into the process.*

He learns light, color and form through the eye. He contacts the tone-world through the ear. But where does he learn the things which learning is supposed to give him, such as accuracy, the inherent law of things, application, initiative, the law of effort, judgment, ingenuity, ability? These are the things which mark an educated man. Through the eye he may be enabled to *read* all that has ever been written, but he will never *know* anything except by contact and action. And what he *knows* is valuable because it begets in him the precious values just mentioned—accuracy, honesty, knowledge of the law of things, application, initiative, effort, judgment, ingenuity, ability—without which no man can be described as 'educated.' These qualities are not book qualities at all; they are Hand qualities, and come to the individual largely through the Hand.

A sewing teacher has just said that her most successful pupils are those who have become skilled in piano before taking up sewing. She says the perfect teamwork between mind and muscle is incomparably above that of pupils who have had no instruction or use of the Hand.

That is a very humble example of the Hand as the vehicle of those influences and factors which go to form an education. To fancy that the 'brain' can be educated and the body left uneducated is the chief educational fallacy of the age. It has resulted in serious intellectual deformities everywhere, but especially in those spheres which consider themselves *most* 'intellectual.'

Many diverging lines of suggestion and significance radiate from this neglected truth about the Hand, which will require that we return from time to time to this important subject.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Nitrates or Battle Cruisers?

'It was not a purposeless adventure that brought Admiral von Spee's fleet across the Pacific to destroy the squadron under the command of Admiral Craddock in the battle of Coronel off the nitrate coast. To strike at the source of the allies' nitrate supply was to paralyze the armies in France.'—Clarkson—*Industrial America in the World War.*

THE first naval battle of the World War was fought off the nitrate coast of Chile October 22, 1914. Admiral von Spee, with a squadron of five German cruisers, won a complete victory over Admiral Craddock of the British Navy, sinking the British cruisers, the *Good Hope*, the *Monmouth*, and later, the *Otranto*, the cruiser *Glasgow* escaping by a scratch.

In the face of this naval nitrate lesson it is proposed to build ten new cruisers costing $140,000,000 to $150,000,000 and leave the Government's nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals standing idle—*the only plant of its kind idle in the world.*

Must we have cruiser defense costing $150,000,000 *and no nitrates* for national defense and for fertilizers, when *we can have both* at practically no additional cost at all?

The Joint Committee on Muscle Shoals recommended the Power Combine's offer proposing to build a new air nitrogen fixation plant at Muscle Shoals estimated to cost from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. The chairman of the Joint Committee has recently, on the floor of the Senate, urged the acceptance of the Power Combine's offer, but he did not explain to the farmers of the country nor give any reason why they should pay $1,000,000 a year interest on a new nitrate plant to cost the farmers some $50,000,000 in fifty years. This is a needless capitalization, and, as we have said before, it is a betrayal of the farmer in favor of the financier. We still refuse to believe that the President will approve any offer for Muscle Shoals that will permit such unfair and unnecessary capitalization, or that he will permit bankers to collect interest from power consumers on the regulated flow of the Tennessee River to the tune of $1,800,000 annually. We cannot believe that the President will allow the Government to be a partner in a watered stock scheme that ignores nitrates and national defense and betrays the farmer.

At Seattle, Secretary Hoover, discussing a national policy for the development of our water resources, cited the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, where, he said, with adequate headwater storage provided there can be developed 3,000,000 horsepower. The Secretary of Commerce truly said:

'The devotion of a large part of the power which could be created here for the development of the electrochemical industry is a national necessity for industry, agriculture and for defense.'

This statement goes to the root of the national problems before the President and Congress on the Tennessee River, but how is a large part of this power on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers to be devoted to the electrochemical industry if the American Super Power Company, and its subsidiaries and allies, are to be given all of the dams on the Tennessee—and they demand all of them—and if all of the dam sites on the Cumberland are to be given to the Insull subsidiaries, and they have applied for all of them. The President must now make his choice between the Power Combine and the welfare of the nation, and Congress must decide whether it will stand on the side of the power barons who are financial influences in Senatorial primaries, or on the side of the farmers of the country who pay high prices for fertilizers.

Governor Smith, of New York, has furnished the country an example in his efforts to protect the rights of the people of his state on the St. Lawrence River. Governor Peay, of Tennessee, on the other hand, has shown sympathy with the desires of the Power Combine on the Tennessee River. Governor Smith stopped the Power Commission of his state from giving away the power on the St. Lawrence River to the American Super Power Company. Governor Peay urges the Federal Power Commission to make a gift of $50,000,000 to the American Super Power Company on the Tennessee River. For that is precisely what a perpetual permit for the Cove Creek dam, a tributary of the Tennessee, means. The American Super Power Company, which controls the thirteen power companies making an offer for Muscle Shoals, knows the value of Cove Creek, but does the public know? The American Super Power Company knows better than the public that it already controls the power at Muscle Shoals and that there are two ways to confirm that control—one for Congress to accept the Power Combine's offer, and the other, for Congress to adopt a plan of Government operation at Muscle Shoals. *Either way will be acceptable to the Power Combine.* The real goal and objective of the Power Combine at this time is the Cove Creek reservoir dam. The Power Combine knows that the Cove Creek reservoir dam is worth $50,000,000, and perhaps $100,000,000 and the Combine knows that *this dam belongs to the people of Tennessee*, yet the Combine asks the Federal Power Commission to make a gift to them of Cove Creek, and Governor Peay approves.

Whenever the right is granted by any executive of the Government, or by the Power Commission, or by Congress, to any power company to build and own the Cove Creek dam under the Water Power Act, that will be a gift of $50,000,000 to the Power Combine.

Is This Prosperity?

AT THE beginning of a New Year, any New Year, one makes a choice of falling in with the rosy optimists, or taking the road of common sense. As a rule the loudest insistence upon 'prosperity' comes from those who are so fixed that they will be prosperous whether anyone else is or no. It is no true evidence of the fact that politicians insist that the country is prosperous. In doing so they are only pandering to a popular superstition, carefully cultivated by politicians, that it is politics that makes times good or bad. The politicians have as much affect upon times as they have upon the weather. The prosperity chorus that comes from Washington is strictly political; more than that, it is strictly partisan.

It is not prosperity when people are merely spending their money. That is a purely banking and mercantile kind of prosperity, and not economic prosperity at all. American people always spend their last dollar with the air of having plenty more where that came from, so that generally speaking we may seem highly prosperous one week, and inexplicably slack the next. Those who know the extent of the people's money stock can yell prosperity up to the last minute, and so continue the flow of spending. But it is doubtful if by this course they are conserving the true prosperity of the country.

Prosperity does not consist in the number of sales which installment companies are making. These are not sales at all; they are debts; debts laid upon the purchaser of the goods, debts laid upon the credit companies who borrow from the banks to lend to the purchaser. For ultimately there is no installment selling; the manufacturer always receives cash; there is only installment buying, the installment lure catches only the poor purchaser. One can judge what a vast multitude of poor buyers there are, when one estimates the hundreds of millions of dollars loaned by banks to credit houses to entice the people into debt. And as most of this business is forced, it is fallacious; and as most of it is unpaid, it is a menace and not a bulwark to prosperity. Those who have maintained that prosperity is mainly a psychological condition have apparently not measured the capacity for fear, foreboding, distrust and collapse inherent in this systematic and specialized method of tying the entire buying public to a debt that more than equals income—a sure and certain debt against a most uncertain income.

There are too many questionable tendencies abroad in the nation for anyone to greet the New Year with naïve insouciance. And the temptation is strong to believe that many of the loudest shouters of a false prosperity doctrine are simply interested in the public's last dollar and not in the security and extension of the public income. That is the basic insincerity of it all.

Prosperity means this: that every hand has its work, and every work an honest wage, and every wage a sufficiency for the durable and helpful things of life, and every family a measure of economic security. It is a question worth asking: Is economic security less or more than it was two or three centuries ago? We know that wealth is more, that opportunity has multiplied, but is security increased? If it were, there would seem to be less anxiety in the politicians' chorus of prosperity.

Mexico—Money—Monopoly

WHO is talking to Mexico from Washington? Old man Money. It may seem to be the Secretary of State, but it is not. Certainly it is not the American People. The People have not said a word to Mexico, yet much has been said. It is Money that talks, Money that seeks a Monopoly of Mexico's resources.

When John Citizen of the United States is bade get ready to shoulder a musket and march down to Mexico, who so bids him? Money. Money is always sending young men somewhere to fight and die—Money and Monopoly.

American Money invested in Mexico represents more than quarter of the national wealth of Mexico. And *who* is American Money? The financial interests most heavily interested in that country. You should read the list and see whether you want to go down with a rifle and subdue Mexico for them. Read the list!

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.
Speyer & Co.
Hallgarten & Co.
William Salomon & Co.
Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co.
The Guggenheim interests.

All fine old American names, inspired with the purest patriotism. Trailing along with them the Mellon interests and the Morgan interests.

Altogether there are One Billion Three Hundred Million American Dollars talking 'Mexican Crisis,' but not a single American Citizen.

Who Is Guilty?

IT MAY be interesting to know whether Mr. Fall really has that $100,000 which Mr. Doheny gave him, but it is more than interesting, it is indeed extremely important, to know who has the Navy's oil.

The case against Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny was presented in such a way that no self-respecting jury could do other than acquit them. It is not to be expected that a jury would usurp the functions of the prosecutor. For that reason we dissent from all disapproval of the jury, and invite the outspoken Congressional critics to direct their fire elsewhere.

Mr. Fall and Mr. Doheny, at best, are incidents. The jury has said they are not guilty, but it could not exonerate the Government. The Government is guilty all the way along. It has been convicted of neglecting its own affairs and of failing to safeguard important public rights. Oil companies cannot very well be blamed for acting like oil companies, but a Government can be blamed for not acting like a Government.

New York *and* Prohibition—
When Victory Meant Defeat

YOU have read that the state of New York, at the November election, went wet to the tune of three or four to one. Believing the newspapers, as you do, you believe this statement to be true. Nevertheless you may be interested to learn what actually took place in the state of New York on election day last November.

New York State, last November, cast 2,780,683 votes for the various candidates for governor.

Of this number of persons who we know went to the polls, 1,685,489 voted for booze on the liquor referendum. Those who voted against booze numbered only 543,920. The number who voted for booze was more than three times as great as the number who voted against it. This is the whole basis for the statement you have read so many times, that the state of New York went for booze by a vote of more than three to one.

But the vote does not tell the story. It tells only *how many wets there are in the state* because the wets were urged by their leaders to come out and vote and they did come out. But *the drys were urged not to vote.* Their leaders asked them to take no part in the referendum. Not all of the drys accepted the suggestion. Obviously the 543,920 who voted no on the referendum did not accept it.

How many drys accepted the suggestion and took no part in the referendum?

There is a way of finding out. You know how many persons went to the polls. The combined vote for governor tells you that—2,780,683. You know how many voted on the referendum—2,229,409. Of those who went to the polls, 551,274 did not vote on the referendum. It is only common sense to say that those who appeared at the polls, yet did not vote on the liquor referendum, were drys. There is no known instance of a wet ever failing to vote for booze at every opportunity. Only the drys were urged to keep away.

SO WE are unquestionably justified in adding to the dry vote the number who went to the polls but did not vote on the referendum. The dry vote was 543,920. The number who did not vote was 551,274. The sum of these two figures is 1,095,194. That is the dry population of New York, in so far as the November election revealed it.

We now come in sight of some facts. With every wet voting at least once, the wets were able to muster 1,685,489 votes in favor of booze. The dry vote—cast and uncast—was 1,095,194. A majority for the wets, on the face of the November election, of 590,295.

You do not yet have the whole story. Almost 600,000, even in a great state like New York, is quite a majority. It is a big vote. But it is not four to one. It is not three to one. It is not even two to one. It is more like one and a half to one—a good vote, but nothing to write home about.

Both candidates for governor were wet. The Republican candidate, Ogden Mills, added to his wetness the fact that he was running on a dry platform. He was a little more objectionable to the drys than Al Smith, who was at least consistent and outspoken in his advocacy of looser liquor and more of it.

BOTH candidates for United States Senator were wet. The Republican candidate had been dry and become wet. He was too wet for the drys and too dry for the wets. The most the drys could do was to draw to a third ticket enough Republican votes to defeat Wadsworth, and they did that.

Many drys stayed at home and did not vote at all.

How many remained at home? How do we know that anybody remained at home? There are ways of knowing. Figures smoke out the facts.

The total vote for governor, at the recent election, was 2,780,683. With all candidates of both parties standing for booze and urging their followers to come out, that figure was the best they could do.

In 1924, the combined vote for governor was 3,244,839 and the combined vote for presidential candidates was 3,255,637. Taking the presidential vote as a basis of calculation, we may say that at least 474,954 voters remained away from the polls at the recent election. This figure represents the difference between the gubernatorial vote in 1926 and the presidential vote in 1924. New York has not shrunken any since then. On the contrary, it has grown. The wets, in 1926, needed no urging to go to the polls, yet they were urged—and the gubernatorial vote showed a falling off of 464,156 over the gubernatorial vote of 1924, and a falling off of 474,956 as compared with the presidential vote of 1924.

What is the next step? Add to the dry vote, as revealed by the November election, the number who were so disgusted that they did not vote at all. What was the dry vote, cast and uncast? Just 1,095,194.

Add to this the number who did not vote at all—474,954. The figure we get is 1,520,148.

That is the minimum dry vote of New York, which we must contrast with the maximum wet vote cast last fall—and everybody who lives in New York knows that it *was* the maximum vote—of 1,685,489.

The real wet majority in the state of New York is therefore 165,341 in a total vote of 2,780,683. The wets were able to muster a majority of only 165,341—not much of a majority. Nothing to get excited about. And this in one of the wettest states in the Union.

What a tremendous number of drys must be scattered through the state of New York so nearly to equal the hordes of foreigners in New York and the other great cities who always vote wet!

New York City is so crowded with foreigners that it does not look like an American city. They all voted wet. But in the wettest state of the Union the drys almost met the wets man for man.

No wonder the liquor interests had to lie about the New York election. They did not dare face the truth. The only thing to do was to get in their lie first and whoop it across the country. The whole New York liquor referendum was nothing but a piece of liquor propaganda anyway, and the only way to cash in on the propaganda was to make the country ring with reports of a great wet victory. It made no difference that the reports were false. Anything is good if it can be made to stick. The newspapers did their best to make the lies stick. They are doing it to this day. They will continue to do it as long as they can find anybody who will believe them.

BUT the facts—nobody can get away from them. The great liquor victory in New York was a great liquor defeat. It would have been a victory in Kansas or Arizona, but it was a defeat in New York. Nobody ever claimed that New York was dry. It contains too many foreigners to be dry. But nobody ever suspected that it is as nearly dry as it is. A margin of 165,341 in a voting population of more than three and a quarter millions is a small margin. It is a dangerously small margin, so far as the liquor interests are concerned, when one considers New York's great foreign population. It is dangerous because it so plainly indicates how dry are almost all the other states of the Union.

Happy New Year in CHINA

Means That All Must Pay Their Debts

By L. M. CRAMER

THOUSANDS of ancestors slumbered in their graves, unhonored and unheartened by the sound of exploding firecrackers on China's New Year's Day. In all the hundreds of years that some of them had lain buried in and about Nanking, this was perhaps the first time no male descendant had worshiped at their grave on this day. In China the living go to the grave mounds of their dead on China's New Year's Day to pay their respects.

It was because of those noisy popping firecrackers that General Han, civil governor of Nanking, had forbade the firing of a single one; they might be mistaken for machine guns and start war.

Of course Occidentals may laugh at the idea of the popping of firecrackers on top of ugly grave mounds starting war. But there is, in China's recent history, something even more unbelievable. In 1921 one war was actually started by a soldier beating a tattoo on an empty oil can which bore the single word, 'Socony' (Standard Oil Company of New York). It was one of General Chang Tso-lin's soldiers who beat that tattoo, and General Wu Pei-fu's black regiment, which had been ordered not to fire till fired upon, immediately opened fire on the enemy, claiming they thought the tattoo was machine-gun fire. Popping firecrackers would have been every bit as good an excuse for some overanxious soldier to have started a battle as was a tattoo beaten on an empty Socony tin.

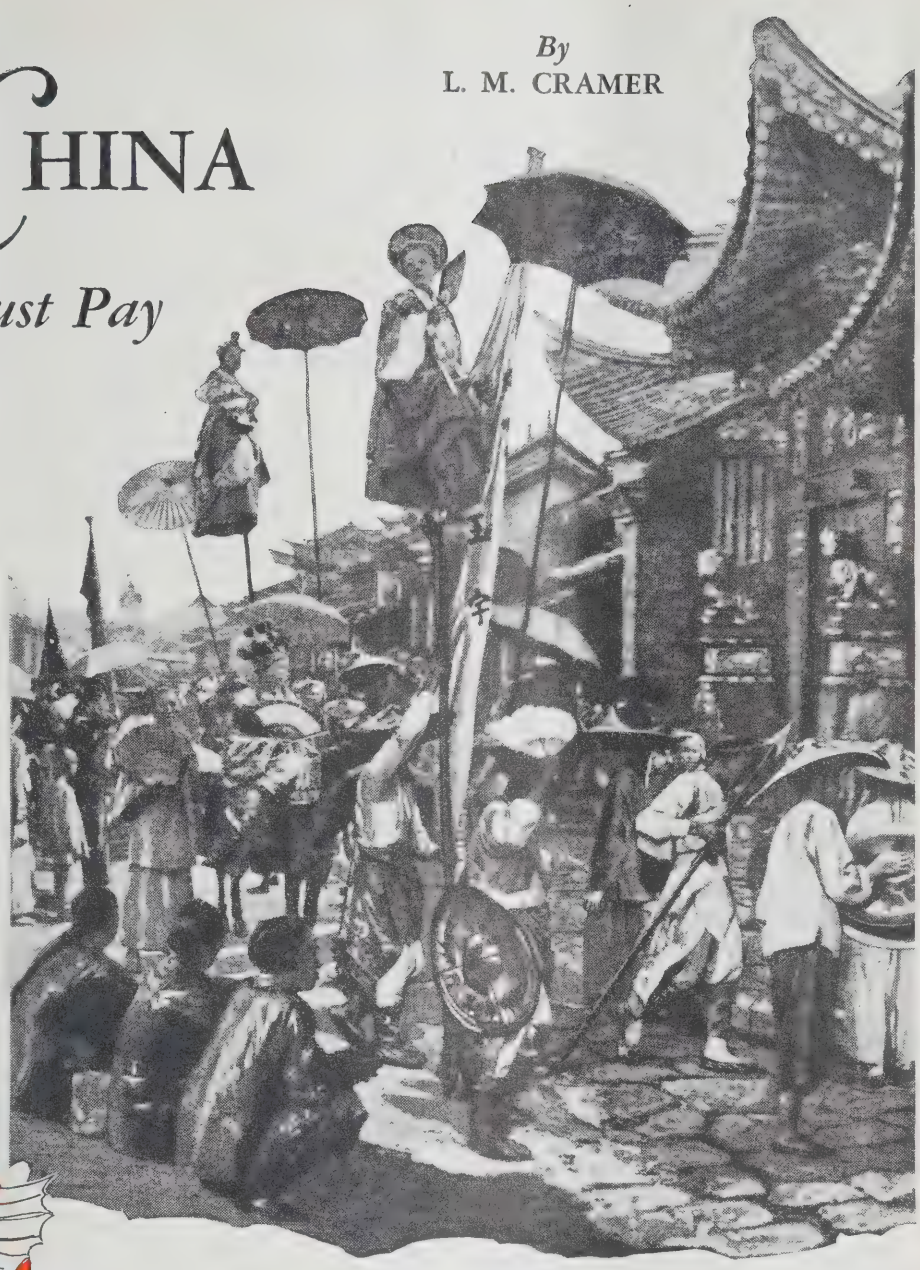
That was why the dead were not heartened on New Year's Day by the sound of popping 'devil chasers.' That was why no paper money was burned at their grave mounds.

A few days before the Chinese New Year, every house in Nanking was swept and dusted. Bedding was washed, and new clothing was purchased whenever possible. The poorer classes save their money for the entire year, just to spend it at New Year's time. Faces of the coolie children, many of them unwashed probably since the last New Year, were scrubbed till they shone, and the matted pigtail of the carrier coolie was brushed and combed and rebraided. Food was prepared in amazing quantities—even the poorest had a meal a bit above his ordinary fare.

Seven days before, the kitchen god had been sent on his fiery way to the Pearly Emperor to report. His mouth had been firmly sealed with a sticky rice cake, that he might tell only the sweet things of his hosts of the fast-dying year. Sometimes, when a host realized that there was too much that was bad which the kitchen god might tell, his paper mouth was smeared either with wine, that he might appear before the Pearly Emperor in a drunken condition, thus bringing discredit upon anything he might tell, or with opium, that he might fall into slumber and be unable to talk.

For five days before the morning of the New Year, people were very careful of their speech; their tongue was at all times guarded, for it is on the fifth day before the coming of the New Year that the gods descend from heaven to inspect the people. What they see and hear determines what measure of happiness or misery they will mete out to the different families during the ensuing year.

On the last day of the year, called *San shih won shan*, the business man works long hours, checking his accounts, and collecting and paying bills. All night the street lamps are burning, and messenger boys and clerks from the different shops rush hither and thither carrying lanterns, (Concluded on page 24)



—Photo courtesy of the New York Public Library.
Celebration of the Chinese New Year's Day in Canton.

The Things I Should Do IF I Were in COLLEGE Again

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

SOMETIMES, when the winter night is cold and the storm outside beats against the house, and the wood fire inside burns cheerfully, I sit meditating as I look into the flames, and think over a not too well-employed past. I go over in my mind the years that separate me from my college days, and foolishly I wish that I might repeat the experiences of my undergraduate life. Sometimes I plan the things that I should do if I had the chance to live over again those pleasant days, and, like all men of middle age, I cherish the flattering hallucination that if I were granted the privilege of traveling the road of youth once more I should do it in a different way than I did the first time, and I should do it more successfully. Like most people, I am periodically given to regretting my neglected opportunities and my disappearing youth.

It gives one a very virtuous feeling in imagination to dodge all error, but it is extremely doubtful if many of us, even if we had a second chance, would avoid many of the pitfalls into which we stumbled, or follow a straighter path than that by which we have so far come. It merely gives us pleasure to conjecture what we should do if we had a second try at it, and it is barely possible that it may not do harm to the young people who may happen to listen to us.

'If I were given a second chance I should try to develop concentration.'

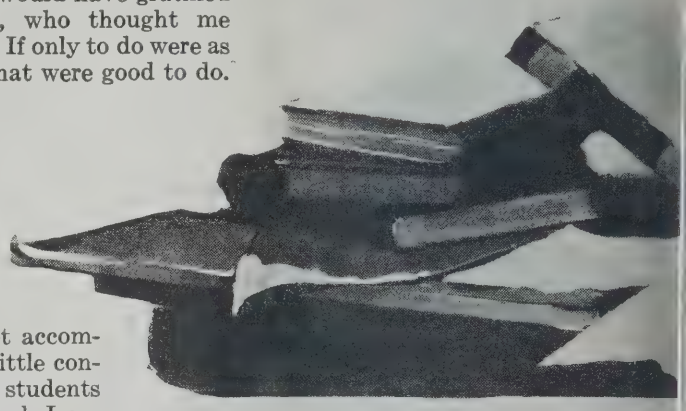
As I sit by the fire I can see clearly how I might have avoided all the errors into which I as an unsophisticated undergraduate innocently fell—how I might have won athletic honors which in reality never even came close enough to tempt me; how I might have become a clever writer and an attractive and ready speaker; how I might have carried off class honors which would have astounded the neighbors at home, who looked upon me as a very ordinary mortal, and which would have gratified my near relatives, who thought me quite the contrary. If only to do were as easy as to know what were good to do.

It seems to me now that if I were in college again I should not work so many hours as I did. I was not lazy; I put in enough time with my book in my hand, but I did not accomplish much; I had little concentration. Many students whom I know, though I am not sure that the practice is confined to students, spend a good deal of time in getting ready to work. With a book in hand and a feeling of virtuous satisfaction in their hearts, they look out of the window at the clouds, or at the pretty girls passing along the street, and all the time they deceive themselves with the idea that they are studying.

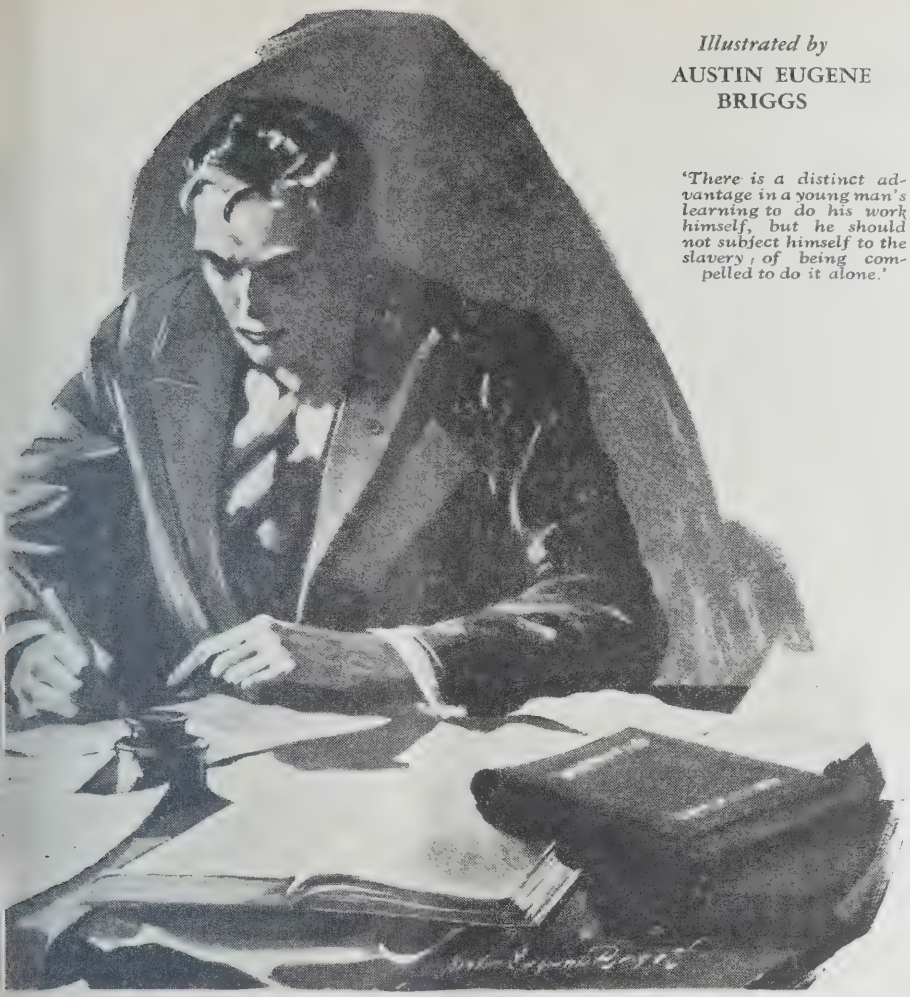
George Ade's characterization of the attitude of students toward matrimony—they don't marry; they just fool 'round—might be applied with equal appropriateness to their method of study. They don't study; they just fool 'round.

Many an evening, when the work was heavy, I would determine to begin early and get it over with. But I could spend half an hour in looking for my pipe, and in getting it filled and going well, and another half-hour in arranging my books, and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair, and all this time I imagined I was working. I spent as much time in goading myself on t duties that I should have liked t shirk, or in getting ready to work, a I did in actual labor. I did not realiz that having a plan, and getting t work with a rush and vim, is ofte half the battle. If I were given second chance I should try to develo concentration—I should work harde but not so long.

If I were in college again I shou



learn to work with people about m As it was, I lived a somewhat isolat life. I was one of the unfortunates for so I have come to look upon them who live at home while they go t college, and this fact shut me off fro some of the most valuable associatio with men, and took from me no lit of the independence of action whi the college student away from ho soon develops. I remember that I w always congratulated on being able enjoy the 'comforts of home,' and did not then realize what I have sin come to know, that not many you fellows under such circumstances well in college. I did my reading a my studying alone, and though the are some advantages in this metho there are also most serious objectio Now I must often work under ve different conditions from those which I was surrounded in college. I have work which must be done an noise and commotion, and I do t under those conditions with difficul As I tried upon a crowded railw train to put upon paper these wand ing thoughts, I was constantly annoy by the confusion about me, and by te spasmodic attempts at conversatn made by a well-intentioned but mi guided young man at my side. I I had learned to work under differ t



Illustrated by
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

'There is a distinct advantage in a young man's learning to do his work himself, but he should not subject himself to the slavery of being compelled to do it alone.'

nditions, I might have turned the nversation aside as a steep roof sheds e rain. I am sure there is a distinct lvantage in a young man's learning to his work *himself*, but he should not ubject himself to the slavery of being mpelled to do it *alone*.

I am sure, too, that I should go at y work with a very different purpose mind than that which I had when, as a eager, untrained country lad, I me to college. It was facts I wanted en—I had no thought of training. the work which I had been doing I d often been at sea as regards inciples and problems, and I had t yet come to realize that the knowlge of how to get information is often r more desirable than the information self; that the training of the mind is tter than the storing of the memory ith facts.

F I had my work to do over again should do more difficult things, or ings for which I have no special ndness. I like an easy time as well any one, and I have the greatest mpathy for the fellow who occasionly finds little inspiration in hard ork; but it is this very hard work hich we find so uncomfortable, and so sagreeable, out of which we get the eatest development of our powers. I do not wish to give the impression that I think it an error for a student to follow the profession he enjoys, or to do the work he likes. In point of fact, I believe that a student should choose to follow those lines of work along which his tastes lead him. Those things we do most easily we shall very likely do best, but I have found that training comes through struggle, and that those people are developed most who resist most, or who fight against difficulty and opposition, and overcome. I have known a good many geniuses, but they generally had the most commonplace careers, because they never could bring themselves to do difficult or disagreeable things. Students come into my office every day who want to get out of work, or to drop a subject, or to cut a class exercise, for no better reason than that they find the duty difficult, or the instructor or the subject dull.

Half the things I am forced to do during the busy days of the college year are things I naturally dislike doing, but I have been obliged to give these things my best attention whether I like them or not. I wish I had learned while in college to do more such things.

Just yesterday as I was sitting at the breakfast table talking to a young freshman, in whom I have a rather vital interest, as to his next year's course, I suggested a subject which I thought good for him to take. 'Is it easy?' was his first question. 'Going to have any snap courses this semester?' a frank, light-hearted junior quite shamelessly asked me last week. In the world in which I do my work today I have found few easy roads, few snap courses. We are all forced to do a great many hard things. I wish I had learned to do more of such things early.

LIKE a great many people, I suppose, I am not now doing the work that as a college student I planned to do. I am in no sense a fatalist, but I am convinced that men have their work chosen for them quite as often as they themselves choose it. The best chemist among my classmates is now an evangelist, one of the enthusiastic engineers is a missionary in India, while the man who was most determined on the extermination of the heathen has settled down to a quiet life on the farm. And I, if I had suspected that I should be called upon to speak upon the most unforeseen occasions, should have given myself while in college the practice which I believe is the method everyone must employ if he is to become a ready speaker. *(Continued on page 20)*

'The conception in college is that the instructor is a somewhat abnormal being.'

There IS Something in This *Art Stuff*

By It *the* Character *of* Nations Is Shown

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

THERE are six miles of gallery in the Louvre—on the authority of a guide who stands on the left of the steps where the cabs stop—say a mile and a half of pictures, two miles of statuary, much of it in bad repair, and the rest what you will, from such remnants of the crown jewels of France as escaped the Revolution to models of sailing craft from the Roman galley down. From the Louvre as a base line and making due imaginary calculations, I should say that Europe has art enough on public display to reach from the Grand Central Station in New York to Greenwich, Connecticut—and most of it worth seeing.

Seeing it is another matter; picture gazing by the mile is hard work. The Rubens in the Louvre might be done on a bicycle, but the natural conservatism of the French makes this impracticable. Rolling chairs would be a fair compromise but the effete civilizations of the Old World are slow to take over the methods of Atlantic City and Palm Beach; the galleries still have to be seen on foot. They can be done alone, in parties with a conductor, with a local guidebook, or by the light of nature, and all these methods are employed by visiting Americans with various personal reactions which still await scientific tabulation.

If you go in a party you do selected portions of the six miles in the Louvre, say, in two hours or under, at an average rate of two miles an hour, which is exactly what Baedeker allows for walking through Switzerland. An itinerary for such a tour would be about as follows:

'At the top of the first

—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

A gallery in the Louvre. Above—Gallery of Venuses in the Louvre, with the famous Milo in the center.

The 'Marriage at Cana,' by Paul Veronese.

—Print by courtesy of the New York Public Library.

ight of stairs turn to the left, thence own through corridor, five minutes, o the Venus de Milo at end of passage. Notice the Three Graces and various tatues of Aphrodite and Apollo on ther side. Return, through room of oman antiquities, seven minutes, and ake second flight of stairs to Winged ictory. Thence, two minutes, past ounters for sale of photographs and icture postal cards and Ingres' La ource to Salon Carré. Notice splendid xamples of Raphael, Correggio, Paul eronese, Guido Reni and Titian; best iew to the left.

'We now go, fifteen minutes, past a Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks," Bacchus" and "John the Baptist" to Mona Lisa"—best view still to the left. fter a group of Raphaels, three inutes, the Murillos appear and the isitor is advised to notice the famous Immaculate Conception" and "Birth the Virgin" and the charming Angels in the Kitchen." Thence, ighteen minutes, past the Rembrandts nd other choice examples of the Dutch hool, to Van Dyke's "Charles the irst" and thence, twenty minutes, oing and return, past the allegorical aintings of Rubens. Side excursions ould be made on the return to the alleries of the French school and the rly Italian. Motor buses will be aiting at the door for the tombs of apoleon and the Unknown Soldier.'

More independent tourists take ne of the guides who offers himself ith becoming modesty at the entrance the gallery, and gives you a private, ersonally conducted tour. The aver- ge guide is a curious mixture of in- rmation and misinformation. He will give you the backstairs gossip of art and take care that you see the best pictures, though he will not or cannot tell you why they are best.

Well-trained American husbands follow their wives. Those earnest-minded ladies have been studying for years in the Neighbors, the Chatterie or some other woman's club which makes a specialty of art, history, home travel, gossip and tea; they know exactly what they want to see and they go straight to it with a look of determination which leaves their husbands literally and figuratively in the rear.

A docile president of the bank back home, being towed through the Louvre or the Uffizzi by the wife of his bosom and a polyglot guide, deserves more sympathy than he commonly gets. If he were left to follow his own natural impulse he would study art in its more animated and contemporaneous forms at the Folies-Bergére.

For these great canvases which are the priceless treasures of the old-world capitals need a deal of living with before you begin to see why they are there at all. The painter who did them must have had something; so much becomes apparent as you watch the expert copyists whose easels are a better guide to the masterpieces than most of the guides. The copyist gets the pictures but the untrained eye can see that something is wanting, some magic of light and shade, some fluid smoothness of brush work, some golden glow, something as elusive as atmosphere, as intangible as sunlight through mist.

The deep, rich coloring of old pictures, forgetting the vivid Italian for a moment, is one of the things which meets you on the very threshold of a great gallery.

I remember entering the Ruyks Musee in Antwerp of a dull afternoon when the whole place seemed aglow with a somber golden light coming from the canvases themselves. Something of this is doubtless due to many varnishings, but more of it to a skill in the mixing of colors which mellow with the years, and the rest, which is most of all, to the artist's touch, the thing which was all his own and which no reproduction can catch.

There is no denying a monotony of theme in any great gallery. The Church was the first great patron of the arts, especially in Italy, and the natural devotion of the artist, combined with the necessities of patronage, combined to make all art down to the Renaissance religious.

We naturally expect a picture to tell a story, and these pictures tell no story save the familiar and the conventionalized. They are compositions, not narratives, and it is only when we begin to see the significance of the composition that we begin to take in art. It is, after all, just the difference between a tune and harmony done in color instead of tone. There is in all such pictures a strange mingling of the temporal and the timeless, the childish and the mature. There are camels, painted by men who never saw a camel, with impossible heads and necks; elephants who have teeth in the ends of their trunks; and ladies by Botticelli who are the very spirit of a misty spring morning, but under their

diaphanous gowns is a better testimony to the artist's innocence than his knowledge of the way the human form is put together.

Historical consistency means nothing to a Paul Veronese. His 'Marriage at Cana' is set in Corinthian columns and a Roman palace. His men and women are clad in silks and brocaded velvets, and Jesus and His mother sit at a table which a doge might have spread in Venice. The musicians are portraits of Venetian painters and Veronese himself plays on the viol.

Such things as these try the literal minded. When a picture neither tells a story which appeals to the imagination—always assuming you have lost or never had the particular imagination to which it did appeal—and does not even tell the truth in detail, and has no originality in theme and is drawn like a gifted child would draw, what are you going to do about it?

Meanwhile outside there are the boulevards of Paris, or the Tuscan hills and the Arno under an old bridge lined with little shops where you may get cameos and beads for lira worth 25 to the dollar.

It is safe to assume, to begin with, that every canvas has a well-won and long-tested right to its place upon the wall. These galleries are the sifted substance of 500 years of painting. They are there by the common consent of the art experts of the world from their own time to ours, and this is a verdict not lightly to be set aside. They are the creations of a genius so rare that a single artist may make his generation or his country famous, or a hundred years go by with no substantial addition to the galleries of the acknowledged masters. They are so priceless that money cannot buy them. England would sell her navy as soon as her Turners; Holland her dikes as soon as her Rembrandts. Why?

If you are fortunate enough to have a companion who really knows what makes a great picture he will tell you how many elements combine to win a place in the company of the immortals.

The early Italians, as I have said, naturally chose religious themes; many of the pictures now in the galleries were originally in churches. After the Renaissance the Italians were under the spell of the beauty of the human form, the rediscovery of the splendor of life and the classic tradition. Michael Angelo, the master of them all, combined the devotion of the Catholics with an almost pagan joy in the purely physical, and calls up his souls to their last judgment unclothed and splendid.

The Dutch paint homely human things perhaps because their little land offered no wealth of landscape, their native puritanism forbade the unclothed, and their Reformation had broken with the old traditions of the Church. So they give us interiors of their houses with a gleam of light through a clear window, caught and reflected on a copper pot or a woman's face, or else some fields of grain and a rutted road and windbent trees and a wash of watery sunshine across it all, or else the faces of old men and women with all their lines and some haunting look in their eyes, nameless symbols of our general humanity worn by time and common fortune. The later Flemish painters show us coarse feasting and overladen tables and the sensely pleasures of their age with a relentless brush, but the very humanness of Dutch art gives it an appeal to which the student of the galleries is likely to respond before he gets a proper feeling for the Italian.

—*Print by courtesy of the New York Public Library.*

Rubens' 'The Descent From the Cross,' in the transept of Antwerp Cathedral.

The English love to paint the story pictures like Luke Fildes' 'Physician,' a copy of which hangs in most doctors' offices, very likely a present from some grateful patient with a sense of the fitness of things; or Millais' 'The Eve of St. Bartholomew's.' They paint horses and dogs with the fidelity of Landseer's brush, or poverty and carnality with the realism of Hogarth. Watts is the great symbolist of the 19th Century, and Turner belongs at his best to the chosen group of no time or place.

The French have always a dramatic touch and make much of battles and the long events of their brilliant and tragic history, with a flair for the nude which may be anything from pure beauty to a frank appeal to the flesh.

Thus, the subjects which an artist selects are themes determined for him partly by tradition, partly by the temper of his time, the necessities of patronage—for an artist must sell his pictures, though most of them protest that they don't want to—and greatly by his own natural genius. He paints what he sees and what seizes him, the one event of the history of his land or the devotion of his church, or the old adventures—not always reputable—of the gods and goddesses, or a face in the crowd, or a landscape he knows, or a king on horseback, or a beggar boy hunting fleas.

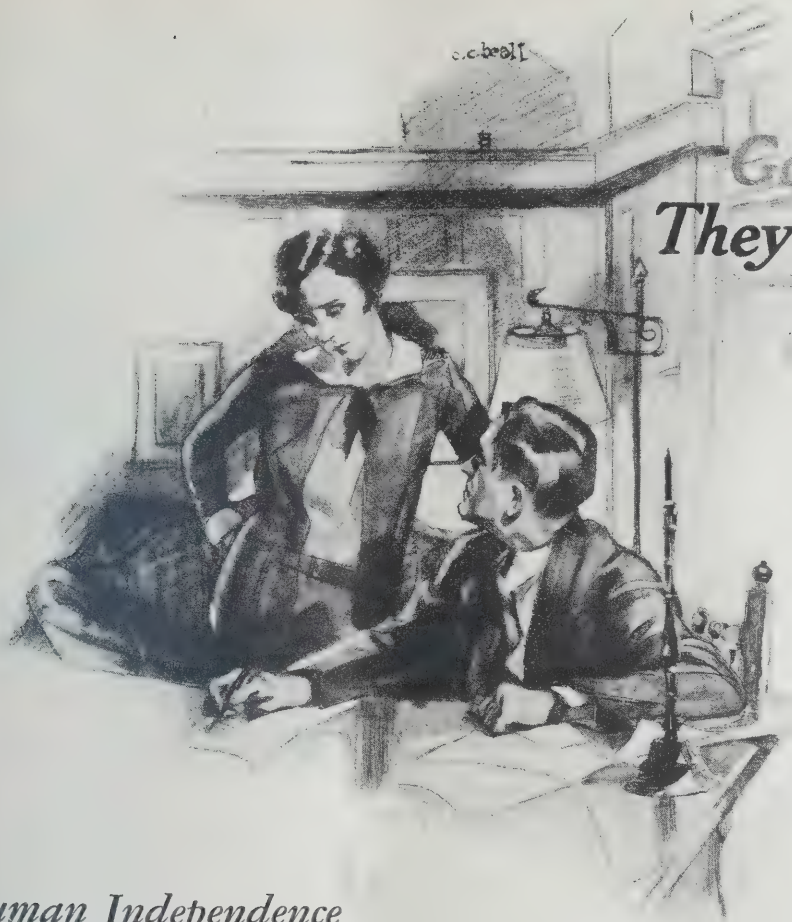
Composition comes next. The artist's genius must conceive the picture he means to paint before his brush touches the canvas. He must pose and group his figures. If he paint a landscape it must all be there. You see a landscape through a window and you know that the window frame cuts off what you want to see to complete the view. But a picture frame, if the landscape be rightly done, suggests no limitations—the picture is entire.

The copyists whom you watch always begin where the creator began, with outlines and masses. Any picture grows from a smudgy blur to the perfected work. Its arrangement is always a balance of full and empty spaces; it takes as much skill—or more—to manage the empty spaces as the full, which is true of pretty much everything including even the intelligent use of one's own head. The picture is, of course, in the full spaces, but the perspective and composure—the peace of it, so to speak—are in the empty spaces. They are anything you please—sky or shadow, or the walls and ceilings of a room, or some suggestion of distant landscape; but they are always there, the background against which the real picture emerges.

Then the artist draws his containing lines which hold what he wants you to see. Here is a test of skill which needs and bears endless study. Take one of the greatest creations of the world—Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross' in the transept of Antwerp Cathedral—there are nine figures in this picture almost life-size. They are letting down, in sorrow, labor and reverence, the body of Jesus from the Cross.

But the central lines of the painting are continuous from the lower left to the upper right, not a single figure outside the unity of the composition; line leads to line and carries the eye to the central figure.

I've a notion the great painters always painted with no particular philosophy of art. They had a free mastery which was their birthright; they saw a range and delicacy of color to which the untrained eye is blind, and left their canvases to the future to explain as it pleased.



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If I Were in College Again

(*Continued from page 15*)

I have learned that, sooner or later, every intelligent man is called upon publicly to express his ideas, and no matter how congested his brain may be with ideas he will suffer much pain and have little success unless he has had pretty regular and persistent practice in speaking. If one has not had the practice earlier, the best place to get it is in college.

I RAN across an old classmate last spring, an engineer of no little repute, whom I had not met since the day of graduation. He has a son now halfway through high school, whom he hopes to give a college training in engineering. 'How are you going to make his course in college different from your own?' I asked, 'or what are you going to insist that he study that you left out?' I had no doubt but that he would say 'mathematics' at once, but he did not.

'I shall have him learn to write and to speak,' he answered, 'and I shall insist that he begin as a freshman. In my own college days I avoided every opportunity to do either, with the idea that only ministers and lawyers have need of such practice, and I suffer for it every day. My boy is to be an engineer, it is true, but I am going to see that he does not make the same mistake that I made.'

When I am called on unexpectedly to speak, and my knees shake, and my voice falters, and the word that I grope for I find with difficulty, or I fail to find at all, I agree with my classmate, and I feel sure that if I had again the chance I had in college, I should try to learn to speak correctly and without notes.

I wish that while I had the opportunity in college I had learned to play well some athletic game. The desire does not arise entirely from the fact that I should have derived pleasure from the game, or that I should have won honor in the exhibition of my skill, though I think that would have been worth while. My regret comes more from the fact that I am now missing a great deal from not having developed interest and skill in such a game. If a man succeeds after graduation, as all hope to do, he gets into a business that is likely to be cruelly exacting, and he demands some relaxation in which he finds pleasure.

One of the youngest old men whom I have ever known, and one of the busiest, still finds time every day to steal away from the cares of his business office to play around a golf course. He was a golf champion in his youth, and the game still lures him. He is better fitted to do business from being out in the open air, and the people with whom he comes in contact are happier because he is less irritable.

AS FOR me, it is no pleasure to me to hit a bag that simply bounds back to be struck again, or to pull a weight that drops stupidly and inertly down to be raised the second time. I should rather be in the garden, saw wood, or beat a carpet hanging on the clothesline in the back yard. I find no virtue in any of the machinery or in any of the 'systems' devised by shrewd inventors for keeping the human system in ideal working condition. If I am to have pleasure in exercise, and I find it pretty dull to take it from a sense of duty only, it must be in a physical contest where something definite is to be accomplished, where I have a goal to attain, or an opponent to beat. I should rather play a good game of tennis, or ride a horse well, than to have at my disposal all the exercisers, or systems, in christendom.

There are few things which help more to keep men young and strong and ready for the daily battles of life than good physical health; and the athletic game aids materially in bringing about that condition. One may learn, of course, after he is out of college; but pride and awkwardness, and the manifold duties of the day, come in and prevent one's doing so. If a man does not develop the habit with some skill while young, he is very unlikely to do so later.

If I could repeat my college course, I should determine to learn to do some line of work well. As I now remember, I was like many other young fellows who are now in college; I was principally concerned about 'getting through.' I think I was not quite so modest in my scholastic ambitions as the young fellow who told me, not long ago, that a 'pass' was as good as one hundred per cent to him; but at least I was not so much concerned about doing my best in some one line of work as I wish I had been. Every college man is rushed, or thinks he is rushed with work. He takes more hours than he should, or he neglects to prepare the assignments at the proper time, so that when he finally goads himself to the accomplishment of his tasks they are done hastily.

IT IS common habit for students to be behind with their work. I have known fellows even to go so far as to argue that it is an excellent practice to get behind, for if one catches up he must force himself to do a large amount of work in a short time. So he learns concentration which he (and also) argues is a good thing. But work done under such conditions usually shows all the earmarks of slovenliness and superficiality. In the courses which I now teach there are the regular number of fellows who get behind and beg the privilege of handing in the 'late themes.' I have no recollection now that such work is anything but commonplace and conventional. The student who waits for the tardy inspiration is likely to suffer the shock of disappointment.

There are many subjects in which I think it would be sufficient to do merely *good* work, but at least in one subject I wish I had made it a point to take time to give the matter careful thought, and to do it as well as it was possible for me to do. One has to rush through work far too often later in life; it would be a comfort to remember that at one period in my life, at least, I had deliberately taken time enough to do an assigned task well.

I should make more of an effort than I did to get acquainted with my instructors. The conception in the minds even of upperclassmen in college is that the college instructor is a somewhat abnormal being full of knowledge—sometimes—but without

'I wish that while I had the opportunity in college I had learned to play some athletic game.'

'Sooner or later every intelligent man is called upon publicly to express his ideas.'

uch of practical information or human mpathy. I believe that instructors, no atter what their ages may be, are almost ithout exception considered by under- aduates as old, or at any rate as past the riod of youthful enjoyment.

I remember one experience which ustrates my point. A number of young structors, the most patriarchal of whom as not far beyond thirty, were innocently ending the evening at a dancing party. me young undergraduates passing along e street were attracted by the music, d looked in to see who was so frivolous. hen they saw who composed the party one the fellows, more astonished than the st, turned to his companions and gasped t, 'Well, can those old things dance?'

A member of a recent graduating class, ho was the following year to act as an sistant in one of the college departments, me to me in some apparent distress to k me what attitude he should in the future sume to those undergraduates whom he d previously known, and who had been s friends. It was simply the case of a ally sensible fellow supposing that instruc- rs are different from other normal beings, d so should conduct themselves differ- tly. My friend seemed not a little sur- ised when I assured him that he would be ting entirely properly if he treated his iends in the future the same as he had me in the past.

AS A college student I thought that the ss I bothered my instructor the better, d if by some good fortune he was ill, or t of town, I put it down at the end of the y as one of the blessings for which to be ankful. I came in the end, however, to e that my instructors—even those who d seemed most impossible—were human eatures, with a wide knowledge and a nerous willingness to help. The trouble as with me quite as much as with them. count it the greatest pleasure and benefit my college life that I came to know one structor well, and that from this acquaint- ce there developed a friendship and an spiration that I value more highly an all the rest of my college course. or he had a heart of youth despite his xty years, and he knew better than any her man I have met how to stimulate all at was best in one. How much more it ight have meant to me had I come more osely into contact with the real lives of the her men and women with whom I worked!

I had always wanted to hear Henry ard Beecher, but when he came to town e dollar that was required to get into the cture hall seemed big to me, and I decided wait until the next time; but there was next time, for Beecher died soon after.

I think perhaps I might have been ofited had I heard, as I had many a chance do, the members of the faculty from her departments than those in which I as doing regular work when they occasion- ly talked for the general interest and en- htenment of students, but I generally oved to myself that I had no time for ch things.

If I were to go over my college course gain I think I should take fewer things that e strictly practical. As it was, I wanted cts, and these facts were such as I thought could use in increasing the salary that I ould draw when I got out of college. hen I contemplated registering for a bject, I weighed the probability of its helping me in after life to make money. Now I see that more than anything else, I should have obtained from my college course culture and training of mind.

I CAN appreciate the statement, which I read not long ago, of a practical business man who said that he was glad that while in college he had taken nothing that was practical, because his life was now filled up with such intensely practical things that it was a relief to have been given the broader view which his college course had afforded, and to have something else besides the narrow routine of his daily business to think about. As I think back over my own college work, I am convinced that it was those things which at the time seemed least practical that have helped me most in the work I have had to do, and those which on the surface promise the greatest return have proved of least value.

I am wont to say, when giving advice to young men in college, especially to those who are just entering college, that the main thing which is to occupy their time, and to which they should give their attention, is study—all other things are relatively unimportant; yet if I could be in college again I should show more interest in general college activities.

Social matters such as connect themselves with young women most college students may very safely postpone until the first half, at least, of the college course is over, for the affairs of the heart are seldom injured by waiting. Studies are the *main* thing, but not the only thing, and the student who fails to develop some outside interest is making a mistake. The mere bookworm, I now see, is not so likely to be successful as the man who gets out among his fellows.

Every student should have at least one avocation—one thing that should give relaxation from everyday work and bring him into close contact with men. What this side interest should be depends, of course, upon the individual student; it may be religion, or politics, or oratory, or athletics, but I believe he will be better off, as I should have been, with some side interest that gives opportunity for the study of men, as well as for the acquiring of facts.

It is a delightful experience, and a great opportunity, to be able to spend four years in college, but it is one I may not have again. I made some mistakes; I missed some opportunities; but after all I am not sure that the things I missed are better than the things I got. If suggestions I have given here, however, shall help some student to get more out of his undergraduate course, I shall be content.

Man's Flat Wheels

(*Concluded from page 6*)

alence of weak feet, the war showed us something still more important. Weak feet can readily be strengthened, and made less painful. Fallen arches, with all their accompaniment of misery, can be regarded as merely an unnecessary luxury, continued only as long as we desire to retain them. To understand how this was learned, we've got to look at feet for a moment from a military standpoint.

Army men know that the marching powers of troops are of great importance in the success of battles. The army with the best feet, so to speak, has the upper hand. Napoleon said he made war not so much with the arms as the legs of his soldiers. To bear him out, the Battle of Waterloo was lost and history changed because of delay in the arrival of French regiments, through lack of marching ability.

So it is important to develop marching power in troops. That's not so easy. A soldier's equipment usually adds something like fifty per cent to the weight his feet have to carry. Our United States Marine Corps pack, for instance, with full equipment, weighs nearly ninety-five pounds. No inexperienced man can start off and carry a weight like that any great distance without hardship. His feet give out.

Military statistics in general show that one-fourth to one-third of an army sustains at least minor foot injuries in the first few days of marching. In our Civil War whole brigades were temporarily disabled and prevented from marching by foot troubles and the lowered morals resulting from them. In the Franco-Prussian War more than 30,000 German soldiers were completely incapacitated in the first few weeks on account of injuries to the feet. European armies estimate an average loss, because of marching strain, of at least ten per cent in unseasoned troops. In other words, out of every million drafted troops, even with comparatively sound feet, 100,000 would soon be on the sick list because of foot troubles.

NOW add to this painful fact another. Because of the need for men, our own military authorities, when they found so large a proportion of weak feet among the recruits in 1917, did not feel free to reject the flat-footers outright. Although nearly fourteen per cent of the drafted men were found to have defective dogs, less than two per cent were turned down cold. Minor foot troubles with no particular history of discomfort were often not noted at all. This meant that altogether something like fifteen men out of every hundred of the American Expeditionary Forces had fallen arches or other foot defects. The problem immediately presented itself, how to make good marching units out of regiments that already had ten to fifteen per cent of weak-footers to start with.

An orthopedic corps was formed, as a branch of the medical service. Its task was to separate the limpers from the rest, and, with instructions in correct standing and walking, the right shoes, and proper exercise, build up the condition of the feet until they could run and jump and skip and hop and march and carry weight like their buddies.

It came as a shock to more than one old-line military man to know that this care of feet was anything that concerned a *doctor*. One army surgeon, assigned to the orthopedic corps, tells of being asked by his brigade commander what orthopedic corps were. When he explained that the chief job was the building up and care for the physical condition of soldiers' feet, the general's eyebrows went up in surprise.

'I can understand that all right,' he said, 'but what's that got to do with the *medical* corps? D'you call flat feet a *disease*?' It was a new one to him.

(*This is the first of two articles by Mr. Stearns. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

A Tale of Abyssinia

By P. BOULIGIN

IT WAS growing dark. I was sitting on the stones near the gate of my *hebi*, my palace—or hut—made of mud with thatch roof, and surrounded with a fence of prickly branches of the mimosa. Beside me sat old Abatchanaka, wrapped head and all in a dirty bed sheet (*kouta*) with a wide red border. He is respectful and well trained, having had the honor of being *delfani-ashker* (valet) to Mr. Michel who once had lived here.

Abatchanaka is not my *ashker;* I do not pay him. He is not even 'accustomed' to me according to the sense of the word in Addis-Abeba. When you look out of your window and see some stranger zealously shining your spurs or the stirrups of your saddle you must know that he has become 'accustomed' to you; but gradually you will get accustomed to him also and feel ashamed not to pay him for his service. Abatchanaka, however, serves because he is used to it and out of his respect to a Russian, such having been his beloved Mr. Michel whom he mentions with tears.

The natives hate Abatchanaka because he is a *fereng ashker*, that is, a servant of the foreigners. But I need him as a probable substitute for Dessalin, the foreman of my workmen, who gets drunk every evening, drinking with peculiar regularity a terrible native liquor containing tobacco, which causes blindness and degenerates the brain. Abatchanaka has an extremely ugly looking wife and a very white child.

Resting after a hard day's work I watched how below the place where I sat, beyond the poor huts of the workmen, beyond the wild jasmine blossoms and the straw roofs shining from sprinkled water-drops, which served to shade the growing coffee from the sun's rays, behind the irregular dark green wall of full-grown coffee shrubs, sank away and burned out the crimson, green and yellow sunset resembling the feathers of a fairy-tale bird.

Not far from where I sat sounded a 'hou-hou-houh'! It was not the exact howl of a hyena, for the latter sounds more stern and sad. 'What is that, Abatchanaka?' I asked the old man. 'Sow-Jip,' he replied, uncovering his bald head. I did not understand and asked him how it happened that a man could be a hyena. About half a mile from the station lived an old man. All faces turned to stone on my asking his name, and even Abatchanaka, though bribed by the offer of a chew of my tobacco, stopped coming to my gate where I usually followed the sunset with my eye. I lost the hope of getting acquainted with the terrible 'Sow-Jip.'

However, we met. It happened this way. With two spearmen, Tasso and Abatchanaka, and Wondermon, a boy who carried my gun, while going about the plantation I came into a cornfield and out to the river. We sat down to rest under a big baobab tree and then went along on our usual evening way. It was growing dark.

An indescribable silence pervaded the dusk in the dreaming desert. Thoughts became dreamy. A grayish-red pelt slunk along crouching behind the dry, bushy grass. *'Nabir,'* fearfully whispered my *ashkers*. *'Nabir!'* I had never yet seen a leopard at large—this was another thing! The leopard is lord of the native woods. People fear and respect him. They even worship him with sacrifices. His name is surrounded with the legends and superstitions of a dark 3,000-year past.

It was not more than ninety steps to the leopard. The wind was from his side and he did not scent us. Crouching like a cat and slinking along the ground on his stomach, he crept to the group of baobab trees growing by the river. Looking there I nearly forgot the leopard, so funny was the picture. About seventy lemurs were crossing the river. Some were already over and were giving help to those who remained. Apparently the former were the husbands of the latter. Carefully swinging the vines of liana to the side of the monkey mothers the latter also swing out on the vines from the opposite shore. The monkey mothers had their children clinging to their backs or chests according to the degree of bravery of the latter.

The waiting monkeys comically ran their little hands impatiently along the branches of the baobab trees. Apparently they were on a migration to a new home, being driven from the old by the too frequent visits of the feather-footed eagle or by an invasion of ants.

Toward these travelers sneaked the leopard. I felt justified in shooting him, because I was fond of the monkeys. I leveled my gun at the leopard but, warned by the sudden scream of a guinea-hen, he shrank back and, doubling up like a spring, leaped in two bounds into the dense thicket. I shot at random. The monkeys howled hysterically. I walked back smiling to myself over the monkeys' fright.

It was about fifteen steps to the road. There across our path hobbled an old bent man in a dirty *chama* (tunic). He had a graying beard and deeply sunken eyes set in a bony and haggard face. His gait was odd. Extremely bent, he seemed bowing to me as he walked. I thought he must soon be standing on all fours. He passed nearby. I looked back, not hearing the footsteps of my *ashkers*. All three of them had dropped far behind me dragging their heavy feet along the ground. I waited for them to come up.

'Sow-Jip!' whispered Abatchanaka in my ear, hiding his face with his *chama* from the old passer-by. Ordering them to hurry, I rushed to outrun the old man. I wanted to look at him. As soon as he heard our rapid approach, he sat down on the ground, looking at the dirty rags covering his feet. I looked at his face and met his raised eyes and . . . strange prejudice . . . I shuddered! Darkness, the darkness of a black desert, looked at me, the obscurity of fanaticism, of evil thoughts, terrible dreams and the vacuity of savagery. I went home, my *ashkers* disrespectfully outdistancing me.

The next morning I had bad news, Abatchanaka had taken very sick. I hurried to him and found the poor old man in the grip of the most severe dysentery. Only a double dose of opium and black coffee helped him to overcome the charms of the incensed 'Sow-Jip.'

Scorpion-Cloud

Frederick Clayton

THE tiny, silver scorpion-cloud has
stung the moon
So that she has gone quite mad.
Naked she flings herself across the
darkened sky
And catches her hair on star-points.

How shall I reach her?
She has run so fast and far.
Must I, too, await a scorpion's sting
That brings a madness—
Discard my heavy garments of desire
And run with her free across the sky?

How Primitive Was Prehistoric Man?

(Concluded from page 4)

there came another advance in the art of making stone tools. The new industry is called Acheulian, taking its name from the town of Saint-Acheul, in the Somme valley of France, where that type implements were first found.

Like the preceding culture, the Acheulian is characterized by the *coup de poing*. But it is distinguished from the Chellean *coup de poing* by much improvement in the art and skill of chipping, so that the implement is made thinner and with better and sharper cutting edges. The Acheulian man had learned by more delicate and rebounding blows to remove smaller chips in his flaking art, and he could quite control his blow, and could choose the exact spot from which he desired to remove the flake.

THE Acheulian man became a professional chipper of stone. Extensive workshop sites are found. One of them is at Coddington, Bedford, England, where Worthington G. Smith has reported such remarkable finds.

I saw in the museum of South Kensington, London, a flint nucleus nearly one foot long composed practically of every separate chip that the Acheulian workman had struck off from the original nodule, as with intelligent purpose and successful skill he struck away chip after chip—at last leaving in his hands a finished *coup de poing*. The chips were left at the workshop as they fell.

Plaster of Paris was poured into the central open core left in the nucleus after the chips had been reassembled. When they were taken away again, there lay in plaster a duplicate of the *coup de poing* the Acheulian workman had produced as chip by chip he skilfully shaped it from the original nodule.

With the Acheulian perfected *coup de poing*, chips are usually found in great abundance which were evidently struck off in the process of making the *coup de poing*. Many of them were retouched by chipping or in use to serve as knives, scrapers, piercers, and such implements.

The Acheulian culture finished the second interglacial period. The climate became cool, then cold as the extreme rigors of the Riss Glacier were felt. However, man survived through the Riss glacial period, but with no advance in his stone craft. The Weimar man lived near the close of this glacial period, and his bones were found with Acheulian culture implements. During those long periods of the Chellean and the Acheulian cultures their creators passed very extensively over the earth.

Just how far they went is today not known, but their cultural remains are obtained abundantly in the following countries: England, Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Germany, Poland, in Northern Africa they are in Algeria, Tunisia, Egypt and the Sahara. They are also in South Africa, and in Syria and Palestine east of the Mediterranean. They are also far eastward in Indo-China and in Japan.

The earliest Pre-Chellean implements show that the homing instinct was a part of the equipment of the people who used them, because the artifacts are found oftenest in strata of a thickness of a few inches to several feet, and covering areas of a limited extent.

It would seem that the people of the Pre-Chellean, Chellean and Acheulian cultures made their home in the open country, along the sloping river banks, and the sunny uplands. The amount of débris in known home-sites suggests that generation by generation groups numbering, say, up to one or two dozen persons, lived in a sunny spot, separated throughout life, except now and then by accident, from the few other similar distant groups. Nowhere is there evidence that the relationships between groups were of the sort that resulted in barter.

In the much later neolithic times flint stone of superior quality for chipping went widely in barter—as from the wonderful mines at Spiennes, in Belgium. But the paleolithic man made the local stone serve his purpose, even though it was only cobblestones from the creeks, as in some places of Southern France.

We thus have a partial picture of earliest man intellectually alert enough to pick up and use various types of stones naturally fitted for his needs. Gradually he acquired the cunning and skill to chip them rudely: By a long, slow process he advanced in better control of chipping flints and in technique of handling the chipping process until he could fashion and even perfect a few types of implements.

After this long apprenticeship, as we shall see, his control of material and methods progressed faster and faster, until he essayed the use of new materials—as bone, horn and ivory. His technique became new and daring, as he scratched, incised, and cut deeper into those finer textured materials. This new method of shaping hard things opened the way for crude works of art—which later, as incised and carved stone, bone, horn and ivory, played so large a part in the culture of prehistoric man.

All men who have used their hands in shaping the beautiful handicraft of the world owe a debt of gratitude to those early men who through long generations were schooling themselves to the ever finer coördination of hand and brain. The careful student of early man takes off his hat in profound respect to the men who first mastered the art of chipping flint.

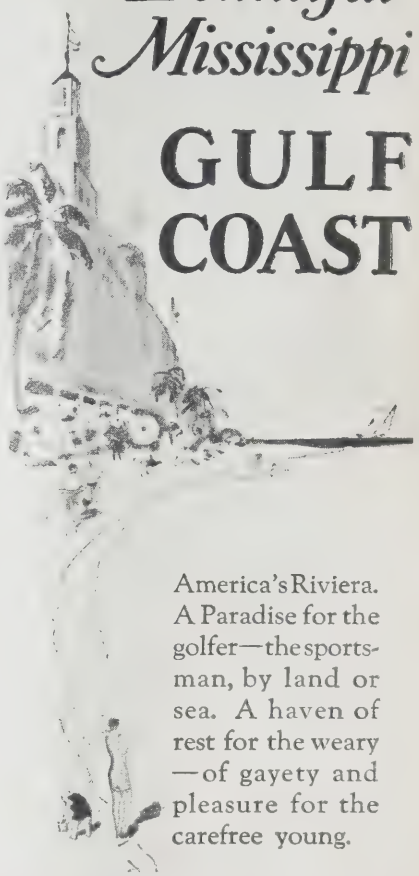
THE finding of skeletal remains, and of cultural discards, rejects, or losses of men of the cultures so far mentioned, eolithic, Pre-Chellean, Chellean, and Acheulian, has been, in the main, accidental, because living sites were in the open country, and the men of those early races did not bury their dead.

Following those cultures, however, conditions changed. A new type of man appeared in Europe who often selected his living sites at rock shelters and in grottoes which still survive as definite, restricted sites, and which have often continued to be human dwelling places until today. This new man also frequently, if not always, buried his dead with care and religious practices. This is the Neanderthal man of whom we shall speak more in detail.

(*This is the first of a series of articles by Professor Jenks. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

The Beautiful Mississippi

GULF COAST



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THE ROAD OF TRAVEL LUXURY

569

Happy New Year in China

(*Concluded from page 13*)

paying the debts of their firm and for themselves, or collecting debts from others. Even at daybreak these lights still burn, and lighted lanterns are carried, for if the lantern is put out, or the street lights cease to burn, one must say '*Kom shi kom shi,*' which means 'Happy New Year.' After this greeting no word of paying debts may be spoken, and the debtor is free from annoyance by harassing bill collectors, till another New Year's season has rolled around.

The main feast of the season comes on *San shih won shan* night, when the people eat food that is richer than on other days. Usually after this feast no one goes to bed. Instead Mah Jongg is played the whole night through, for they fear that if they go to sleep after such rich food they will dream bad dreams, and a bad dream on New Year's Eve is an ill omen for the ensuing year.

To greet the New Year, over every outer door of his home the Chinaman pastes a strip of red paper, cut in intricate designs, which looks like a strip of beautiful red lace. Over the gateway he will have pieces of red paper in which words or figures are cut out. On the back door—if the home is pretentious enough to have more than the one door—pictures of the door gods will be pasted. This is done to keep out evil spirits which would probably enter if the door happened to be left ajar and unguarded.

On the door posts of the homes of newly married persons another sort of picture is pasted, which invites a healthy baby boy to enter that house, riding on the back of the *Chi lin*, a sacred animal.

BUT if even they were unable to honor their dead in the time-old fashion, by firing off crackers at their graves, there was a way wherein Nanking Chinese were able to make their ancestors happy, and that was probably done in every heathen home in the city. The portraits of the ancestors, whenever they had left their portraits behind, were hung over a table in the great room, and on the table dishes of rice and vegetables were placed that the dead might eat.

On the eighteenth day after the feast for the dead, the rice is removed from the bowl. If any water is found in the bottom of the bowl it is looked upon as a warning of a season of floods within the year. If there is no moisture, a drought is predicted.

At midnight on the fourth day after the New Year, the family worships the money god, hoping he will make it possible for them to acquire much wealth. The poor coolie who thus worships must have great faith! It is a tradition that on this night the money god descends to earth. He is supposed to leave all his money in the first house where he calls and is welcomed. For this reason many Chinese stay awake till after midnight. It is also believed that the money god will take all the money from the other houses, and leave it in the last home in which he is welcomed. Some Chinese offer lighted candles on that night, hoping thus to curry favor with the wandering god.

The business men of China feast their clerks on the fifth day of the first month. The clerk who is going to be discharged is given a cup of tea. If it is the manager who is unsatisfactory, and who is going to get the 'sack,' then the fish is so placed upon the table, that its nose is pointed toward the manager. No word is spoken, but these signs give the employe an opportunity to tender his resignation, thus 'saving his face.'

It is etiquette on the part of the employer to refuse to accept this resignation, immediately it is tendered, and sometimes it is given three or four times before it is finally 'reluctantly' accepted.

Ordinarily, the Chinese New Year is a time of great rejoicing and happiness. There is an old Chinese saying: 'After New Year no man plays.'

Strange as the celebration of the Chinese New Year is to the Occidental, there are other things equally strange.

On Christmas day I was invited to the home of a missionary friend in Nanking for my Christmas dinner. Just before the close of the dinner, which was served in mid-afternoon, New England style, a caller was announced by his big red visiting card. He was invited in. A sleek, well-fed individual he was, wearing a stunning black brocaded silk coat, which came to his toes, and a round black silk cap, with a red button on top of it.

My friend's house was a new one, and the Christmas dinner was the first social function held within its walls. The visitor

Young Master Wong celebrating his people's New Year with firecrackers.

announced that he was sent as the ambassador of the King of Thieves. If the honorable foreign devil so wished, he would assure her positive immunity from visitation by any member of the Thieves Guild.

Did she want that immunity? She certainly did when she could be assured of it by the payment of a small sum of money—tea money they call it in Nanking. Of course no word of money was passed between them, for this missionary family has lived many years in China and knows its customs. Our hostess simply shook her own hands while her unique guest shook his own hands, and bowed almost to the ground before her, repeating the performance three times.

He asked to see the things in the house she most prized, and was shown a wonderful old red lacquer vase, a string of jade and silver beads, and her table silver. Bowing himself almost to the floor again, he slowly backed out of the room, saying complimentary things about her, her home and her guests the while.

JUST as though it were an afterthought, our hostess rushed to her desk, took out her purse, extracted a handful of silver twenty-cent pieces from it, and pressed them into the 'reluctant' hand of the ambassador of the King of Thieves, who had slowed up his exit nicely, timing it just so she reached him before he made his final bow on backing out of the doorway. At first he refused the gift, but when she said 'tea money' in Chinese to him—that was different. He could of course accept tea money—any gentleman could. He departed smilingly and evidently well satisfied at his reception.

That handful of small silver insured the house against thievery from the guild for an entire year. In accepting it the ambassador pledged his honor—and do not scoff at the idea of honor among thieves, for it exists. If a straggling thief, not of the Nanking guild, should come along and rob that house, the family would only have to report its loss to the guild, which is by no means a secret organization as it would be in the United States, but exists with a certain amount of protection from the civil authorities. Once the loss is reported the Thieves Guild is obliged to regain the stolen goods and to return them to their owner.

Another missionary family, also friends of mine, were solicited for tea money by this same ambassador. These people decided it would be wrong to encourage such a business, politely accepted the Chinaman's call, and as politely refused his proffer of immunity. It may be that it was just a coincidence, but the fact remains that they had so many things stolen in the next few weeks that they sent for the ambassador and pressed tea money into his hands. Never since then have they lost anything that they could not trace to some servant's desire for 'squeeze.'

Queer people, you say? Yes, queer and very revengeful. This peculiarity of theirs is nothing that has come upon them suddenly in the past few years. Back in 500 B. C.—so history shows—one Ts'u, a man of high standing, commanding great respect from his fellow men, caused the grave of the King of Wu to be opened, and the newly entombed corpse of the king taken out and flogged in public for some real or fancied wrong this dead king had once done to one of Ts'u's family.

High Diddle, Diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle—

And WHO Wrote *Mother Goose?*

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE popularity of Mother Goose among English-speaking children extends over a period of one hundred and fifty years, and reaches ıe cradles of the poor and the rich. Who rote these rhymes? and when? and where? ſo one today can answer these questions ·ith certainty, since the early editions were ɔ much enjoyed by the children that the ooks were 'read to pieces' and no longer ɛist.

Certain it is ıat on May 16, 777, the English ublishing firm of 'arnan and New- erry published ıe seventh edi- on of *Mother oose's Tales;* cer- ıin it is that homas Carnan ı 1780, on De- ɛmber 28, en- ɛred for copy- ight *Mother oose's Melody, ', Sonnets for the radle.* Quite robably the first dition of the ales was pub- shed before 1767 y John New- erry.

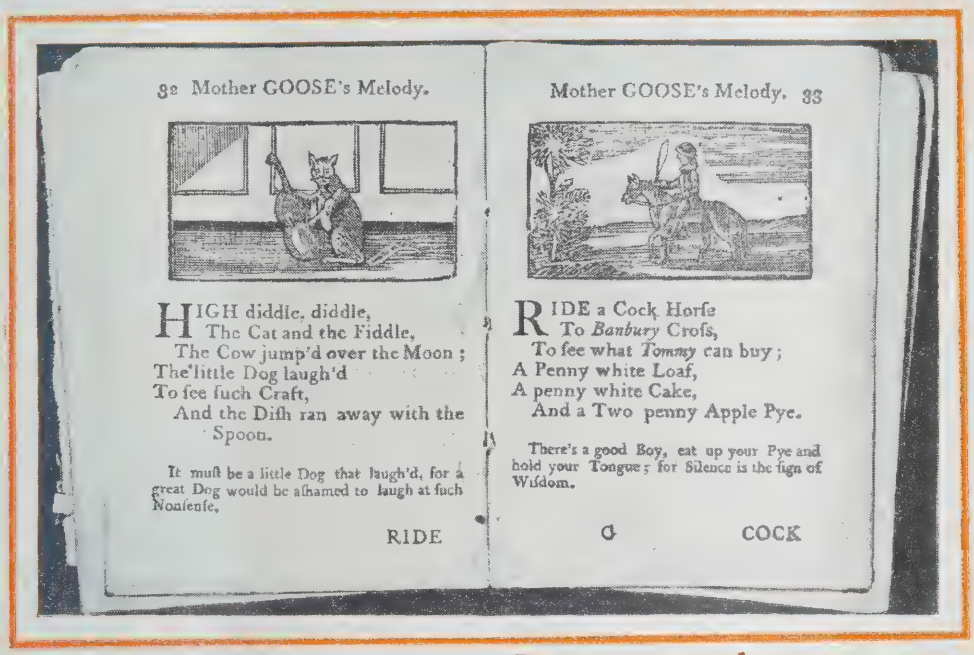
Of course the erses themselves ear witness to he fact that they ere written in ngland, but not ecessarily by ne writer. These rhymes are a growth, part of folklore handed down from eneration to generation. Nevertheless, ɔme one must first have put them to- ether. Who was that person? Oliver oldsmith wrote for Newberry between 762 and 1767 and Oliver had a real ɔve both for children and for their ursery rhymes. He has the greatest laim to be called the compiler.

However mayhap the rhymes were rst brought together in Boston, Mass- chusetts. The story runs that Eliza- eth Foster married a well-known sea aptain by the name of Goose or Ver- oose. Elizabeth Foster's daughter ıarried Thomas Fleet, the New Eng- ınd printer. The Fleets had a large ımily of children, not uncommon in hose good old days, and old Mother oose sang them to sleep with nursery hymes. Thomas Fleet, with an ear to usiness, listened to the rhymes and in 719, so it is said, published the book, *Mother Goose's Melody, or, Sonnets for the Nursery.* Up to this statement con- erning the printing every word of the tory is undoubtedly true! But the rinting of the book has never been stablished.

No copy of this supposed early American edition has come down to us. But neither has any dated copy of Newberry's work survived. Some years ago a gentleman claimed to have seen a copy of Fleet's edition, but it is believed that he was in error, as the copy itself has not again been seen. There is in the British Museum a single copy of the Newberry edition which *is believed* to have been printed about 1780.

Isaiah Thomas, father of American printing, published an edition about 1785. In the library of the American Antiquarian Society, loaned to them by the distinguished collector, Dr. Charles L. Nichols, of Worcester, there is a copy with title-page of the 1799 Isaiah Thomas edition. There is also without title-page a copy quite certainly of the 1786 edition.

Personally, I should like to believe that these fine rhymes were published first in Boston. I like this story about a real Mother Goose—or even Vergoose, as the name is sometimes spelled. Let our patriotic New England readers search their attics! and let some one find an edition of *Mother Goose* of 1719; or, indeed, find any edition printed in Boston before 1780. The search will be well rewarded, as such a copy would certainly bring hundreds of dollars! Best of all, Mother Vergoose's memory would be vindicated and Mother Goose could then be associated with Boston in that intimate way with which today we associate Boston and baked beans.


32 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

HIGH diddle, diddle,
The Cat and the Fiddle,
The Cow jump'd over the Moon;
The little Dog laugh'd
To see such Craft,
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

It must be a little Dog that laugh'd, for a great Dog would be ashamed to laugh at such Nonsense.

RIDE

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 33

RIDE a Cock Horse
To *Banbury* Cross,
To see what *Tommy* can buy;
A Penny white Loaf,
A penny white Cake,
And a Two penny Apple Pye.

There's a good Boy, eat up your Pye and hold your Tongue; for Silence is the sign of Wisdom.

6 COCK

Facsimiles of typical pages from 'Mother Goose's Melody,' the contents of which were 'calculated to amuse children and excite them to sleep.'

LITTLE BO-PEEP

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

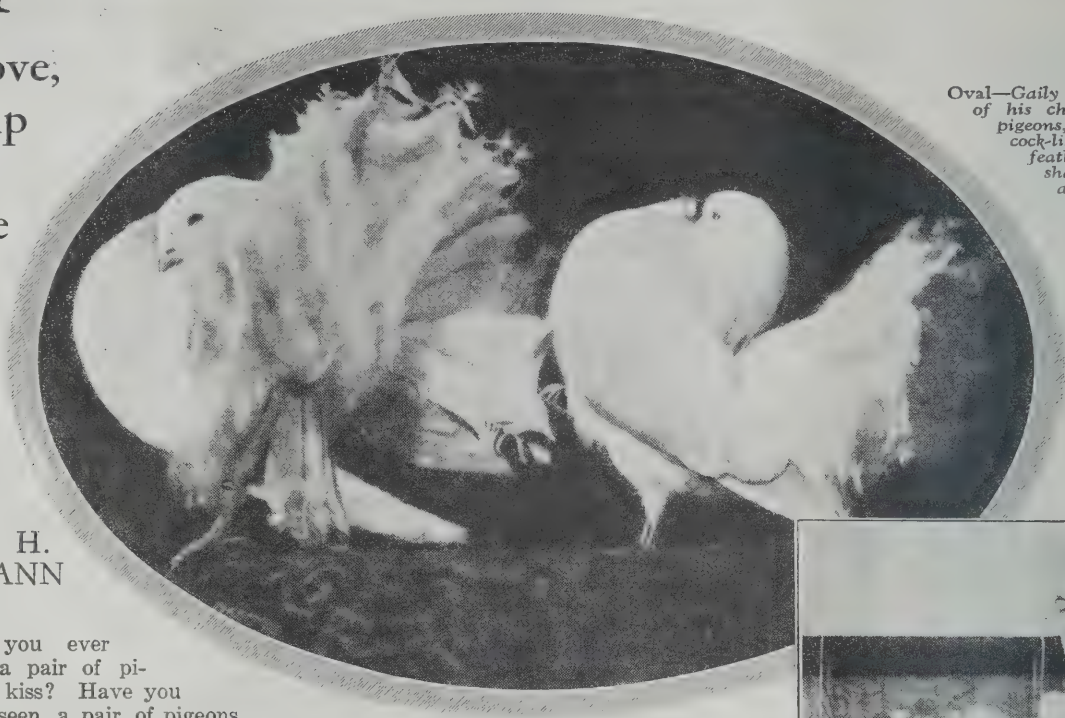
Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them!

It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
Into a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry

Pigeons *Are Just Like* People

Their Love, Courtship *and* Marriage



Oval—*Gaily courting the bird of his choice. White fantail pigeons, which have a peacock-like tail of 40 or more feathers spread in fan shape, while the average pigeon has only 12 tail feathers.*

By FRANK H. HOLLMANN

HAVE you ever seen a pair of pigeons kiss? Have you ever seen a pair of pigeons go to housekeeping? And, furthermore, have you ever seen a case of divorce among pigeons?

Such questions may seem foolish to the uninitiated, but it is true, nevertheless, that the love-making and the family life of a pair of pigeons are much like those of human beings. Close study and observation of the faces and actions of the feathered beauties will show them capable of expressing all the emotions of human beings—love, hatred, remorse, charity, jealousy, vanity, lasting affection, fickleness, domesticity, a weakness for gadding and gossip and a love of playing jokes on one another—and all of these emotions are expressed to an astonishing degree of development.

Mr. Pigeon is well advanced in the art of wooing and courting; not only is he dashing and debonair, but he is as romantic as a movie hero. Having been wounded by Cupid's dart, he begins the process of flirtation and courting with the proficiency of a past master of the art. He looks about and selects a mate that suits his fancy. Then he woos her as only a pigeon can woo. With his head held proudly, he lowers his wings, spreads out his tail, and marches gaily in front of her, all the time cooing in a soothing tone. He will keep up these antics until successful or repulsed.

If our dainty Miss Pigeon is not pleased with his advances, or if she has already given her heart to another, she will remain quiet all the time the gallant suitor continues to perform his capers. Finally, when he halts for a moment, as if waiting for a reply, she will coo softly and move her head back and forth as if nodding a gentle refusal. However, should he persist, she loses her temper and strikes him sharply with both her bill and wing. As a rule that ends the matter, and in despair the unsuccessful lover retreats.

But if she should take kindly to his proposal, she will bow her head with all the grace and ease of her sex, wink her eyes, and tremble in the throat, all the while slightly fluttering her wings, as if trembling with fear, and then draw up her shoulders in a proud and haughty manner and spread her tail as if she owned the world.

Occasionally there are desperate cases of 'love at first sight' among pigeons and in that case the 'cooing of the doves' is the most melodious music that Cupid's deft fingers ever played on the heart-strings of a love-enraptured woman. A careful and patient observer occasionally finds a pair of pigeons billing and cooing. Daintily she will extend her beak to her love. Henceforth they remain true to each other, becoming faithful companions for life, sharing each other's joys, labors and sorrows.

After the courtship the bride goes into the nestroom and selects a nest. She indicates her choice to her husband, and as every dutiful young husband should do, he immediately provides the necessary furnishings for their cozy little home. He carries the straws and other nesting material while she arranges the love nest to her liking, and soon lays the first egg. Two days later she lays another egg, which completes the setting. She then proceeds to sit until ten o'clock, not a few minutes after or before the time when the husband arrives to relieve her. In fact, so prompt is he and so accurate is his mental timepiece that it would be safe to set a watch by his appearance on the landing board. The change does not consist merely in her getting off the nest and his getting on, but he first stands on the board outside the nest and coos and bows three times, and caresses her. Then she makes way for him and when he is on the nest, she stands outside and bows and coos for a minute or two.

Thus relieved she goes down into the yard, and first of all takes a bath and dresses her feathers. She is now ready to eat breakfast, sun herself and probably exchange views with the other lady pigeons on the best methods of bringing up a family and training a husband. She enjoys herself in this way until four o'clock, when, exactly on time, she presents herself at her home.

After seventeen days of incubation the eggs hatch. Both parents assume equal responsibility in raising the young.

Frank H. Hollmann, editor of the 'American Pigeon Journal,' with an armful of his feathered beauties.

A newly mated pair of Blue Hungarian pigeons about ready to begin housekeeping.

The French View of the French Debt

(*Concluded from page 7*)

England for having concluded an agreement with America . . . 'preventing . . . by this isolated and premature act, the formation against America of a league of debtor nations.' M. Homberg recalls the contributions of Russia, and the losses of England and France in loans to Russia; 'Is it not just that this loss should be shared in common,' meaning paid by Uncle Sam.

Had the United States at the outset waived payment of the entire French debt, it now appears that these French politician-financiers would have sought from America a further payment to reimburse France for her losses in Russia. Even beyond that the whole question of distribution profits of the war would have seemed reasonable to these politician-financiers. But of course no mention of the Sarre basin, no mention of the German colonies taken over by France, and no mention of an Alsace-Lorraine returned to France. Apparently these are trifles incident to a war in Europe in which your Uncle Sam should have no interest. Let Uncle Sam pay the reparations and for the next 62 years let Uncle Sam (i. e. the American people) pay cash tribute to France, to be dispensed, no doubt, like some of the money in the devastated regions, by French politician-financiers.

The French argument will not appeal to the American people and without the politics it could not appeal to the French people. But present this type of economic nonsense day in and day out in the public press and it will do much to affect the amicable relations existing between France and America.

FRENCH finance is in a serious state. The whole economic structure of France rests upon the achievements of workmen who do not receive a living wage. The great industrialists of France have as yet shown little vision in facing the desperate conditions under which their workmen live. When the French politicians begin to direct their energies to constructive measures to make possible decent living in France for the workers of France, then there will be hope for an economic rehabilitation.

In Belgium the leaders in politics are today concerning themselves with housing and with food, with the problems of the laboring class. France needs to show more concern for internal reforms necessary. This 'passing the buck' to America cannot long delay an appreciation in France that the war debts have little to do with that economic rehabilitation which is essential.

Going to the Movies With Tartarin

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Century shadow theater? Impossible! We brush the cobwebs from our eyes and decide to go along.

There are *two* cinema houses in Tarascon! We went to the 'sweller' of them.

It was a dingy building of uncertain great age on a dim street. There were two dim lights out front that barely revealed a colored poster on each side of the entrance. One announced a Gaumont picture:

FILS De ROI
Avec DINKY DEAN
(L'Emule de Jackie Coogan).

The second offering was none other than our own Tom Mix sitting astride a bucking broncho. All patrons paused before the picture of Tom and heaved sighs of admiration and then passed on inside the shadowy vestibule in excited conversation with their nearest neighbors about *'Monsieur Mees.'*

We bought the most fashionable seats in the house and had to climb up a narrow winding flight of steps to get to them. There were many single vacant seats, but we were three in number and no one would move along to let us sit together. They flinched and scowled and grunted and groaned but would not budge an inch.

ONE of them was a stout middle-aged woman, who seemed to expand as the evening grew longer and warmer until she occupied a seat and a half. She kept passing what looked like black beans from one hand to the other and mumbling over them. Another was a heavy gentleman who might have been Tartarin himself. The dome of his head was bald but he pretended it wasn't by letting the side fringe of hair grow until it probably came down to his shoulders—enough to make a spindly psyche, but instead of coiling it he spread it like a thin and deceptive coat of plaster over the bare weatherboards, and behold a sleazy bungalow of hair!

The third interference was two lovers who occupied only a seat and a quarter which was reduced to one seat as the evening went on, so closely were they glued together.

The hall itself was like a basilica and of undoubted antiquity. The great thickness of the walls was indicated by what threatened to be windows piercing it along the top, but just when they looked as though they might go through and ventilate the stuffy place, they stopped and didn't. So there was no ventilation, which made it a little hard to be fashionably seated up there. So, if you should happen along there of a summer's evening, forego your American desire to sit in 'high places' and buy a cheap seat. Try to imagine sitting in the dusty organ loft of a New England village church.

The 'orchestra' was half filled with soldiers from the local barracks. The village 'cut-ups' were there too, and lived up the last word of their calling.

In the orchestra, the gentlemen all wore their hats; while, strangely, the ladies in the orchestra seats took off their hats and those in the expensive seats kept theirs on. In front of the screen was a tin-panny piano confronted by a playing gentleman who knew how to imitate one. The scene was further enlivened by a few dogs—they are always with us in France—who were also 'cut-ups' after their own canine fashions. And the gentlemen in all parts of the house smoked continuously.

But it was enjoyable, nevertheless, from the moment the bell clanged and lights went out and Tom Mix and Dinky Dean took hold of the audience.

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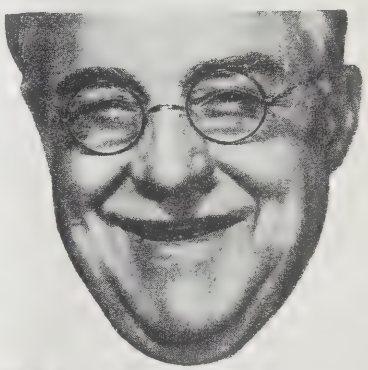

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Don't deny yourself the pleasure of coffee any longer. Or decline a second cup because it's late! Coffee can't keep you awake if it is the kind *without caffeine.*

Neither nerves, heart nor kidneys are in any way affected by this pure coffee—from which the caffeine has been extracted. And it is *real coffee,* full-flavored and full-bodied; nothing missing but the caffeine. The day you try Kaffee Hag is the day you settle the coffee question. At the grocer's, or clip coupon now!

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'An American in Paris,' said ***the Returned Traveler,*** 'was urged to attend the opera as giving a spectacle, even in the audience and the theater itself, hardly to be equaled elsewhere in the world. This American replied, "No, I want to see something really French, like the Folies-Bergéres." It happens, however, that the Paris Opera House is the oldest in the world of the great operas, and in the history of music the most famous. The productions are French more than anything else, so much so that in many other countries French is the language of the opera. The Folies-Bergéres, on the other hand, is managed largely by representatives of alien races whose notoriety for exploiting the salacious in the theater is well known. The girls of the Folies-Bergéres are largely English and American, the former being trained in Lancashire, England. Indeed they are well trained as dancers, but not for a moment to be compared with the French dancers at the opera who make of dancing a serious profession. The audience at the Folies-Bergéres is largely American and German and Jewish; the program is printed in English, German and French. Go to the Folies if you wish!—but do not believe that you are seeing something French. The Folies and the Moulin-Rouge, and a dozen worse, could not exist a week in Paris on the French patronage. For one thing, Parisians have no money for such entertainment. For another, their tastes are as decent as ours.

'The opera is French and within its spacious portals you see on every hand the monuments to the great figures who have, as composers and as artists, made the world of music which we have today. Upon that royal staircase the lovers of music have ascended for two and a half centuries. The opera is a glorious tribute to the artistic ability of France; the opera is really French.'

* * *

The Office Caller reported a talk with a librarian of a German city library. 'I understand,' the German said, 'that there is no family life in America. The husband takes his meals downtown, lives at his club, and rarely sees his family. So it has been told to us by some who have been in America.'

Great was the amazement of the German to be told that restaurant meals are far less frequent for most Americans than for Europeans. This is the kind of nonsense retailed in European newspapers by some foreign journalist who has been as far into America as 59th Street in New York City. In point of fact, New York is far less American than Berlin is German, or than London is English. But even in New York there is considerable family life, particularly above 59th Street.

* * *

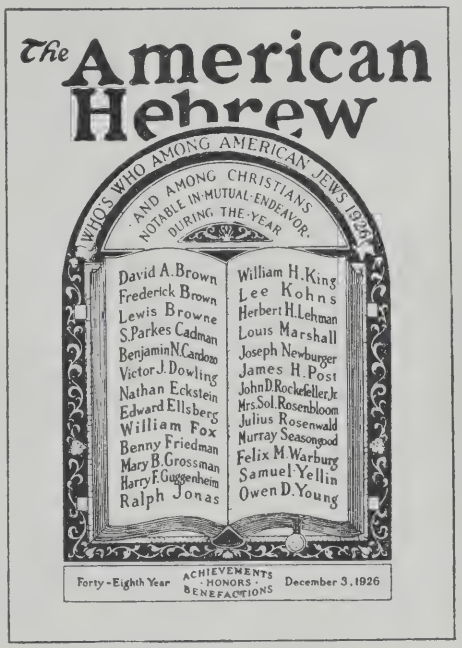
'Although they bear signatures valued at five millions of dollars, not a single parchment of the early proceedings of our first Congresses has been found missing,' said ***the Man from Washington, D.C.,*** who brought us news of the steps being taken by Uncle Sam to preserve those early records.

'For more than a century these historic documents, including the laws passed by the first seventeen Congresses, have been kept in their original, crumbling leather bindings; and were stored here and there in Government buildings. These sheets have been available to generations of clerks, but no one has ever tampered with a single one of the signatures.

'On some of the earlier sheets appears the signature of George Washington in his own hand—"Approved, G. Washington, President of the United States." The Department of State is now having them placed within loose-leaf binders which will be closed with Yale locks.'

* * *

'I just want you to print this in your paper so that all Americans may know who's who in this country,' said ***the Magazine Reader from the City*** as he laid a Front Cover on the desk. It was the front



cover of *The American Hebrew*. We see no harm in reproducing it, as suggested.

'It only occurs to me to wonder how Dr. Cadman, Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., and Owen D. Young must feel in that crowd. Imagine the type of mind that must have made that list! But will the three gentlemen named say anything about it? I very much doubt if they dare.'

* * *

The talk turned to politics and ***the Texas Politician*** was asked whether the 'Solid South' was really solid. As is always true of typical politicians, that reminded him of a story. He related the following:

'On the day after the election of 1908 a cowboy out in Western Nebraska mounted his powder-faced cayuse and rode sixty miles to Chadron after the election returns for the gang.

'While making a night ride on the return trip, the lone bearer of great tidings drowsed in his saddle, the result being that his malevolent broncho executed a coup long contemplated and often deferred by throwing the unsuspecting rider high and far.

'Two weeks later, the cowboy regained his faculties in a hospital with a white-clad nurse bending over him. Smiling up at her he said:

' "It shore do beat hell how Missoury went!" '

That last conscious thought, etched deeply on his brain, had survived two weeks of coma, still standing out vividly.

And small wonder, at that.

Missouri had been a bulwark of the democracy, and her apostasy came without warning, fairly taking the breath of a nation which had been wont to consider the border states as staunch as any south of the line.

It also furnished the first proof that no state is fixed eternally in a political division.

Since the advent of Missouri within the Republican camp, you will remember that the banners of the border states of Kentucky, Tennessee and Oklahoma have swayed precariously there, while Iowa, Michigan, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas have shown a growing tendency to incline a kindly ear toward the Democratic orators.

The political thought of the country, formerly fixed in two sharp divisions, with a border zone of doubtful states between, has softened to a flux within the last decade, but we have continued to refer to the 'Solid South' as a known quantity.

There are no reports of icebergs having been sighted in the River Styx, but Texas got her Republican Congressman.

More than that, just to prove that his first victory was no fluke, he walked through by an increased majority in 1922, and in 1924 piled up a cool 12,000 over his nearest opponent.

That doubting editor must have taken the returns off the wires in much the frame of mind of the lone cowboy night riding among the sere, dun sandhills of Northwestern Nebraska, holding communion with the stars and attempting to accustom his jarred mentality to the grotesque fact that old Missouri had been and gone and done it.

Perhaps a similar experience awaits those who see here a forewarning that Texas, Gibraltar of democracy, monument of partisanship, holy of dogmatic holies, realm of political witch-burning Cotton Mathers, is in a mood to jar the political seismograph pen clear off the roller, at the first favorable opportunity.

That opportunity may not present itself next year, or the year following, but the old state has viewed the incredible. Before her eyes Democrats of life-long standing have voted for opposition candidates, unscourged of the law, unostracized by their neighbors nor did lightning from the skies strike them dead.

The same uneasy itching for emancipation from political overlordship which shuffled Iowa and Nebraska and Ohio and Kansas into the doubtful column is fermenting in Texas, as elsewhere south, and skeptical editors and ruminating cowboys may as well prepare for additional shocks.

No 'if' is involved; the only question is 'when?'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: What was done with young Rosenbluth who was charged with the killing of Major Cronkhite in 1921? Did he and Pothier remain in the military service of the United States? If so, is either officially promoted to the place of Major Cronkhite?

ANSWER: Major Cronkhite's death occurred at Camp Lewis in 1918. The Military Board of Inquiry returned a verdict of death by accidental discharge of his weapon, and the murder charge was not brought up until two years after his death. M. Pothier was acquitted of the murder by a jury in Federal Court, and the case against Rosenbluth, former captain and jointly accused with Pothier, was dropped. Neither of these men remained in the military service of the United States.

QUESTION: Where did the state of Texas get its name? Where did Idaho get its name?

ANSWER: Texas is an Indian word meaning friends or allies. It does not have an Aztec origin. It applied originally, in the Indian usage, to the Indian tribes about the early Spanish missions around Eastern Texas, and later to tribes ranging as far west as the Rio Grande to designate a large number of tribes who were ordinarily allied against the Apaches. Idaho is derived from the Indian words 'Edah hoe' meaning 'light on the mountains.'

QUESTION: What class or nationality of people are imprisoned in the United States?

ANSWER: There are 45,124 adults in 78 penal institutions. Of these, 18,784 were native-born whites, 11,325 negroes, 1,313 other colored groups, 6,586 foreign-born whites. The native-born whites contributed 88.44 per cent of their quota as determined by the percentage of native-born whites in the country; the blacks 34.86 per cent of their quota; other colored groups 96.82 per cent and foreign-born whites 65.44 per cent.

Northern and Western Europe fills but 78 per cent of its quota, while Southern and Eastern Europe furnishes 141 per cent of its quota. The figures for the different countries are:

Great Britain	24
Ireland	31
Germany and Scandinavia	35
Austria-Hungary	68
Russia and Finland	126
Italy	218
The Balkans	278

QUESTION: What two ex-Presidents of the United States died on the same day?

ANSWER: John Adams and Thomas Jefferson; both died on July 4, 1826.

QUESTION: What was the date of John Morgan's raid through Ohio, and how many men did Morgan have?

ANSWER: John Morgan started on his raid into Ohio on July 2, 1863, with 2,460 men. He surrendered, with 364 of his men, on July 26, 1863.

QUESTION: Of the 77,771 men in the A. E. F. who died abroad, how many were brought back to the United States?

ANSWER: 46,276.

QUESTION: Does a Spanish-American War veteran have to be disabled in any way to receive a pension? If not, how would you go about it?

ANSWER: If the veteran has reached the age of 62 years, he may receive a pension on account of old age. If he has not attained this age, he must have suffered some disability to entitle him to receive a pension. A letter addressed to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., will bring full information.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Who serves as Vice-President in case of the President's death when the Vice-President assumes the office of the President?

ANSWER: There is no Vice-President chosen until the next presidential election. The President pro tempore of the Senate presides over the Senate, a regular duty of the Vice-President.

QUESTION: Has Congress at any time in the last thirty years appropriated any public money for either Catholic or Protestant mission schools for the Indians?

ANSWER: No. After Congress has made appropriation for the education of the Indians, contracts are sometimes made with both Protestant and Catholic schools for the carrying out of this educational program. These schools constitute only a small part of the educational work carried on by the Bureau, as in a majority of cases the department maintains its own schools on the reservations.

QUESTION: How many soldiers were there in the Union Army? How many in the Confederate Army?

ANSWER: Enlistments in the Union Army during the war totaled 2,898,304, but the number actually serving was considerably smaller, owing to the large number of men who reënlisted at the expiration of their terms. The number actually serving varied from time to time. There are no official figures for the Confederate Army, but the number is estimated by reliable historians as between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000.

QUESTION: When was the first one-cent coin issued by the United States Treasury? How did its size compare to the current one-cent coin? If the size has been altered, in what year was the present size penny adopted?

ANSWER: The first one-cent coin, made of copper, was issued in 1793. It was much larger than the present one-cent piece, weighing 264 grains, whereas the present coin weighs 48 grains. The first bronze coin, like those used at the present time, was issued in 1864.

QUESTION: At the Washington Conference in 1922, what nation refused to forego the use of poison gas in warfare?

ANSWER: The treaty to prohibit the use of poison gas was signed by representatives of Italy, France, Great Britain, the United States and Japan, at the Arms Conference of 1921-22, with the understanding that their governments would ratify it. The French Government alone refused to ratify. No nation was bound by the treaty unless all signed.

QUESTION: Please tell me the date and year the old settlers' money was paid to them? Also the lawyers that got the money for them and how would a person find out if money was left them in Washington years ago?

ANSWER: Under authority of an act passed June 16, 1880, and subsequent acts, repayments are made to homesteaders in cases of lands erroneously sold, or where the payment made by the homesteader was in excess of the lawful requirement. Application for repayments are handled singly, and each case is decided on its own merits. A letter to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., will bring full information. Repayments have been made since the passage of the act, up to the present time.

QUESTION: What was the total book stock valuation of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad prior to bankruptcy and what is the total mileage of the system?

ANSWER: The receivership of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad was effective March 18, 1925. The figures as of December 31, 1924, are given below:

Common Stock	$117,406,000
Preferred Stock	115,845,800
Total Stock	$233,251,800
Premium on capital stock	36,814
Par value of funded debt actually outstanding December 31, 1924	$440,807,115

Mileage

	Owned	*Operated*
Road (single track)	10,180.83	10,990.97
Additional main track	1,082.65	1,266.40
Industrial tracks	734.73	828.38
Yard track and sidings	2,757.07	2,994.83
Total	14,755.28	16,080.58

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Gertrude Stein has published a book, very learned, very original, very much of a sort 'to engage the illuminati and the illuminati only.' Here's a sample, torn from no context which would distort it:

Does Anyone Know Its Meaning?

'November the fifteenth and simply so that simply so that simply in that simply in that simply so that in that simply in that simply in that way simply so that simply so that in that way simply in that way, simply in that way so that simply so that simply so that simply simply in that, simply that so that simply so that simply so that simply in that, so that simply in that way. Actually the fifteenth of November.'

Do you understand it? And not understanding, do you grieve, feeling that you are debarred from the company of the giants of literature? Or is it an evidence of genius on a high plane? . . . But fear not, good reader! Ask yourself this question: Does it stand the test of intelligibility? Has it logical coherency? Be your own critic of literature as you are your own critic of hats and shoes. Safety lies in self-reliance.

❦ ❦ ❦

Several people are asking what we got out of the war—but after all, the main thing is that we got out.—London *Ideas.*

❦ ❦ ❦

And here is George Sterling dead. A poet he: a true poet. More, a gentle, affectionate character with the cheerful heart of an unselfish man. He was fastidious in his literary tastes, with little use for free verse and no use at all for fantastic stuff of the Gertrude Stein order. He had the true gentleman's instinct which made him shun all lionizing, and he probably took as great pains to shun notoriety as others take to cultivate it. In a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT he was referred to as one of the modern poets who expressed in direct and simple style many of the questions that present themselves to thoughtful men, and he was characteristically graceful in acknowledging the notice.

A Poet He: a True Poet

❦ ❦ ❦

What Europe seems to want is handouts across the sea.—*Wall Street Journal.*

❦ ❦ ❦

The South loses a good man in C. P. Mooney. He was editor of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal,* one of those editors who did not subordinate all aims to the aim of enlarging his circulation. He had opinions and expressed them. What he had to say was reached by a process of serious reasoning. His journalistic methods were dignified and decent.

A Distinct Loss to Journalism

He was in his early sixties at the time of his death, but he had been one of those men devoted to a career of public usefulness who age before their time. His life was a battle and a march. You trace it through his boyhood days as telegrapher, as school-teacher, as editor of a country paper, as reporter in his twenty-sixth year, then to New York where he held responsible positions on the *Daily News,* and as editorial writer on Hearst's *American,* and so to Chicago editing the *Examiner.* Then there was his interest in politics as delegate to national conventions; his directorship in the St. Louis Federal Reserve bank; his trusteeship in the University of Tennessee; his directorship in the Red Cross, to say nothing of activities in Memphis. He had rare qualities of candor and courtesy. He had what is still rarer, a faculty for constructiveness.

❦ ❦ ❦

The British golf championship is held by an American and the American tennis championship is held by a Parisian. The occasion seems to be ripe for an Hawaiian to grab the ski-jumping title.—Detroit *News.*

❦ ❦ ❦

A secret formula for the production of salts of copper, found in one of Roger Bacon's alchemical works, has been proved effective by the University of Pennsylvania chemists, but too complicated to be of commercial value today. This formula has lain unused for more than 600 years. It was written in cipher, as were all Bacon's other secret formulas, as in the period in which he lived charges of witchcraft and sorcery brought against those who pursued science research were by no means uncommon, and Bacon had to suffer long imprisonment on account of some of his writings.

Roger Bacon's Secret Formula

Roger Bacon is regarded as the greatest scientist of the 13th Century. He was a Franciscan monk and studied at the universities of Oxford and Paris. He is credited in Europe with the discovery of gunpowder, and he was one of the first to find out and test the principles of the telescope. He left behind him numerous scientific works. Roger Bacon is frequently confused with Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, who lived several centuries later and was a contemporary of Shakespeare.

❦ ❦ ❦

A London musician has trained a number of monkeys to perform as a jazz band. And we opine it didn't take much training, either.—New York *Commercial.*

❦ ❦ ❦

The old controversy as to the correct pronunciation of Samuel Pepys' last name has been revived as the result of the christening of Pepys Avenue in Barnet, England.

Peeps, Pips or Peppis

Some years ago, A. H. Blake, after an investigation of evidence, reported to the Library Association in London in favor of 'Peeps,' but this was in direct opposition to the practice of the Cottenham Pepys, one of whom, when addressed as 'Peeps,' retorted, 'My name, sir, is Peppis.' One, at least, of the diarist's contemporaries would have recognized neither of these. James Carcasse, clerk in the office of Pepys, in his *Lucida Intervalla,* published in 1679, rhymes Pepys with lips, clearly suggesting, that he knew his chief as 'Pips.'—*Manchester Guardian.*

A correspondent of the London *Times* has unearthed the following story from the *Hatters' Gazette* of January 16, 1797:

First Top Hat Created a Big Riot

'John Hetherington, haberdasher of the Strand, was arraigned before the Lord Mayor yesterday on a charge of breach of the peace and inciting to riot and was required to give bonds in the sum of £500. It was in evidence that Mr. Hetherington, who is well connected, appeared on the public highway wearing upon his head what he called a silk hat (which was shiny luster and calculated to frighten timid people). As a matter of fact the officers of the Crown stated that several women fainted at the unusual sight, while children screamed, dogs yelped and a younger son of Cordwainer Thomas was thrown down by the crowd which collected and had his right arm broken.'

❦ ❦ ❦

Now that the Prince of Wales has decided to abandon steeplechasing, his loving people may hope that he will not try to become an aviator.—Boston *Transcript.*

❦ ❦ ❦

The half-a-century-old speculation about Mars and its inhabitants has been to the fore. When the question of the Mars canals was first raised, or, rather shortly after, a Miss Guzman of Pau deposited with the Institute of France the sum of 100,000 francs which, with interest, is to be given to the man who first establishes communication with 'any planet except Mars.'

❦ ❦ ❦

Think how the King of Italy would be flattered if somebody should shoot at him.—Hartford *Times.*

❦ ❦ ❦

And dropping to mundane stars, among recent books of reminiscence there's one by Bob H. Davis, the veteran editor and literary roustabout, the man who is so full of stories to tell that he can find time to give no more than flashes, the man who says with one of his heroes, 'So little done and so much to do,' the man who knows everybody and who recently forced his way to Mussolini—and this genial Bob tells of men met, of talks with John L. Sullivan, of adventures with Gentleman Jim Corbett, or affairs with O. Henry, with Irvin Cobb, with T. R., with Geraldine Farrar and Harold Bell Wright and bad men and good men and wild men and

Bob Davis Runs True to Form

Known men, lone men, tender men and tough,
Great men, small men, he's never seen enough;
Bob gobbled everything, swallowed up all
With an appetite fit for a cannibal king,
But never a word of ill-feeling, says Bob,
And never a scandalous thing.

The point is that had he chosen, he could have turned his talents to the making of a Whispering Gallery scandal book in the style of the revelatory fellow who chooses to remain anonymous. But gentlemen do not do that kind of thing, and Bob Davis runs true to form.

BRIEFLY TOLD

BONES OBTAINED FROM the kitchen formed the timber for ship models made by the prisoners during the Napoleonic Wars. Many of these models still exist and are valued at from $1,000 to $5,000.

INDIA'S DEATH TOLL from snake bites last year was 18,000.

THE AVAILABLE HORSEPOWER from water is estimated to be 450,000,000, of which only about 30,000,000 is used at present.

BEARS APPEAR IMMUNE to tear gas according to tests made in Yellowstone Park, where they become too familiar with campers' supplies. A small black bear, the subject of an experimental charge of gas, did not even blink.

THE WALLS OF A bungalow erected by the town of Middleboro, Kentucky, to advertise the chief product of the district, are made entirely of bituminous coal, laid in mortar.

A WILD GOOSE TAGGED and set free by Jack Miner at Kingsville, Ontario, on the north shore of Lake Erie, was shot four days later at St. George Island, Florida.

IN 1572 THE EARL of Leicester presented the first wrist watch to Queen Elizabeth of England. It consisted of a bracelet with a watch attached, but not in the modern way.

A SEVENTEEN-AND-ONE-HALF-TON bell, the largest ever made in England, is on its way to Philadelphia to top the Wanamaker store. It will be the largest bell in America.

IN A RECENT DISPLAY of old-time Bibles in Kingman, Kansas, one was found that had been in the same family for 327 years.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY tons of steel will be used in making the new roof for the White House.

WHEN IN MOROCCO A traveler has the choice of camel, rail, motor or airplane as a mode of transportation.

A HUGE SNAKE, KNOWN as a *sucuri*, 24 feet long and weighing 352 pounds, was captured in Central Brazil. This snake is said to eat but four times a year.

A FIRST EDITION of Rudyard Kipling's *School Lyrics* was sold for $3,350 at the Paul Hyde Bonner sale at the American Art Galleries.

PROJECTED ATHLETIC CLUBS in Germany are given free land by the government, the land being exempt from taxes.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND recently issued an order to their clerks that mustaches were not to be worn during business hours.

MORE THAN ONE BILLION dollars was spent on roads in the United States during 1926.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT 187,807 persons visited Yellowstone Park during 1926. Of these 144,729 came in privately owned automobiles, 40,960 by rail, 194 on motorcycles, and 2,118 hiked or rode horseback.

DURING THE MONTH OF November, 1926, the United States mints executed 38,110,055 pieces of domestic coins. This production included 635,000 double eagles and 390,000 quarter eagles, 80,055 Oregon Trail half-dollars, 7,500,000 dimes, 8,784,000 nickels and 20,721,000 one-cent pieces.

AN EAGLE LOST HOLD of its prey, a duck, which crashed through a kitchen window at a home at West Buxton, Maine, just as the housewife was preparing dinner.

CORK COFFINS ARE used by the Turks tc bury their dead.

FOR THE FIRST TIME in thirty-five years the number of pensioners on the Government rolls declined below the 500,000 mark during the month of October.

AN AUTOMOBILE KNOWN as the 'murder auto,' equipped with cameras, fingerprint reproduction apparatus and searchlights to enable the police to detect crime, has been put into service in Berlin.

A NATIVE OF BAALBEK, TURKEY, unearthed a small Roman theater in his cellar while building and although realizing its value he pleaded with archeologists not to report his discovery to the government for fear of losing his home.

THE 'FIDDLER CRAB' is so called because the male has one brightly colored claw of immense size, which, when he runs, he waves as if he were playing a tune on a violin.

THE WEED, OF WHATEVER breed, is one of the most useful forces in nature. It keeps the rain from leaching the particles of mold that make soil reproductive from plowed fields, washouts, and burned-over land.

ESKIMOS HAVE PLACED orders for motorboats to take the place of their own skin boats called *kayaks*.

OSTRICH FEATHERS ARE plucked every seven months and as the birds often live to the age of eighty years, ostrich farms are profitable.

A BRITISH ARMY REGIMENT recently returned to England from Constantinople, having been absent for eighteen years and having done duty in eight different countries.

THE PINE-TREE shilling, originating in 1652 and replacing wampum as a medium of exchange, was the first silver coinage in North America.

THE SHARE OF THE UNITED States in world crop production is reported as follows: Corn, 66.6 per cent; cotton, 57.9 per cent; tobacco, 38.3 per cent; oats, 38 per cent; wheat, 17.2 per cent; barley, 15.3 per cent; potatoes, 6.1 per cent; and rye, 4.8 per cent.

THE FIRST OMNIBUS was built by Gregory Shillibeer in 1829. It was drawn by three horses and carried twenty-two passengers, all inside. Hancock introduced the first mechanically propelled bus in the same year, but its progress was hampered by a law requiring that it be preceded by a man carrying a red flag.

AN AIR MAIL PILOT dropped a landing flare on a farmer's barn near Mercer, Pennsylvania, burning the structure. He landed by the aid of the light from the burning building and assisted the farmer in rescuing his cattle.

IN THE 17TH AND early 18th centuries, family Bibles were kept in oak boxes made especially for that purpose. Many of the boxes were elaborately carved.

AN AVIATOR IN A single-seater British Air Force plane flew upside down for four minutes and forty-five seconds, thus setting a new record.

AN ANCIENT MARRIAGE custom of Leicestershire was known as 'riding for the bride cake.' Mounted competitors would race toward a pole with a wedding cake on top. He who first knocked the trophy down with his stick would 'take the cake' and with it turn to meet the bride. Hence our expression 'to take the cake.'

AMERICAN WOMEN NOW buy as many silk hose in one day as they bought in a whole year a quarter of a century ago.

AN UNFROCKED PASTOR in Denmark has been awarded 45,000 kronen as damages against the Methodist Episcopal Church because of the bishop's action in demoting him.

VENTRILOQUISM, THE PRACTICE of making the voice come from a particular point, is believed to have played an important part in the magic and ceremonial rites of early peoples.

PORTABLE TIMEPIECES have been in use for 400 years.

THE LION'S MANE AND ruff serve to protect its neck when attacked by enemies.

AN AMERICAN EAGLE WITH a six-foot wing spread was recently found dead after a battle with a porcupine, its head filled with quills.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the connection between the working of the hand and the brain.

Violent politicians and newspapers are striving to stir the French peasant to hatred of the United States. The peasant so far has paid little heed. 'Tell the Americans we love them,' he has said. But such a campaign is bound to bear bitter fruit in time if it is allowed to continue. It is a phase of the debt situation that cannot be ignored. (p. 7)

After four years of the iron rule of Mussolini, Italy is once more at the crossroads. The new decision rests not so much with the dictator as with the people. Mussolini has established his own elaborate machinery of government, but will the turbulent Italian character permit this machinery to function smoothly? (p. 1)

It is seldom that an unbiased story comes out of Italy these days. Here is one which shows both the benefits and the defects of Fascismo. Written by a newspaperman long a close observer of Italian affairs, it interprets Italy—and Mussolini—to Americans as few other articles have done. It consists of facts rather than opinions. (p. 1)

One of the great blunders of our educational system is that students are suddenly injected into college with little or no real knowledge of why they are there. They are supplied with an imposing array of theories, but they are not told how to apply those theories to life. (p. 14)

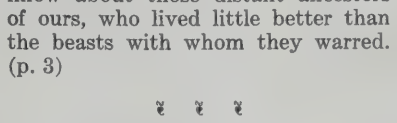
The dean of men in one of the largest universities in the country places himself in the position of the student. He tells what he would do if he were in college again. He tells how *not* to waste time; he explains why he would choose the hard tasks rather than the easy ones; he stresses the value of contact between students and instructors. (p. 14)

Stones were of utmost importance to prehistoric man. He used them first to *pound* and to *crush*. Then as he gradually advanced in intelligence he used them to *cut*, then to *chop*, to *scrape*, to *pierce*. Some of the stones he used still exist. From them the anthropologist pieces together the fascinating tale of early human life. (p. 3)

In this issue is begun a series on earliest man, and how he lived. The articles set forth what we actually know about those distant ancestors of ours, who lived little better than the beasts with whom they warred. (p. 3)

That 'big wet victory' in New York doesn't stand up so well under analysis. With the ballyhoo of the referendum over, politicians are beginning to scan the returns and revise their first estimate. (p. 12)

China has one New Year custom that the Occidental world might well copy: all debts of the old year are paid before the celebrating begins. And there are other customs, equally interesting. (p. 13)



Strange about feet: we seldom think of them unless they hurt. One of the most useful bits of human equipment, they are shamefully neglected by most of us until such time as they complain of the neglect. Then, however, they have ways all their own of calling our attention to themselves. (p. 5)

The movies are truly universal. Wherever one goes—Iceland, the Barbary Coast, the heart of India—one will find 'picture palaces.' Here is a story about a little theater in an old French provincial town. (p. 8)

Another thing almost universal is the appeal of Mother Goose. Surely the rhymes are familiar wherever the English language is known. (p. 25)

Doing art galleries by the mile is hard work. But it is well worth while. For the great galleries are the sifted substance of 500 years of painting, and the pictures are hung in them by the common consent of the art experts of the world. (p. 16)

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HAMLIN GARLAND is probably better known as novelist and biographer than as poet although he has several books of poetry to his credit. A member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and a Doctor of Literature (University of Wisconsin), he is considered one of the outstanding writers of the generation. His latest book, *Trail Makers of the Middle Border* ranks among the current best-sellers.

JAMES S. WILBUR is a pseudonym for one of the best-known American foreign correspondents. The pen name is used because under it he can write more frankly and explicitly than he could under his own. (p. 1)

ALBERT E. JENKS, one of the country's foremost anthropologists, is professor at the University of Minnesota. He was gold medalist of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and was awarded a gold medal of honor by the Philippine Government for research work. He has engaged in ethnological investigation in the United States, in the African desert and in various parts of Europe. (p. 3)

MYRON M. STEARNS is a well-known magazine writer. (p. 4)

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS, novelist and short-story writer, is the author of numerous travel articles. (p. 8)

THOMAS ARKLE CLARK is dean of men at the University of Illinois. He comes in personal contact with thousands of young men yearly and has a wide reputation as an interpreter of youth. (p. 14)

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS is pastor of the First Congregational Church of Detroit. He has traveled extensively abroad. (p. 16)

LOUIS C. KARPINSKI, professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan, is an authority on early American publications. He is at present in Europe. (p. 25)

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27
Number 13

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

JANUARY 15, 1927

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MEXICO — Two Views

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ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

BISHOP GEO. E. MILLER
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

My Most Pathetic Case

JOSEPH COLLINS

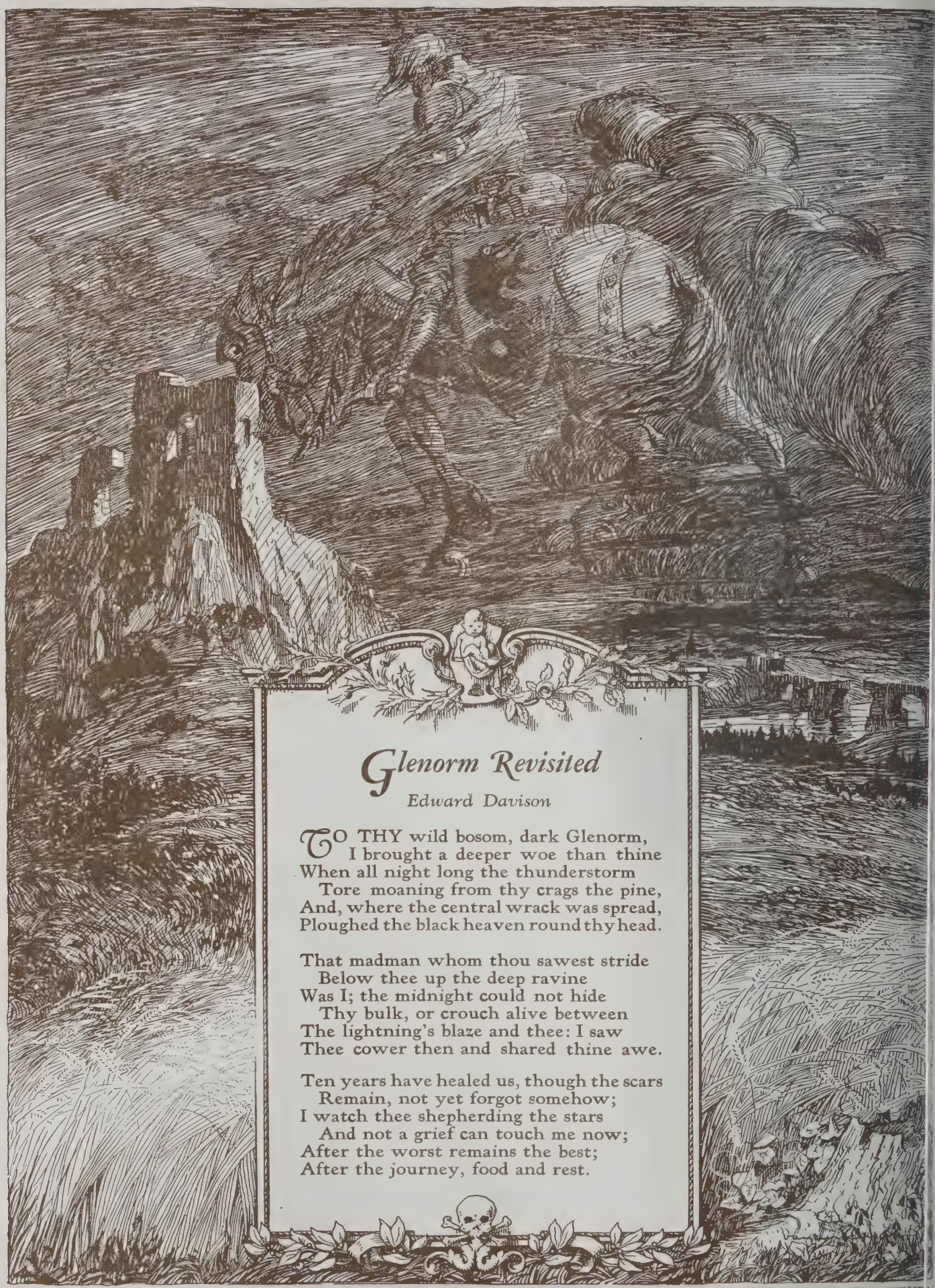
The Garrulous Diplomatist

HUGH WALPOLE

Belgium Is Stabilized

LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

The Manuan group is a trio of large, fertile islands, closely clustered together. Their reigning king was always a force to be reckoned with in South Sea affairs.—WILLIAM LEE CALNON (Article, page 21)



Glenorm Revisited

Edward Davison

TO THY wild bosom, dark Glenorm,
I brought a deeper woe than thine
When all night long the thunderstorm
Tore moaning from thy crags the pine,
And, where the central wrack was spread,
Ploughed the black heaven round thy head.

That madman whom thou sawest stride
Below thee up the deep ravine
Was I; the midnight could not hide
Thy bulk, or crouch alive between
The lightning's blaze and thee: I saw
Thee cower then and shared thine awe.

Ten years have healed us, though the scars
Remain, not yet forgot somehow;
I watch thee shepherding the stars
And not a grief can touch me now;
After the worst remains the best;
After the journey, food and rest.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYD

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Volume 27
Number 13

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Belgium *Tries to Get* on Her Feet

But a Ninety-Four Million Dollar Loan *Will Cost Her* Two Hundred and Twenty-Six Millions

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

HE devastation of war continues long after the conflict has terminated. For the con-
rors, no less than for the
quered, the destructive
es released for the strug-
impress themselves for
years upon almost every
se of the economic life
ictor and of vanquished.
one can measure the
al and spiritual losses of
, but the economic de-
uction is no less a con-
ing process.

To understand in any
ree the process of stabi-
tion in Belgium it is
essary, particularly for
American reader, to keep
mind not only the im-
liate effects of the war
even more the long con-
ied after-effects as indi-
ed above.

The exchange situation
Belgium, as in France and
Italy, is only one phase
the problem of money.
wever, certain definite
precise elements of the
rency problem in Belgium
e now been clarified,
plifying in a measure the
rn to economic sanity,
much desired.

In every country the
rency has fluctuated, but
such devious ways and
such small stages, that it
curs without notice except
the financiers. In Amer-
the dollar buys of the
inary commodities about one-half
t it did in 1914; this is fluctuation
depreciation. However, with ref-
ence to gold the dollar buys as much
t did in 1914 and so we assume that
have a stabilized currency.

—*Press Illustrating Service*

The Belgian city of Louvain, showing war's havoc.

THE Belgian Government effected a loan of one hundred millions of dollars for a period of thirty years. It is interesting to note that the loan is stated in terms of DOLLARS *while the stabilized currency is in terms of* POUNDS STERLING. *The consortium granting the loan consists of the Bank of England, the Bank of France, the Reichsbank, the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, the banks of Holland, Sweden, Hungary and Austria, with the Imperial Bank of Japan. The loan was issued at 94, and a large portion of this six millions difference remained in the hands of bankers. The interest is at 7 per cent whereas before the war the Belgian Government could borrow money at 4 per cent. The Belgian pays. He will pay in all 226 millions for the use of his ninety-four millions.*

The causes which have operated in America to produce the dollar worth about fifty cents have also been effective in Europe. However, in Belgium, as in France and Italy, other factors have entered further to complicate the situation. These factors will be discussed for Belgium and the reader will see that quite similar factors have entered into the debasement of the Italian and French currencies.

The tremendous expenditures required by the destructive forces of war involved the widespread use of millions and billions (or *milliards*) in affairs of business. Before the war Belgium had in circulation less than a billion and a quarter (1.120) of francs. During the German occupancy of Belgium the Germans put into circulation over six billions (6.111) of marks at the rate of 1.25 francs to the mark. At the close of the war, the Belgian Government decided with great courage to redeem the German marks in Belgian francs, making a total of more than seven and a half billions of francs.

In consequence the money in circulation increased from 1914 to 1918 in the ratio of more than five to one. In France and in Italy a tremendous increase in money in circulation was brought about by the purchases of the war. It is worth considering that destruction of real wealth, not the creation of wealth, brings about an enormous increase of money in circulation. As the money is only a symbol for goods, for real things, and as the goods have not increased, these symbols become of less value per unit.

At the close of the war the budget of the Belgian

(*Concluded on page 19*)

WHAT *Is the* Matte *With* MEXICO?

By GEORGE A. MILLER

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

—P & A Photo.

IS THERE religious persecution in Mexico? Re mob demonstrations have resulted in burning property and death for several victims. Witness affairs of Irapuato, Oaxaca and Guadalajara du the summer of last year. The only part that Mexican Government has had in these demons tions has been to disperse the mobs and mete justice to the guilty parties. In every case the tims of the beatings and killings were law-abi non-Catholics, supposed in some mysterious wa be involved in the issue between the governr and the Vatican. This statement is a proved torical fact, devoid of religious bias. What is ba this unpleasant situation?

Mexico is probably the most misunders country of the Western Hemisphere. To unders what is happening next door south, one must lear think a little in Mexican values. For modern Mex past revolutions and present evolutions are not the r of political accidents or Latin cussedness.

To begin on top, the facts concerning the purpos the Calles Government are very illuminating, in view o widespread propaganda of misrepresentation in the U States. The Calles Government, as a continuation of of Obregon, is the first Mexican administration dedicat the education and economic uplift of the so-called 'Ind the common people. This Mexican Indian is the mo successor of a remarkable, primitive civilization. He by agriculture, built stone cities and stupendous monum (the Teotihuacan pyramid is larger than Cheops), h complex government, a developed religion, an acc astronomy and left written records which were destr by the Spaniards (who could not read them) on the gr that they contained references to the devil.

After three hundred years of Spanish colonial rule Indian of Mexico was worse off than before the conq Such accepted historians as Lucas Aleman, in his *H of Mexico* published in 1830, Augustin Rivera in his *Pr pios Criticos* of the Spanish rule in Mexico, and the au itative *Mexico Across the Centuries*, agree that in 1821, ninety-nine per cent of the people were unable to re write, the Roman Church owned and controlled about third of the property values of Mexico. The Indians been 'baptized but not Christianized,' according to Ri the accepted Catholic historian.

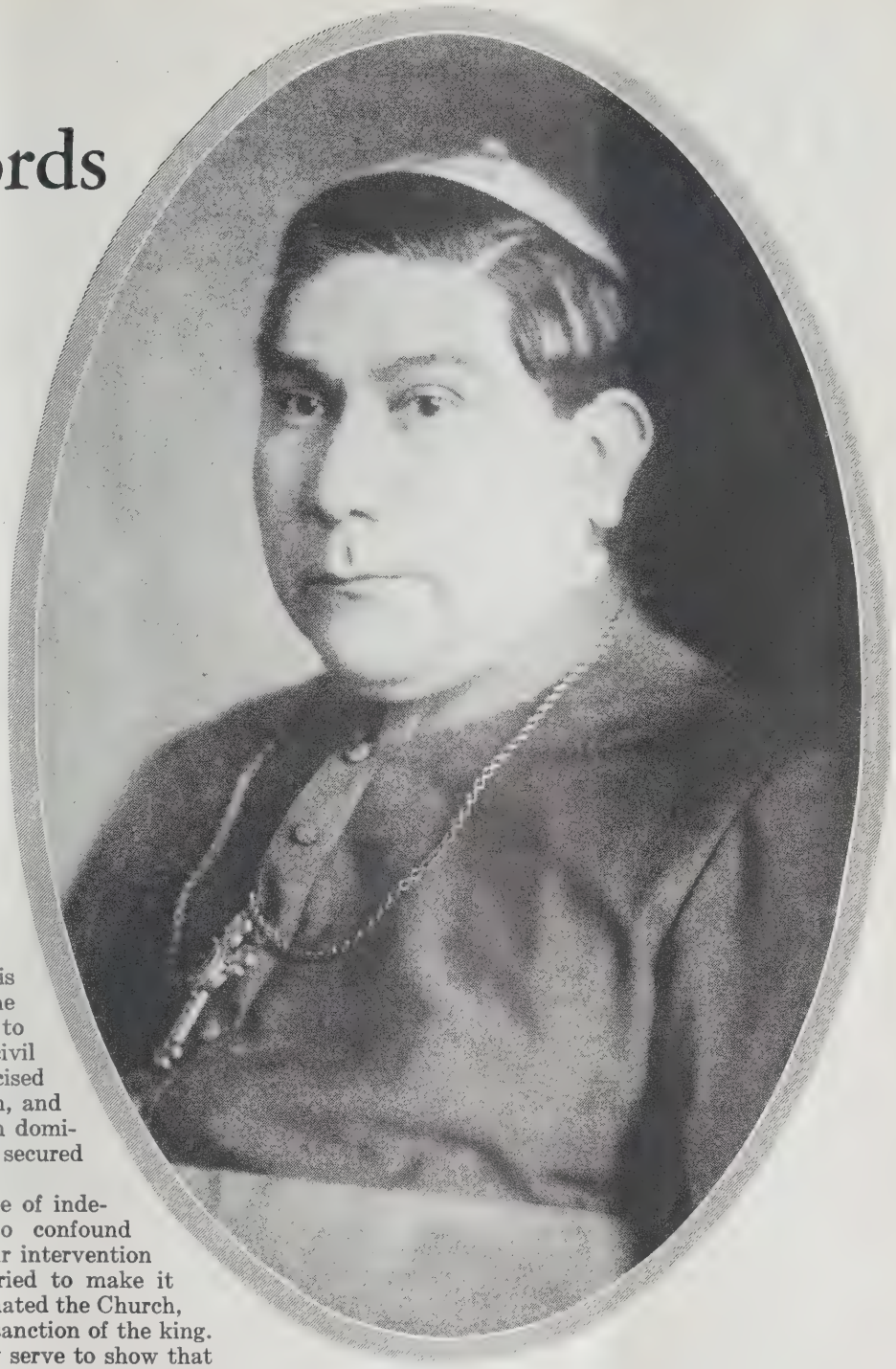
To this the Archbishop in Mexico replies tha Church has always given education to such part o people as were able to appreciate it; also that if was not done for the Indian, it was only for la opportunity. With exclusive control of all educa public and private, for three hundred years, one-third of all the financial values and with an a revenue of some fifty-two million a year (Lucas man), one wonders just what might constitute 'opportu

What the Church was doing with the Indian w teach him to build cathedrals, great, (Concluded on pa

FACTS, *Not* Words

RT. REV. PASCUAL DIAZ

ECRETARY OF THE EPISCOPAL COMMITTEE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MEXICO



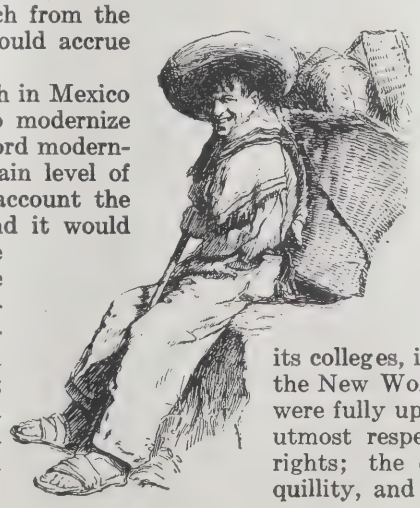
THE Mexican Government, when it became aware of the voice of disapproval raised throughout the entire civilized world against its policy religious matters, thought that it ild fully satisfy public opinion and tify its conduct by sending a circu- to its representatives in foreign ntries, through the Minister of reign Relations, accusing the Catho- Church of having accomplished thing toward the modernization of e Mexican nation and of failure take any step whatsoever to im- ve the people's lot, although it held solute domination over Mexico for ir centuries.

Even if we should admit that this usation is justified, it is plain to that this would not constitute any ical reason for such a cruel persecu- n of the Church.

The fact of the matter is, and this not be denied by any one, that the tholic Church converted Mexico to ristianity; that it never held the civil wer over the nation, as this was exercised three centuries by the kings of Spain, and ch less has the Church held any such domi- ting position since independence was secured 1821.

Mexican governments, since the time of inde- ndence, have always endeavored to confound olitics with religion, and to justify their intervention the Church's affairs, have always tried to make it pear that the monarchs of Spain dominated the Church, that it could do nothing without the sanction of the king. these facts were true they would only serve to show that e Spanish monarchy had abused its power, but on the other nd it would entirely free the Church from the usations made against it, which would accrue lusively to the Spanish kings.

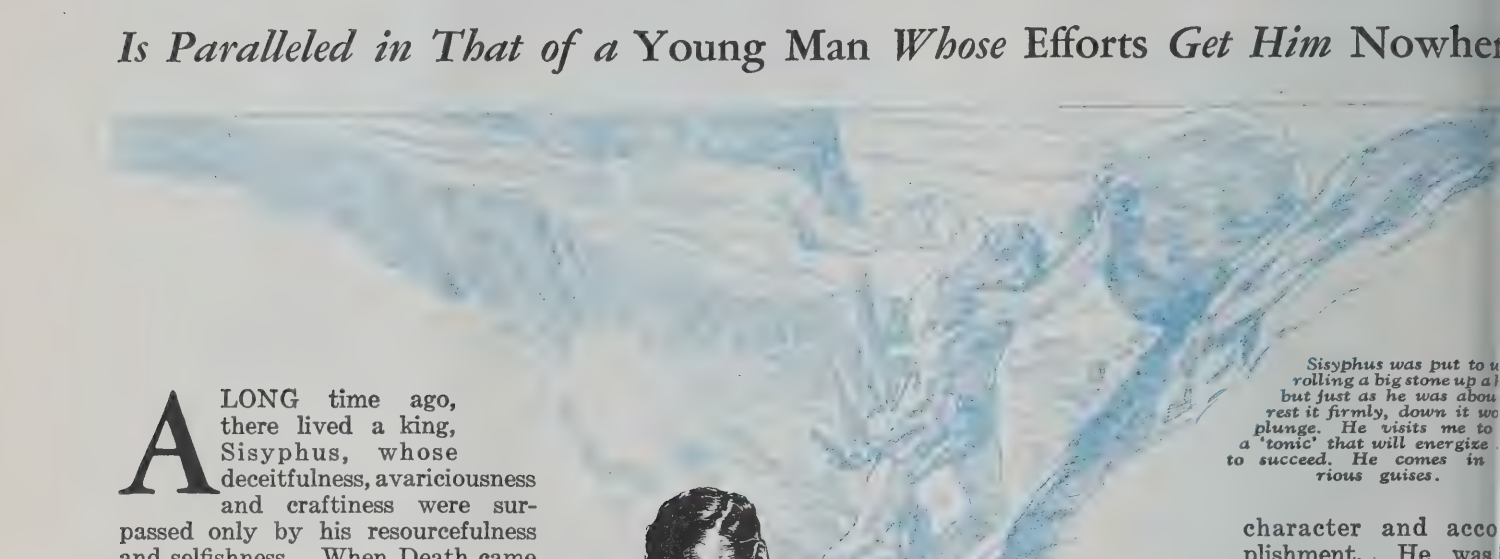
But is it really true that the Church in Mexico s done nothing in four centuries to modernize e country? In the first place, the word modern- ng means the attainment of a certain level of lture and civilization, taking into account the rticular epoch to be considered, and it would ly be ridiculous to claim that the exico of the 16th Century should have joyed the advantages of the tele- ph, that of the 17th Century loco- tives and railways, and in the 18th ntury airplanes and automobiles; at in the 16th Century there could ve been bred the notions that caused e French Revolution, or in the 17th d 18th centuries Bolshevist ideas.



Now to get down to the historical facts, admitted by everyone, it is easily proved that as regards culture and civilization, the Church fulfilled its mission in a most efficient manner during the three centuries of Spanish rule. During that time it Christianized the major portion of that great extent of territory that reaches all the way from Guatemala to the northern boundary of California; it introduced moral customs according to the Christian doctrine; was the teacher of generation upon generation in its university, its colleges, its schools; it brought the first printing press to the New World; performed works of art in all branches that were fully up to the standards of the time; it inculcated the utmost respect for civil authority, personal and property rights; the country enjoyed a period of peace and tranquillity, and though it was not highly *(Concluded on page 27)*

The Punishment *of* Sisyphus

Is Paralleled in That of a Young Man *Whose* Efforts *Get Him* Nowhe



Sisyphus was put to u rolling a big stone up a h but just as he was abou rest it firmly, down it wo plunge. He visits me to a 'tonic' that will energize to succeed. He comes in rious guises.

By JOSEPH COLLINS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

ALONG time ago, there lived a king, Sisyphus, whose deceitfulness, avariciousness and craftiness were surpassed only by his resourcefulness and selfishness. When Death came to conduct him to the underworld, he thrust fetters upon the Styx boatman and kept him in them until a god intervened. Then Death had his way and Sisyphus was put to work in the underworld, rolling a big stone up a steep hill. Each day he would get it to the top, but just as he was about to rest it firmly, down it would plunge to the bottom. He is still at the task. Every now and then, he is allowed to come up for air, and when he does, he visits me to ask my advice as physician. He is keen to get from me a 'tonic' that will energize him to succeed with his task, or to find out if I cannot suggest some ruse by which he can outwit the devil.

He comes in various guises: a man in early maturity, a lusty youth, a faded spinster, a girl to whom the flower of womanhood is belated. One feature he never succeeds in hiding: his psychopathic personality.

He cannot disguise it. To it he owes his impotency, and from it flows his punishment.

I am often asked: 'What is the psychopathic constitution?' And when I reply, 'A constitution that furnishes both seed and soil favorable to mental disequilibrium; one that does not withstand the storms of life or parry the blows of fate; one in which it is impossible to keep the emotions on an even keel, or anything approximating it; one in which there is great disparity between effort and output; an unbalance of urge and inhibition; one which conditions or permits conduct that excites alarm or pity in others,' only the shadow of the picture is conveyed. To convey it, it is necessary to give examples.

If the whole world were aligned, those of psychopathic constitution would be found conspicuously in two places: at the top of the line and at the bottom; geniuses at one end and wastrels at the other, the latter vastly predominating. With the former I shall not concern myself in this writing. They have had much notoriety. They excite our envy, not our pity, as do their brothers at the other end of the line. I propose to let a few of the latter tell their stories, that readers may have their attention diverted from the exploits of highwaymen and legislators, the promises of prophets and the plans of promoters.

It is not easy for a physician to say which is his most pathetic 'case.' He has had so many that have drained the reservoirs of compassion and pity. But I have rarely been more deeply touched by anyone's story than I was by the one that is here submitted. There was such profound disparity of appearance and accomplishment. His lithe figure, finely chiseled features, clear eye and winning smile would have singled him out in any small group as a man of breeding and of parts. The curious onlooker would conjecture: is he a screen-star, or the vice-president of a trust company that has recently absorbed a rival. Should chance convert the onlooker into a listener he would quickly realize that looks belie character and acco plishment. He was human bank, strongly bu beautifully furnished, appro ately equipped, but without fun

And here is his story:

'I am thirty-two years old, married, and have no profession particular occupation. I was pai takingly and persistently educat My means are not great, but if I keep from further squandering th I shall always be beyond want. I a failure, complete and absolute. don't know what to do, nor how to it. I torture myself fifteen hours of the twenty-four with the questi "Am I doing what I should do tha may be useful and happy?" Whe attempt to put into effect any co of conduct which has been sugge to me, or which I have persuaded self will lead to happiness and succ then the torturing question becor "Am I doing right?" Proportionat my persistence comes the convic that had I adopted another cours procedure, everything would have b all right. I drag my existence painf from a question mark to an adv judgment; then back again.

'I have lived nearly half the s of man's life and I have not tributed an iota to the welfare of world, to the happiness of any hu being, least of all to myself. The ear of my desire to cast my infirmit my appeal to you. I am unlike o men and I want to be like them least like some of them. The ques that confronts me is not "If a man shall he live again?" but "Should go on living if life mocks one, clo him in misery and crowns him failure?"

'I have never heard or read case like mine. I am consumed ambition to do something worth w something spectacular and dram I can feel myself doing them if know what I mean, but when I atte

'I have a cruel streak in me. I take delight in knowing that my conduct causes pain to my mother.'

put any plan into effect I am power-
. I am a Prometheus who sees
iself in a marathon contest.

'I first realized that I was not like
er boys when I went to —— School.
as then thirteen years old. I was an
y child and until I was twelve I
lived in a small city less than a
dred miles from Chicago. I went
he public school there for three or
r years, but I never got on well
n the boys of my class or of the
n. They either laughed and jeered
me, or they were contemptible of
and cruel. When I was twelve, my
her sent me to a well-known private
ool in the environs of Chicago, but
r three months there, I was so
nesick that I could not stand it, and
came and took me away.

'I was entered for —— School, to
ch my father had gone, shortly
r I was born. I looked forward to
g there because I was convinced
t I should have a good time and
e friends. I remember that I used
write on slips of paper rules and
monitions that I copied out of books
ch, if followed, would lead to
ndship and success. Not only would
opy them, but I learned them by
rt, and when I was alone in the
se or in the fields, I would repeat
m often aloud.

'Once this habit nearly got me into
uble. It was during the Christmas
days and I was walking in the
ds. Some hunters heard me shout-
and gesticulating and, convinced I
gone crazy, they got the town
stable. When I refused to explain,
y nodded to one another knowingly.

'Whenever I heard of a book on
racter building, I would get it and
our it, and attempt to put into
ctice the things it suggested, but all
no purpose. No one ever liked me,
one sought me out, and even my
chers showed no particular interest
me, though my school work was
quently praised. I was not a
gular guy," I was a "queer duck."

'Though I was fond of exercise,
lking, running, skating, baseball, I
never able to make any of the
ool teams. I don't recall that I
ght them, but I wanted to be asked.
metimes I played scrub baseball,
I remember that when I went up
bat, some of the boys would jeer at
me. All the time, I was trying to find an answer to the question, "What shall I do to be like other boys?" and everything that I did or tried to do seemed to make me more unlike them.

'During my last school year, I was obsessed by the thought, "Where shall I go to college?" and "How can I do everything right at the right time?" There were so many reasons for going to this college, and to that. How did anyone ever decide?

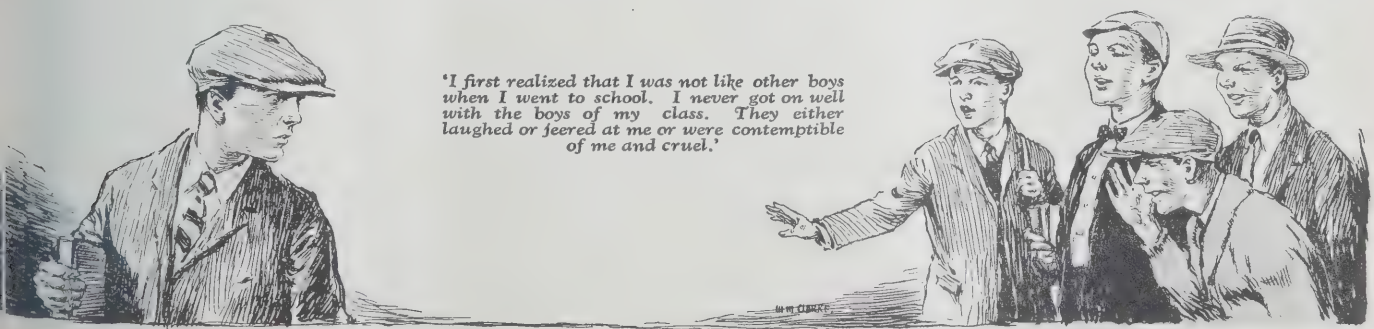
'I finally hit upon a plan. I got a copy of *Who's Who in America* and picked out the names of a hundred men to whom success had come abundantly. I wrote to them and asked which, in their judgment, was the best college. I soon began to get large mail from various parts of the country and this made the principal and some of the teachers who learned of it suspicious; but when I told the principal quite frankly what I had done, all he said was, "Well, you are a queer boy, and no mistake."

'Finally, I decided to go to ——. No sooner was I there than I began to ask myself, "Did I choose the right college after all?" I worked myself into such condition that I could not sleep or work. I went to the dean and got a dispensation that permitted me to go to ——. There I stayed two months investigating. At the end of that time, I went back to —— and stayed there until we entered the war, all the time trying to decide, "Am I doing the right thing?"

'I had never any difficulty in keeping abreast of my studies and passing the examinations creditably, and I was given my degree. I felt that my college life had been a failure and no matter what I should do now, it would be equally fruitless.

'All during my college life, I had looked backward, never forward. I sat in adverse judgment upon my conduct and questioned every decision that I had made. "If I had only done so and so, then so and so would have resulted and I should have been of some use in the world. I had not been invited to join any fraternity, though in a measure they were the lure that had directed me to ——, and I had made no friends with pupils or professors. I was always very fond of literature and rather specialized in English, but none of the teachers seemed to be attracted to me. One day, soon after the war broke out, a Signal Corps instructor came to the university to talk about the attractiveness of the Naval Re-

(*Concluded on page 22*)



'I first realized that I was not like other boys when I went to school. I never got on well with the boys of my class. They either laughed or jeered at me or were contemptible of me and cruel.'

The NEGRO *As the* Lucky Child *of* Destiny

By
TOWNSEND BOYER

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THE ethnologists tell us that for untold centuries Africa has been soaking up the blood of other races that have sought to establish a foothold on the continent, thus causing the various tribes of Negroes to vary widely in appearance and mental qualities. The pure-blooded Negro, the aborigine of the continent, a timid, gentle-spirited, subservient creature, was pushed by his aggressive brethren, the mixed bloods, away from the more habitable parts of the continent into the tropical jungles of the Congo and the western coasts. Here where he was most accessible to the trade routes between Europe and the New World, hemmed in by the sea and his immemorial enemies, the mixed-blood tribes, these Negroes were simply waiting to be plucked when the era of African slavery was ushered upon the stage of human affairs.

Although the Negro had been in America since 1619, he was not brought here in considerable numbers until just before and after the American Revolution. The clause in the Constitution declaring an end to the slave trade, effective after 1808, was so designed that those interested financially might have time to save themselves; as with the Volstead Law of the present time, this Constitutional decree gave unwonted activity to the slave trade. The bulk of America's slave stock was brought here during this twenty-year period.

Right at the time all this activity was going on in the slave trade, a change in the hearts and minds of people was taking place: the 'rights of the individual' demand was supplanting the 'divine rights of kings' theory as indicated by the French and American revolutions. The stage was being set for the next act in the great drama of African slavery. It is a curious fact, however, that these great spiritual changes in people are nearly always coeval with great material changes; as soon as the nations interested in the slave trade saw the handwriting on the wall in America's Constitutional decree that closed the world's greatest slave market, they began to shove one another, so to speak, to get to the basin to wash their hands of the stain of slavery.

Britain declared the trade with her colonies ended in 1807 thus beating the American date by one year, and went America one better by setting free the slaves in her colonies. Whether this change in the white race was due to pricks of conscience or to the fact that slavery was ceasing to be profitable made no difference so far as the Negro was concerned; he was brought upon the scene just in time to share the white man's long-fought victory for 'rights of the individual.'

Had we followed Britain's lead in setting free our slaves as she had followed ours in ending the traffic, the Negro population of that time would in all probability have been wiped out by absorption, by economic competition with the white race—for which he was totally unfitted—and by repatriation, as in the Liberia colonization movement, for history shows that a free Negro was wanted as a citizen almost nowhere in America. But destiny had other plans for him. In the South where the climate was kind and his physical well-being, at least, was not neglected, he throve and multiplied; moreover, his numbers were added to by illicit traffic right up to the Civil War.

The white races having passed through 'the divine rights of kings' and the 'rights of individuals' were ready for the next step in this trend of thought, 'the brotherhood of man.' In America, however, only a limited group as yet felt this new spiritual change because too many Americans—the shipowners, the traders, the southern planters—were still profiting by slavery.

BUT this small group, together with the English-speaking groups in the other parts of the world, were seized during the first quarter of the 19th Century with a great religious zeal; they felt they were responsible for the moral and spiritual welfare of all the rest of the world and missionaries were sent out to the remotest corners of the globe to preach Christianity and to tell the cannibal, the barbarian and other men that they were the brothers and coequals with these all-powerful white men who had taken over the world for their domain. In some parts of America and South Africa this zeal was carried to the extreme of preaching 'one blood' also, a most unfortunate thing, for it carried with it the seeds for the most difficult phase of race problems.

Finally all the forces that had been gathering for centuries—the restl spirit that sent men exploring on seven seas, the need for power to velop these new lands at a time wh only human power was available the African the only human who co be made to serve, the many c flicting religious, moral and racial ide —gradually concentrated in Amer and exploded in the Civil War. lowly black man from the West Co who had seen nations fighting for privilege of enslaving him was n seeing brothers fight to determine he should be slave or free. And wh he became free they still wrangled o the matter of his becoming a citiz He who had maintained his existe in his homeland only by submiss or flight into the jungle where n but he could live was having amazing experience of white r literally forcing upon his shoulders duties and privileges of citizenship white man's country.

BUT grim fate smiled and inser new threads into the fabric on loom. Great wars usually kill fore something of the old order in hu affairs but always give birth to and unexpected problems and ide Upon seeing what human slavery the one hand and an intempe 'brotherhood' zeal on the other cost America, white races in Ame and elsewhere began to feel sated the brotherhood ideal. People be to ask if, after all, men of diffe races were really brothers—Good maritans to one another they m and should be, but not brothers, brotherhood implies a similarity development, interests, origin. C the races of the world become blood' and civilization survive hopeless submerging of special r qualities into a dull, monotonous, i mass of human beings?

For three-quarters of a cen white races had been preaching trying to practise these princi yet race problems everywhere grown greater and infinitely more c plicated; the white man had about the world trying to better economic and spiritual condition lowly peoples only to have then soon as they were strong enough b shoving him for his place in the And the white man thinks he can well use all the sunny space himse

Thus out of that war to end hu slavery and to establish an ideal all men are free and equal was

at which is the very antithesis of se things, the white race's belief in right to rule by virtue of its achieve-nts, and which was to have effect race relationships everywhere. As African was stepping out of slavery o citizenship he found himself caught a great tide-rip of race feeling, the otherhood of man' ideal and the rdic superiority' ideal. But 'brother-od' zeal was ready for the wane and Negro soon found himself once re in the backyards of the South.

WAS he defeated? Not this lucky ld of destiny.

Without intending it or even realiz- it, by segregating and disfranchising Negro the Southerner simply aranteed his future. It was guar-eed economically because a condi-n was created whereby immigration white races was discouraged and the gro was left in possession of the d of southern labor, which carried th it the opportunity to strike deep ts into the soil of the country.

The Negro's future was also guar-teed racially. When he became free was yet too close to slavery and its posed stigma to be proud of his or or to have any pride in race rity. Had he retained his political wer, naturally he would have con-ued seeking by every means avail-le intermarriage with the white e. The South could no more have isted the effect on its blood of Negro mination than the rest of America ld have resisted the dragging effect a mongrelized South. Even today th all our laws against it, our segre-tion, our outspoken antipathy, race xing goes steadily on. Through olesale race mixing the Negro uld have damaged greatly thout having added anything the general race stock of nerica. Biologists tell us that is not the special highly de-loped qualities of either race at survive race mixing, but e general qualities such as are mmon to all peoples, hence the vering effect of mongrelization.

As things turned out, about e-half—probably two-thirds— the Negro race in America ve no white blood in their ins. It is these pure bloods o hold in themselves what-er the Negro as a race has to offer nerica and civilization, for of course e achievement of a mixed blood is not be accredited wholly to the Negro.

In his isolation, freed from com-tition or molestation by other races, e Negro had time to mature more ly and to take stock of himself and s surroundings. Gradually he came to less ashamed of his skin and less ter about slavery, and as the race gan to accomplish things for itself felt the commendable pride of a race in its creations and achievements.

For the greater part the Negro came to see that his job was not to spread whitewash over himself in an attempt to simulate ivory, but to polish the ebony that was him until it shone brilliantly and was valuable because of its own intrinsic worth. These Negroes felt that in the race's bitter experiences and the peculiarly fortunate turns which the race's progress so often took, was the working of an Unseen Hand shaping things to a good end, that out of the African jungle the lowly black man had been lifted to prepare him for the task of making the black man great.

But hidden from the eyes of most white people a germ of radicalism had been developing among the Negroes—a thing hardly surprising, however, since no race is absolutely uniform in its feelings, desires and ambitions. Something of the nature of the desires of this class can be determined by the activities of one of its societies, which in 1913 is said to have blocked, in eleven out of twelve states, legislative measures looking to the prevention of Negro-White intermarriage.

LITTLE of the activities of this group was apparent to the general public until after the World War, when in the general disorder and hysteria that was sweeping over the world these Negro radicals were emboldened to step forth and proclaim their creed. Their numbers were astounding and the support they could command and the power they wielded no less astounding. White radicals skilled in the art of propaganda joined their forces and the campaign waged was truly astonishing.

Drawn by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Many of the leading magazines of the country began to carry articles subtly attacking the white South and the barrier of race—whether the editors intended this or merely took what appeared to be good news stuff I do not pretend to know. The 'Nordic myth' was 'exploded'; the Negro's skull was shown to be greater in brain capacity than the 'common white trash' of the South; the cramped Negro genius of the South was shown expanding its wings in the warm, congenial atmosphere of the North; Harlem 'high-brown' weddings were contracted with ragged cotton pickers as the measure of social advancement; Methodist camp-meeting songs of the days when masters sat under brush arbors surrounded by their slaves were held up as America's one notable contribution to music, the Negro Spirituals; the Negro was proclaimed the wonder child of history, encompassing as much in fifty years as the white man had in two thousand years; a distinct Negro culture was shown to be neither possible in America nor desirable for its best interests.

WHICH side in this division of the Negro race will win? Only the future can tell. Many things portend success for the radical: there is the general spirit of the times, the willingness to flout the old order of things and try something new not only in material things but in morals and religion as well.

Since a few incidents of history have been proved errors there is a loss of faith in it; the one great lesson that stands out from the history of every race from ancient Egypt to modern times—that national decay is largely due to lowering of race stocks through mixing of divergent types—is lost upon this generation of iconoclasts and unanchored souls. Only people of vision can see things in terms of race, for it is a matter of years and centuries, and life today is essentially a thing of the passing hour; the average person is not interested. Many of the radical group are mixed bloods whose natural endowments fit them for work of an aggressive nature.

On the side of the pure-blooded Negro there is a race consciousness that is in the ascendant and will go higher and higher with intellectual progress and racial achievement. There is the satisfaction that goes with knowing he is one of the elect, so to speak, one of the units in the human scheme, a black man whose race lineage goes back to the dawn of creation; there is the moral strength that goes with knowing he is a pure blood.

While the World War gave birth to a radicalism and a general unrest favorable to the cause of the Negro's radical brethren, it also gave birth to something favorable to him, the intense racial spirit among other races which tends to solidify the interests and sympathies of people of the same race.

There is the encouragement to be derived from the race's history: no matter where in all the wide sea of humanity he drifts he never becomes submerged but always rises to the surface, laughing triumphant, enjoying mere existence as no other people can.

Any Mother to *Any* Daughter

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

'What are we coming to?' the 'old fogies' moan, staring aghast as round she dances with bobbed hair and defiantly well-shod feet.

MY DEAR, now that you are what is called 'grown-up,' we shall, I gather, be considered conspicuously exceptional if our relationship continues as happy a one as it has always been. For have you not joined the ranks of the 'modern girl,' who, if we are to believe the verdict of contemporary fiction, regards her parent as her natural enemy—or as a scarcely necessary evil?

Continual commentary can be most inflaming. By the time this so greatly exaggerated 'servant problem' ceases to fill our newspapers, every 'tweenie will consider herself a *femme incomprise*.

In the same way the girl of today is puffed up into defiance by the publicity of continual abuse. If she is susceptible to suggestion, how much—how very much—the hysterical attacks on her must have to answer for! What a multitude of heads are shaken, what innumerable sighs breathed, over the girl of today!

To those whom she would label 'old fogies' she is a target for dismayed opprobrium. 'What *are* we coming to?' they moan, staring aghast as round she dances with bobbed hair and defiantly well-shod feet.

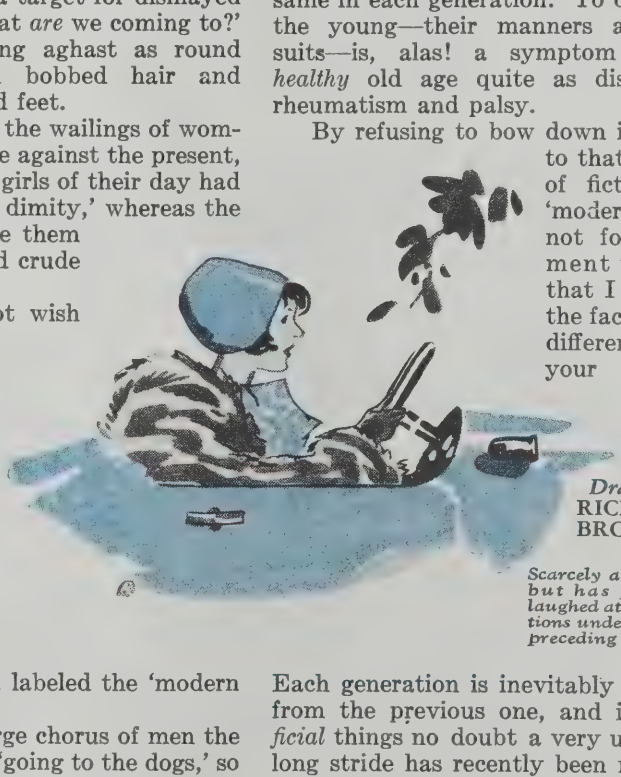
To judge from the wailings of women with a prejudice against the present, it would seem the girls of their day had been all 'dew and dimity,' whereas the present ones strike them as all 'cocktail and crude cretonne.'

Now, I do not wish *you* to take a pained pride in being an unprecedented freak; so, if it be not too great a blow to your dignity, I want you to realize that in every age there has always existed the type, by some shudderingly, by others admiringly, labeled the 'modern girl.'

Just as to a large chorus of men the country is always 'going to the dogs,' so to many women their more emancipated sisters are ever on the brink of social suicide. There have always been the girls who, as pioneers, appeared to their seniors and more conservative contemporaries to be torpedoing the privileges and charms of their sex by repudiating its disabilities in their defiance of convention and their crusade against cant. Scarcely a generation but has pityingly laughed at the restrictions under which the preceding one so contentedly lived.

Comic, no doubt, the fetters on your mother's girlhood, as some day those on your own will seem to your grandchildren; but the *pity*, I fancy, is uncalled for. I doubt whether 'fun' depends on changes in custom, and probably the sum of enjoyment is very much the same in each generation. To deprecate the young—their manners and pursuits—is, alas! a symptom of *unhealthy* old age quite as distinct as rheumatism and palsy.

By refusing to bow down in horror to that figment of fiction, the 'modern girl,' do not for a moment imagine that I question the fact of your difference from your mothers.



Drawings by RICHARD BROECKER

Scarcely a generation but has pityingly laughed at the restrictions under which the preceding one lived.

Each generation is inevitably different from the previous one, and in *superficial* things no doubt a very unusually long stride has recently been made. I think there certainly is more discrepancy between the girls of 1923 and the girls of 1913 than could be claimed between those of 1913 and those of 1903. Space forbids an inventory of your developments, but for one thing I think that, to a certain extent, you have lost the art of leisure. I wonder in what deg this is due to the war.

In that furnace of stress and str conventions, prejudices, and shyn melted like snow in the sun. Owing conditions, anything other than in pendence became a practical impossi ity and chaperones perforce as exti as the dodo. There was no longer lingering on the threshold of wom hood, but an immediate plunge into breathless arena of war work and equally strenuous war play.

Can it be wondered at that, those years of melodrama, ever work and dancing in emotional excitem girls never acquired the graceful ar 'lotus-eating'? They never knew leisure, and now they do not know h to make use of it.

Who shall pronounce whether th is the loss or the gain? It is ind —circumstances considered—no ma for surprise that the embroidery fr has been relinquished for the stee wheel, accomplishments for athlet the *chignon* for the 'guillotine ch No, here there is direct cause and eff and under new conditions there m yet be a violent reaction.

In my opinion, this revolutio mainly one of manners and dress. I see no symptoms of the reported change of heart or mind qualified threaten 'romance.'

Romance is triumphantly prot and, changing ever, is not to be ki by fashions.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THERE is a saying, wise in experience, which runs to this effect: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! For so did their fathers to the false prophets.' The latter part of the saying is history; it is true of every century and nation that false prophets have reaped great harvests of popularity. The first part of the saying is wisdom, the ripe juice of experience, for the popularity that crackles like a pleasant fire is often fed with the fuel of evaded duty and abandoned ideals.

False prophets are usually honest gentlemen. They have no intention of being false at all. They honestly believe that the true prophet is a fool. Probably there is no doubt anywhere in the world that Isaiah and Jeremiah were true prophets, but they were but two individuals widely separated in time and completely surrounded by a continuous and established order of false prophets. The false prophets were, of course, the ordinary clergy, the ordinary lawyers, the ordinary scholars and rulers of the time. They were the better classes of society and no doubt performed useful service. But they are everywhere described by the Voice of Truth as false prophets, and the heart of their falsity seems to be in the fact that they were not prophets at all; they were professional men. They read in books what other men have read in other books; they study people to see what pleases them most; they note the hard, rough road of the man who insists that the people must *think* and put old familiar things to a more thorough analysis; and they choose the easy way. There is, of course, plenty of routine service to be performed along the easy way, but it is not road-building. The race is on the move, and there is need of road-builders.

False prophets are not to be blamed for not being true prophets, for the truth about them is that they are not prophets at all, and should not pretend to be. But because the instinct of the people is to look for prophets, these others offer themselves to fill the gap. That is the height of their offending. They cannot be true prophets for the simple reason that they are not called to be prophets at all.

It is assumed, of course, in all that has been said here that the term prophet is understood as denoting the leader in any vital course, whether invention, industry, politics, science or religion.

One difference between the true and false prophet is found in this matter of popularity. The false prophet cannot live without it; the other can do very well without it because he must. The reason for his ability to do without it is that he has quite other motives to master him. One who seeks popularity must obey the laws of popularity; but when this is no vital part of one's program one may disregard it.

The true prophet is mastered by other considerations. He is charged with something he must deliver; he is sent on an errand he must perform. He may not talk much about his destiny, but he is conscious of its burden, of the inescapable urge which forces him to the thing he was born to do. He may shrink from the consequences, but he cannot shrink from the duty. It is not to be supposed that he is a joyous rebel flaunting his message to the world for the sake of the pleasure which the subsequent upheaval gives him. No, the rebels who rise for the fun of it and send their insurgent shouts gleefully across the world are almost always false prophets. The true prophet is apt to be keenly sensitive to the offense and pain which the truth so often gives when it first makes contact with falsity. If his word concerns the doom of a system, he feels the suffering of timid souls who do not care to march with progress. The evangelist who sends multitudes to hell with great unction and gusto is a false prophet, and his first falsity is that he does not believe his words enough to feel them; he is repeating a rote.

THE false prophet is usually an honest gentleman whose main error is in posing as a prophet. One fundamental difference between him and the true prophet is in the matter of popularity: the false prophet cannot live without it; the other must. One who seeks popularity must obey the laws of popularity. But the true prophet is mastered by other considerations. He is charged with something he must deliver. He may be keenly sensitive to the offense and pain which truth so often gives, but he has no choice. Acceptance is not his problem; his whole responsibility rests with utterance. Utterance is so important to the Truth that he cannot rest until he speaks.

The true prophet has no choice about his message. It is not given him to pick and choose among the things which the crowd will most readily accept.

Acceptance is not his problem; his whole responsibility rests with utterance. Utterance is so important to the Truth that it does not give him rest until he speaks. And his ability to speak, the force of what he says, is founded in his vision of the truth of it.

His link in the chain is *utterance*. The resulting offense, and, it may be, persecution, is not his affair. He knows that utterance is the sharp flying wedge of truth which must infallibly cleave its way, through all opposition, to a general acceptance. He may not see this at once; he may only see through all his career the gathering forces that oppose his truth; but he *knows* that this very gathering of opposition is providential, for it is being gathered and headed up that it may all be destroyed together.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Goat of the Universe

SOME day it will be generally known that the Washington Disarmament Conference was one of the greatest hoaxes ever perpetrated on the American people. Indications are that that day may not be far distant. One after another those officials who blindly carried out the program of the conference are awaking to its true implications; and some are honest enough to tell the people how they have been fooled. The United States set out to be the beacon of world good will. She ended by being the goat of the universe.

In an exuberance of post-war benevolence, America scrapped millions of dollars' worth of warships, hundreds of thousands of tons of live ship steel. It was the greatest sacrifice ever made by any nation in the history of the world, and it was made with the understanding that the world race for naval supremacy should end. But it has not ended; all that has been accomplished has been the elimination of the United States as a potential world factor. From first place in naval power this nation has slipped to third or even fourth place. Limitation was placed only on those classes of ships in which this nation excelled. America has voluntarily demolished those classes, only to find the other countries forging into supremacy with those types of battleships not mentioned in the treaties. The failure of the other powers to abide by the spirit as well as the letter of the naval agreement has at last aroused Congressional leaders to action. Perhaps no better summary of the situation has been given than that of Chairman Thomas Butler, of the House Naval Affairs Committee.

'The ratio of 5-5-3 was understood by everybody concerned to apply to all classes of warships,' he declares. 'While those powers have not gone back on the promise contained in the bond, they have evaded the spirit of the document, and we can no longer overlook the work of naval construction going on in Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy.

'Having succeeded in inducing the nations to destroy some of their great ships, I supposed that a friendly relation had begun, and that when America sank some 800,000 tons of good steel, those other nations would appreciate the generosity expressed in our willingness to make such an enormous sacrifice.

'But when I learned that those other nations have built more ships than they sacrificed, and that the spirit of the 5-5-3 treaty was not observed, through the construction of smaller vessels than those limited by the treaty, I began to conclude that America had been fooled. I plead guilty to being among those who were deluded, for I reported the bill to the House, and asked the House to pass it, which requested the President to destroy more than $300,000,000 worth of good ships.

'I voted for the reduction of the amounts of money that those nations abroad admitted they owed us. I was delighted to do it. Indeed, I believe there was a time when I would have been glad to have remitted all of the debt. And now I see they have been using those remissions we granted for the building of ships, and thereby compel America to spend several hundred millions more in order to create a fleet comparable to theirs. Our eyes are open, as far as I am concerned, and will not be closed.'

The Modern Bucketeer

IN THE last quarter of the 19th Century the bucket shop made its appearance. At its inception it was boosted as a sporting proposition. It has developed, however, into a swindle shop, with the cards all stacked in the bucketeer's favor.

If members of a stock or commodity exchange were forced to make good the losses of their wayward associates they would keep strict watch upon one another to the end that the customer would have the best of protection. As it stands at present, even the leading exchanges are associations which do not come under law except as any dealer in stocks is affected by blue-sky legislation. At present the bucketeer either plays the market for his own benefit with his customer's money, or executes the forbidden 'wash sale' through which he buys stock for his client only to have it immediately sold and the fund accredited to himself.

In any event the broker, as member of the exchange, receives a healthy toll in the way of commissions from the bucketeer, despite the fact of the Wall Street tradition that any broker who deals with a bucket shop shall be deprived of his seat. Few are the individuals who 'beat the Wall Street game.' The individual who has beaten the modern bucket shop is yet to be found.

In late years the bucket shop has made a practice of appealing to the man of small income to become an 'investor.' Certain worthy financial houses had previously invited clients to purchase sound securities on an installment basis and this was seized upon by the bucketeer to use to his own advantage. While seeming most attractive to the wage-earner, the so-called partial payment plan of stock buying presents a great pitfall. If he falls into the hands of the financial parasites who ape the practices of the better class financial houses, the erstwhile investor will come out with only experience to show for his money.

The partial-payment bucket shop offers stock to its clients on ten payments or more. It is most desirous of obtaining customers when prices are high, for then there is the prospect of buying the stocks when they have become cheaper. The company has six months or a year before the client will be able to demand his stock certificates

—meanwhile the money keeps coming in on payments, and money, according to the philosophy of the bucketeer, can always be put to use.

It is obvious that a period of advancing prices with customers calling for stocks that have been purchased at lower prices makes it exceedingly hot for the bucketeer. But he usually can stave off the evil day until the stocks can be purchased on a lower market. If this cannot be accomplished, there is just another crash and hundreds, maybe thousands, of small investors awaken to the fact that they will not become rich through the partial-payment plans of buying stocks. These would be protected if the company had been compelled to insure against loss to its customers in event of failure.

Cobb and Landis

JUDGE LANDIS may be a good 'czar' but he is not much of a judge, either of men or of the proper way to handle a situation. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has gone further into the facts and causes of baseball scandal than any other publication in the country, and its opinion of Judge Landis' action in the Cobb-Speaker-Leonard sensation is that it violated every canon of judicial fairness. Not only has he pulled a 'boner,' but he has allowed himself to be the tool of vicious intentions in other men. Cobb and Speaker will emerge with the O. K. of the baseball public upon them, but Landis and Leonard will remain a bad taste to all lovers of the game.

Where Light Is Needed

MORE light is needed on the Nicaraguan situation. The haste with which the United States recognized a *de facto* government there, the alleged attempt of the State Department to color news relative to Nicaragua and Mexico, and the keen interest shown in the situation by New York bankers, are all deserving of more careful attention.

Senator Borah has charged that an attempt is being made, through the Nicaraguan situation, to get America into 'a shameless, cowardly little war with Mexico.' Borah is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. His statements are important; they cannot be lightly tossed aside as inconsequential. 'I think it is well recognized,' he has said, 'that the Nicaraguan revolution is being instigated by certain persons in this country who are not Nicaraguans, and this is for business and other reasons.'

Central American politics are ordinarily so complicated that few Americans can follow them. The facts in this instance, however, seem fairly clear. In the 1924 elections Emilino Chamorro, Conservative candidate, was overwhelmingly defeated by Carlos Solorzano, National Liberal. A year later Chamorro executed a *coup d'etat*, and last January he assumed office as president after Solorzano had been forced to resign. But Dr. Juan Sacasa, vice-president under Solorzano, refused to give allegiance to Chamorro, declaring that under the constitution the presidency devolved upon himself. Two months ago Chamorro was persuaded to resign by a United States naval officer, and one Adolfo Diaz was designated president in his stead. The United States recognized Diaz; Mexico recognized Sacasa. So much for the admitted facts.

The disputed facts are also interesting. Diaz claims that Sacasa is bolshevistic; that he is receiving aid from Mexico. And Diaz declares that unless aid is forthcoming from the United States his own government must inevitably fall. Sacasa, denying that he is bolshevistic or that he has any agreement with Mexico, points to the National Railway of Nicaragua, which, he declares, is the prize to be sold on Wall Street. American armed forces have been landed 'for the purpose of protecting American lives and property.' The situation is highly explosive. The American people have the right to know *all* the facts.

Boobs and the Ballot

SENATOR CAPPER'S proposal to impose a fine on all persons who fail to vote serves a useful purpose largely in calling attention once more to the amazing apathy of so-called good citizens toward the affairs of their Government. It can scarcely be given serious consideration as a piece of legislation; you cannot hale a man into court for failing to take advantage of his opportunities and privileges, else you would have most of your population in jail most of the time. This nation affords its citizens probably the greatest opportunities and privileges ever known to man; but it also affords those citizens remarkably wide latitude for making boobs of themselves. And it is a regrettable truth that they seize the latter far more often than the former.

Splendid examples of the outcroppings of boobery have recently been manifested in Pennsylvania, in Illinois, in Indiana. Of what use is it to remind the people of, say, Pennsylvania, that their sovereign rights are imperiled? Their sole answer is to complain that they are powerless against political gangdom. To point out—as Senator Capper does—that less than one-half the possible vote is cast even in presidential years, is a waste of breath and time. A political gang can, of necessity, control only a small proportion of the potential vote at any election. But the gang sees to it that that vote is cast! (In Philadelphia even names from cemetery tombstones have been found as duly qualified and active voters for the gang.)

The boob citizens of Pennsylvania, the citizens who stay away from the polls and then complain at the way the gang runs things, could overthrow the gang at any time. Instead they prefer to remain supine. The blame is theirs and the cross is theirs. Fining them for their own foolishness would be a useless gesture. Boobery cannot be abolished, nor can intelligence be increased, by law.

How Primitive Was Prehistoric Man?

The Hunter

By A. E. JENKS

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IN OUR study of prehistoric man, it must be borne in mind that throughout the times of recurring glaciers there was also the return of glacial animals. Similarly, throughout the recurring warm interglacial periods, the glacial animals largely perished, or migrated, and their places were taken by forms of life fitting the temperate or subtemperate climatic conditions. Among the most important large glacial animals were the mammoth (or woolly elephant), the musk ox, woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, horses, bison and cattle. The horses and reindeer became very abundant during the last glacial period, the Würm, and were a very common source of food supply.

Neanderthal man appeared in the third interglacial period and continued far into the period of the fourth or Würm glacier. Scores of separate fossil remains of individuals of the Neanderthal race have been found scattered geographically well over Continental Europe, England and the Channel Islands. The race was named after the specimen found in 1856 in the valley of the Neander River, Germany.

There is great similarity among all the Neanderthal specimens which are available in child and adult, male and female. Practically every bone in the body has been recovered—bones of arms and hands, legs and feet, vertebrae, ribs, shoulder blades, pelvis, skulls and jaws. Everything is known as to the skeleton of the members of that extensive Neanderthal race of man who lived for forty or more thousand years in Europe.

The skull is low, flat, long, and has most pronounced brow ridges. The eye sockets are circular. The face is large and long. The nasal bones show a low, almost bridgeless nose. The lower jaw is massive and chinless. The *foramen magnum* is farther back than in modern man, showing that the head was carried forward over the chest. The thigh bones are curved and rotated, and, together with the ankle bones, show that the Neanderthal man did not have as completely erect a carriage as the modern man, but walked with a sort of sprung-knee gait—like the very tired pedestrian who drives himself forward in a shuffling walk.

All the bones are heavy, robust and stocky. The vertebral column was quite of one curve, convex on the outer surface, instead of having the triple curve of modern man made necessary for the adjustment to the more erect posture and of getting the trunk directly under the head whose *foramen magnum* is farther forward. The average cranial capacity is about 1,400 cubic centimeters, and the average stature of both men and women is about 5 feet and 4 inches.

Paleolithic man hunted some sixty-six species of mammals, besides the birds, reptiles and other animal forms of life. He was successful only because he was intellectually their superior.

The following specimens are frequently mentioned members of the Neanderthal race, and bear names of localities or sites where found: The original Neanderthal type specimen from Germany, the two specimens of Spy from Belgium, the Gibraltar from Spain, the Krapina in Croatia, and the following from France: Naulette, Le Moustier, La Ferrassie, La Chapelle, Aux-Saints, and those of La Quina, where between 1908 and 1921 twenty different specimens were found. Besides these are the new specimens announced in 1925: The Palestine man from the Robber's Cave at the north end of the Sea of Galilee; the two found by Professor Bontisch-Osmolovsky i the Crimea of Southern Russia; an the several found in Western Siber near Krasnoyarsk, as announced N vember 14, 1925.

Besides these specimens of i dividuals of the distinctive Neanderth race, a very primitive type of Neande thal man was found in 1921 in Norther Rhodesia, Africa, and known as the Rhodesi man. Neanderthal m lived also in many are where no bones have be found but where his in plements are found. Sto implements made by Nea derthal men have be gathered in the Go Desert in Central As and brought back Andrews from his thi Asiatic expedition duri the summer of 192 There are also the imp ments brought by Ab Teilhard de Chardin fro Northern China, and st others from several sit in the British Isles a the neighboring Chan Islands.

Let me bring a br description of the ty site which has given

name to the culture of the Neandert race. It is called 'Mousterian cultu.' Close beside the old village of Moustier on the Vézère River, in Dordogne, France, near the town Les Eyzies, is a typical lime r escarpment not unlike a small bu of our Southwest. It has grass and ot plant growth, so that its rock is bare. On the southern end or expo face of this escarpment is a cave n the top. Below the cave are shelters beneath the over-sloping r face, one below the other. Each these rock shelters was the home for many generations of Neandert men.

In the lower shelter is a bott stratum of the earliest Mouste culture containing discarded stone plements, bones from animal fea and other débris. On top of it

ratum of the second stage of Mouste-
an culture in which the implements
e slightly better made than those of
e lower and earlier stage. In the
per shelter, about thirty-five feet
gher, there are no strata of the first
o culture stages, but the upper
elter began to be occupied in the
ird stage of the Mousterian culture.
th the lower and the upper shelter
ve strata of that third stage. Also
ch has a stratum of the fourth stage
d also of the fifth or last stage.

The stone art of the Neanderthal
an was a very distinct improvement
er that of his predecessor. He
rned how to prepare the flint
cleus or core by chipping until he
d created a plane of percussion or a
tform for striking—so that a single
w removed a deeply concoidal chip
the size desired, and from the exact
t on the surface he wished.

HOUGH the characteristic *coup de
ing* was abundant in the early
ges of Mousterian culture, yet the
anderthal man by his skillful art of
pping refined the earlier, coarse
up de poing until it disappeared,
coming, on the one hand, a fairly
od double-edged knife, and on the
ner, a sharp-pointed implement quite
ke an arrowhead. Perhaps it was used
an arrowhead, or as the head for a
rt, light javelin. He also perfected
scraper, used perhaps in dressing
imal skins. He had another stone
plement which suggests the bola of
uth American Indians; in one site
ree small rounded stones were ac-
ally found side by side, as though
y had been placed there leashed to-
her—as the bola stones are leashed
ether for hurl-
ng at the legs of
hunted animals which trip when entangled in the leather leashes.

Bones were employed for the first time by the Neanderthal man as implements. They were employed as anvils on which other implements were held to be worked by the sharp-edged stone tools. The Museum of Toulouse has a rich collection of those anvils, each the phalanges of a horse. All but two of the score I examined there had two areas about an inch across, thickly hacked as the sharp tool passed on in its downstroke, and was halted by the anvil. The other bone implement was made of the fibula, or lower leg bone, of the cave bear. The fibula was broken diagonally about midway in its length. The upper end, or knee-joint end, of the fibula offers a good handhold, so the Neanderthal hunter used only the upper half of the fibula whose broken end became smooth and polished in continued use. It was a dull, smooth, chisel-edge, and probably was employed in working the surface of skins in the process of tanning.

By the time the Neanderthal race lived in Europe the security and comfort of the home or the habitual nest had greatly changed. Man still now and then lived in the open, but he also lived protected by rock shelters and rock caves. Habitually also he used the protecting element of fire. In what manner he made fire is not known, but he constantly used it, and it was the means by which he wrested the rock-cavern from the cave bear and cave lion, and by means of which he could also prevent the dangerous reëntrance of those monstrous beasts.

THIS protecting fire gave also warmth, light, and cooked food. Cooked food meant the rudiments, at least, of self-control and of social intercourse as the members of the little group sat around while even a few minutes elapsed during even the slightest cooking of the flesh of animals whose broken and split bones are found charred in the ancient fire-hearths of the Neanderthal man.

The rock cavern also contributed to the more rapid increase in the population by protecting and saving life.

Man possessed the protection of roof, back wall and side walls against the periodically destructive elements of nature, wild beasts and enemy men. Life was secure as never before within such rock-sheltered nests. For the first time man's (*Continued on page 26*)

Illustrated by
GEORGE HARPER

Man's Own Flat Wheels

By MYRON M. STEARN

PART II

When rookies receive the shoes assigned to them there is usually a howl of protest.

A FEW thousand men were weeded out and put in weak-foot battalions, both in this country and in France, during the winter of 1917-18. The plan was sound. Good results were obtained. Although the demand for men was so sharp that the work was never finished, although only a small proportion of the men with weak feet ever got into the flat-foot battalions, and although most of those who did were sent on to the front long before the course of sprouts calculated to give them healthy feet could be completed, the work soon chalked up this big footnote: Fallen arches, so prevalent and so troublesome, can ordinarily be 'built up' by anyone willing to take a reasonable amount of effort. Our soft and suffering feet, even after all the centuries of neglect and shoe-pinching, will still respond splendidly to a few kind words and a square deal.

It's time we began to put this idea on its feet. Our foot problems are not getting any simpler. Foot conditions in this country are considerably worse now than in 1914, among men as well as women. With men the difficulty is usually with the long arch of the foot. Long-arch trouble is fairly evenly divided between the sexes. Forward-arch troubles are far more frequently encountered among women. Styles, particularly those that emphasize narrow toes and high heels, are one great cause.

There are two main causes of fallen feet. The first and foremost is improper shoes. According to a restrained and gentlemanly *Marine Corps Manual* on the proper care of the feet, 'The average individual, upon being measured and subsequently fitted, almost invariably asserts that the shoe given him is too large and that he has worn such and such a size without suffering any inconvenience. From this he deducts that he is the most competent judge of his own size. Furthermore he declares that he can never wear the shoe fitted him, and predicts with all earnestness the direst calamity that will befall him if he does. This man is a fair example of those who, ignorant of their own size, . . . endeavor to jam their feet into anything made of leather, because of the prevailing style. This is a result of the haphazard pernicious system of demand for appearance which has ruined more feet than can be estimated.'

When recruits are fitted with shoes, they are first given the full weight of the equipment they will have to carry on the march. Then they have to stand with the weight thrown forward on the ball of the foot while it is measured. When, after such a measurement, they receive the shoes assigned to them, there is usually a howl of protest. In France it was not unusual for rookies to hunt around and, if possible, swap shoes with someone else in an effort to get something smaller, that they thought would fit their feet better.

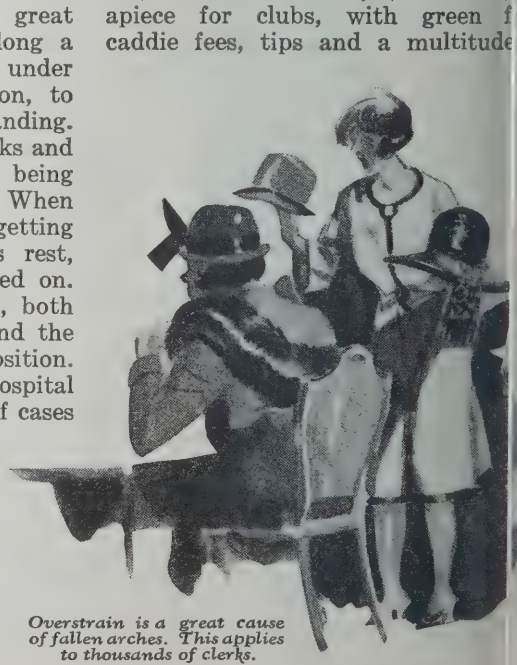
Overstrain is the second great cause of fallen arches. Too long a walk, on feet unaccustomed, under conditions of modern civilization, to extended hiking. Or too long standing. This applies to thousands of clerks and office-workers, accustomed to being on their feet all day long. When walking, one foot at least is getting the advantage of a moment's rest, while the other is being tramped on. But when a person is standing, both feet usually take the weight, and the muscles are held in a strained position.

In one large metropolitan hospital it was noted that the majority of cases of foot trouble among the nurses developed after they had been on duty in the operating room. That is when, ordinarily, the strain on nurses' feet is greatest, since there is no opportunity for even a moment's rest, sometimes for hours together. One of the consulting physicians of the hospi was a foot specialist. He was called to make suggestions that would reli the excessive foot troubles. He p scribed proper shoes. He insisted rest periods and proper foot exercis No nurse was allowed to go on d without having specially fitted sho

These measures gave results. T hospital—one of the comparativ few in the country that have tak such an advanced stand—has n adopted as a definite part of its pol the idea that all its nurses must fin their training with feet at least as g as when they came.

A long walk on hard pavements t often break down arches in a sin afternoon. Fat men, because they a disproportionate burden on th feet, are particularly apt to break do their arches by subjecting them sudden excessive strain—say a walk several miles beyond what they accustomed to, or standing for unusual number of hours.

Business men who play golf o occasionally should see to it that t do not play too many holes in a sin day, and that they have comforta well-fitted shoes to play in. But golfers realize that need for the ri shoes? They do not! Have a glan the next time you are in a coun club, at the line-up of shoes in the m locker room, and see the flattened o one-sided, run-over collection of p man's cast-offs that are usually show. The average golfer, after pay a $200 initiation fee, $100 dues, apiece for clubs, with green f caddie fees, tips and a multitude



Overstrain is a great cause of fallen arches. This applies to thousands of clerks.

inor charges balks at treating his et, that alone make the whole game ssible, to half an hour extra in a shoe ore, and the right pair of shoes.

It is usually only necessary for a an unaccustomed to much walking to e to it that his shoes distribute his eight evenly, and give room for the ll of his foot and toes to spread out they should, to increase his walking radius ough to cover all ordinary requirements.

A train-announcer no is on his feet for any hours each day has opted the simple expedient of having two irs of shoes of different sizes. During the y, when he is at work, wears Number 9 shoes; the evening he wears lumber 8's, that fit his et more snugly.

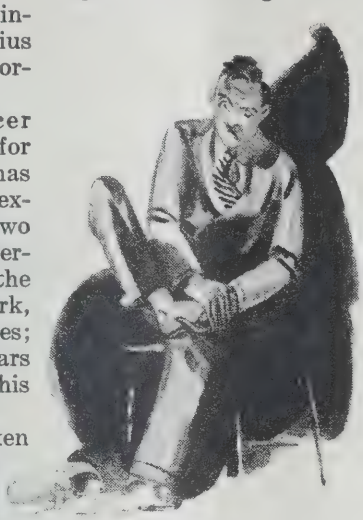
Feet can be broken own by use too soon ter recovery from me debilitating disse or weakness. ervousness or worry, fecting the general alth, puts an extra burden on the feet.

A sporting goods salesman, after a riod of three months of worry concerning his wife's condition—she was a hospital undergoing a serious eration—found his feet hurting and, though he had an apparently strong, gh arch, put arch supports in his oes. They stopped the pain, and ve him relief. With the improvement in his wife's condition his own alth bettered, and after a little ile he threw the supports away, periencing no further trouble.

A sprained ankle, a cut, a foot renched in an automobile accident, ay any of them cause irregular alking, starting a habit of throwing e weight on the foot incorrectly, d perhaps permanently weakening injuring the arch. Corns and bunions me under this head, since, by the in they cause, they make free, althy walking difficult. Even blisters, ough usually only temporary, may use the beginning of bad walking bits, throwing the weight from its oper balance on the tripod.

FOOT specialists do not like the rm 'flat feet.' They're quite fussy out it. They prefer to say, 'weak et.' That is because the height of the ng arch from the ground does not cessarily indicate the health or rength of the foot. Colored people e a low-arch race, yet have, usually, et that will do a lot of work.

During the war one troop in a lored regiment was examined with rticular care. The regiment to which ey belonged was one of the best marching units in the entire army and that particular troop was the best in the regiment. They gave a splendid account of themselves in France. Yet without a single exception the men had what, under the old classification, would be called 'flat feet.' The answer to that riddle lies in the fact that the long arch in the feet of those colored fellows was in every instance so low that the foot seemed flat—and was yet sound and healthy. The old test of fallen arches, a wet footprint made on a hard surface showing whether or not the part of the foot under the long arch touches the floor, is no longer regarded as a sure indication of foot trouble.



If your feet are giving you trouble, read what you must do to strengthen them.

The bad foot is the foot that rolls outward. Physicians have a fancy word for such a foot; they say it 'everts.' The inner edge of an everted foot, instead of the outer edge, rests on the ground. The weight of the body, instead of coming squarely on top of the foot tripods, falls at a slight angle, so that the ankle is thrown *in*, while the bottom of the foot slants *out*. People who toe out unduly are apt to have everted feet. It's your pigeon-toed friends who are the lucky ones. Toeing in tends to throw weight on the outer edge of the feet, and straight down the tripod. In a barefoot boy, or the savage American Indian he reads about, the weight is also carried correctly; they both toe straight ahead. The foot joints are more flexible, the foot muscles are better developed, and the toes spread and grip more in walking in the case of negroes, savages, barefoot boys and monkeys than with civilized man wearing a perfectly good and respectable shoe.

If your feet are already giving you trouble, here are the things you must do to strengthen them. Incidentally, the same things, if your feet are all right, will make them still more serviceable.

The first thing is a properly fitting shoe. That may sound easy, but it's not.

Army surgeons say that men can no more pick the right size shoe for themselves than women. They pick sizes that are too small, and toes that are too narrow. A shoe that pinches gives no chance for the muscles to do their work effectively, and grow strong in doing it.

The second thing is rest. Foot muscles that have been unduly strained have to recuperate. They mustn't be walked on any more than is absolutely necessary.

Then, the third thing, as soon as the foot is rested, comes proper development.

Walking, within the limit of strength and without over-straining, a little more each day.

Walking with the weight on the outer edges of the foot, and the toes pointing straight ahead, the ball of the foot expanding, and the toes spreading out, with each step.

In addition to this, rest the feet frequently. Bathe them in cold water at night.

RUB them briskly and twist them about in every direction, to exercise the muscles still further.

Massage is excellent for the feet, as it tends to stimulate blood circulation.

During the war one of the orthopedic corps doctors gave orders that the troops in his care should take off their shoes and socks in the course of a long march and rub the feet briskly, to stimulate circulation and give them a new lease of life, before putting the footwear on again. It was a rainy day, wet overhead and still wetter underfoot.

Many of the men were without the extra pair of dry socks that the regulations called for. The language, when the marchers found that they were expected merely to take off their wet shoes and hosiery, and then put the same soaking things back on again, was said to be memorable.

Learn to sit in a position that always relaxes one foot at least—say with the weight on the back of the heel, or on the outer edge of the foot, or with the knees crossed.

Better health, fuller vitality, and greater efficiency will be the result.

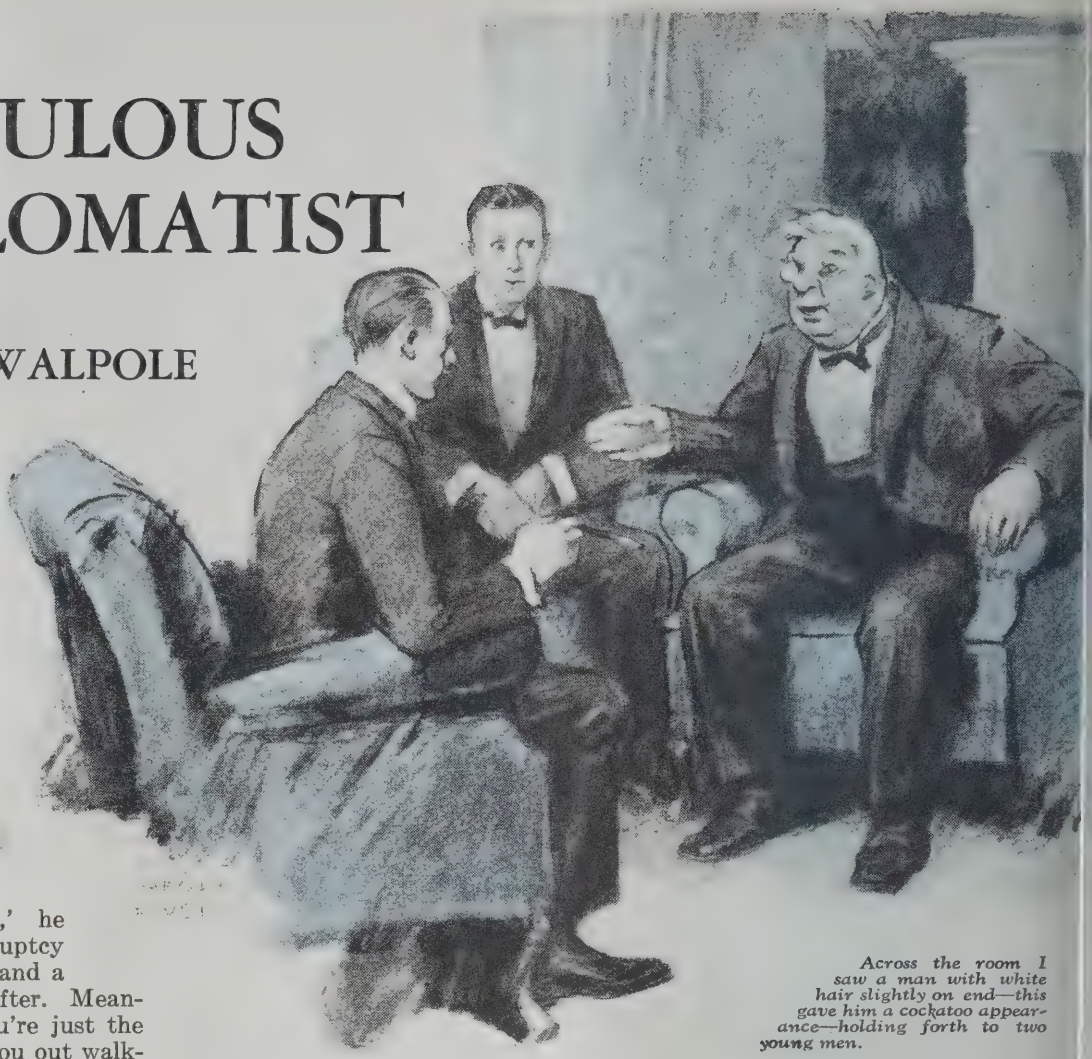
Rest the feet frequently. Bath them in cold water. Massage is excellent.'

Drawings by RICHARD BOECKER

The GARRULOUS DIPLOMATIST

By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright, by HUGH WALPOLE



Across the room I saw a man with white hair slightly on end—this gave him a cockatoo appearance—holding forth to two young men.

Illustrated by HAROLD FLUCKE

ON A beautiful afternoon in May, as I was walking down Piccadilly, just in the arcade of the Ritz Hotel I was touched on the arm, and, turning round, saw the round, highly polished countenance of Pom Banting uplifted toward me. 'Hullo, Pom,' I said, 'how goes it?'

'It goes very badly,' he answered. 'The Bankruptcy Court sees me next week and a pauper's grave the week after. Meanwhile, young Johnson, you're just the man I want to see. Are you out walking, or is your nurse waiting somewhere round the corner with the pram?'

'I'm allowed to take a little gentle exercise on condition I don't go too far and wear myself out. Meanwhile, that famous club, the Saucepan, is all agog with excitement because I'm about to lunch there, and the windows are hung with flags.'

'That being so,' said Pom, 'we will walk along together. I have something extremely important and mysterious to impart to thee.'

'Impart on,' I said.

'Well, old cream and custard,' Pom continued, 'is it truth or not that some months ago you and one or two other innocents scattered broadcast a letter, the import of which was that you would remove bores from the heart of Society at a moment's notice, demanding but a modest fee in return?'

'I don't know about the modest fee,' I answered. 'We've been such a success during the few months we have been at work that our fees have gone up.'

'The devil they have!' said Pom. 'What are they, anyway?'

'Seventy-five quid in any case,' I answered, 'and a hundred and fifty if we succeed.'

'Well, it might be worse,' said Pom. 'Several of us would be willing to give more than a hundred and fifty if you helped us in our present trouble.'

'Who's "us"?' I asked.

'"Us," ' said Pom, 'are me——'

'Good Heavens!' I interrupted. 'In what language do you imagine you're speaking at the present?'

'Oh, hang English!' said Pom. 'Don't you know I went to Eton? Well, anyway, there are Millie Drake, Huxter, Crawshay, and a lot of others in this, and we'll raise the coin all right if you'll do the job.'

'Well, what is the job?' I asked.

Pom dropped his voice into a mysterious and secretive whisper. 'Do you know old Marcus Pendyce?' he asked.

'What, Pendyce who was Minister at Constantinople and all sorts of other places years ago, who published his reminiscences last year, *People Who Have Seemed to Me Worth While?*'

'The very same,' said Pom.

'Yes, what about him?' I asked.

'Have you ever seen him?' Pom asked.

'No,' I answered.

'Then the Lambs must entertain you very seldom,' he replied.

The Lambs, I need scarcely mention, was that famous and most exclusive of clubs, entering which was harder than camels piercing the eye of the needle, whose wine is a miracle, whose history goes back almost to the days of Adam, Eve, and the Serpent.

'I've been to lunch there a lot of times,' I answered, 'but I don't know old Pendyce by sight. Describe him to me.'

'Five chins, two stomachs, and a face like a beetroot,' said Pom. 'But the strangest thing about him is his voice, which is now deep like the rumbling of a gun, and suddenly shrill as a peahen in anger. He is the greatest bore that the world has ever seen.'

'Tell me more,' I asked. 'How old is he? Is he married?'

'He's well over seventy,' said Pom, 'and ought to be silently contemplating his latter end. He's a widower with no children. He's the greatest bore——'

'Yes,' I interrupted, 'you've said that already. What is it you want me to do?'

'Why, to remove him, of course!' cried Pom. 'Didn't your old letter say that you'd remove anybody so that they'd never come back again?'

'Do you mean to tell me,' I replied, 'that there are all you strong and healthy men, and you're unable to deal with one poor old one over seventy and a widower? Ought to be ashamed of yourselves.'

'One poor old one?' ejaculated Pom. 'You wait until you see him. He's got the strength of five hundred horsemen and then some. He's absolutely unbeatable. He's eternal, inevitable, everlasting. Why, do you mean to say in your clubs you haven't got bores whom no one can get rid of?'

'Try being rude to him,' I said. 'I've known rudeness work wonders before now.'

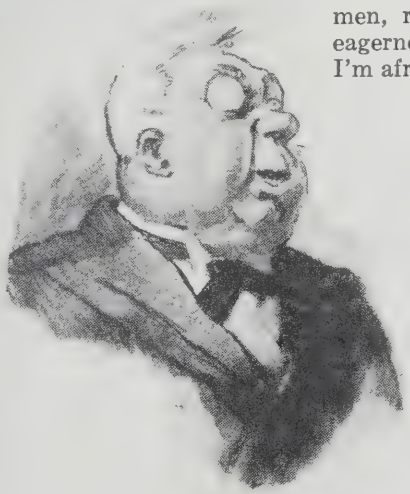
RUDE!' cried Pom. 'You can't be rude to him. He says he's deaf, which, of course, he isn't, and when you say anything to him especially nasty, he thinks you've paid him a compliment, thanks you for it, and clings closer than ever. The fact is, Johnson, that he's ruining our club. Like everyone else, we're in need of money. At the same time we try to keep our membership as decent as we can; but half the fellers we'd like to have now have got wind of old Mark-My-Words, as we call him, and half the other decent fellows don't come into the club simply because they're terrified of finding him there.'

'But what does he actually do?' I asked.

'In the first place he sits on all the papers. Then, when he's read them, he wanders around seeking whom he may devour. Then he begins. "I remember in seventy-two," he says, and then you're done. Of course you can get up and leave him, but before you know where you are, he's at your elbow again, and it's a silly thing to see members wandering through the club like lost spirits, with that old thing pottering after them. It's ludicrous.'

'It's very difficult,' I said, shaking my head, 'to cause to disappear one of our most prominent men.'

'Well, there you are,' said Pom. 'Take it or leave it. You might, in any case, come and have a look at him. Come and take lunch with me there tomorrow.'



That the Lambs is a very agreeable club, everybody knows. Its old rooms, its aroma of Russian leather and the best cigars, the spirit of peace that broods over it, make it one of the best escapes from this new democratic world conceivable. Pom is an excellent companion. I enjoyed my luncheon enormously. It was when we went into the smoking-room afterward that Pom suddenly whispered into my ear: 'Look! That's him over there, talking to those two unhappy youths.'

I looked across the room and saw a stout, red-faced man with white hair slightly on end—this gave him a cockatoo appearance—holding forth to two young men, who were staring at him with the fascinated absorption of rabbits in front of a snake. He was leaning forward a little, and every once and again I caught the boom of his voice and then a reassuring murmur as though his audience were trying to placate him.

'We will join them,' said Pom firmly.

We went across, and Pom, in his sweetest voice, said: 'Pendyce, I want to introduce you to a clever young friend of mine, Mr. Seymour Johnson, the future leader of the English novel. I hope we're not interrupting.'

'Oh, no, no, no, indeed,' said one of the pale young men, rising with exceeding eagerness. 'I must be going, I'm afraid. Appointment—' And the rest of his sentence took place in his boots.

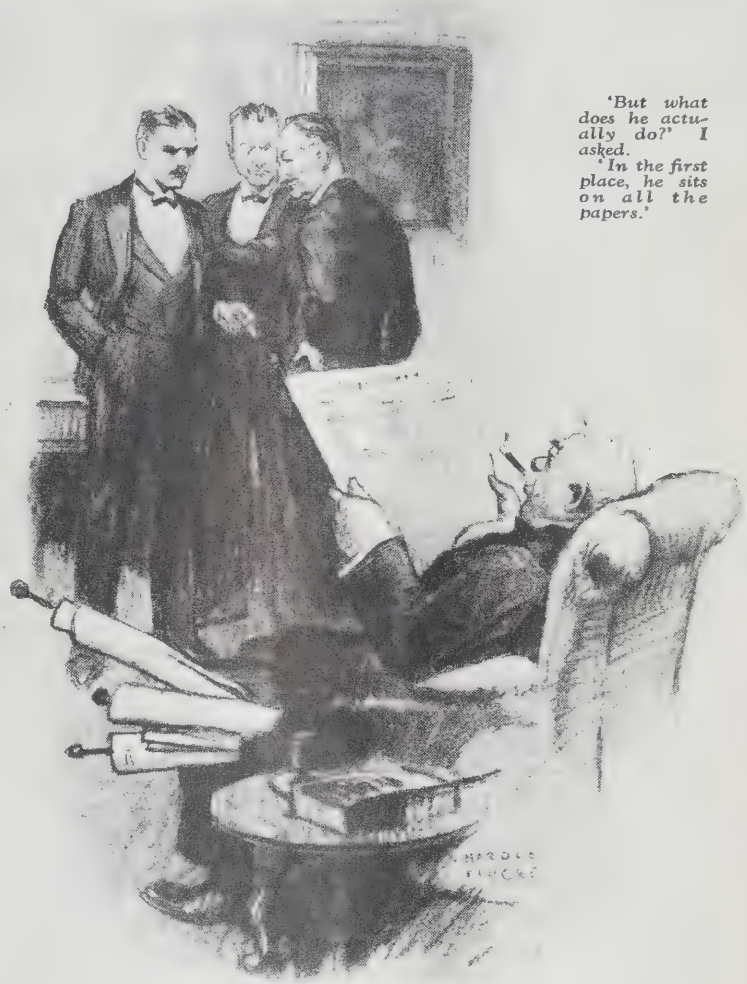
'No interruption, no interruption,' said Sir Marcus heartily, fixing his eye upon the other pale young man as though defying him to move a finger. 'I was just telling our young friends here about the eruption in seventy-eight.'

'The eruption?' said Pom, rather puzzled.

'Yes, of Mount Paphanotis in the Fijis.'

'Oh,' said Pom, 'I beg your pardon. I thought you meant that something was the matter with somebody's face. Very silly of me indeed.'

The remaining pale young man feebly giggled and made an attempt to move, but Sir Marcus's red gout-thickened fingers were on his arm in half a second. 'Just a moment, my dear fellow,' he said; 'allow me to finish my story. It was a perfect miracle of luck that I was there at all at the moment. If it hadn't been for old Casey, of the Bellerophon, turning up just in the nick of time——'



'But what does he actually do?' I asked.
'In the first place, he sits on all the papers.'

'I beg your pardon,' said the pale young man, rising now firmly, 'I really have an appointment. I'm a quarter of an hour late as it is. You must excuse me.'

Sir Marcus's red-veined eyes nearly started out of his head. 'Very well, very well,' he said huffily, 'good day, good day!' And when the young man had gone, he turned around to us, saying: 'What's happened to these young fellows nowadays? Haven't got any manners and haven't got any interest in things, either. Why, that was a most remarkable affair, that eruption. I remember it as though it was yesterday. I can see now just the shape of the island, with the bay running from east to west——'

'Yes,' interrupted Pom, 'there's nothing I'd like better than to have your account of it, Pendyce, but I see Blackstone over there waiting for me, so I'll just leave you with my young friend for five minutes and come back.'

Pom rose and started across the room with what, I afterward found, was known as the Pendyce shuffle—that is, the walk that was common to all those escaping from the embraces of Sir Marcus.

LEFT now only with myself, he was forced to consider me, and he turned round, moving with some difficulty, and his face slowly fell upon mine. I was, as it were, dragged gradually into his comprehension, first a nose, then a chin, then an eye or two, and finally all of me caught, fixed, nailed down.

'Well, well,' he said, 'everyone seems very busy today. And so you're a painter, young man?'

'No, no,' I hurriedly retorted, 'I'm a writer.'

'What do you write?' he asked. 'Blue Books? I wrote a Blue Book once on the condition of the potato disease in Eastern Manchuria. I remember at the time——'

'No,' I said, very loudly and distinctly, 'I couldn't write Blue Books. I have a very inaccurate mind. I write novels.'

'Oh, novels,' he exclaimed, 'novels, novels, novels. Now, that's a funny thing. What do you write novels for? Aren't there enough in the world already?'

'Oh, yes, there are,' I agreed with him fervently. 'Unfortunately, it's the only thing I can write. One has to earn one's living, you know.'

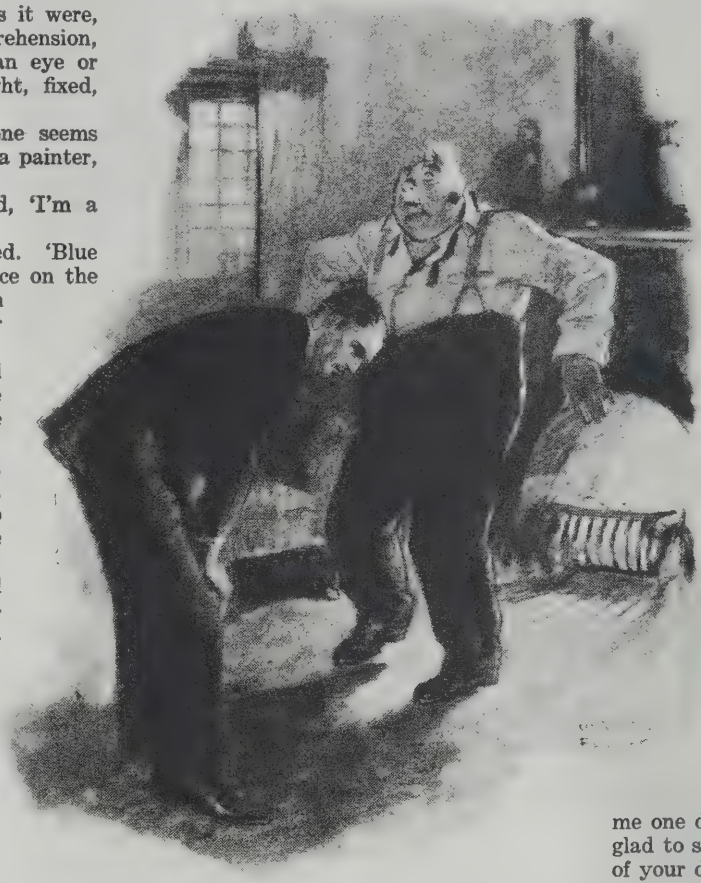
'Has one, has one, has one?' he replied.

I may remark, in parenthesis, that I was already discovering two of Sir Marcus's most irritating peculiarities, one being that he said everything three times over, the other that he was curiously absent-minded except when he was talking about himself, so that when you were at the most thrilling point of your own narrative you would see his eye wandering like a greedy pirate, wondering upon what new victims it could seize.

'Talking of novelists,' he went booming on, 'I used to know a feller called Trollope who wrote novels. Big, heavy, stupid man. Went out hunting a lot, and had the worst seat on a horse I've ever seen on anybody.'

HERE he began to chuckle over some joke which was slowly coming up to the surface of his mind, which he already perceived in the dim, blue waters far below.

'It must have been in the late eighties,' he sputtered, 'that I said a good thing to that same feller Trollope. I was in the Garrick one day, lunching with old Bony Hackett. Bony couldn't stand writing men, and when Trollope came up and joined us, he was as rude as he could be. When I was introduced to him, Trollope snorted, and that put my back up. I wasn't going to be snorted at by one of those writing fellers, so I said something about novels, you know, hadn't any time to read 'em, better things to do, and all that sort of thing, and Trollope got as red as a turkey cock, and said to me some cheek about thinking that diplomatists had plenty of time for everything, and I said'—here he began to chuckle again, and chuckled such a long time that all the clocks in the club were able to take breath, strike the hour, and recover their breath again before he'd finished—'I said—Heavens, what did I say? Well, I don't know. It was something clever about writing and all that sort of thing; and I remember old Bony Hackett was devilish amused, and told me afterward he hadn't heard anything so



I then enjoyed one of the strangest sights I've seen for a long time, Sir Marcus in his shirt and trousers shaking himself up and down.

funny for ever so long. The writing feller didn't half like it, I can tell you. Wish I could remember what it was I said. I'll remember in a minute. It was something about writing, and I know it must have been funny because Bony told two or three fellers afterward, and they all thought it was jolly good. I'll remember what it is in a minute. Oh, yes, I know—no, that wasn't it. Anyway, I could see Trollope didn't half like it.'

Here I felt compelled to interrupt.

'Must have been very interesting,' I murmured, 'knowing Anthony Trollope and all the men of his time.'

'Well, yes, it was interesting,' said Sir Marcus. 'Not that I think much of writing fellers as a whole, you know. They're a lousy lot. When I was Minister in Constantinople, there was a chap there who said he was going to write his memoirs. Furnival his name was, or Fernbanks, or Turnbull, perhaps. I can't remember exactly, but I know he had an awfully pretty wife. She was pretty, By Jove! We were very good friends, she and I. I remember one evening dancing with her at old Crawford Romanes's, and she had a rope of pearls on as big as pigeon's eggs. Finest pearls I ever saw in my life. She asked me whether I liked her pearls, and I said: "I like the neck they're on better." Ha, ha, ha! That was good, wasn't it? Ah, one was young in those days! The things one could do then! Swim, hunt, shoot, ride.

'Swim? Why, I swam five miles one night with the water so hot it fairly blistered you. That swim was talked of afterward, I can tell you. I remember a young cousin of mine there, Bertie Pendyce. Poor feller, got eaten by a shark afterward, lower half of him bitten right off. Left a wife and four children. Pretty little woman, she was, and they hadn't a penny. She married afterward young Sparkes, who ran off with that opera singer in Paris. What was her name? Large, fat, red-faced woman. She was always unlucky—Mrs. Sparkes, I mean. Devilish pretty, too, but never seemed to hit on the right man. She married a third time.'

HERE I was compelled to interrupt. I saw Pom making signs to me from the other end of the room. 'Very sorry,' I said, feeling weak as water, but determined to prove my courage, 'but I must be off. I've enjoyed very much what you've been telling me, and hope we'll have another talk one day.'

'We must, indeed,' said Sir Marcus, rising, too, and putting his arm through mine. 'I haven't had such an interesting conversation for a long time. Come along and have a meal with me one day: 5, Half Moon Street. Always glad to see you, and you shall tell me more of your doings. Hullo, Banting! Just been hearing all your young friend's adventures. Very interesting. Very indeed. I was just telling him about poor Milly Sparkes. Did you ever know her? Married a young cousin of mine. Eaten by a shark, poor feller. All the lower half of him bitten right off. She married again afterward. Some woman in the opera at Paris—can't remember her name—large, fat woman——'

'No, no,' said Pom hurriedly, 'I never knew her.'

'Well, so long, Pendyce. Glad to have seen you.'

We left the diplomatist staring after us in indignant surprise. When we reached the hall I gripped Banting by the arm. 'I'll do what I can,' I said. 'I don't know that we can bring it off, but it's a public duty. We'll do our best.'

'By Jove, you'll be a public benefactor,' said Pom, 'if you do. What are you thinking of? Leaving him on a Scotch moor, or something?'

'It will need considering,' I answered, 'but I have an idea. We'll see.'

* * *

The week that followed was one of the most miserable of my young life. I saw that to carry this through successfully it was

absolutely essential that I should make a thorough study of my subject. It was not difficult to climb into the affections of Sir Marcus. I telephoned on the morning following my first meeting with him and asked him whether I might see him again. He cordially invited me to dine with him that night. His rooms in Half Moon Street must have been among the smallest and the untidiest in London. He was in his bath when I arrived, and the table in the little sitting-room was laid for two. I will honestly confess that my heart sank when I saw that I was to spend the evening alone in his company. He shouted to me from his bath, and I saw through the open door a large red face, a large mottled red arm, and an enormous sponge. He talked then for the next ten minutes through the sponge, into which he seemed to bury his face in successive frenzies of excitement. Then, as he dressed, he continued to shout at me, and arrived at last in the little sitting-room, his white hair all on end, struggling with his collar and shouting for the valet. 'Where's Crundle? Crundle, Crundle, Crundle! Sorry I'm so late. Met an interesting feller as I was coming along from the club. He was just back from India. What he said reminded me of a thing that happened in Bombay once. What the——. This collar's too small. Where's that man got to? Would you mind helping me a moment? Just slip your finger in there. Give the stud a push, will you? That time in Bombay—oh, look out, the thing'll go if you don't take care! Got it! Take care, don't pinch my neck. Oh, Heavens, it's gone! Wait a minute.'

I THEN enjoyed one of the strangest sights I've seen for a long time, namely, Sir Marcus standing in his shirt and trousers and shaking himself up and down like a danseur learning the latest and most erratic developments of the shimmy, his eyes, as usual, bursting from his head, both of us watching in agony for the appearance of the stud. There was a little tinkle as something struck the floor, and we were then both on our knees searching the carpet. But I will not continue through the varied eccentricities of that amazing evening.

Some bores are bores because they remember so much. Some are bores because they remember nothing at all. Some are bores because they say the same things over and over again. Some are bores because their views of life are so simple that they reduce everything to nothing, and then reduce it all over again. Some are bores because they love you so much. Others because they hate you so much. Others, again, because they are not thinking of you at all, but only of themselves. Others, yet again, because they think of you so much that your natural modesty is disgusted. Some are bores because of a trick of the voice or a movement of the body. Some because they're industrious, some because they're lazy, some because they're ugly, and certainly some because they're handsome. All these bores, except the very last, was Sir Marcus Pendyce. When, after our not very appetizing meal, we were seated in front of the fire, I began to suffer with that strange desire to scream, hit somebody with a mallet, or burn the house down, which is supposed to arise only from the condition of overwrought nerves. My nerves were excellent, but there was an inevitability, a monotony about Pendyce's voice that was like the howling of a dog in the night-time, or the screaming of a peacock upon the walls of the ancestral home. Pendyce's exultation as he discovered that he had here at last a victim apparently willing, helpless, and invertebrate, a victim for whom he had been searching through so many years, was an awful thing to witness. He led me from Constantinople to Berlin, from Berlin to the Caucasus, flung me from the Caucasus into the National Sporting Club, and thence back again to the waters of the Bosphorus; then, taking me by the hairs of my head, breathless and exhausted, took me to the highest peaks of Mount Everest, hurled me thence into the purlieus of Whitechapel, then dragged me, broken and beaten, into St. Peter's at Rome, gave a final stamp across my prostrate form, then boomed away like the sea on a rocky coast.

'Well, well, it's pleasant to have a chat and find out what a man really thinks. You've opened my eyes to a lot of things tonight. One day I'll tell you a few things, too. After all, there's something in age and experience. We old 'uns know a thing or two. What says Horace?'

There began then the most dreadful pursuit of the Latin language, which, ending in a kind of apoplectic convulsion, produced only the words 'Eton, education, classics, fine thing for a boy.'

The result of this evening was that I was determined to put the plan that I had conceived into execution as soon as possible. 'Look here, Chippet,' I said, 'have you seen Charlie Black lately?'

'No, I haven't for a long time,' said Chippet. 'Why?'

'He's got to help me,' I said. 'I suppose he's in the same old place.'

He was. I paid him a visit that very afternoon.

(To be concluded in an early issue)

Belgium Tries to Get on Her Feet

(Concluded from page 1)

Government which was before the war something like 800 millions rose to approximately seven billions. Even this increase did not take into account the Belgian war debts.

For a time the deficits in the budget were covered, apparently, by foreign loans and by the activity of the government printing press. However, the Belgian Government realized the futility of these measures and proceeded with courage to the measures necessary to establish the currency upon a sound basis as compared with the money of England and America.

A first attempt at stabilization in Belgium failed largely because the loans upon which the success of the venture depended were of too short duration. The loans upon which the successful stabilization is based run for thirty years and permit the country to take at some leisure the steps to return to economic sanity.

In the first place, the Belgian Government balanced the budget by making provision, largely by taxation, that the income for 1926 and succeeding years should equal the outlay.

Americans pay 20 per cent on lodgings; English and French residents pay a 10 per cent tax. Every advertising notice is taxed, every automobile pays a heavy tax; when you get a letter at the general delivery window or when you send a telegram you pay a tax. Your restaurant receipt is taxed, and a tax stamp is affixed to the stub which the waiter keeps. In a hundred ways the visitors and the natives pay the taxes which make possible a balanced budget. In particular, also, the income tax and taxes and surtaxes upon manufacturers are designed to give the necessary income. A great protest is being made by manufacturers against certain surtaxes which cripple trade. Naturally some revisions to facilitate trade and commerce will become inevitable as the machinery of taxation gets into full motion

THE second step necessary for stabilization was to establish a credit, based upon tangible resources which would be recognized as collateral by the lending nations. To this end the Belgians mortgaged, in effect, the railroads, telegraph and telephone systems of the country.

A further feature of the stabilization is the creation of a new unit, the belga, at present wholly for the purposes of foreign exchange. The stabilization is effected at 35 belgas (or 175 francs) to the pound sterling, which is approximately 2.80 cents per franc. However, the belga is redeemable in gold, but the internal francs are not so redeemable. As belgas are redeemed in gold the francs in circulation inside Belgium must be reduced to avoid inflation.

While the belga is now only a device or a symbol and is not yet represented in actual money in circulation, it is evident that some day a new unit must replace the franc worth less than three cents. The absurdity of coins of five centimes, about one-eighth of a cent, is apparent to thoughtful Belgians. In some later revision of the units of currency it may well be that the belga will become an actual coin. The gold franc normally was worth 19.6 cents of American money; the belga is equivalent to about 14 cents. Of course to have the belga founded upon gold and the franc not so founded may create difficulties.

Fixing the franc at 175 francs to the pound sterling constitutes in terms of gold a confiscation of six-sevenths of the loans and securities issued by the Belgian Government before the war; these were issued in francs at 19.6 cents and are paid in francs at 2.8 cents. Germany did even better (or worse, as you please) by allowing the mark to dwindle to millions and trillions and quadrillions to the dollar. In this way Germany wiped out her internal debts, war debts and pre-war debts. The Belgians could not take this step without grave risk of Bolshevism.

The Belgians have been constrained by the force of circumstances beyond their power to repudiate, in a concealed fashion, their debt. But it is safe to say that no economist would advocate today for Belgium a return of the franc to 19.6 cents in gold. It was impossible and the situation 'as is' has been faced frankly by the stabilization at 175 to the pound.

Today the outlook for fundamental prosperity in Belgium is brighter than ever before. The workman works honestly and there are few unemployed. The problems of giving the laborer a living wage is agitating the best minds of Belgium and a solution leading to the general welfare of the whole working public may be confidently expected.

A South Sea Island King

An Up-to-the-Minute College Athlete *Who Plays* Baseball, *Not to Mention the* Ukulele

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

Tufele's team in a siva-siva dance on Flag Day, Manua Island.

KINGS are in the discard the world over, and the old Tuimanua has gone the way of the rest. The last one is dead and there is on record in the chief court archives in Pago Pago a decision by Judge Sydney D. Hall that the title of 'Tuimanua' is a dead title, too.

In the Samoan language 'tui' means king, or ruler, or overlord. The remainder of the title refers to the Manua group of islands, which are now a part of American Samoa. They lie sixty miles to the east of Tutuila, on which Pago Pago is located, and consist of Tau, Olosega and Ofu, a trio of large, fertile isles closely clustered together and with plenty of sea-room between them and the other Samoan islands.

The Manua group, in olden times, was famed for its independence and the way it held aloof from the wars waged by the kings of the other islands. Strong enough to stand alone and command the respect of the others, their reigning king was always a force to be reckoned with in South Sea affairs. While Tutuila recognized the authority of the United States on April 17, 1900, Manua did not do so until July 15, 1904.

Today, under American protection, the group still is intact and like the other islands largely manages its own affairs, under the general guidance of the American governor. It has its own district governor, who is a high chief of the islands. He no longer is a king and he cannot be called Tuimanua, but he has practically all the authority of the old king and in addition to that has the backing, in his position of district governor, of the United States of America.

Tufele is the hereditary name of the county chief of Fitiutu County, Island of Tau, and a Tufele has been the district governor of the Manua group since the last Tuimanua died about 1909.

The present Tufele is a novelty—and a most modern novelty—in the line of South Sea Island rulers. There are many who wonder if his rule will last, and, if it does, how much he will succeed in modernizing his fellow Samoans. There is plenty of room for modernizing, too, as was instanced during the writer's visit to Tau on the U. S. S. *Ontario*, on which Tufele returned to his domain after a month in Pago Pago. Tufele gave a feast in his guest house, with roast pig, chickens, lobster and other delicacies on the bill of fare. Other natives gave a feast of their own in connection with the general celebration, at which seven dogs furnished the *piece de resistance*.

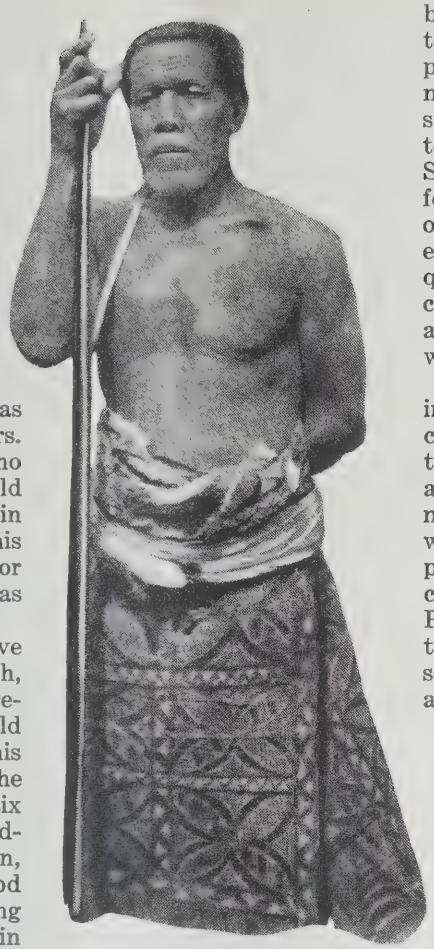
Tufele is of the type of the up-to-the-minute college athlete. Were he a student at an American university the coach would have in him a sure-fire All-American star football player. He also is a star baseball player, tennis player, boxer and swimmer; surprisingly agile for a man of more than 200 pounds' weight at the age of twenty-six. He still further resembles the campus variety of young man in his ability to play the ukulele and guitar and sing the latest song hits.

It is no accident that he possesses these qualities, for he was a high-school

Residence of the Governor of American Samoa, as viewed from pier on beach below. Center—Tufele, district governor of the Manua group, American Samoa, in 'undress,' wearing only a lava-lava.

tar at Hilo, Hawaii, n whom more than ne university scout ad his eye, when he as called home at he end of his high- chool course by his ather, 'old Tufele,' as e is termed by every ne here. The last Tuimanua was the irst district governor f the Manua group fter the American lag was raised there n 1904, and remained as uch about five years. The elder Tufele, who ucceeded him, was held n the highest esteem in ll the islands and his ule of a dozen years or nore was as successful as t was long.

Samoans often have premonition of death, nd when such a pre- nonition came to 'old Tufele' he sent for his on in Hawaii, where he ad been at school for six ears, receiving a mod- rn American education, nd under his boyhood ame of Faatoia winning ame as an athlete in nany lines.



Mauga, a district governor and one of the old order of high chiefs.

Faatoia was not the eldest son of Tufele, hav- ng a half brother who was the son of his ather's first wife. But titles among Samoans are not necessarily hereditary hrough the eldest son, and the elder Tufele showed before his death that is preference for his successor was Faatoia. When his premonition of leath was fulfilled, the family named Faatoia to be Tufele. The American governor followed precedent and made Tufele, the younger, district governor f Manua.

So the college type came into its wn in the South Seas. But it has not ad smooth sailing at all times during he past two years that it has been in ower. The clash of new ideas with ld still is going on and the questions ersist: Will Tufele win out? Will pponents succeed in ousting him? Will e become disgusted and quit?

The Samoan is long on ceremony nd dignity. He loves to have his high hief in full regalia seated in his big guest house and presiding over an im- posing ceremonial occasion. He loves o see him walking with dignity on the each, accompanied by his retinue of alking chiefs and chiefs.

Tufele the younger gave the lovers f ceremony and dignity an awful jolt fter his return from school in Hawaii. He played baseball, he played tennis, e rowed in races and otherwise acted p along athletic lines. He also got a bunch of young men together who could play musical instruments and sing. Now singing also is close to the heart of the Samoan, but he prefers chants that tell of ancient war prowess or the wooing of queens by kings, not college campus songs and the latest Broadway hits.

Further, according to all custom, chiefs should flock by themselves and keep aloof from the commoners. But Tufele when in Pago Pago, played ball with the civilian team of the Pago Pago league, the civilian team sometimes being shy a player or two because they were in jail at the time a league game was scheduled. Tufele is catcher of the team when he plays and he certainly knows how to run a baseball aggregation.

But the Samoans do not all like it. Many of them are critical of the loss of dignity occasioned by it and by other athletic stunts. They say that Tufele never will have the hold over his people that his father had. But Tufele is going ahead in his own way and his islands are prospering. The American authorities like him and his athletic prowess does not injure his standing with them.

Several years ago the Manua Islands were visited by a hurricane which practically destroyed their copra industry by wiping out the coconut groves. The groves were replanted and in 1922 produced 200,000 pounds of copra. In 1923 they produced 400,000 pounds and in 1924, the crop passed the 600,000 mark. Tufele expects that the normal mark of 800,000 to 900,000 pounds will be reached. On this subject he is all business and the prosperity of his islands and of himself depends on success along this line.

TUFELE is a bachelor. Many of his people believe that marriage will settle him down and cause more dignity to descend on him. In connection with this marriage he will follow the ancient custom, which resembles that of European royalty and its state marriages. Tufele, accompanied by his talking chiefs, will pay a visit to Western Samoa, the islands under British control. Tufele's mother lives there and has a girl picked out that she thinks may be the right kind of a wife. The talking chiefs will do the talking that is necessary with the girl's family. When they are satisfied with all arrangements, Tufele will be furnished with his bride and a gorgeous wedding will take place, with a triumphal return to Manua.

Then Samoa will see whether or not its college student variety of ruler will settle down, acquire dignity along with increased weight, and gladden the hearts of the lovers of ceremony and ancient custom by less baseball and more kava rituals.

But some of Tufele's modern ideas are bound to stick. He has his personal retinue eating with knives and forks and using napkins and finger bowls, and table manners are coming to be recognized in Tau.

The Samoan village of Aua, at the foot of the 'Rainmaker.'

The Punishment of Sisyphus

(*Continued from page 5*)

serve, and like a flash it came to me: "This is my opportunity. This is what I have been looking for: adventure and an arena to display my qualities and courage."

'The two months I spent in the Navy could not have been more uncomfortable had I spent them in hell. The moment I arrived at —— Station, I knew I had made a mistake. I became so absorbed in the conviction that my conduct was remarked upon and after a month or so I was sent up for mental examination. I recall that everything was meaningless, that any determination or attempt at exercising my will power was futile. I was like a person detached from his immediate environment. After a few examinations, I was discharged as unfit, lowered efficiency I think they called it.

'Then I went in the Flying Corps and exactly the same program was repeated, after exactly the same length of time, two months. Finally, I was drafted and went to camp in Tennessee. At the end of two months they gave me an honorable discharge.

'All the time, a voice shouted to me, "You must do something"; but I did not know how to do it. I thought possibly there was something wrong with my mental make-up, so I consulted several physicians, but without successful issue. Then it occurred to me that I would study medicine and particularly psychology. So I went to England and matriculated in Cambridge University. I stayed there a year. I had a notion that I must read and digest all the philosophers, but I got so many divergent points of view that finally I despaired of ever accomplishing the task.

'I decided to go home and think it over before going any further. I stayed home a year and went in for golf and riding and exercise and all that sort of thing, thinking that if I were to become harder and heartier, I should be able to make more sensible decision about my career. Then at the end of the year I returned to Cambridge.

'After four or five months of it I saw I was getting nowhere, and I went over to Paris, thinking I might take courses in the *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* which would lead me into the diplomatic service. I arrived there in the summer and the registrar was not to be seen, so I went to the Sorbonne and matriculated for a course in psychology and ethics. After a short time, it did not seem to me that I was getting very much out of the courses, and it occurred to me that perhaps I might make for myself a career in art.

'So I began to frequent the ateliers and I got some instruction at Julian's. I kept at this during the winter and came back in the spring, stopped in New York and did some drawing and copying at the Metropolitan Museum and took some instruction from a professor in Brooklyn. In the summer, I went to the woods of Northern Michigan and lived an outdoor life, and when I returned to my home in the early autumn, I convinced myself that an artistic career was not for me.

'I was now approaching my twenty-seventh birthday. I began to ask myself insistently and continuously: "What shall I do? What ought I to do?" And I have asked myself that every waking hour for the last four years, and still I do nothing.

'What is my complaint? It is the aimlessness and futility of everything for me. My whole life is a mood of alternating depression and elation. I am either convinced that I am incapable of doing anything worth while, or I am convinced that some dramatic and spectacular career is open to me if I only can find out what it is. Everybody else in the world seems competent and confident. Only I am a failure. Is this due to a mental or a physical condition, and what means shall I employ to get a proper viewpoint and to lead me from this morass into which I am sinking on to a bit of solid earth where I can build a little temple and fulfill some of my destiny?

'I wish I could succeed in conveying to you some of my harassments. I have mental pictures of myself as a success; a well-known figure in the sport world, an applauded actor, a famous painter, a successful promoter, and realizing that I can accomplish none of them, I become more depressed and more overwhelmed with the sense of inadequacy. Added to this is a heightened self-consciousness. I can never get myself out of my mind, and all the time I feel that I am inferior in some way; and at the same time I have something constantly telling me that I am not. I realize that that seems contradictory, and it is because of the obvious contradiction that I despair of ever being able to convey to you just how I feel.

'I look like a man, I dress like a man and such acts of mine as come beneath the public eye would, I think, be called manly acts. But I know I am but the simulacrum of a man, and that is the thing that is killing me. Self-analysis is my besetting sin, and I have no urges, no desires to create the image of God, no herd urge, and I am constantly making experiment with food, alternately starving and stuffing myself, now a vegetarian, now devoted to carnivorous food. Nothing satisfies me. Idleness increases my hopelessness, activity drives me to despair. It all sounds insane, doesn't it? And yet, I am not insane because I have one quality of sanity to a remarkable degree I have insight.

'No one, no matter how deeply versed in psychopathology he may be, can see the depth of my problem and the intricacies of my predicament as I see them, and I have neither delusions nor hallucinations. My logic may be faulty and I may think or reason beyond the facts. It is for you to say whether I do or not.

'To convince you that I have insight I shall point out to you many deficiencies of character. I realize that I am a snob. I have a certain pride in tracing my family on both sides to distinctive English and Dutch origin, and in my heart I honestly feel that though persons with whom I come in contact have succeeded in accomplishing happiness and success, in

'To Me, Old Omar, Singing'

Cecil B. Ruskay.

AS CYRANO, Roxane or Dante, Beatrice loved
Their lips close-pressed against a bold acclaim,
So, too, might I, had I their courage proved,
Have closed my heart against thy burning flame.
Perhaps for this they tread Elysian Field,
Or for reward some sacred heaven gain.
Alas, their mortal dust to dust did yield;
Their bitter abnegation all in vain.
Had I had courage such as theirs, who chose
The path of pain, of solitude and woe,
Condemned to see Life weary to its close,
Nor ever warm to Love's Ecstatic glow.
Failing their strength, with 'Here and Now content,'
I hear old Omar, singing at his tent.

some ways I am better than they are. I have a cruel streak in me; I realize that I like to see people suffer and particularly people who are bound to me by ties of blood. I take a certain delight in knowing that my conduct causes pain to my mother. She would like me to be confidential, to discuss myself with her, to expose my doubts; and I can convince myself intellectually that I owe it to her to do so. There have been times when I was on the point of doing it; then the devil tempted me and I threw myself down from the mountain.

'This streak of cruelty in me shows itself in many other ways. I go to the theater as the guest of a relative. I pretend that the play offends my esthetic sensibilities in such a way that I suffer, my object being to get the person with whom I am to leave the theater, particularly when I see that she is enjoying it. I have a real delight in being solemn when someone is trying to please me, or divert me. The truth is that if I can make anyone with whom I come in contact unhappy, I am then more content with existence than at any other time, for their unhappiness or pain is a kind of compensation.

I REALIZE too that it is a hiatus in my make-up of man never to have been in love. I am not unattractive, I think, to girls and women, and I have had what is called 'experience,' but I never met a girl who could cause me to forget myself for more than a few consecutive seconds. Strangely enough, my childhood was free from sex thoughts so far as I can recall. If I went through the stages the Freudians claim every child goes through, and which I gather from your writing you believe children go through, I am unaware of it. I don't recall that I was ever intrigued with my own body or its functions; I am sure I was never singularly interested in my mother or my aunt with whom I spent much of my childhood and I never had a 'crush' on a boy, although I recall that when I was in the private school that I mentioned, I was reprimanded for kissing some of the boys.

'I believe, too, that when I was in —— School, I should have been pleased to have affectionate contact with some of the boys whose personalities appealed to me. I recall a few awkward efforts to establish such contacts, but I was repelled so vigorously that I soon abandoned them. I suppose in reality there is a considerable admixture of feminine elements in my make-up, but experiences that I had in Paris during the war and here since then, though not very many in number, convince me, when I think of the matter (and I may say to you that it does not absorb much of my thought) that I am what is called a he-man, though perhaps the second half of that hyphenated word is an exaggeration.

'This is no attempt on my part to convey to you that I have a sense of humor. I don't know whether I have or not, and that is another sign of my sanity.

'Speaking of love reminds me to tell you that I sometimes think I would like to be married, and when I ask myself why, I say, "Not for conjugality, not for companionship." I should like to be jealous of my wife. I should grant her all the freedom that I myself exact, but if anyone succeeded in interesting her, I should be profoundly jealous, and perhaps be moved to conduct which would bring some striking, dramatic event in my life.

'I like to think of the romantic side of love: to meet a girl of character and beauty, to live with her in a cottage with a creeper over the door and a rosebush under the window; to spend my day climbing the ladder of fame and to be greeted on my home-coming with praise and appreciation; to spend our evenings discussing philosophy, music, art. I can visualize it all just as distinctly as I can visualize the picture in the National Gallery that made, and still makes, a deeper impression upon me than any I have ever seen, El Greco's "Agony in the Garden." My thoughts rarely dwell upon the sensuous sides of love, and in my ideal marriage there is no unrestrained embrace, no heeltaps of the emotional cup, though I like to read about these things in heroic poetry such as that of Byron or Baudelaire.

'Once, in college, after reading *Hamlet*, the thought came to me, "Perhaps there are many like me, perhaps great characters have been tortured as I am." And I began repeating: "The thought which quartered is ever one part wisdom, and three parts coward."

'But even to be like Hamlet does not console me now.'

(To be concluded in an early issue)

What Is the Matter With Mexico?

(Continued from page 2)

beautiful works of art they were and are and will be for a thousand years; thousands of churches they built, splendidly constructed by those skilful Indian artisans. But it seems never to have occurred to the religious authorities to teach an Indian to build a schoolhouse or a decent place in which to live and raise a family. Schooling, matrimony and housing could wait on the building of great churches.

Meanwhile Colonial Spain and many of the more or less transient occupants of the presidential chair have sold the land to the foreigners and included the Indians as part and parcel of the deal. Diaz was much given to this enterprise. Hundreds of thousands of acres were traded off for nominal sums of money and other vast estates were held by foreigners with no other title than a barbed-wire fence or a company or two of privately armed troops. We waged war against the fighting Indians of the United States; in Mexico they saddled, bridled and mounted the agricultural laborer and rode him to his death; then straddled another.

Such is the background of Mexican life. As to the spirit of the ecclesiastical hierarchy that applied the power behind the throne in Mexico up to 1857, Article Four of the Constitution of 1824 provides that, 'The religion of the Mexican nation is and will be perpetually the Roman Catholic Apostolic faith. The nation protects it by wise and just laws and prohibits the exercise of any other.'

A reliable Mexican professor of history states that, 'The only religious persecution existing in Mexico has been inaugurated by the Roman Church against freedom of thought, Judaism, Masonry, Protestantism, and any other sect or individual who disagrees with the Church.' The records of the bloody Inquisition in Mexico, open to inspection in the National Museum, furnish proof of the accuracy of Professor Camargo's statement.

Article Twenty-four of the present constitution provides that, 'Every man is free to profess such religious beliefs as he may desire and to practise the ceremonies, devotions and other acts of his sect, either in the churches or in his private residence, as long as such observance does not constitute a transgression of the law.'

Article One Hundred and Thirty of the same constitution states that 'Congress may not enact laws establishing or prohibiting any religion whatsoever.'

Article Six reads as follows: 'The expression of ideas will not be subject to judicial or administrative inquiry, except in the event that such expression constitutes an attack on morality, on the rights of a third person, may lead to criminal acts or create a disturbance of public order.'

The Constitution of 1917 provides that (Article One Hundred and Thirty) 'In order to exercise the ministry in Mexico *it is necessary to be a Mexican by birth.*' And here is the center of the present conflict between Church and State in Mexico. No effort was made to enforce this measure until February of this year, when the archbishop issued a published statement saying that neither he nor any other good Catholic had any intention of obeying the constitution where it conflicted with the rule of the Church, and that foreign-born priests would be maintained in office regardless of the provisions of the law.

To this the government replied that since the Church had forced the issue, the law would be now put into effect, and the deportation of foreign-born priests and nuns began forthwith. These 'religious' could have stayed in the country, as Protestants have done, by the very simple expedient of obeying the law. President Calles issued a statement about February 25 in which he affirmed the governmental policy of noninterference with any religion, but insisted that the constitution must be respected by foreigners.

THE 'economic boycott' was later organized for the publicly stated purpose of bankrupting the country and throwing the government out of power. This failed to produce a crisis and the 'League for the Protection of Religious Freedom' was organized and began circulating printed propaganda against the government. The president of Mexico then issued the list of penalties for nonconformity with the law, to become effective July 31, and the archbishop replied that all churches would thenceforth be closed. To this the president stated that all abandoned churches would be taken over by the government and protected from violence or abuse. The archiepiscopate offered to turn the churches over to the bishop-appointed committees of Mexican laymen, but the government insisted upon appointing the committees. A tremendous furor was worked up in the closing days of July, but nothing happened.

The why of all this commotion ceases to mystify us of the North when it is known that there are three strong interests arrayed against the present administration of Mexico.

(a) The old Spanish, political, office-chasing aristocracy is not happy under the Calles Government.

(b) There are certain large American oil interests that are vitally interested in the overthrow of an administration that insists that Mexico should receive a small share of

the enormous wealth being taken from her subsoil.

(c) The Catholic party, exhorted from the Vatican to engage in 'united action' of political and revolutionary significance against the government, is also intent upon the overthrow of the administration in hope of securing one more subservient to Rome.

It is the combination of these three interests that President Calles has to face. The real issue in Mexico is the question of whether ultimate sovereignty is to rest in the pope or the president.

The cry for religious toleration need not be taken very seriously until such time as the Roman Church sees fit to relax its own iron hand. Protestants were generous in praise of the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago, which is exactly as it should be. But in 1916 the Roman Church made impossible the holding of a Protestant interdenominational congress in the city of Panama. Could such a gathering be held in any Catholic land? A little extension of that League for the Protection of Religious Freedom to other lands would be a blessing of the first order to mankind.

IT IS not difficult to locate the final objective of all this commotion and propaganda in the United States. Intervention they seek, withdrawal of recognition by the United States, lifting of the embargo on the exportation of arms to Mexico, anything to put the Calles Government out of business and bring in a régime favorable to Rome, Spain and oil.

The Mexican Government is not without strong backing, else Calles would have been eliminated some time ago. The Mexican Federation of Labor, two million strong, is standing by the president and supporting the government. And two millions of men, together with their families and sympathizers, is no mean support. Many of these are Catholics, but they are sensible men who see with clear eyes the purely political nature of the present struggle and propose to support the constitution.

The present government of Mexico is doing six major things:

(1) An earnest attempt is now being made to come to an understanding with the Vatican.

(2) The first act of the new president in December, 1924, was to reduce drastically the extravagances and over-expenditures of the government. Thousands of needless employes were eliminated within a week of inauguration, a very unpopular proceeding, but Calles is not primarily interested in popularity.

(3) The currency of Mexico began to be stabilized under Carranza and Calles has completed the process and successfully floated a gold-backed paper currency solidly guaranteed, as the present steady exchange indicates.

(4) Mexico is being policed today, as well policed as most of the United States and better than some of our larger cities. Life and property are as secure in Mexico, generally speaking, as anywhere else in the world. I read one day of a bandit-kidnapping outrage near Cuernavaca, but the next day I discovered a not too prominently displayed item to the effect that it might soon be necessary to include the Marines as regular equipment for United States railway mail cars, to end, if possible, the frequent robberies and outrages now in vogue. Occasionally one hears of riots in Mexico, religious' riots. But what of the incessant repetition of holdups, robberies, murders and crimes of all sorts in the United States? A tourist agent was besought with inquiries as to whether it would be safe for visitors from the United States to come to Mexico. He replied to all alike that if the would-be tourists thought that they could get to the border safely, the manager would see that they got back all right.

(5) Perhaps the most far-reaching achievement of the Calles Government is its policy of education for the masses. More than four thousand primary public schools have been opened since January, 1925, with a hundred and thirty thousand brown-eyed boys and girls getting a chance. Good normal schools are turning out teachers as fast as possible for this work of further reducing the present seventy per cent illiteracy of Mexico. At last the Mexican 'Indian,' that is to say, everybody, has found a friend, and if the present régime continues for a generation we shall see a new and transformed Mexico. The Mexican is in no sense a degenerate or a deficient. He is a man who has never had a decent opportunity, and when he gets it the results are highly satisfactory.

(6) If there is a more far-reaching social reformation than the land-adjustment policy of the Calles Government, I do not know where to find it. Back of all the social situation in Mexico is this land question. The Government is turning the land back to the people on a well-organized and scientifically administered policy of breaking up the vast estates and putting every man on his own little farm. No lands are being confiscated without adequate payments, except where no valid titles exist. The man who gets the land pays for it in twenty installments and the man who sells his land, albeit sometimes under principle of eminent domain, receives fair payment, also in twenty installments. An agricultural bank is arranging small loans to enable the new landowner of his twenty acres, more or less, to get tools, seeds and a start in life. And it is working well already. I have visited some of these 'colonies' and have seen thrift and industry and decent living replacing the old starvation existence of the days when land and Indians were lumped together in transfers of real estate.

SUCH are the main features of the present situation in Mexico. The writer of this is a sincere friend of the Roman Catholic Church and desires to give generous recognition to every good service that that great organization is rendering to humanity in Mexico or anywhere else. If the reader believes in the supreme temporal and political sovereignty of the Vatican, he will disagree with all that is said therein. However, historical facts are stubborn things and in time have a way of vindicating themselves. The Mexican issue is first, last and always a struggle to secure the stability and sovereignty of the government itself, independent of religious pretensions or commercial interests.

No greater political blunder could be committed by the United States than to interfere in this Mexican problem. Protestants and Catholics are being dealt with impartially by President Calles and while Catholic priests have, for reasons of their own, voluntarily abandoned their ministry, every Protestant pastor is going ahead with his work, unmolested by the government.

What Mexico needs from the United States is a little friendly sympathy and moral support. Any active meddling would perpetrate an international wrong and precipitate strained relations with every Latin-American country. They are all watching us intently to see whether we are going to keep hands off or intend to interfere in the efforts of our nearest Latin neighbor to vindicate her own right to exist as a sovereign people among the nations of the earth and to manage her own affairs. Political accomplices of the Vatican though many of these other republics may be, nevertheless their people view with vast concern the struggles of their neighbor to free herself from the shackles of four centuries. If Mexico wins out, there may be hope for them, too. If we want to incur the ill-will of the other nineteen countries of Latin America, we have only to listen to the voice of propaganda and interfere in what is decidedly none of our affairs.

Some Fiddle Vanities—the Repairer Habit

ONE of the most deadly habits of the fiddle crank is the repairer habit. He owns a violin that does not suit him, has never suited him, and never will. Instead of getting rid of it and buying another more nearly suited to his heart's desire, he fondly thinks that the right sort of repairer can adjust it cleverly enough to conceal its faults. So he goes from one to another, hoping and trusting that each will have the skill to turn the trick, until he finds that he has spent twice the original cost of the instrument on repairers who have gradually brought the box from bad to worse until it is no longer even tolerable.

The second or third repairer, if not the first, should have told him that he was seeking the impossible; that as a fiddle is in the beginning, so it is now and forever. But human nature is so constituted that, had the repairer suggested anything of the sort, the client would have suspected that the suggestion was part of a dark design to swindle him, to rob him of his fine instrument and sell him a worthless one in its place.

But no suspicion will deter such a crank. He will immediately hunt up another repairer, tell him his troubles, and swallow the assurance that this time they will all end. pay his bill, and awake next day to the realization that his fiddle is suffering from the same old malady, slightly aggravated now on account of the last unsuccessful operation.

A player should learn early this one rule in the selection of instruments: if there is any doubt, if it does not seem very desirable indeed, leave it! Buy it for its tone and let 'fit,' without regard for its place in the world of art, a very chimerical thing which today is entirely too overemphasized. Leave that to the collectors and the wealthy amateur who need amusement and have not the energy to learn to play. They have no use for tone but rave on about varnish and arches and other things whose slight differences have little bearing on the playing value of a fiddle.

Most repairers throw a top upon a rough bench, knock out a chip, or gash the wood with the utmost unconcern. Later, they rub a little black on the wound, and behold, to the uninitiated, the injury is an old one.

Training JUNIOR *for a* Home

How Lonely Little Ones *Are Given a More Congenial* Atmosphere

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

DID you ever visit an orphan's home? If you have you will remember that it was a rather sad and dreary affair. My visit was. The orphanage is an institution and the atmosphere of institutional life hangs heavy about the place and even the spontaneity of childhood is not able wholly to overcome it. The place seems oppressive. Some way the average orphan's home and the average poor farm, as run by the state, have much in common—they are certainly most melancholy places—they harbor the big and little driftwood of humanity.

Appreciating all this, and a firm believer in Emerson's statement of the law of compensation, a group of people have for some time been conducting a home society in California that is different. The fundamental principle of this philanthropic organization is that for every boy and girl without a home, there is somewhere, within the state, a home where he or she is wanted.

And the Children's Home Society, as it is known, does not stop here. To assist in making the homeless lad and lassie welcome they teach them to be useful. They carefully and painstakingly inculcate habits of industry, obedience and evenemperedness. In this the sentimental is properly balanced by the practical pleasure of having another useful member about the new home.

Above—One of the living rooms of the society, offering to the little ones a homelike atmosphere and right environment. Oval—Wards of the society at play on the lawn of the institution.

It was this unique idea practically worked out that made this home a success and has continued it a success. For it is not an orphan's home or asylum—an institution that merely harbors them until they become old enough to get a job or commit a crime and thus be transferred to another institution—but it keeps them, as in a visit, until they have acquired habits of neatness and cleanliness and are ready for the right home that fits their characteristics.

'Where do the children come from?' the hesitant man or woman will ask before going very far toward adopting one of them. There's Robert, 'it doesn't seem as if anyone would let him go. Was he really neglected?'

The records of the society tell all just as far as they possibly can. In other words, they play fair with those who are coming to them to claim one of the unfortunate children. But in answering such questions frankly and candidly they remember and oftentimes remind the questioner what Luther Burbank once said: 'Heredity doesn't count for much. A child absorbs environment. Rightly cultivated, he may become a blessing; neglected, he becomes a curse.'

All legal safeguards are of course provided for both the child and the parent. That is, the society, if necessary, acts as a guardian for a period to see that the child is rightly started in his new home and then provides adoption papers. It also protects the new parents.

Every now and then a boy or girl is brought to the society to be taken care of because the father or the mother or both don't want to be bothered any more. They want 'freedom.' Yes, there are such people in the world!

Not so very long ago a young couple appeared at the Los Angeles branch of the home carrying a wee bit of their own flesh and blood which they wished to relinquish to the society. Unimpressed by the enormity of their own offense against the commonest sort of humanity, they insisted upon the society taking the child, not because of their inability to care for it, but because of their preference for the imagined freedom that would come without it.

When pleading with them to retain their own failed, the society's representative resorted to shaming, and when that failed she reproached and upbraided, all of which had no effect. The father was adamant. Finally he gave his prime reason for such a move.

'My father was a drunkard,' he said. 'From him I inherited not a taste for liquor but an ungovernable temper. I admit I have never been able to control my temper. When I get mad I simply go crazy. The baby sometimes excites my anger and if I keep it I know some day I'll kill it.'

Such inhumanity coming from the lips of a father is hard to believe, yet the statements are true in every detail. Perhaps the young man felt that to protect the child from himself he must give it away. The wife seemed willing for the sake of pleasing her lord and master. Spineless, no doubt, but people do unaccountable things like that.

It is fortunate that there is a place for such children to go where they can be cared for rightly and properly and be given a chance in a happy environment. A wise Providence has given others the true instincts of fatherhood and motherhood and they are willing to take other people's offspring into their homes to love and cherish as they would their own.

It was a truly great statement that was once made by Theodore Roosevelt:

'Just one word for the future of the country—the country as it will be twenty, thirty, or forty years hence. A good deal depends upon how we handle business, how we do our great industrial business, how we handle the farms and ranches; but what counts most is *the kind of men and women* that there are in the country *at that time.* No nation is safe unless in the average family are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well, they are not only a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean ruin of the state in the future.'

The home is, after all, the place where early impressions are formed and upon whether these impressions are good or bad depends the course that the child will steer.

How Primitive Was Prehistoric Man?

(Continued from page 13)

'The rock cavern contributed to the more rapid increase of population by protecting and saving life.'

home was his castle. In such a secure nest the elements of leisure and constructive imagination could have had an unprecedented development.

In the Neanderthal station of La Quina, in France, are found pieces of red ocher whose sides are smoothed by use. It is accepted that they were employed to color some object—perhaps quite as boys blacken their faces with burnt cork. Thus, man's body, or something he possessed, was ornamented with red paint: the beginning of esthetic life existed.

How did prehistoric man make a living? The question is easily and unequivocally answered. He had neither agriculture nor domestic animals. Thus, early he did not possess even the domesticated dog. His stone implements have been seen to be accessories for hands, feet, and teeth. Clearly he was a hunter. Also, he must have been, as all historic hunters among primitive people are, an eater of food provided by plants. He must have eaten berries, nuts, roots, grains, and other parts of plants.

Since man is the only animal species which has crossed all faunal barriers and become an inhabitant of the entire earth, and since the faunal barriers of other animal species are determined so largely by the distribution of their staple kind of food, it must be that the widespread distribution of early man was uniquely possible because he was not just an eater of flesh, or of fish, or of grain, or of nuts, or of fruits, or of roots, but because he was almost or quite omnivorous. In need, he ate whatever grew on tree or shrub, or in the earth, whatever swam, or flew, or ran, or crawled, or wriggled. With the other animals he competed for his daily food.

That he was more carnivorous than herbivorous is indicated by his artifacts. Also it is evident that he ate chiefly herbivorous animals, rather than carnivorous animals, because throughout the habitation strata containing the remains of his feasts and his lost or discarded implements, the broken bones of mammoth, bison, horse, cattle, and reindeer are commonly found—while the broken bones of the lion, wolf, hyena and other flesh-eaters are rare indeed. Their teeth are there, their skulls are there—but all evidence points to their slaughter as enemies rather than as sources of food. According to G. de Mortillet, sixty-six species of mammals alone were slain and eaten by paleolithic hunters, while during the succeeding neolithic epoch only about one-half that number were available as wild food. The others had been consumed until they were largely extinct. There is no indication that early man ate other men. Not until the neolithic epoch (as in Belgium) have the bones of men been found in the remains of a human feast.

It has often been said that the hunting-stage contributed nothing to the development of succeeding culture. This is not true.

Those paleolithic hunters, as we have seen, were physically handicapped when in competition with the other animals with which they competed daily for food. Many animals were fleeter, others stronger, others better armed or protected. Many could climb trees better than man. Many could see well at night. All, except anthropoid apes, could naturally swim. It is believed that early man did not naturally swim. Yet paleolithic man successfully hunted some sixty-six species of mammals besides the birds, reptiles, and other animal forms of life. He was thus so successful only because he was intellectually their superior.

In the hunting game man learned the feeding habits, the breeding habits, the habits of bedding down for rest, the migration practices, the temperament, the fighting or fleeing habits of all the animals he hunted. In other words, as a successful hunter he learned the psychology of, roughly, a hundred species of mammals, birds, and other game for food purposes. He knew them better than they knew him, because he outwitted them in the great game of life and death. The various devices of man by which he successfully overcame the other animals were simply intelligence tests proposed by man, but which the hunted animals could not solve.

Man killed for food such large and fierce animals as the rhinoceros, the elephant, the mastodon, and the mammoth. Fleet reindeer and horses were common food. The monstrous carnivorous cave lion and cave bear and the savage wolf and cunning hyena were outwitted, outhunted and slain. Experience in preparing and eating meat taught prehistoric man what animals furnished the best kinds of meat for eating. To the extent those animals are available today, we follow the choice of the early meat-eater, in spite of jaded taste and epicurean art of seasoning sauces.

Nothing whatever can be said of early man's religious life until the age of the Neanderthal man; but then the tale is unmistakable. Those peoples were religious. They buried their dead, and placed with the bodies weapons and personal adornments for use in the existence succeeding death. Thus, as early as Mousterian culture, man had religious belief and practice during life, and the attitude of faith in a future existence where either the man in the flesh would use his earthly things and equipment, or where his spirit would use the spirits of his earthly personal possessions.

Nothing is revealed about what influence, if any, the religious beliefs, practices and faith of those early men had on their morals or daily conduct. And, again, one can say nothing about what religious life man may or may not have had preceding the cultural time of the burial of their dead.

Whether the Neanderthal man wore clothing is not known, for no needles or buttons have been found in Mousterian culture, as they are found in later cultures. However, of course, the unshaped and unsewed skins of animals were employed for body protection long before they were reshaped by sewing.

Economically paleolithic man in Europe remained a hunter.

(To be concluded in an early issue)

Facts—Not Words

(Concluded from page 3)

prosperous in the modern sense, still it enjoyed that moderate well-being that has always signified the happiness of the people. Just as soon as we became independent we started on that series of revolutions that has prevented the Church from working out in peace its mission of morality and concord, and in some cases these uprisings have been against the Church itself.

Another accusation which the Mexican governments, from Juarez to Calles, have brought against the Catholic religion, and on which they have based their hostility to the Church and the clergy, is that the priests have mixed in politics. To this we answer that if mixing in politics is to make defense against attacks directed against religious rights, the freedom of religion, then undoubtedly the priesthood has been involved in politics beginning from the first day when the government authorities undertook those arbitrary acts under the sanction of partisan and oppressive laws.

Mexico was a Catholic country, governed by authorities that recognized the Catholic religion without denying freedom of religion to those non-Catholics who desired to live peacefully in this land. Juarez began the difficulties by withdrawing recognition from that religious organization, and the entire country was opposed to this measure, to such an extent that he was unable to have included in the Constitution of 1857 a provision annuling the recognition of the Catholic Church as a national institution. Naturally, the priesthood and Catholics in general found it impossible to keep from mixing in politics to defend their traditional religion when once attacked.

Juarez also confiscated the properties and the churches that belonged to the religious organizations, as well as all the landed property belonging to the Church itself with the exception of the churches, bishops' and curates' residences and seminaries. Of course the priesthood and the Catholics protested against such acts of despoilment.

AFTERWARD Juarez prohibited all religious orders, forbade the priests wearing the ecclesiastic garb, abolished all religious ceremonies outside the churches, and to these provisions added numerous other trammels and limitations. Again the priests and the people, seeing their rights thus attacked, protested against these measures, and with just cause, considering that for more than three hundred years they had been accustomed to hold in their cities and villages religious processions and other similar ceremonies.

How could the Catholics remain inactive in the face of laws that prevented them from having their own cemeteries, from conducting burial service, prohibiting the Mass in public hospitals, withdrawing from Catholic soldiers all spiritual solace and removing from those confined to jail the consolation of the Catholic sacraments and teachings?

In spite of all these trammels, the Church was able to drag out a miserable existence, and still survive. In spite of all these unreasonable laws, the Church was able to maintain numerous Catholic schools, so that up to the Revolution of 1913, in the most populous towns outside of the capital city, the number of children attending the Catholic institutions was greater than those in the government establishments, and the services could be decorously conducted, supported by contributions from the faithful, most of whom are poor people.

It is quite natural that all these measures caused public excitement, and this is mixing in politics for self-defense, but it is not undertaking the game of politics to attain public office—the kind of politics that interests the professional politician.

It may be casually stated that in view of the injustice and intolerance of the laws above cited, nobody deems himself obliged to comply with them; and as a matter of fact they are continually violated, at times with the consent of the authorities. In proof of this we recall that up to 1910 the government itself issued a circular at the approach of Holy Week instructing minor authorities to see that no religious ceremonies were conducted outside the churches.

WE MAY also cite as a universally admitted fact that the unjust and arbitrary character of those laws has contributed greatly to the loss on the part of the people of all esteem and respect both for laws and authorities, brute force being now the only reliance for maintaining public peace and order.

In 1917, although the Reform Laws had never been really enforced, new legislation was passed having a decidedly Bolshevik tendency as regards religious matters; these laws were on the statute books for nine years and were never enforced either by Carranza or Obregon; on the contrary, Carranza made an effort to have removed from the constitution the provisions which prevented freedom of teaching and those forbidding foreign priests to exercise their office in Mexico; but Calles, advancing the duty of the authorities to enforce the laws, is endeavoring to accomplish this in the most despotic manner, in violation of many other constitutional precepts, for he surely has adopted tyrannical methods in expelling by the most cruel methods hundreds of priests and nuns, closing seminaries, schools, asylums, hospitals and centers of Catholic culture and society; only by violating the constitution was he able to promulgate his law of last June, and Congress could not constitutionally grant him the extraordinary powers which he alleged that he held when issuing them.

THIS law prevented the Catholic clergy from continuing its beneficent mission because it requires the performance of acts which would imply a specific acknowledgment of the numerous outrages sanctioned by the law and would simply open the door to the complete destruction of the Catholic Church in this country.

According to that law, any person, even though not ordained as a priest, may register as such; any priest independent of his bishop may perform services in a church and administer a parochiate and even act as bishop in a cathedral, wherefore all the services and all discipline are entirely at the mercy of the civil authorities.

When the bishops and priests refuse to accept this destruction of their Church and submit to the arbitrary provisions of a law entirely at variance with all freedom of conscience, then the government authorities call it rebellion and dabbling in politics. But the entire civilized world, both Catholic and non-Catholic, excepting only Russia, is on the side of the Mexican Catholics.

There is no objection on the part of the bishops to conform to any agreement that the Mexican Government may enter into with the Holy See, and this would be the shortest and the surest method to put an end to all the present troubles. Bismarck, although a world figure, found it advisable to enter into a compact with Rome after his laws issued in May. France had to make an agreement with Rome in the crisis caused by its anti-Catholic legislation, and even the United States had an understanding with Rome to smooth out its Philippine difficulties. It is to be hoped that the Mexican Government will follow the example of those advanced nations.

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Do you know,' asked ***the Physician,*** 'that pneumonia has been made a disease subject to quarantine under new regulations by the Pittsburgh health authorities? Other cities have followed or are considering this course of action. People don't seem to realize that pneumonia belongs in the class of infectious and deadly diseases.

'The Philadelphia health authorities, while they are not requiring the quarantine of pneumonia cases, have emphasized these points: pneumonia is the chief cause of death during the winter season. Almost any cold may lead to pneumonia by increasing the sensitiveness of the patient. Colds are infectious, and each person who catches an infectious cold catches with it a liability to pneumonia.

'All these facts have been mildly taught and at times less mildly reiterated by the guardians of health. Probably folks won't like the idea of quarantine, but a sign on a house, like a mark of other infectious diseases, may teach forcefully the lesson which everybody needs to learn.'

* * *

'I asked a Weather Bureau official,' said ***the Reporter,*** 'to explain the odd fact that while my home thermometer always showed summer temperatures much higher than those of the local Weather Office, the winter temperatures recorded by my thermometer are much lower. It seemed to me that a clock should be either fast or slow, and a thermometer would be expected to be either too high all the time or too low all the time.

'It all showed up very simple when the Weather Bureau man explained it. He said that his own home thermometer varies only slightly, and at times, from the official record. Some variation can be looked for—for example, if four thermometers of the same kind are put on four sides of a building they will not agree—conditions will not be the same. But two thermometers of really first-class quality—and many thermometers are not such—will not vary greatly if exposed under the same conditions. "Proper exposure" is insisted on by the Weather Bureau. This means that the place of exposure shall admit the normal heat of summer but will not accumulate and intensify that heat, and that it will also have the normal cold of winter. The Weather Bureau, on the whole, depends on its own records, because the quality of the thermometer is always carefully tested, and proper exposure is always required. Of course, very good thermometers, exposed to different currents of cold or warm air, will differ from nearby instruments not so exposed, without impugning the accuracy of any.'

* * *

'You know,' said ***the Minister,*** 'we are impressed by the striking similarity among the names of Jewish people in Central Europe. We are also aware that they are not especially beautiful, but on the other hand, that they are often ludicrous in meaning. With the English Jew it is quite different; their names frequently differ little from their Gentile neighbors. There is an historical reason for this, closely allied with a political one. A study of the origin of Jewish family names is both interesting and instructive.

'During Biblical and Talmudical times the Jews had no family names; they were called by their given names, sometimes combined with that of their father.

'Austria was the first country to require the Jews to take family names. In case of their refusal, a name was given to them. The Jews were much frightened when forced to take a name after the fashion of their Gentile neighbors. They feared that they were to be pressed into military service, or even into something worse.

'Many of these people wept when approached by the Austrian officers; the "weeping Israelite," as they called him, was a cause for merriment among the officers, who would then give him the name Weinstein (Weeping stone). The next Jew who refused, or did not know the name to choose, was given Steinwein; and so, through a whole street, the people were given the same name in various forms. The first would be called Blaustein, the second Steinblau, the third Grunstein, the fourth Steingrun, the fifth Steinrot, the sixth Rotstein, and so forth. When they had exhausted the mineral kingdom, they proceeded to the next street, using the name tree (baum) and flower (blum), combined with mountain (berg) and stone (stein), as fancy dictated.

'In England, the family name was not imposed upon the Jews, but the matter was left entirely with them, both as to their assuming, and the appellation itself. Names of prominent Englishmen were mostly selected by them, that they might more easily gain access into Christian society, which was not then readily open to them. Hence we find such well-known names among them as: Clifford, Curtis, Graham, Hamilton, Howard, Russel and Sydney.

'The English Jewish names show another peculiarity, in that they frequently refer to Scripture. We recall in the blessing of Jacob, Genesis 49, that the sons are compared to certain animals: we see Judah compared to a lion; hence the German-Jewish name of Lowe, English Lion or Lyon; Benjamin was compared to a wolf, accounting for the frequency of the Wolfs. Naphtali was likened to a stag, therefore the name Hirsh. Ephraim was blessed with fruitfulness, and so we find the symbols of fruitfulness, Fish and Fisher, much in evidence.

'In thus tracing the origin of Jewish names, there is much pleasure to be derived, for one is ever searching for a history in a name.'

* * *

'The reading public,' said ***the Popular Author,*** as he stopped for a few minutes in the office, 'loves stories of the West. The West they love is not the West of today, all paved roads and motor cars and radio sets and boards of commerce in every village and full-blood Indians taking university prizes in poetry. It isn't even the West of yesterday, dreary and dangerous when it wasn't dreary and humdrum, with Indians occasionally killing immigrants in the hope of stealing whisky rather than from a gallant determination to protect their hunting grounds. The West the reading public loves is a synthetic tradition, built up by many western stories, by Wild West shows, by Bret Harte's fiction and Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, and other elements. I am just back from the West, and in no condition to write the kind of western stories the public loves. If I can only stay in the East and read enough of the western stories that other men have written, I may some day produce the best selling of all best-sellers, a western story with almost nothing western in it.'

* * *

'Speaking of the economic situation,' said ***the Frenchwoman,*** 'the condition of the country continues to be a subject of amazement. I suppose you remember the time when the dollar was gaily climbing the scale toward 40 francs. My own troubles prevented me from caring much about the general ado that perpetual price raises caused among all classes of people. But, anyhow, I perceived the echoes.

'I saw, in a big department store, while I was waiting for a *vendeur* (clerk), the label of a pair of gloves changed three times, and the price went up from 35 to 52 francs in a quarter of an hour. Through the windows of shoe shops, one could see the same phenomenon. Slippers were 90 francs on Monday, and 150 on Saturday. In spite of that you could hardly move in the mob which was buying, buying, buying. "Coffee has increased fifty centimes, for one pound. Let's buy coffee." And they bought coffee.

'And housekeepers bought their soap, and sugar, and clothes, while husbands bought furniture, and machinery, and a two-year provision of wine. The French gift for thrift was the provider of ready cash. I myself became the proud owner of nine pairs of shoes.

'Then came the general decrease of all prices. And the dollar is 25 francs, the pound 122 francs. You must believe in a proportional general glee. *Pas du tout!* You may suppose that shops and stores are full of buyers. But they are empty. You could think that the government can graduate *summa cum laude*. Never before, perhaps, has it been so blamed.

'Why? Because I have nine pairs of shoes that I have paid twice the price they are today. Because I can't take advantage of the low price, for I have to wait until my nine pairs will be worn out. Because people eat, drink and wear things which cost more than they are now sold for and they refrain from buying to make up for their anticipated loss.

'Workers are laid off in about all branches of commerce and industry. Big firms have to be declared bankrupt.

'When the franc was getting so thin that its recovery was almost a myth, the cry was that "Government is driving the country to ruin."

'Now the franc is getting fat enough to fear congestion; the cry remains the same.

'Who knows the way to make everybody contented?

'But I wish someone would have a liking for some of the pairs of shoes I possess, in a row in my closet.

'Then, maybe, I could buy some hosiery to wear with the remainder of my footgear. Else, I'll go barelegged.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Who was Virginia Dare?

ANSWER: Virginia Dare was the first child of English parents in the New World. She was born at Roanoke, August, 1587, and named after the district of Virginia. She was the granddaughter of John White who was governor of the colony, sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to found an agricultural state, which sailed from Plymouth, April 26, 1587, and reached the shores of Virginia in July of the same year. White's daughter was married to Mr. Dare, who was one of the assistants of the governor, and Virginia was born about a month after the arrival of the expedition.

QUESTION: Is one permitted to make wine for one's own use under the federal prohibition law? Was there a Supreme Court decision permitting wine making and why?

ANSWER: No. The National Prohibition Act defines wine as an intoxicating liquor, and its use for beverage purposes is forbidden. The Supreme Court upheld the validity of the National Prohibition Act.

QUESTION: What is the origin of Uncle Sam.'

ANSWER: In the United States the two popular national names are 'Brother Jonathan' and 'Uncle Sam.' The former was first used. General Washington, on assuming command of the New England Revolutionary forces, was in great straits for arms and war material. The governor of Connecticut, Jonathan Trumbull, was a man of excellent judgment and an esteemed friend of Washington. In the emergency, Washington said, 'We must consult Brother Jonathan.' This expression was repeated on other different occasions and became a convenient name for the whole people. The name 'Uncle Sam' is an extension of the letters U. S. printed or stamped on the Government property. It was first used in Troy, New York, in 1812. When certain goods purchased for the Government and branded U. S. were officially inspected by Samuel Wilson, whose nickname was 'Uncle Sam,' the coincidence of initials suggested the application of this nickname to the Government.

QUESTION: What was the property damage and the number of deaths caused by the San Francisco quake and the combined number of deaths caused by quakes in California since then?

ANSWER: Property damage by earthquake and fire of 1906 was between $400,000,000 and $450,000,000. The number of deaths was 458. There have been 12 deaths from quakes since then.

QUESTION: As the plumb bob was used when testing the exact location of the North Pole, how did it act? And how did the compass act?

ANSWER: The plumb bob was not used in locating the pole: the spirit level on the sextant was used. The sextant is the instrument used in making the astronomical observations which determine the position of the pole. In the Arctic regions, the force that turns the magnetic compass is very weak so that the compass is unreliable, particularly if it is used under unfavorable conditions, such as the unsteadiness of a ship or aircraft, or proximity of iron would produce. In Arctic regions, as elsewhere, the compass points in the general direction of the nearest magnetic pole and not to the geographical pole. The North Magnetic Pole is on the Boothia Peninsula north of Hudson Bay and 1,300 miles from the North Pole.

QUESTION: What is the National Industrial Conference Board? What is its function? Who comprises it? Give names of present board. Who finances it? What authority has it? What are its avenues of research?

ANSWER: The National Industrial Conference Board was founded in May, 1916, 'constituted of persons designated by and from national and state industrial associations, to provide a Bureau of Scientific Research, a clearing house of information, a forum for discussion, and the means whereby coöperative action may be taken on matters that vitally affect the industrial development of the country and all engaged in industry.' Officers are as follows: Honorary Chairman, Frederick P. Fish; Chairman, Loyall A. Osborne; Vice-Chairman, Charles Cheney; Second Vice-Chairman, John W. O'Leary; President, Magnus W. Alexander; Treasurer, Fred I. Kent; Secretary, James M. Robertson. Executive Committee, William H. Nichols, Jr., Wm. W. Coleman, Irenee Dupont, Russell H. Leonard. The list of members is too long to give in this column. It is supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions of industries represented. Research is conducted into such matters as cost of living, wages, hours of work, employment in manufacturing industries, immigration problem, tax burdens and exemptions, soldier's bonus, railroad situation, and kindred matters.

QUESTION: Can you give me some information regarding the Rhodes scholarship and how appointments are made?

ANSWER: The system of scholarships as founded by the will of Cecil John Rhodes provided in perpetuity for the support in Oxford University for a term of three years each of about 176 selected scholars from the British colonies, the United States and Germany. The scholarships have an annual value of $1,500. The Rhodes will provides for two scholarships constantly at Oxford from each state in the Union. Each scholar stays three years and receives a stipend of $1,500 a year. There are no restrictions as to the subjects which he should study. Candidates must be unmarried, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five, and must have completed at least their second year in college. Candidates may try for the appointment either from the state in which they reside or from that in which they have received the major part of their education. The selections are made on the basis of a man's record in school and college, according to the four points outlined in the Rhodes will: (1) scholarship, (2) character, (3) interest in outdoor sports and (4) interest in one's fellows and instincts for leadership. The selections are made by committees in each state constituted for that purpose.

QUESTION: Does a preliminary search in the United States Patent Office protect an inventor on the article submitted in any way prior to actual patent being issued?

ANSWER: A preliminary search does not protect an inventor in any way. He is protected as soon as his application is filed, but not before.

QUESTION: An alien 'tourist' or visitor wants to take up his residence here. To whom in Washington or elsewhere must he write to become a 'resident'?

ANSWER: Write to the Commissioner of Naturalization, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C.

QUESTION: What is the estimated amount of coin certificates and national bank notes now in circulation? What is the amount of each?

ANSWER: The following is the circulation statement of United States money December 1, 1926:

Gold Coin and Bullion	$4,494,843,817
Gold Certificates	1,675,855,519
Standard Silver Dollars	534,991,184
Silver Certificates	461,176,717
Treasury Notes of 1890	1,343,804
Subsidiary Silver	293,369,694
United States Notes	346,681,016
Federal Reserve Bank Notes	5,186,208
Federal Reserve Notes	2,109,352,150
National Bank Notes	700,692,587
Total December 1, 1926	$8,485,116,656

QUESTION: In the January first issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT our 'Can You Tell Me?' page asked the following question: Who held office for one day between Wilson's administrations, and how did it happen that we were one day without our real President?

ANSWER: Our answer was: President Wilson took oath of office on March 4, 1917, his first term having expired March 3, 1917. He was President continuously from March 4, 1913, to March 4, 1921. To this we should like to add that the 4th of March, 1917, was Sunday; the oath was administered privately on that date, and the public oath and inauguration on the day following, March 5.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

America's most celebrated murder trial, the Hall-Mills case, was a 'circulation dud' as far as the majority of New York newspapers were concerned. Managing editors spent huge sums of money to get the story into their offices and played it in record space. But the circulation managers, with few exceptions, reported to *Editor and Publisher* this week that the trial had little or no effect toward boosting sales.

Hall-Mills Case Was 'Dud'

A. Bloom, circulation manager of the New York *Daily Mirror*, the tabloid that revived the investigation leading to the trial, said that in his opinion readers got tired of the story.

'It certainly didn't do much for our circulation after the trial started,' he declared. 'We got our biggest break when we first opened the case, and we got some increase in New Jersey. But in general the jumps were not very noticeable.'

The trial might just as well not have existed as far as the New York *Herald Tribune* was concerned, Porter Carrothers, circulation manager, said. 'At best the story only sold papers in spots,' he added.

J. S. Sullivan said circulation of the New York *Daily News* mounted during the trial and there was a little slump after the verdict, leading him to believe that he could credit some of the picture paper's average increase to the case. 'We have such a peculiar "critter" here, however, it is always hard for us to account for our circulation,' he declared. 'We always have a slump during the holiday season. Last year we kept the list up with a contest we were running.'

Norman R. Hoover, circulation director of the New York *World*, said the morning paper was not affected one way or the other by the murder story.

'The *Evening World* lost during the trial,' he said. 'And the week after it was ended we went up. The loss amounted to several thousand, of which we got back about 1,500 during the first week after the trial, and two weeks later we were running ahead of our figure before court sessions began.'

J. J. Winters, New York *Evening Telegram*, held the belief that comparative figures between October and November were 'hardly fair,' basing his opinion on the fact that sports were still in full swing in October and that there always was a November drop.

'We had jumps of about 3,000 or 4,000 on the big days of the trial,' he said, 'such as when Willie Stevens, the "Pig Woman," and Mrs. Hall testified. In general, however, the case had no noticeable effect on our circulation.'

A. Newman, New York *Evening Post*, was convinced that the story did not warrant the expense incurred by the newspapers. He compared the Hall-Mills circulation reaction to that of the days before the war on similar sensational stories. 'In the old days a New York newspaper frequently would jump 20,000 or 25,000 in a day on a sensational story,' he declared. 'Then we had large crews of boys who would sell our papers exclusively. We can't get the boys now. General prosperity has led them to more lucrative work. Thus we don't get much results on our extras. Of course we felt the Hall-Mills trial immediately. Our circulation went up and we had a slump right after the trial ended. The increases were not very big and on the whole the story was a circulation "dud."'

Charles A. Flanagan, New York *Times*, said he credited some of his paper's increase to the trial, but agreed that as a circulation-getter the case was nothing to brag about.—*Editor and Publisher.*

Philadelphia started out to sell the Sesqui-Centennial to the world and ended by buying it herself.—Cincinnati *Inquirer.*

One Sandy McDougall, representing Alec Robertson, a Scottish motor agent, recently appeared at a motor show in London wearing the national dress of his country. Other agents became jealous and quoted a rule which said that 'No attendant shall wear fancy dress.' Sandy was indignant at the idea of 'the garb of old Gaul' being designated as 'fancy dress,' and when asked to substitute trousers for the kilt firmly refused, whereupon he was ejected. The following letter of protest was then written by Robertson to the promoters of the show:

Barring the Garb of Old Gaul

'I wish to point out that to call the kilt a fancy dress is an insult to Scotland. If this rule is sustained Scotland may well rule that no Englishman may appear at the Scottish exhibition unless in kilts. Sandy wore the same costume the king wears when he comes to Scotland. Scotland is insulted and demands satisfaction.'

That loud clicking sound from the direction of Washington is the oil boys uncrossing their fingers.—Detroit *News.*

For the first time in its history, the state of Michigan finds itself without a boundary dispute. As long ago as 1830 there was a dispute between the state of Ohio and the then territory of Michigan which became so violent at one time that armed men gathered on both sides of the disputed boundary, ready to clash at a moment's notice. To quiet the Michigan contingent, Congress gave the strip to Ohio and handed Michigan as compensation the then vast wilderness of swamps and unsurveyed timberlands which makes up the Upper Peninsula of today. This upper peninsula had no geographical connection with the rest of the state and was an uninhabited and supposedly undesirable expanse of forest, mountain and swamp. But today its lumbering and mining operations are among the most active in America. When Congress gave the upper peninsula to Michigan it neglected to set definitely the boundary line between the new addition and Wisconsin. The line as defined on the old Government surveys was questioned and the allocation of many islands was in dispute, particularly when the country became more settled and the potential wealth of these islands became known. But now the Supreme Court of the United States gives its sanction to the old 1847 meander line, with specified awards of islands along the line. And peace reigns.

Michigan's Boundaries Are Divided

There sometimes fails to be made the distinction between free speech and cheap talk.—Portland *Express.*

Talking of the wonder of modern life, during the Miami storm a ship, a steel-built steamer, was blown on the reef and had her hull pierced in half a dozen places. Not so long ago the damage would have been considered serious enough for abandonment. But not so today. She was floated and towed into Beaumont, to the Pennsylvania docks. She was lifted, hauled inshore, examined, and before a week was out men were at work rebottoming her as a shoemaker would resole a shoe.

And stripping suggests dressing; dressing, clothes; clothes, advertisements; advertisements, the newest fashions. So there is this, the swellest, newest, up-to-datest thing in gowns, all the rage in London and finding its way here. Price $100. A Smoking Suit for women consisting of velvet knee breeches, buckles at the knee with diamond ornaments; skirt blouse of pleated ivory georgette; sleeveless coat designed on most becoming lines and banded with sable colored fur . . . So, in the words of the ballad of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annie'

Smoking Suits for Women

Like ye best the old ladye
Or her that's new come hame?

Kind of funny that Europe's hatred of America has had no effect whatever on reducing immigration.—Arkansas *Gazette.*

The wife of Thomas R. Marshall, deceased ex-Vice-President, refuses the $5,000 annual pension which Congress has been asked to grant her. She gives as her reason the fact that the sale of the late Vice-President's memoirs have exceeded all expectations and the revenue derived therefrom is sufficient for her needs. Incidentally, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt receives annually $5,000. President Cleveland's widow also receives $5,000 yearly. No action has been taken on the bill to grant Mrs. Woodrow Wilson $5,000 a year.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 25[illegible] pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

AIRPLANE FREIGHT COMPANIES of Europe are planning to issue international aviation bills of lading.

THE EYELIDS OF A frog wink upward.

A PHONOGRAPH HAVING RECORDS of brass has been invented and the records may be heard 10,000 years from now.

IN THE GENERAL MOVEMENT in India to abandon the centuries-old custom of hoarding gold, an Arab recently converted his savings into $350,000 worth of government securities.

IN ANCIENT ROME the cat was the symbol of liberty.

AT GADSDEN, ALABAMA, a one-armed mayor fined a one-legged man for striking a one-eyed policeman.

FIVE HUNDRED TONS OF American horseshoes were applied to horses in foreign countries last year.

THE MUSHROOM, ALTHOUGH very fragile, has been known to lift a paving stone which impeded its movement toward the air and light.

SKI RIDING AT NINETY miles an hour, the skiers being drawn by motorcycles, is popular at some Canadian resorts.

A CHAMPION SNEAK THIEF, in a German city, demonstrated his claim to championship by sneaking into the prison within two hours of his release and stealing his picture from the rogues' gallery.

DURING NOVEMBER, 1926, there were only forty-one hours of sunshine in London.

JOHN S. CASE, of Paradise, Nevada, claims to have captured in a coyote trap a rat as large as a rabbit that had killed his house cat and escaped from three gopher traps.

IN TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, the only newspaper printed is called the *Epitaph*.

THE ART OF GLASS-MAKING was practised as long ago as 2500 B. C. by inhabitants of the Euphrates Valley, who sold their products, mainly beads and weights made from glass paste, in Egypt. So well pleased were the Egyptians that they soon imported the glass-makers themselves.

A LATE FEMININE fad in Paris is the tinting of the finger nails in bands of three colors.

THE FINGER RING is believed to have been first used as a symbol of slavery, the master putting his ring on all his household slaves, including his wives.

THE FIRST SAVINGS BANK was founded in 1810 in Ruthwell Village, Scotland, by the Reverend John Duncan.

THE COLDEST TIME of the day or night is the hour just after sunrise, declare scientists. This is explained by the fact that when the sun first strikes the earth it causes the evaporation of a chilling moisture felt by both humans and animals

BEARS, FOND OF FISH, are also good fishermen. They seem to delight in their ability and will look over their catch before devouring it with much the same pleasure as does a human fisherman.

WASTE OIL FROM AUTOMOBILE crank cases is being used in southern states to soak up sacks of sawdust and sand which are then planted in mosquito-breeding waters.

IN ORDER TO CUT COURT costs, mounted policemen in Paris will now not only arrest traffic-law violators but will also assess the fine and collect immediate payment.

THE BRITISH UNDERTAKERS' Woodwork Association predicts 'brighter burials,' following the adoption of new casket designs of beautiful and graceful workmanship.

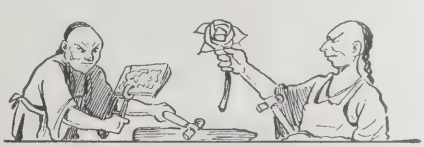
ALGERIAN NATIVES STRENGTHEN and fatten the humps of their camels by feeding them the stones of dates.

'THE DEEPEST HUMILIATION of a State is not in the loss of military prestige or of material resources, but in the degeneracy of its citizens, in the overthrow and scorn of high ideals.'—*Robert Sharp.*

A TOTAL ECLIPSE of the midnight sun is forecast for Northern Sweden on June 29, 1927. At that time the sun is visible all night north of the Arctic Circle.

THE STATES THAT comprised the Confederacy have 22 per cent of the white population of the United States and furnish 27 per cent of the officers in the army. Virginia leads the group with one officer for every 3,360 of its population.

AT THE CONFERENCE of the Women's Engineering Society in England, more than half of the women wore long hair, none had 'Eton crops' and only a few had shingles.



BLACKSMITH ARTISTS IN CHINA make landscapes and flowers out of the same metal that goes into wagon tires and horseshoes.

BALLOONING IS THE method of migration used by many species of spiders. Standing in an open space with the body elevated, the spider projects from the spinnerets a line of silk which continues until the spider feels the pull of the wind. It releases its hold as it is borne away.

TO THE DESTRUCTION of the city of London by fire in 1666 may be traced the present system of fire insurance. The first fire insurance company was formed at that time.

THE CLOCK WHICH Charles V, of France, ordered to be constructed for his palace ran for 471 years.

ONE YEAR OF THE planet Neptune is equivalent to nearly 165 of our years.

A DEPUTY CITY CLERK, in New York City, has performed 85,001 marriages within the last five and a half years.

THE DRONE BEE has 13,800 eyes, the workers 6,400, and the queen 4,900.

D. M. FREDERICK, of Kirksville, Missouri, claims to have eaten a piece of ham 125 years old. The ham had been found in the chimney of an old house in England and had shrunk about sixty per cent in size.

WHILE INSPECTING the dynamo of his car a Pullman porter on the Canadian National Railways was left on the ground when his train started. Frantic at being left in the winter wastes he grabbed the handrail of the Pullman door and clung to the rail for twelve miles. When the train stopped he was still clinging but his hands were frozen.

IN 1924, THE UNITED STATES sold in foreign lands more than twelve million dollars' worth of musical instruments. The player-piano made in Chicago is crowding out the samisen in Japan, American-made reed organs are found in British India, and in churches in England organs manufactured in St. Louis are used.

THE COPTIC LANGUAGE descended from the Ancient Egyptian, and was used in Egypt till within the last two centuries, but has now been superseded as a living language by Arabic.

THE TOMATO IS THE only new salad ingredient added by modern times. The Egyptians used onions and garlic, Confucius liked cucumbers, the Persians used lettuce and radishes with a sour wine dressing, and the ancient Chinese mixed with their salad mustard, watercress, nasturtium leaves and hard-boiled eggs.

THERE ARE 202 letters in the Tartar alphabet.

DILUTED SULPHURIC ACID carried across the river in the fumes from the pottery kilns causes the magnesian limestone of the House of Parliament gradually to turn into Epsom salts. The building has lost more than thirty-five tons of coping and sculptured parts during the last few years.

THE EXPENDITURE for education in 1924-25 by the government of India was less than 10 cents for each person of the total population.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses false prophets and true.

The commercial stabilization of Belgium by putting the currency on a sound economic footing forms the subject of a concise article by Louis C. Karpinski. As a result, the belga, a new coin with a gold basis, makes its bow in Europe. (p. 1)

In trying to find out for the benefit of our readers what is the matter with Mexico and what has been the matter for many years, statements by Bishop George A. Miller, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rt. Rev. Pascual Diaz, Bishop of Tabasco, are printed side by side. By going to the fountainhead THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been enabled to present the most authoritative pronouncements that have yet been published. (p. 2)

Sisyphus was a crafty and avaricious king of Corinth, condemned in Hades to roll to the top of a hill a huge stone, which each time rolled back. There are many men now living who resemble Sisyphus in the nature of the results arising from their misdirected lives. The weight of the errors they have piled up through their distorted perspective is continually falling back on them and paralyzing their energies. Dr. Joseph Collins transmits to us the story of one such man. (p. 4)

Much has been said and written about the Negro—as he is supposed to be and as some people suppose he ought to be. But Townsend Boyer presents him just as he is, and some will find him quite a different being from what they thought. (p. 6)

In writing a letter which might be written by 'any mother to any daughter,' Lady Cynthia Asquith gives us a delightful bit of satire with the modern girl as the *piece de resistance*. (p. 8)

The second of Professor Jenks' fascinating talks on our remote ancestors appears in this number. Then they lived in caves. Strange as it may seem, human beings still do this in some parts of Europe, particularly along the sea coast, but they have something better than implements of stone and bone with which to kill and dress the birds and beasts they capture. (p. 12)

Anatomically, some men have flat tires. So says Myron M. Stearns. Just why men get these, and how in such cases prevention is emphatically better than cure, is set forth in the essay. The means of locomotion are important to everyone. (p. 14)

'The Garrulous Diplomatist' is one of Hugh Walpole's best. He has entertainingly pictured what Dickens made that editorial autocrat, Pott, designate 'a blue bore.' (p. 16)

A South Sea Island king who plays football, baseball, and the ukulele, and does them all in the most modern college manner, is the subject of an article by William Lee Calnon, who knows these islands as intimately as a native. (p. 20)

Doctors sometimes disagree, but in his diagnosis of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT this one expresses himself with a clear-cut unanimity that is highly gratifying:

> It is more than sixty years since I began to attend a country school where the teacher 'set' copy for us to transcribe. Among them was one which read: 'Many men of many minds.' It used to puzzle me then.
>
> But that it was a truism, and remains so today, the 'comments and criticisms' you publish weekly amply prove. I wonder where the divergent views originate, as expressed by different writers. It must be in the education they receive. According to them you publish the best and the worst magazine. An absurdity, of course.
>
> Your subheading—'Chronicler of the neglected truth'—in my opinion, is the hub of the INDEPENDENT'S virtue. I look with pleasure for its weekly visit to me, and its pages are full of truth verily neglected by the average publication.
>
> The 'Can You Tell Me?' department is worth the price of the paper alone.
>
> More power to your purpose to enlighten the darker spots! !
>
> Wm. E. Ziegenfuss (M. D.),
> Fern Hill Station,
> Tacoma, Washington.

> Dixie Valley, Nevada.
>
> I have just read Senator Borah's 'Reservations, the New Diplomacy,' in a recent number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and I wish every American worthy of the name could read it, and get the Reservations fog cleared from his mind. The International Bankers Propaganda would have little influence on him then I think.
>
> I am proud of your stand on Prohibition, also the Volstead Law has not had a chance as yet and never will so long as it can be used as a bone for political dogs to grow on.
>
> While your paper and I do not always agree I find it a clean and good periodical for Americans of all ages and sexes to read and study.
>
> More power to your influence.
>
> W. A. Morgan.

> Dacca, Bengal, India.
>
> I must say I've enjoyed THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT even more here on the frontiers of civilization where such publications aren't easy to get, than I did in the U. S. A.
>
> BROTHER FABIAN, C. S. C.
> St. Gregory's High School.

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William Lee Calnon

PROFESSOR KARPINSKI, of the University of Michigan, is at present in Europe studying political economy and kindred subjects.

BISHOP GEORGE A. MILLER has spent many years in Mexico as representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE RT. REV. PASCUAL DIAZ is a prelate born and educated in Mexico and a well known protagonist of the Catholic viewpoint.

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS is regarded as one of the most eminent authorities on neurology in the country. His former articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT attracted universal attention.

TOWNSEND BOYER is a woman of the South and has made a lifelong study of social problems of the Negro.

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, daughter-in-law of the Earl and Countess of Oxford, has become a firm favorite with our readers.

ALBERT ERNEST JENKS, of the University of Minnesota, is a recognized authority on anthropology and a popular writer on the history of the human race.

MYRON M. STEARNS is a contributor to the leading magazines and has made a special study of health subjects.

HUGH WALPOLE, author of *The Cathedral* is among the world's leading novelists and short story writers.

WILLIAM LEE CALNON has traveled extensively among the islands of the South Seas, and like Stevenson, he knows and loves them.

Away We Go!

Don't Let Cold Weather *Keep You In. Join the Throngs on* Pleasure Bent.

—*Wide World Photo.*

Above—*Skiing is now recognized so generally as one of the finest of sports that beginners train intensively and learn its art in days instead of weeks. The view was made at Lake Placid. Leaps exceeding 190 feet from the top have been made.*

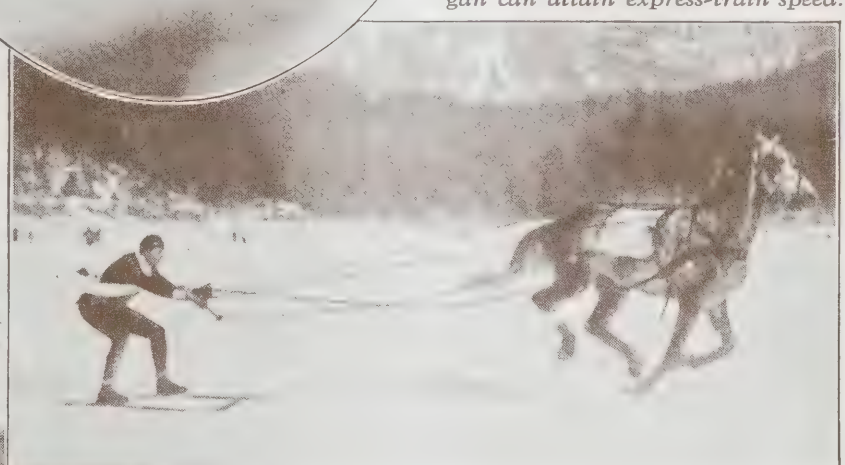
Oval—*Swiss ski expert at Arosa. These mountain people practise continuously, and naturally excel in the art.*

—*International Newsreel.*

—*Keystone View.*

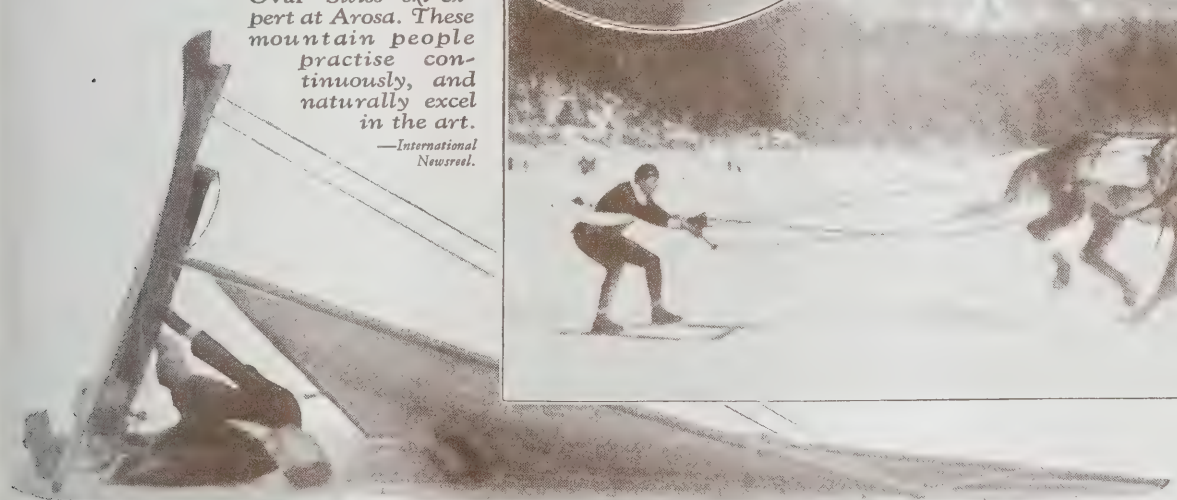
Icy pavements haven't seriously hampered the ability of this small family to get about. A pair of ice skates, attached to an elongated fork, a wire seat in front and a non-skid chain, were used to convert the old bicycle into a useful ice-speeder.

Upper right-hand corner—*Adventurous toboggan courses are by no means deserted, in spite of sportsmen's increasing favor for skiing. Still, on a good slide, a toboggan can attain express-train speed.*



—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

This is skijoring, as viewed in the Bavarian Mountains. Some sportsmen try it with motorcycles at 70 miles an hour, but old Dobbin is fleet enough.



—*International Newsreel.*

Above—*Have no fears for this fellow whose ice yacht has upset—he wasn't hurt. He was caught momentarily off guard. Under right conditions, ice yachts will easily travel 60 miles an hour.*

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TO THINK great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude . . . and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, long after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27
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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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'In Hongkong are said to be 200,000 river people, who are born, live and die on their little boats. The river is packed with them in places. Some of these people are pirates. Until the establishment of the republic they were not permitted to marry land-folk.'—WILLIAM E. BARTON (page 14)

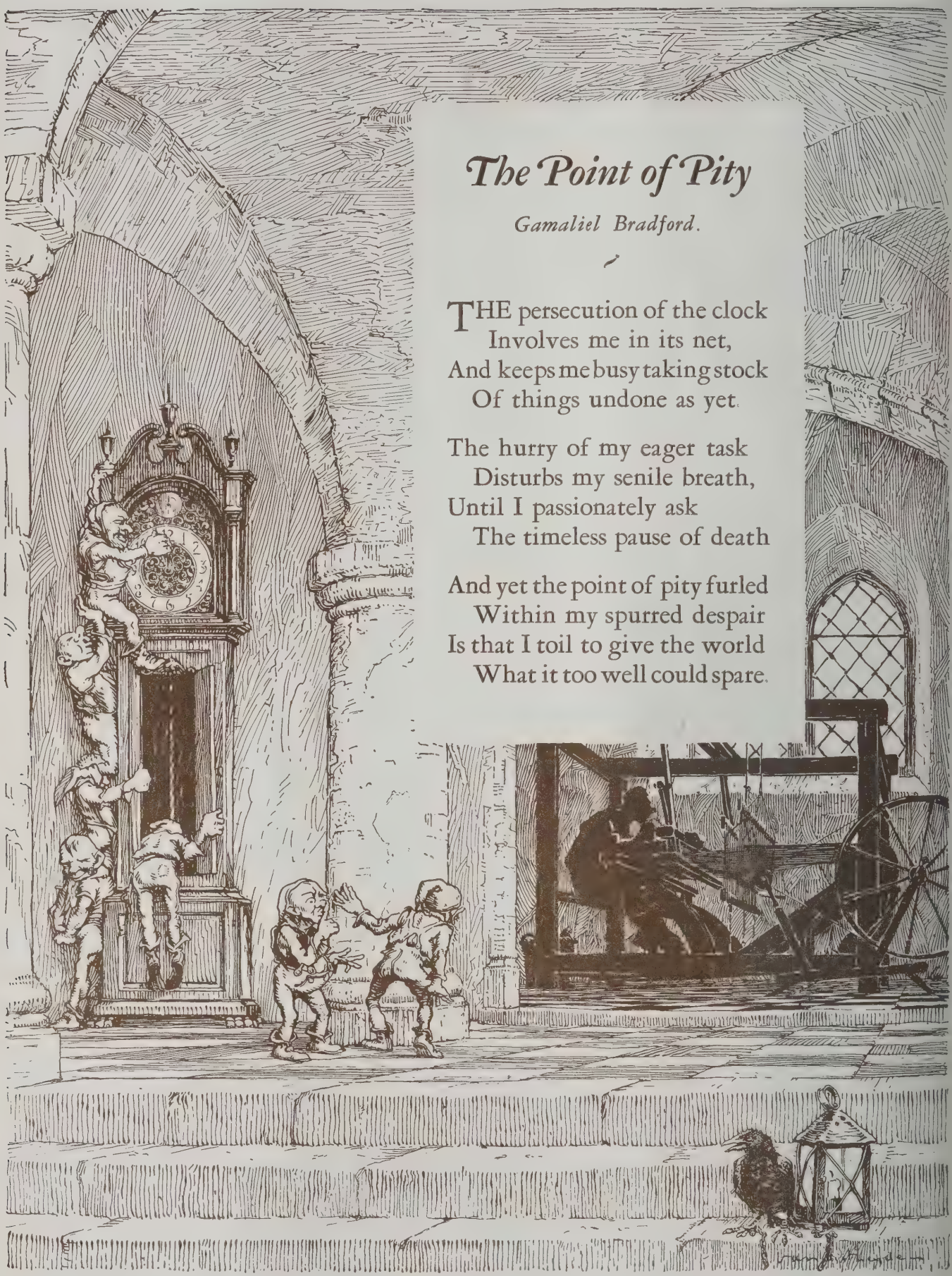
The Point of Pity

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Snapshots of China

WILLIAM E. BARTON

Trends and Flaws in Education



The Point of Pity

Gamaliel Bradford.

THE persecution of the clock
Involves me in its net,
And keeps me busy taking stock
Of things undone as yet.

The hurry of my eager task
Disturbs my senile breath,
Until I passionately ask
The timeless pause of death

And yet the point of pity furled
Within my spurred despair
Is that I toil to give the world
What it too well could spare.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JANUARY 22 1927

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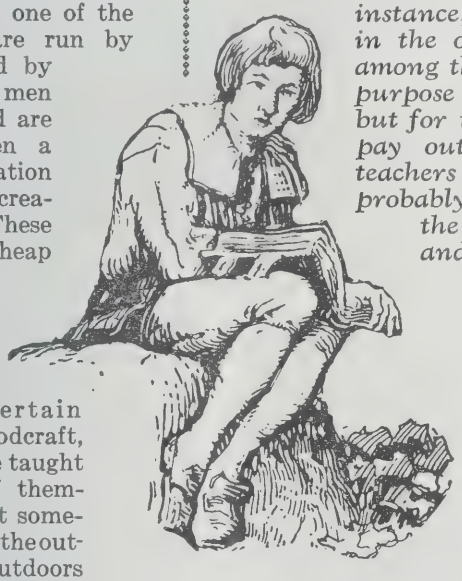
'Average'—*as the* GOAL *of* Education

Shall School Children *Be Taught That* 'Getting By' *Is Their* Chief Aim?

By PUTNAM PHILLIPS

IF WE are handing over so much of the training of our children to school instructors, what are we doing about the instructors? First, are the instructors capable of sizing up to the job that has been handed to them? And second, about what are they instructing?

No expense is spared in equipment and there are no end of capable, conscientious instructors in the elementary schools—which are the schools which count most. But also there is growing a class which considers the teaching merely as a job. For instance, some teachers are active in the organizing of trades unions among themselves, not at all for the purpose of becoming better teachers but for the purpose of forcing more pay out of their jobs. Perhaps teachers are not paid enough—probably they are not, considering the importance of their duties and the need for a single-minded application to them. That is a matter to be gone into from the educational rather than the political side. But what are they teaching?



NOT long ago, at a dinner, I compared notes with half a dozen parents on that most important and most interesting of all subjects—our children. In a moment or two we were sitting as a committee of the whole to consider the state of the nation with special reference to our children. All of the youngsters brought into the picture were between six and fourteen years old; some were boys and some were girls.

One curious fact stood out. Every child above the age of twelve had during the summer been in one of the camps which are run by teachers assisted by young college men and women, and are a cross between a summer continuation school and a recreation camp. These camps are not cheap and as a rule they are excellently run. The children learn swimming and a certain amount of woodcraft, and also they are taught to take care of themselves. They get something of the fun of the outdoors—the real outdoors away from the roads.

'These camps,' remarked one of the women, 'must be growing into a great industry, for I notice that nearly all of the department stores now have special camp outfitting sections and every one that I went into was doing a rushing business. People must have a great deal of money, for it rather pinched us to send our children away.'

'Why did you send your children away?' I asked, for I knew that scarcely anyone at the table could really afford to spend the money.

'Oh, the children wanted to go very much,' she answered, 'for all their friends were going, and it was nice to think that they could learn to swim well and to ride well and to learn to do a lot of things that I didn't have a chance to do when I was a girl. And then, too, we never know exactly what to do with them in the summer when they are not going to school. They get tired of everything and become nuisances to themselves and everybody else.

'It seems a dreadful thing to say, but I think I was glad to get rid of them for a little while. I suppose we are not like the old mothers who were willing to live for their children.'

And thus, the ice being broken, it came out that all these children had gone to camp as much for the good of their parents as for the good of themselves! As another woman admitted:

'There is nothing bad about my children, but they do get on my nerves, and then I scold them, and I do not want them to think of me only as a person who scolds.'

Now these were not flighty people trying to be fashionable. They were just good citizens of moderate incomes which they earned by their own efforts. They represented a fair cross section of the kind of people whom you can find in any town or city of the country. And yet they admitted that they were handing over the most critical part of the training of their children. But they were not doing it with their eyes shut, but, as came out in the conversation, because they thought the children paid more attention to what the teachers said than to what they said. They did not know whether the fault was with the children or with themselves, but they were frank enough to admit the facts—to admit that they saw less of their children after seven or eight years of age than did the school and camp instructors.

Perhaps this is as it should be. For it by no means follows that fathers and mothers, by acquiring the status of parenthood, also acquire a knowledge of how to train children. The superiority of the parent over the child is

often only physical—the ability to give the child a licking.

A child is directed to honor his father and mother; yet if we take this in its literal application, it is putting a duty on the child without any corresponding duties on the parents so to act that they may be worthy of honor. Those of us who are parents know that often we most unfairly punish children merely for showing the same faults that we have. It is impossible to maintain the glorified parent attitude without being a good deal of a hypocrite—or an adept at self-deception. I often wonder if our ancestors could have got away with as much as they did had they not lurked behind long flowing beards!

ONE day my boy brought in his school report, saying self-satisfiedly:

'Well, I got average.'

'What do you mean—average?' I asked.

'Oh, we have a new kind of report now. We are just marked on whether we are above the average of the class instead of getting regular marks.'

I looked at the report. It was a formidable document of four pages. The first page had to do only with the school subjects, but then followed thirty-one divisions which were headed 'Habits and Attitudes Desirable for Good Citizenship.' These divisions are interesting. The points they give importance to may be good—certainly they are not bad. But what is their real importance? And what is their trend? Here are the points:

I. PERSONAL HABITS. Stands on two feet without leaning. Sits back in chair with feet on floor. Keeps hands and materials away from mouth, and fingers away from nose and ears. Keeps desk, table, and locker in good order. Does not waste, destroy, or lose paper, pencils, books, home work, or other materials. Is in the right place at the right time equipped for work. Anticipates his needs and does not borrow. Responds to directions or requests quickly and without unnecessary discussion.

II. SOCIAL HABITS. Is trustworthy in obeying rules governing halls, recess, fire drill, and study period. Respects school property, doing his part to keep desks and walls free from defacing marks. Coöperates in keeping school building in good order. Respects authority. Refrains from unnecessary talking in assembly, during study hours, and between periods. Uses quiet tones in corridors, lunch room, and in classrooms before and after school hours. Claims no more than his fair share of time and attention, particularly in the recitation period. Is attentive when some one else is talking. Does not interrupt others needlessly. Is straightforward in all his dealings with others. Is polite in speech, manner, and attitude. Knows how to get along with others. Performs satisfactorily the duties of any office to which he is elected.

III. WORK AND STUDY HABITS. Uses time to good advantage. Does good work day by day. Hands work in on time. Concentrates upon the task at hand. Perseveres in spite of difficulty. Is accurate in his work. Is trustworthy in performing tasks independently. Finds ways and means of improving weak points and of making up work missed. Does not play with pencil, paper, and so forth, in recitation period. Volunteers in the recitation, doing his part to make it profitable and interesting.

And then I put in a few days thinking about that report. It bothered me from several angles. Putting up 'average' as a goal was almost terrifying. Were the children being taught that it was enough just to 'get by'? The report had this explanation of what was meant by 'average':

'This report is a record of actual achievement, not of achievement relative to the pupil's ability. "Average" indicates the achievement of the middle half of a representative class. It signifies satisfactory work in the case of a pupil of average ability. "Above average" indicates the achievement of approximately the upper fourth of the class. This mark signifies excellent work. "Below average" indicates the achievement of approximately the lowest fourth of the class. It signifies mediocre or poor work. "Failure" indicates that the pupil has not reached the required passing mark.'

The use of average as qualified by the explanation was not unreasonable—but that was not the effect on my boy. He was content that he was no worse than most of his class. And what was that class as compared with the world which he would some day have to meet? And then that 'habit' report! Would he gain the notion that good citizenship could be so easily defined? And was so superficial? I could not keep my thoughts to myself. I had to write them to the school:

'Dear Mr. Maddox:

'I have been a long time returning this report, because I so thoroughly disagree with its whole concept that I have felt I should write to you rather fully.

'This thing of taking an average on utterly insufficient data and then assuming that the average is a desirable point from which to begin measurement, whether physical or mental, tends toward a leveling downward and is in opposition to the development of individuality and the advancement of society.

'Statistics, and they are nearly all pseudo-statistics, are doing an immense amount of harm today, because the fall into the hands of ingenious, hard working people who take them a facts rather than as indications, an I know nothing more dangerous than resolute person armed with a fa which is not a fact.

'All this average stuff, includin these tests so quaintly called "in telligence tests," may be of some us in a rough-and-ready separation of grea masses of people, although I imagi that quite as good results in such separation might be attained by som purely arbitrary standard—such a comparing the length of the left ea with that of the right big toe. I do no know what the resulting figure woul mean, but that would be rather an ad vantage, because I would not preten to, while the averages set out in th report pretend to mean something, bu actually they mean nothing.

NOW, to be specific. The repo falls into two divisions, the first calle the Academic Report and the secon the Habit Report.

'Let us first have a look at th academic report. This report tells m nothing. I want to know what Putna is doing. I have not the remotest inte est in what he is doing as compare with the other members of his class as compared with what is called "representative" class. I do not kno what a representative class is, and doubt if the Lord has ever confide that information to anyone.

'The object of a school is to develo the pupil according to his individualit If no one in Putnam's class has an knowledge of reading, composition, language, then Putnam naturally mu be marked average in these subject and I think this must be the cas because he knows nothing at all abo them. In fact, I cannot discover th he knows anything or is learning an thing.

'And worse than that, I cannot di cover that he is interested in learni anything. There is something ver wrong indeed with the methods bei pursued, and I have a suspicion that th trouble lies in relating the work to mythical average instead of to standard of actual accomplishmen With the small classes which you hav no pupil should be deficient in an subject. If he is deficient, then that the fault of the teaching and not of th pupil. A report given to paren should not be an account of what th pupil has done. It should be an accou of what the school has done. Th burden of proof is on the school, not o the pupil.

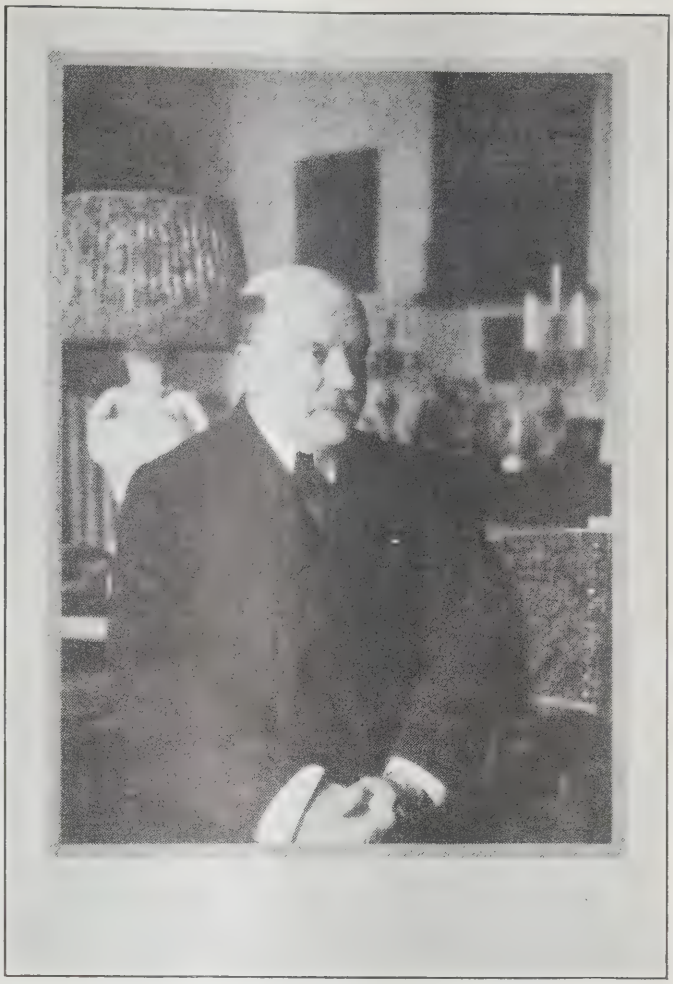
'Of course the ultimate of educ tion is to start the thought processe We must distinguish between memo and intelligence. But no on can be taught to think. The mo that teach-

(Continued on page

A Chat With DON PIO BAROJA

The Celebrated Spanish Writer, Who Carries on the Don Quixote Tradition

By V. S. PRITCHETT



TORN by civil war between the liberal and conservative factions in the 19th Century and living under the traditionally reactionary Bourbons ince 1876, when the brief Republic ollapsed, Spain seemed to have reached er lowest ebb of decadence in 1898 hen in the war with the United States he lost the last of her colonies. But n that year Spain was born again; nd although her story continues to be ne of military domination and po- tical cupidity, there has grown up a and of thinkers who are beginning to evolutionize Spanish thought. They re as important to Spain as the Irish iterary revival was to Ireland and have egotten in their country a definite enaissance.

Little is known about these men or heir work by the world outside. Indeed, at the mention of Spain the verage person thinks immediately of . gypsy with a rose in her hair, or of the enial King Alfonso playing at democracy and polo. Who has heard of his 'generation of '98,' as it is called; f Azorin, Unamuno, Perez de Ayala, Ramiro de Maeztu Manuel Bueno, Ortega y Gasset and Pio Baroja—a group of writers who in vitality and achievement rival the brilliant English school of Hardy, Conrad, Bennett, Wells, Shaw, and Kipling? In this Spanish renaissance one of he more interesting because less conventional figures is Pio Baroja. He is a novelist and a Basque who with typical Basque perverseness declares he does not belong to the movement at all and that the whole thing is a convenient fiction created to label and explain away history!

When I told my friends I was going to see Pio Baroja they strongly advised me not to do anything of the kind. He was celebrated; his work was recognized; he had been increasingly translated in England and America; his work had literary value and was Spanish, whereas that of the far better known Blasco Ibañez was flashy and most un-Spanish. All this was true enough. 'But,' they said, 'he is abominably rude and blunt. He will probably abuse your country and then kick you down the stairs.'

It was therefore with some anxiety that I climbed the stairs to his house in one of the older streets of Madrid—the city is young as European cities go—and as I went up, a grave, neat man in black passed me on the dark stairs. I had seen the face before. Whose was it? But I was too agitated by the prospect of meeting the angry Basque to think more about the incident.

I was shown into a typically Spanish room with white walls and old heavy black furniture against them. There were bright rugs on a polished floor clear as a mirror and with every stick of furniture, pottery and copper reflected in it as in a pool. There was an atmosphere of impeccable and glassy gravity. And in this room, against a blazing background of red damask, sat Don Pio, the fire eater, the abominable, in an old suit, without a collar, with shirt unbuttoned, blue felt slippers on his feet and a small *boina* like a cold blue pancake on the top of his head. A little black kitten was walking about on his shoulder and he was smiling genially. The whole scene seemed wrong. I had imagined a garret or a disorderly study—anything but this.

'I am afraid I must put it outside,' he said shuffling across the room with the kitten. 'My sister does not like cats and this is her house.'

He looked so mild. He was very apologetic. He hardly looked the man who twenty years before had written dramatic criticisms whose downrightness had scandalized the oily Madrid of the day. He had a face as pale as milk, pale sad eyes, pale hair, and a pale scrub of beard of a few days' growth—altogether a pallor peculiar to bakers before eleven o'clock in the morning. Moreover this *was* before eleven o'clock in the morning and—how are the mighty risen! Pio Baroja is a baker.

It was when a young man, after the hardships of the life of a village doctor in Valencia and in the Basque provinces that he became a baker. He had a good story about those early days when his brother and he ran a bakery between them. Don Pio confessed to having written stories in the account books. But it was an efficient bakery withal. One day the brothers wanted to improve the buildings. They sent their plans—as the law required—to the town council for

(*Continued on page 25*)

The Punishment *of* Sisyphus

Is Paralleled in That of a Young Man *Whose* Efforts *Get Him* Nowhere

PART II.

By JOSEPH COLLINS

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

THE essence of my predicament is: the futility of my life. Whatever I say or do is so insignificant, compared with that which worth-while people do, that it cannot be measured. The thing I cannot understand is how persons can be so cocksure of the value of their decisions and doings. They do things without plan or premeditation, and apparently are satisfied. I plan, prepare, investigate, and then do, and I am invariably dissatisfied and discontented. Take one instance:

'I take a train for the country. My neighbor in the seat has purchased a popular magazine and proceeds to peruse it with obvious satisfaction. I realize that such an unsophisticated condition of "where ignorance is bliss" is probably entirely as it should be in the scheme of the world, whereas I, who have eaten somewhat of the tree of knowledge, must suffer. I have brought with me, say, the literary supplement of a weekly paper. When I attempt to read, a thousand depressing thoughts assail me.

'I read the review of a book on Holbein. Although I suppose most persons interested would take this reading as good for a pleasurable half-hour, I begin to conjecture who the critic is. I secretly envy his position, as one who having struggled possibly with much confidence now has an assured position with the paper and *knows just what he wants to do* and is thus functioning in a sphere beyond my reach. Again, I cannot get the complete sense of knowing the whole situation in its proper proportions, as hitherto I have not read his writings. It is obviously impossible to know them, as the past supplements are not only numerous but unobtainable.

'Should I continue to read, the thought comes to me that Holbein led a full existence, lived through situations which I should like to have confronted. And I know that certain people, with the proper mental and emotional equipment, can make his experiences part of themselves.

'But does such an experience fit in with my scheme? How should the fact of this man's life affect me? Should I learn this essay line for line and then be able to talk about Holbein to friends, or ought I to absorb the substance of the sketch as pleasant entertainment on this journey? The hopelessness of concentrating in this looms up when I consider all the books and periodicals I have read in just this way, which will always have a vague place in my mind by reason of having read them, and therefore a claim on me somehow to search them out again and learn them.

'I have a sort of passion, not only not to miss a single thing, but a longing to have that thing under exactly the proper conditions. Thus, for example, having failed to read and completely absorb Keats' poems, I failed to discuss them with so and so, at a house party, and thus did not establish a bond of interest which might have led to pleasurable, useful intimacy.

'We have only so many hours to live, and the time wasted in skimming over such books can never return. The thought of wasted opportunities paralyzes me. I can never forget the might-have-beens. A professor of ethics in college once told us that the human being is either infinitely important or infinitely worm-like, and that both points of view are correct. I generally feel in the latter condition.

'The successful, the healthy, the confident of all ages of mankind, my contemporaries too, are serenely functioning in their spheres, rarely or never doubting that they are doing the right thing. I feel that I am treading ground, not of my own right, but by sufferance of others. The ghostly arm of self-reliant forebears has kept me from getting in touch with the realities of life.

'The successful, the healthy, the confident of all ages, are serenely functioning in their spheres. I feel that I am treading ground.'

'Had I to work for clothes, food and
ication, I might not be in my present
dicament. When I think that, I
lize that it is a cowardly shifting
responsibility.

'My moods change, depending upon
ntal, sometimes upon physical
ises. While in the army, the con-
uous aimless marching around got my
tem into such shape that I became a
t of passive automaton, racked by
norseful ideas and a fearful jealousy
every minute wasted in that particu-
camp when I could, say, be emulat-
the career of Alexander Hamilton,
pping from civil life to war in a
lliant manner.

GOT into the state where the blood
med to cease reaching my head and
as became confused. Since then, I
ve practically never reached tiptop
dition again. Before the war, the
st satisfactory times I can remem-
were those after exercise, after
iling a squad out for crew training or
-hockey practice. But these condi-
ns are so dependent upon being at
lege where teams are organized,
t they cannot be duplicated, and I
ver seem to have been able to become
sorbed in the moment and take it
its worth.

'I always look before and after.
d the inevitable has happened.
longer is it possible to lead a life
l of sport, every minute intense and
ed to the full. I do not want to live
glaring sunlight every minute. I
ow that there is a well-rounded
heme of play and work, rest and
ivity, indulgence and abstinence,
t what I have failed to do is to plunge
naturally, and enjoy the ups and
wns, the struggles and the successes
th my fellows.

'In fact, my
e great obses-
n, or call it
ssing thought,
similar to that
the Lady of
alott in her
wer, "half sick
th shadows,"
she sees the
rld go by
lected in her
rror. I agonize
ssively while
ople apparent-
are at grips
ith reality
erywhere.
d yet all the
ne I have the
surd notion
at by some
agic of thought
personality, or
me process of
ind (rear-
nging of view-
int), I can re-

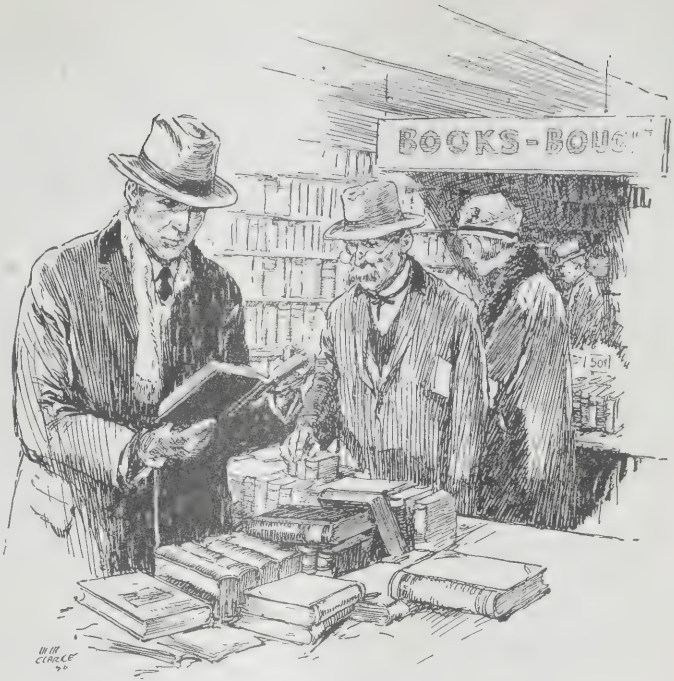
'When it's raining I actually rejoice, for then I feel I am missing nothing in the country.'

capture lost opportunities.

'Various things I would have wished to do: to have started at the proper age, in the proper channels, for the British Navy and progressed into a position there now to have lived that life; to have been preparing myself for literary work by the proper background of reading all the classics and in fact everything readable in the world up to date; to have gone to an English public school, participated in the social life there and on the Continent, the wars, and in fact to have led the romantic life to which I was entitled by birth.

'I realize now that my determination to go to an English university was an eleventh-hour attempt to snatch at these fleeting opportunities and although I was somewhat over the age of the average undergraduate when I went there, I somehow felt that youth might make me the exception. I would still be going and the time not lost. Even now, I refuse to admit that such times have gone by, and actually entertain the idea that all can still be accomplished and experiences, studies, athletics, friendships, and so forth, can be in store still, as if I were not yet twenty.

'Undoubtedly the obsession of human relationships comes in here. I joined the Naval Reserve when we entered the war, preferably to other services, because I thought I would there be able to find the companionship of a better type of young man, handsomer, more daring and more interesting. I was attempting to approximate Gil Blas with a life of romantic escapades; novel points of view and significant of getting the most out of a commonplace world. But while caged at the naval station, I had not the courage to act on any ideas, nor to grasp the realities of the situations, and was constantly imagining the intense and exciting activities of others to which I was not a party.



'I search the bookstores for some outside aid, hoping that some day the secret may be solved.'

'My passion for the complete fitness of things leads me to dwell on the doings of royalty, not from any snobbish point of view, but from the fact that these things are on a high plane. The interesting and dramatic sides of life are expressed to the full. Large dances and balls are attended, and then without loss of time in details, such as struggle for transportation, clothes, and the like, a race-meet in the hunting field where the best are gathered together. Possibly life is just as boresome and perplexing to them as to others. I am merely using this as a symbol for ideas.

'On the other hand, the other side of life—human nature without any external advantages or preferment—appeals to me: for example, that which is happening in the great regions of the West, and of Canada. Here the weather is foul; there the sun is shining, and I cannot get my share of it. The healthy, un-self-conscious youth of the land, boys and girls, are living their lives and not missing anything. The universities of the Middle West, private and state, the football games, the house parties, the hikes and episodes that take place; I feel that I should experience them all. I would be inclined to tabulate such opportunities like a German Ph. D. and do them all. Every experience comes under my yearning —sort of a Walt Whitman obsession with everything of equal value.

'One reason why I probably could not bring myself to (*Continued on page 21*)

Ontario Thinks *Government Control* May Be DRIER Than *Prohibition*

By CHARLES VINING

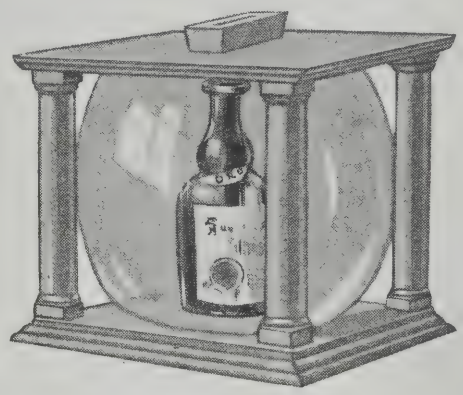
THE province of Ontario has performed the social phenomenon known as 'going wet,' and thus ends prohibition in Canada from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic. In six of the nine provinces liquor is now to be sold to the public by the provincial governments and in the only corner of the Dominion where a prohibition law remains, the little group of maritime provinces wedged in between Quebec and Maine, there are already displayed the symptoms of restlessness which introduced the final stages of the Ontario relapse. The Ontario vote is merely the latest, though perhaps the most significant, voice in a Canadian chorus against prohibition of liquor by law.

Apparently the chorus is not unpleasant to American ears. It has been presented in American newspapers to tunes varying from a solemn anthem of constitutional liberties which the states of the Union are supposed to have lost to a mere rollicking drinking roundelay, but always there has been approval and sometimes envy. This is entertaining to the reader but it is not without risk. To present Ontario as an example for democracy is a safe way for a newspaper to discuss the liquor question, because it has little relation to liquor. But to offer Ontario's vote to the thirsty of America as an omen of an approaching era of alcoholism is unkind. It is a building of false hopes, *for Ontario's vote is not nearly so wet as it looks.*

NOBODY can deny that it looks wet because the social experience and reputation of Ontario has been consistently anti-alcoholic. When prohibition came with the passing of the Ontario Temperance Act as a war-time measure in 1916, it was the natural sequel to efforts which dated back to 1852. Fifteen years before Canada was a dominion, Hon. H. C. Cameron introduced in the old Assembly of Upper and Lower Canada a bill to restrain the manufacture, sale and import of intoxicating liquors.

This was prohibition sixty years before its time and to a stricter degree than Ontario has ever practised, and the bill died a natural death. It was followed, however, by a long series of petition and legislation which saw expression against liquor growing constantly clearer and stronger and culminating in the ten years from 1906 to 1916. During this latter period Ontario had a local option system under a 'three-fifths clause' which required a majority of three-fifths to make a community dry. At the beginning of the ten years the province had 187 out of 784 municipalities dry; in 1916 there were 572 out of 851 dry.

Thus the way was prepared for the enactment of the Ontario Temperance



Act in 1916 under a Conservative administration headed by Sir William Hearst. Prohibition was no shock. It was put into operation merely as a government measure without appeal to the voters and accepted and even acclaimed by a public eager to make any sacrifice to win the war. *One of the ministers in the administration which introduced prohibition was Hon. G. Howard Ferguson who now has been elected to destroy it.*

Three plebiscites, held in 1919, in 1921 and in 1924, record the trend of Ontario's sentiment on prohibition and supply the stage setting for the vote of December first.

The first plebiscite showed no distaste for prohibition. On the contrary it gave a surprising sweep of approval. Four questions were asked at this time in 1919, the two main questions being:

> Are you in favor of the repeal of the Ontario Temperance Act?
> Are you in favor of the sale of liquors by government agencies? (This is the system for which Ontario has just voted.)

The answers to these two questions gave overwhelming endorsement of prohibition, the Ontario Temperance Act being supported by a majority of 405,427 and a government sale system being opposed by a majority of 235,164. In the same year Sir William Hearst and his government were turne out of power by the temporary novelt of a farmer party.

Prohibition in Ontario at this tin prevented only the sale of liquor withi the province. It did not prevent in portation from other provinces countries and this developed to such degree that two years later, in 192 the public was asked to express opinic on the subject of importation. The m jority opposing it and favoring furth strictness of prohibition was 166,83

Thus from 1852 to 1921 the progre toward prohibition in Ontario was u broken and even five years of Ontar Temperance Act experiment seemed produce a substantial desire on the pa of the public to make prohibition mo severe.

In 1923 the farmer governme passed out and the Conservatives r turned to power by a huge majorit this time under Hon. G. Howa Ferguson, Sir William Hearst havi retired from politics after the disast of 1919. The new Ferguson Gover ment was at once harassed by a w element both within and outside i ranks and in October of 1924 it held t third plebiscite on prohibition. was a straight choice between t Ontario Temperance Act and gover ment control and this time a change sentiment became evident. The Te perance Act was sustained, but only a vote which split the province in two almost equal camps, the majori for prohibition being only 33,915 in total vote of 585,676 to 551,761.

ON December 1, 1926, Mr. Fergus made the provincial election the c casion to invite Ontario to return hi to power on the understanding that would replace the Ontario Temperan Act with a system of government co trol, the same alternative which result in rejection of government control t years ago. This time Mr. Ferguson a government control were put into pow by 74 seats out of 112. Of the 38 sea left in opposition, five are definitely favor of government sale. Next spri Mr. Ferguson thus will control 79 sea and 33 will be against him. Distri after district which has always favor prohibition voted this time heavily favor of government control as a su stitute or showed complete change opinion. On a compilation of total f ures at the time of writing, the majori in favor of government control 248,000.

It is easy, however, to make wro

ductions from this fact. It is not safe assume that any wave of wetness has veloped in Ontario. There were in-uences in the recent vote which were t present in the three plebiscites and ey spoil such simple deduction. Two the main complications were party d church.

HE three plebiscites on prohibition d only one issue, liquor, and no litical party ventured to suggest to e voter what he should do. Political rties in fact endeavored to avoid com-tting themselves at the *plebiscites.* e recent vote, however, was an *ction.* In a province which is tradi-nally Conservative, a Conservative vernment was urging that it be re-ected to office, and after reëlection it uld settle prohibition.

This condition created two highly certain factors which had not existed the plebiscites. These were dry Con-rvatives and wet Liberals. The un-rtainty was whether they would give eference to party loyalty or to social nviction. The outcome makes it pear that dry Conservatives voted ainst prohibition for their party ile wet Liberals voted against their rty for their liquor. This is perhaps e natural working of human nature. e wet Liberal was seeking something wanted for himself and his impulses re positive. The dry Conservative d merely a thing which he did not nt for himself but which he wished to ep from others and his impulses were gative.

RESULTS in constituencies which re formerly both prohibitionist and nservative show how this influence erated. Of the 77 seats held by Con-rvatives in the last parliament of ntario, 45 were consistently prohi-itionist. Practically without exception, the recent vote these 45 Conserva-ve districts stayed Conservative and serted the Temperance Act. The erage majority for the Temperance ct in 1924 in these ridings was 2,800. he average majority for the Conserva-ve party in 1923 was only 800. Yet is time in almost every case the pro-bition majority was wiped out and a nservative majority substituted. To this meant not only that dry Con-rvatives chose party before prohibi-on, but that wet Liberals chose quor before party.

Church organizations have always layed a part in Ontario's votes on the liquor question. This time, however, there was the powerful United Church, formed three years ago by the merger of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational denominations, and this time it was not only the liquor question but politics in which the church was exercising its influence.

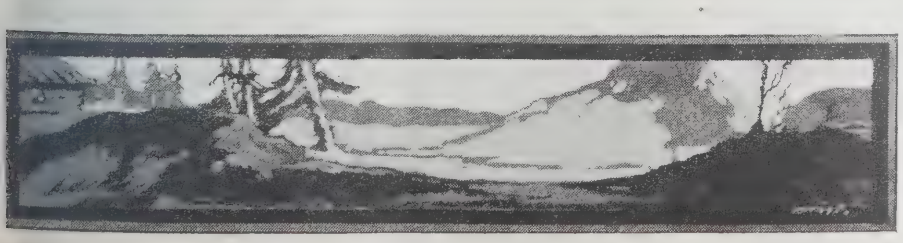
The United Church emphatically backed prohibition and urged from its pulpits the defeat of the Conservative government and Mr. Ferguson. A suspicion was whispered that the United Church was seeking to wield temporal power. The Anglican Church, the Roman Catholic Church, and those Presbyterians who had declined to join the union arrayed themselves against this possibility and openly advocated Mr. Ferguson and his system of government control against continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act.

THE denominational complexion of the campaign was unique and definite. Just as the pull of party affiliations was a new complication in the liquor vote, so the rivalry of churches was a factor which distorted the question from a simple issue of wet or dry.

The form of government liquor sale which will now be established in Ontario is a matter of speculation. The new provincial parliament will be summoned in the latter half of January and the liquor system will be proposed in the form of a government bill. This must pass three readings of parliament before it becomes law, during which process it will be the subject of debate and discussion in spite of the wide margin of parliamentary power which the government will wield.

The expectation among friends of Premier Ferguson is that details of the system will be left in the hands of a commission appointed by the new act and directed by a man to whom Mr. Ferguson has already referred as possessing public confidence. It seems unlikely that the new system can be made effective before the middle of April or the first of May.

IT MAY be repeated that Ontario's vote is not nearly so wet as it looks. Legal liquor has been voted into Ontario not by drys who have suddenly become alcoholics but by drys who remain dry and who have been actuated against the O. T. A. by a variety of motives not the least of which has been a belief that government control may be drier than prohibition.



The Social Lobby

A Favorite Game *at* Washington

THAT there exists in Washington an institution known as the social lobby no political observer will deny. Like other 'invisible empires,' it is an evasive entity. It is the rock upon which innumerable committees, investigations and bills have been wrecked.

The Constitution of the United States provides for three distinct branches of the Federal Government; the social lobby provides for the fourth. It penetrates into all governmental activities, and no branch of the Government has been free of its influence. Hospitality is the mask under which the social lobby works, but the velvet glove of comradeship has been known to conceal the proverbial brass knuckles.

The rules of the game are accepted with complacency by Congress after Congress, and administration after administration. 'Watch the columns of the Washington papers' has become a byword. Dining a Senator or a Congressman at once sets the cross-purpose-puzzlers working.

THE late President Roosevelt once said, in reference to a socially ambitious candidate for the mayoralty nomination of an eastern city, that: 'What the professional politician would do for money,—would do for a cup of tea.' What the professional lobbyist will do as a business proposition, the social aspirant will do for a dinner or a place on the receiving line. The subversive feature of this brand of lobbying is that it is effective. The Senator, or the Congressman, or the secretary, or the commissioner, or other functionary of the Government, succumbs; whether through the importunities of a society-bedazzled wife or daughter, or for personal advantage, matters not; the results are the same. The public pays the bill for the lobby out of the increase in the family budget; family clothes; family bread; family coal; family meat; and even the family amusements, such as motion pictures, for each abandoned investigation means that the public continues to pay. That it was thrown into the discard through the activities of the social lobby makes it the more criminal, for the lobby offers personal benefit in exchange for public betrayal. It is in this scramble

to 'deliver' that the female indeed becomes more dangerous than the male.

The stock market, as well as the high cost of living, is a fair barometer of the manipulations of the social lobby. Within the present generation a 'leak' in a President's message is known to have enriched the faithful of an entire administration. Wall Street is invariably in a position to discount a proposed change in the Federal Reserve rate. A Supreme Court decision, known in advance, an Interstate Commerce order typed off—just in social chat—but the knowledge is invariably in favor of the 'insiders' who know when to get out, at the expense of the 'outsiders' who didn't know when to get in. How is it done?

Accurate evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a nursemaid down the street
That he knew a man who had a friend
Who said HE knew when the war would end.

The stock market is to American society what the race course is to French society. And brokers must make money whether the 'market' goes up or goes down, whether the Federal rediscount rate goes up or down, whether the public buys, or sells, or is sold.

Of course 'tips' and 'leaks' and 'inside information' are not delivered through amplifiers, any more than palatial mansions and racing stables are produced from the proceeds of official salaries.

IT HAS become the vogue for monopolistic industries operating in violation of the anti-trust laws to employ ex-officeholders for the purpose of swerving investigations and obstructing legislation, through their *entrée* to the social lobby or their 'inside' connections. Women who, through a combination of political and social affiliations, are most useful in lobby activities are given strategic positions in their respective organizations. These women, when necessity demands, can switch their lobbying activities to Newport, Palm Beach, California, a yacht, or if necessary an ocean liner. Devious indeed are the ways of the social lobby. 'Watch the Washington papers?' Bah! Begin with the Washington papers; then read the *Congressional Directory;* then the *Congressional Record;* then, if one lives until they are issued, the investigation reports; then the bills voted out; then the New York papers, the San Francisco papers and the Paris *Herald.* If one is faithful to this primary course in following up social lobby, one may obtain a faint residue of information by the end of the session.

Advantages of a VIOLENT TEMPER

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Drawing by RICHARD BROECKER

IF CERTAIN virtues are their own reward, others are heavily penalized. Severe and unavoidable sufferings attend the punctual, and I question whether some people do not pay an equally high price for the upkeep of good tempers. Is not anyone who is conspicuously good-natured sure to be taken advantage of? Just as we overdrive a willing horse, so we presume on a long-suffering friend. Security makes tyrants of us all. If you establish a reputation for a reliably good temper, be sure you will be badly served, kept waiting for hours, and generally what is called 'put upon' during all the course of your meek life.

What a dreadful fate and how easy to avoid! Two or three spectacular ebullitions of rage in early youth will save any amount of trouble in after life. A well-established reputation for explosiveness will get three times as much work out of your domestic staff, make your friends punctual, your children obedient, the very tradesmen solicitous to please. So, putting it at its lowest, just consider what a saving of time and money a well-advertised violent temper represents.

You see, most of us will do a good deal to avoid a nasty flare-up. I don't know why we should so greatly mind any display of fury, but that we do mind it is certain.

When we were children we dreaded anger for itself, quite apart from any possible consequences, and we have never outgrown this natural shrinking.

Once I have seen someone in a real rage, ever afterward I treat him (or her) with the greatest respect. Very, very softl do I tread . . .

In these days I doubt whether an of us can afford the luxury of a not riously good temper. Will it not be to heavily taxed? This being so, shoul we not instruct our children to assum an anger if they have it not, and ou selves broadcast the ungovernable vi lence of their tempers so that they ma be as privileged as kicking hors who wear red ribbons on their tai and therefore have the narrow gat all to themselves? I believe our daug ters need lessons in scolding quite urgently as they need lessons in dancir or in housekeeping. A 'rage clas would be a good novelty for a scho mistress to introduce into her cu riculum.

'How to be well served—a cour of six lessons in scolding.' 'How stamp the foot and flash the eye.'

Newspapers should advertis correspondence courses in 'Profitab Violence' and Coué devotee nightly mumble, 'Every day in ever way my temper gets worse an worse.'

A well-established reputation for explosiveness will get three times as much work out of your domestic staff.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

IT WOULD not be amiss if more of us took for a motto one which has been implicit in this Page since its beginning. Worded in many ways, perhaps the simplest form is this: 'Everything has been all right *up till now*.' As a working rule it has many advantages:

It furnishes a sound philosophy of human experience. While not so blindly optimistic as the motto, 'Whatever is, is right,' it makes clear that whatever *was* right may not justify the verdict that it *is* right still. In the abstract many, many things are wrong and cruel, but our only hope of being rid of them is that they shall continue until we *see and feel and know* them to be wrong and cruel; then we will get rid of them. We may say of anything that we have just discovered to be a wrong that 'it was all right up till now.' That is, if actual wrong teaches us how wrong Wrong really is, the lesson is good as long as we need it. Beyond that, no. As individuals and as a race we pass through stage after stage of experience, and as we emerge from each we cast off what seems worthless; but how could we have known it worthless had we not trusted in its worth and found it wanting? We can say of any experience that brings us to clearer vision, 'it was all right *up till now*,' but now it is all wrong because its work is done.

It separates the Past and the Future by inserting a Present. We are, as a rule, more conscious of the past and future than of the present. Retrospect and ambition, the backward look and the adventurous forward leap, are far more natural to us than realization. To *realize* is a very present act. Regrets for what we have done, hopes for what we shall do, usually swallow up realization of what we *are* doing. The Past is in us, but it is subject to the present. The Past is not fixed, but pliant—one's past is what he makes it—and the same past changes its values according to the wisdom with which the Present views it. That is the extreme value of the Present—it determines both Past and Future. Yet the Present interests us least of all. Still, the Present is all there is, and both past and future are in it. 'Everything has been all right *up till now*.' *Now* is the time! There is no time like *now!* 'Act,—act in the living present.' We may well consider any motto that emphasizes the Now.

It robs the past of all its power to breed hatred or regret. That is hardly the way to say it, for the past breeds nothing that the present does not sire; but with our motto the past yields no nurture for hatred and regret. Think of the ancient hatreds kept alive in the world. It is true that bigotry, cruelty and injustice of every kind have marked the course of mankind; but now that we know it, now that it has been demonstrated in the laboratory of life what these elements are and what their action is, was it not worth it? Our forebears would have counted it worth all the cost to teach us the nature of these wrong passions. It takes two sides to fight out a wrong, just as it takes two sides to establish a right. All human struggles must be estimated as active researches in the laboratory of experience, with after generations the beneficiaries. Why should we feel called upon to continue dead antagonisms? They have served their purpose. This race did thus and so; this church persecuted in this or that manner; this class of society oppressed after this fashion or that—very well. And all of them were resisted. And resistance brought balance and sanity. And we reap the good harvest. Let us not galvanize dead quarrels; let us say, 'Everything was all right, *up till now*.'

This motto impresses a clear duty upon the denizens of Now. Responsibility is fixed upon us; no easy-going philosophy can release us from it. When we speak of a 'clear' duty in the light of our motto we mean, first, a duty that is free of the frictions of hatred, prejudice or revenge, and second, a duty that is clear from any doubt as to the time for its performance. It is probably true that if we approach a task with feelings of hatred or revenge in any degree, it is a sign that we have not been appointed to that duty. There are at the present day many seriously harmful tendencies to be turned aside, many boastful and subversive powers to be fought and driven off, many strongholds of ignorance to be opened to the sanitary light of the sun, many inequalities resting on foundations which must be shaken; certainly it is no easy-going time in which we live. But these things must be done without the ghosts of old hatreds and prejudices clogging our efforts, they must be done in the clear and untrammeled knowledge that the hour of certain evils has struck, and they must be removed. A clear duty is clear of hatred and clear of impediment as to the destined hour. Destiny's hour is every hour, for something.

The universe is quite easy under these problems and yet quite active with them all. Our motto also has these two qualities: ease of attitude and activity of life. If everything has been all right *up till now*, we may feel easy about the process of the universe and unite ourselves with it in the full duties of the Now. We achieve something like trust concerning the past and faith concerning the future, with an inspiring sense of responsibility toward our Present.

IF YOU could get hold of a philosophy that would take all the hate and regret and prejudice out of the past and put you into possession of a fresh new Now, would you take it? Of course you would. We want the past honestly capitalized, the present naturally energized, and the future enriched by a creative faith—don't we, all of us? Trust for the past, faith for the future, strength and courage and vision for the present?—Yes. Well, it is all wrapped up in a simple motto—'Everything has been all right, up till now.' This Page tries to tell some of the implications of such a motto. Maybe you can see still more.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Hens Know More

CERTAIN students of divinity, raw material for future clergymen—of the kind the Church gets for her sins—proclaimed their absolute determination not to defend their country, homes or altars under any circumstances. These most prostrate victims of the alien policy of hamstringing the United States are to be more pitied than censured. It is quite probable that even without their declaration they would have been just as useless in national defense as they now wish to be. Men of their kind usually are. We make exceptions, of course, for the red-blooded, honestly born, American-hearted young fellow who has been misled by a false idealism; he will come out of it all the better for the infection. But for the other kind, the natural coward and selfish skulker who would screen his hide behind a ready-to-wear cloak prepared by the alien pacifists, we leave him to the course of nature. If he succeeds in entering the Church it will only be an indication of how rapidly the Church is disintegrating. And those whom he can harm will have left the Church before he can go very far. Imagine in your pulpit a man sworn never to defend his country, with its liberties, its women and its children! Even a barnyard hen will defend its young.

Where Speech Is Freest

COMPARATIVELY few Americans know that opportunity for the freest of all free speech in this free land prevails in the halls of Congress. Section 6 of Article I of the Constitution of the United States says, in part, 'For any Speech or Debate in either House, they (Senators and Representatives) shall not be questioned in any other place.'

Whether a Senator may challenge the statements of a Representative and demand proof, or a Representative require that a Senator substantiate his utterences, is not entirely clear, but it is very evident that no outsider has any defense against or redress for any deliberate, accidental or incidental misrepresentation, however libelous or damaging it may be.

This being the case, it is remarkable that greater advantage has not been taken of the immunity. It certainly must often have been a trying temptation and it would appear that in the exercise of this immunity for 138 years, throughout the deliberations of 69 Congresses, Congressmen have belied a popular estimate of themselves—that of being inordinate and unconscionable windbags. They do well enough in this line, to be sure, but with the bars down and the full right and power to go as far as they please without fear of outside accountability, it is a wonder they have not more generously availed themselves of their unique privilege.

Hedged about with so great a degree of protection, members of trade associations, professional societies and, it is to be feared, some religious organizations, would scarcely hesitate.

And yet it cannot be said that this provision of the Constitution is unknown to or ignored by certain members of our national legislature who seem to take advantage of their immunity to give the widest publicity to allegations and charges which, if made by anyone not a Senator or a Representative, or even by one of them in any other place than 'either House,' would call for the most searching investigation in which they would be required to produce the evidence upon which their allegations were based and to be personally liable for any injustice done.

It is well to bear this fact in mind in appraising the credibility of some of the startling revelations of our lawmakers which result in nothing but brief publicity in the newspapers.

Don Adolfo Diaz

AN INTERESTING person is Don Adolfo Diaz, president of Nicaragua as recognized by the United States Government. Not so many years ago he was secretary of a mining company owned in Pittsburgh and operating in Nicaragua, a company which paid Don Adolfo the sum of $1,500 a year so it could comply with the Nicaraguan laws decreeing that at least one official should be a native of that country. Then there came a revolution and Diaz emerged as vice-president—with the report that an American envoy had insisted upon his designation for that office. In the turn of affairs Diaz became president; but his régime was weak and within a year a revolution was started against him. Three thousand American Marines were landed to 'protect American lives and property.' Eleven of them were killed; but Don Adolfo was seated securely as president. Most of the Marines then went home, but a company of them stayed on, still protecting American lives and property, and four presidents all held office legally and peacefully.

In 1925, however, vigorous protests in Congress forced the recall of the Marines. A revolution and counter-revolution followed. Then, a few months ago, Don Adolfo Diaz bobbed up once more as president, with American recognition promptly granted him. And, strange as it may seem, American Marines once more were landed, 'to protect American lives and property.'

While Uncle Sam Sleeps

THE only idle nitrate plant in the world is in the United States.

There are now at Niagara Falls twenty or more electrochemical companies with invested capital in their operations of nearly $75,000,000. These plants produce electrochemical products in dozens of varieties and with an estimated annual sales value of some $60,000,000. The War taught us that the products of these plants are indispensable to our country's national defense. About 600,000 horsepower is in service on the American side at Niagara Falls, and of this total approximately 350,000 horsepower is used in the electrochemical industries, and of the total in electrochemical service about 160,000 horsepower is imported from Canada. We not only import Canadian power to operate electrochemical industries in the United States but Canada is taking the industry away from us.

The aluminum industry, it is understood, will now be expanded on the Saguenay River in Canada where nearly 1,000,000 horsepower is to be used in producing aluminum and its products. We cannot conscript these electrochemical industries when war comes. We cannot call these industries into service in time of war like troops.

The President and Congress must decide whether these electrochemical industries to serve national defense and agriculture shall be established on the Tennessee River or whether the Power Combine shall defeat their establishment.

The only idle nitrate plant in the world is in the United States.

On Your Mind, or in It?

GALSWORTHY has a line in *The Silver Spoon* which describes a statesman in office as having much on his mind but practically nothing in it. This description will arrest the attention of busy people everywhere, for the excess of busy-ness is one of the curses of modern life. The average busy mind is not a power-house or creative force, but a relay station through which things merely pass.

Originating nothing and retaining little, the bulk of our mental activity resembles nothing more than brick-passing.

Men of large affairs frequently reflect on this tendency in business life. Rarely do the administrative and creative minds come together in the same individual, because the administrative tends to deprive the creative of its nourishment. Suffocation in the incidental is the surest way to miss the fundamental.

The man who confronts the possibility of having a great deal *on* his mind can make no better preparation for it than by having a great deal *in* his mind. The possession of a durable foundation of lasting things keeps the mind from being jarred to pieces by the incessant traffic of passing things. As long as the mind must serve in some degree as a traffic highway, it should be well ballasted.

There is private as well as public mischief in the condition which Galsworthy so aptly describes. The private mischief is that men come presently to think of busy-ness as work. It may be mere motion, fuss, fever. It is no less wearing than work, perhaps it is more so, but it is not productive. The energy expended is not paid for in results. Women who run about to clubs and other social affairs, which are camouflaged under pretense of study or reform or service, find themselves with so much *on* their minds that they fret under the growing complexity of life; they begin to feel that they have been drawn into the circle of the world's important affairs; a sense of strain and haste occurs; but at the end of the season they can look back at nothing but a blur of busy, useless weariness. Men become enmeshed in the same net. The obvious cure for this unhappy state of affairs is a rigorous separation of the merely busy from the really needful and fruitful. It would reduce the count of dominating trivialities.

The public mischief is obvious. Men who have only much *on* and little *in* their minds inevitably become the agents of those who have something in their minds. The great danger of the statesman is not in moral weakness but intellectual insufficiency; a 'policy' of some sort is a necessity; if he cannot provide one for himself, he must take one ready-made.

And there are always plenty of interests hanging about, many of them honest interests but none the less dangerous, ready to supply him with a program or a policy. Statesmen who carry the heavy routine burden of office, confess their inability to give their minds to anything; they must largely depend on the judgment of others; the weighty work of legislation is often determined by men never selected for it: and the reason is that men in office have so many things on their mind that they have practically nothing in their mind.

Yet, when the public has a choice between a 'peppy,' feverish, run-around-in-a-circle man with heaps of things *on* his mind, and a calm, quiet, self-possessed, thoughtful, judicial man with much *in* his mind, it selects the 'peppy' man. That does not spell doom, of course, for after his selection the 'peppy' man is needful for someone to use him by supplying him with the intellectual material which he can use. And that is the thoughtful man's opportunity.

'Those early artists were realists, reproducing the familiar life in which they lived.'

How Primitive *Was* Prehistoric Man?

The Artist

By A. E. JENKS

Illustrated by GEORGE HARPER

Copyright, by A. E. JENKS, 1927

FOLLOWING the decline of the Neanderthal race of men, two races of the new species, *homo sapiens*, came into Europe. The Grimaldi, a Negroid race, came from Africa. At about the same time, the Cro-Magnon, whose distinguishable descendants still survive in the population of France, especially in the Dordogne, came in from the east. Each added new ideas and technique, and together they gave great impetus to culture during three cultural periods.

The first of these periods, called Aurignacian, is named from a small, ancient but still inhabited French village called Aurignac. It is the only village I have visited in France which did not lure me on to extended exploration. But Aurignac that day was too dirty, too smelly, and had too many active fleas to hold one beyond the hours of duty. The type-site of Aurignacian culture is within two miles of the village. It is a very small grotto, about the size of a household bathroom. I saw in the Toulouse museum every artifact taken from that site which fixed its name on the marvelous new culture period.

There were fourteen small sharp flint points, perhaps dart points, perfected beyond Neanderthal skill; three polished bone implements—more or less lozenge-shaped, about like long human fingers; and three bone points from one-half to two inches long with cleft base for fitting astride the end of a shaft or handle. Those twenty specimens complete the list of material from the type-site, but all were culturally new. They were an innovation in Europe, a step far in advance of the Mousterian culture of the Neanderthal race.

The Aurignacian culture, as revealed by the vast finds from Predmost in Moravia, used bones for other purposes also. Ribs of mammoths were perforated with large openings into which other ax-shaped bones were set at right angles. Thus bone axes were mounted on bone handles. Ribs were also shaped quite like the wooden ladles our grandmothers employed in such household labors as stirring cornmeal mush while it sputtered in open kettles.

The Aurignacian man introduced into Europe two other culture complexes: that of personal ornamentation and that of engraving, sculpture and painting. He had the esthetic sense as no earlier European possessed it. The Aurignacian dwelling sites have furnished small shells with punched holes; also teeth of the horse, wolf, lynx and elk with holes similarly punched, all worn as personal adornment and probably hung around the neck. Drilled circular holes in ornaments had not as yet been made in Western Europe. However, if Predmost culture proves to be Aurignacian rather than the later Solutrian, it brings abundant materials in bone and ivory showing a very much more advanced technique.

Bone bodkins or needles without eyelets (excepting from Predmost) are also found. They were probably used for sewing skins, so clothing was in use. At one Aurignacian site is a stratum of bones of the wild horse varying from one and one-half to six feet in thickness

nd containing the bones of about one undred thousand horses. Horse steak n the west of Europe and mammoth teak in the east of Europe, rather than eefsteak, were the chief meat foods of urignacian hunters. It should be oted that the Aurignacian man, by is sculpture of small figurines of omen, proves that during his life here was a widespread existence over outhern Europe of the Negroid people nown as the Grimaldi race.

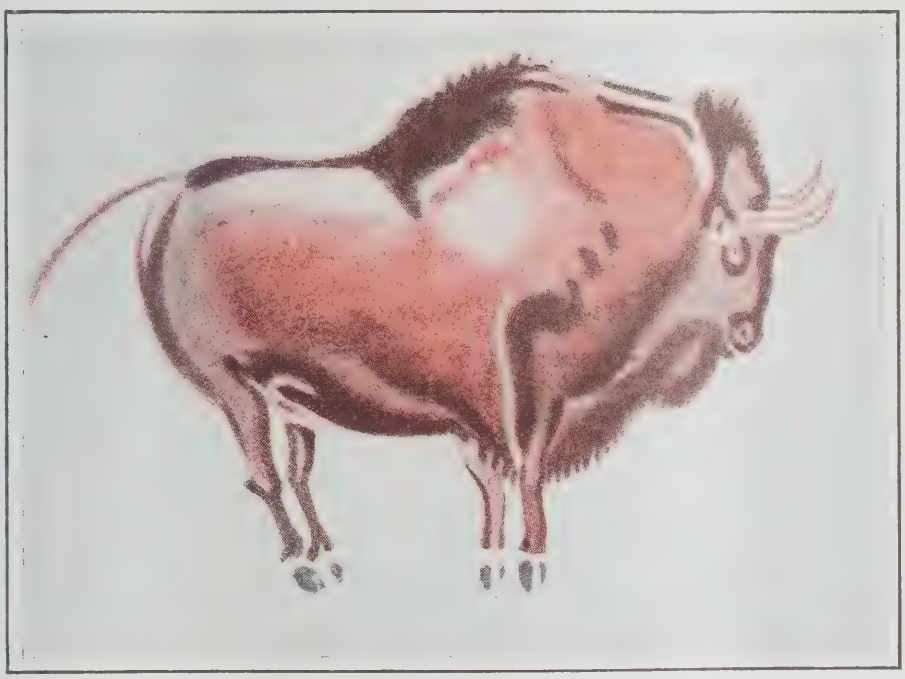
Though geographically Aurignacian ulture was almost coextensive with s predecessor, the Mousterian, yet here is no evidence that it was an volution from it. It was, rather, omething new. Excepting Czecho-lovakia, whose marvelous Predmost ulture-site, if solely Aurignacian, will nake necessary a new alignment of the elative importance of Aurignacian ulture, it was best represented in Belgium, France, Germany, Spain, and taly. England, Austria, Poland, Rus-ia, and Hungary came next. It was lso in Africa and in Asia. It probably rgely originated in Africa.

THE Solutrian culture followed the urignacian as the Würm glacier was n its retreat. The culture stage takes s name from the commune of Solutre, ear Macon, north f Lyons, France. here in the sunny pen lands, south f the escarpment r rock of Solutre, he type-remains re spread over an rea now known o be at least two nd one-half acres n extent. The ulture stratum in laces attains a hickness of thirty-hree feet, and verlies Aurigna-ian culture—in act, it overlies hat thick layer of abitation refuse omposed largely f the bones of one undred thousand orses broken and ooked in Aurig-acian feasts. The eople are believed o have lived in wellings con-tructed of timbers and light wooden r earth covering.

The Solutrian culture made one reat innovation in technique. Until hat time all flint chipping had been by ercussion, by striking blows. The olutrian man introduced pressure-hipping.

After long chips had been struck ff the cores, as the Aurignacian nan had shown, those chips were thinned and worked down by the removal of tiny flakes as desired by the new process of pressing a hard, compact point of horn or ivory on the spot to be modified, and the tiny chip was actually pushed off. This enabled the Solutrian man to make the laurel-leaf blades, one of which has been found even 13.8 inches long. A cache of fourteen of those beautiful blades has been found in France, all set close together on edge, and for some reason never removed by the Solutrian owner.

SOLUTRIAN skill also developed what is called the willow-leaf point, equally beautifully chipped, but having a notch on the edge near the base, thus making a short neck by which the point or blade could better be inserted in a handle of wood. The best Solutrian chipped flint products are from Czecho-Slovakia. This culture-stage was not of long duration. It is now looked upon as probably a product in France, or in the Pyrenees, of the racial and cultural contact of the Grimaldi and the Cro-Magnon races, in which the Grimaldi cultural influence weakened while the Cro-Magnon increased and at last swamped the other. At any rate, it is clear that out of the Solutrian came the succeeding Magdalenian culture period in which the Eastern influence predominates over the African.



Bison with red horns. (After a primitive painting.)

The type-station of Magdalenian culture is back again near Les Eyzies, that so-called 'Prehistoric Capital of the World,' in the Dordogne of France. It is a great rock shelter now about to crumble away into the ever encroaching Vézère River. It is named from a monastery of the Middle Ages, 'La Madeleine,' whose picturesque ruins stand on the brink of the rock cliff underneath which is the old shelter of the type-site.

The chipping of flint, which reached so high a level in the pressure-flaking of the Solutrian period, fell away woefully in the Magdalenian. This fact causes some students to think that Magdalenian culture was by an entirely new race of people. That aspect of the problem will need to rest until more skeletal material is at hand, on which, of course, the decision will rest secure. However, the art of working bone, horn and ivory was further advanced. And new types of implements came in. Bone needles, which appeared in the Aurignacian, were rare in the Solutrian, but became abundant in the widespread Magdalenian. They were slender and had excellently drilled eyelets. Evidently clothing was made and worn whenever needed.

BONE buttons with a single circular drilled hole for knotted-cord attachments are Magdalenian also. A wonderful harpoon was also developed in the Magdalenian culture stage. The harpoon, or rather harpoon-head, was first of bone, having sawtooth edges with points directed slightly backward. The head was attached to a wooden shaft and may or may not have had an attached cord which the hunter retained in his hand when the harpoon was hurled.

As the Magdalenian stage developed, the harpoon-head was made of stronger reindeer horn. The low-pointed barbs became a row of sharp recurved teeth along one edge, and finally along both edges. Eventually also a large hole was made in the shank of the harpoon-head which could have been for no other purpose than the attachment of a stout cord. Such harpoons were in use by the Eskimo, the barbed head being only slightly attached to the handle by which it was hurled. After being hurled into its victim, the head pulled away from the handle, but was attached to it by a connecting cord. Though the Eskimo employed his harpoons for taking such sea game as seals and walrus, the Cro-Magnon hunter of the Magdalenian culture used his for taking reindeer, *(Continued on page 24)*

Sampan boats, homes of the enormous number of Chinese who live on the rivers.

—Ewing Galloway Photos.

Decorations by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Some Snapshots of China

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

A FRIEND from America who has long been resident in China thus spoke to me:

'I have lived in China for twenty-five years and have traveled widely in this interesting land, but I do not know it well enough to write anything about it. You have been here a week, and I presume you will write a book.'

I told him I was already at work upon it, and while it might not grow to a book, I certainly intended to write. I asked him to give me a sentence with which to start my book, in case, after a residence of seven or twice seven days, I should see fit to make my volume rather a large one. He gave me this sentence:

'There is no truthful statement that can possibly be made about China which cannot with equal truthfulness be contradicted.'

I think I know what he meant. China is too vast for easy generalization. Its four hundred millions of people are too diversified in geographical distribution, too unlike in language and habits of life, for anyone to write about one town or city and assume that all China is like what he has seen.

Dr. James M. Buckley, of the New York *Christian Advocate*, once told me of meeting a Russian who said:

'I can always tell an American, because he puts mustard in his coffee.'

It was useless to tell him that Dr. Buckley was an American and that he had never taken mustard in his coffee nor seen another American do it. This Russian had seen an American, or a man he thought to be an American, who put mustard, or what the Russian thought was mustard, in his coffee, and the Russian thereafter accepted no man as an American who did not do the same. Some judgments of China, made by men who have seen it as extensively as I, are of like character.

First of all, let it be confessed that China appears to disadvantage after seeing Japan. I put the case squarely to a man who is giving his life to work in China, and who knows both countries. I said, for he asked me to be frank with him:

'None of us who have come to Japan on this cruise, and from there to China, are likely to have been biased in advance in favor of Japan. We have all been told again and again that the banks in Japan employ Chinese clerks because the Japanese cannot trust one another; and when we presented our letters of credit at the banks we looked in vain for the Chinamen.

'We saw Japan resolute, confident and cheerful. And we found the people possessed of apparent unity of spirit and unbounded confidence in the future of Japan.

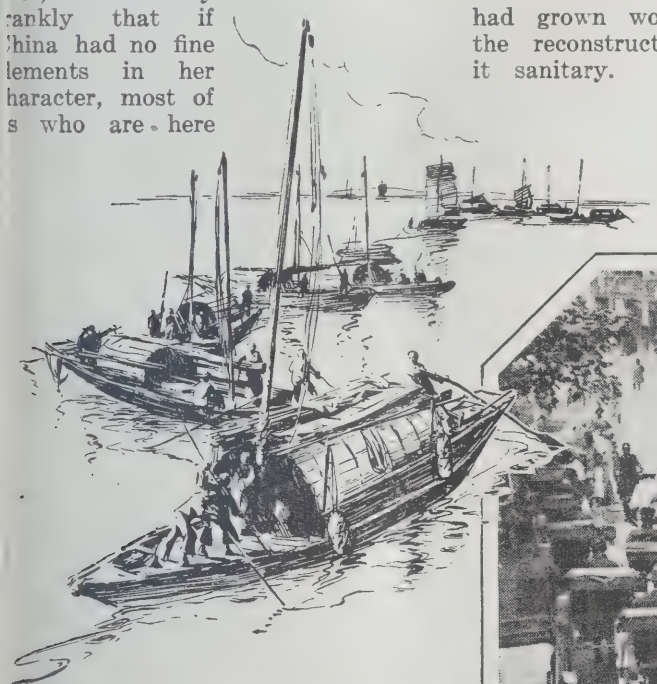
'I saw only two beggars in Japan, and I am not sure that I saw more than one. It was a Japanese mother professing to be a widow. She had a baby on her back. I think I saw two, for I met them two or three blocks apart, but it was on the same street, the princi-

al shopping street of Yokohama, nd the women of the ship's company ho shopped there say that there was ut one. But China is full of beggars. n Japan the ricksha man expects a ip in addition to his fare, but waits till he end of the day. In China the rickha man begs at the first and every successive stop.

OUR first visitors in China are wellers on the sampan boats, who ome alongside begging for the garage from the ship's kitchen. (And I ight add that these were the last to id us farewell.) Even those tourists ho entered Japan with prejudice have een unable to maintain an unfavorable npression of that interesting country. he Japanese have courage, pride, agerness to learn, and a sense of ational unity. These are great assets. Vhat has the Chinese character to qual them?'

He said:

'You have stated a strong case, and think a truthful one. The Japanese ave all these fine qualities. China oes not put her best foot foremost. Ve have here no such agency as the ery efficient and altogether admirable apan Tourist Bureau. We have no ay of telling China that she must sit retty when there is company. Moreover, let me say rankly that if hina had no fine lements in her haracter, most of s who are here



ould feel that still we who are strong ught to bear the infirmities of the eak.

'But the case is not so bad as it ight seem. Chinese character, whatver it lacks, has in it an element of tability, or genuine worth, which akes it worth while to work here. hose of us who have been here longest re those who are most fully convinced hat the Chinese have in them that hich more than justifies us in staying. Even their backwardness, their conservatism as compared with the Japanese, is in one way an asset. The Chinese stand without hitching. I make no comparisons. But the Chinese are worth working for.'

Another man said: 'The Chinese are undemonstrative. They are not what might be called a grateful people. I cannot pretend that we receive all the appreciation which I sometimes think we deserve. They are callous to suffering, and not very ready to appreciate effort expended in their behalf. For that matter, what people are appreciative?'

CHINA is vast. We ought not to think of the three cities of Peking, Shanghai and Hongkong as if they were New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, but as if they were Montreal, Washington and Mexico City. The fact that nominally these three Chinese cities belong to one nation counts for little.

Shanghai is not China. Her suburbs might almost as well be in Kalamazoo or Kansas City. Hongkong is not China. It is a transplanted section of England, with an admixture of everything on earth. Canton is China. And yet Canton is rebuilding with rapidity as a modern city.

I was told that health conditions had grown worse in Canton since the reconstruction work to make it sanitary. Its streets are four to seven feet wide and roofed over. There is no rain in them and no dust. There is every smell on earth. You jostle porters who carry silks and salt fish, fine linen and night filth, babies and corpses. But as fast as old buildings are torn down and streets are widened, the air gets in and the wind blows the dust in every direction. The leveling of the old wall to make a bund eighty feet wide was said to have been a direct invitation to tuberculosis. For the winds whirl the dust along it and into the alleys, and that dust has in it a thousand years of accumulated germs. However, there is no turning back. The remedy is more fresh air, not less.

I said that Canton was still a Chinese city. But the Chinese are not city dwellers. They are a village people. City life is not what they profess. Those who have lived for generations in a city still give their address as the place where their ancestors lived. The colleges have to keep two lists of addresses of their students. A student gives his address, and is asked, 'Is that where you live?' He answers, 'No; that is the home of my family, and hence my home; but for the past four hundred years my people have lived in Canton, or Peking.'

AS soon as one gets ashore in Shanghai or Hongkong he meets tall, turbaned, black-whiskered policemen. They are Sikhs. They are said to make good policemen; the Chinese are afraid of them, and with apparent reason. But the Chinese are a people who do not kick against the pricks. For the most part they are docile and easily handled. Crimes of violence are not frequent among them. Neither do they commit robbery (*Continued on page 20*)

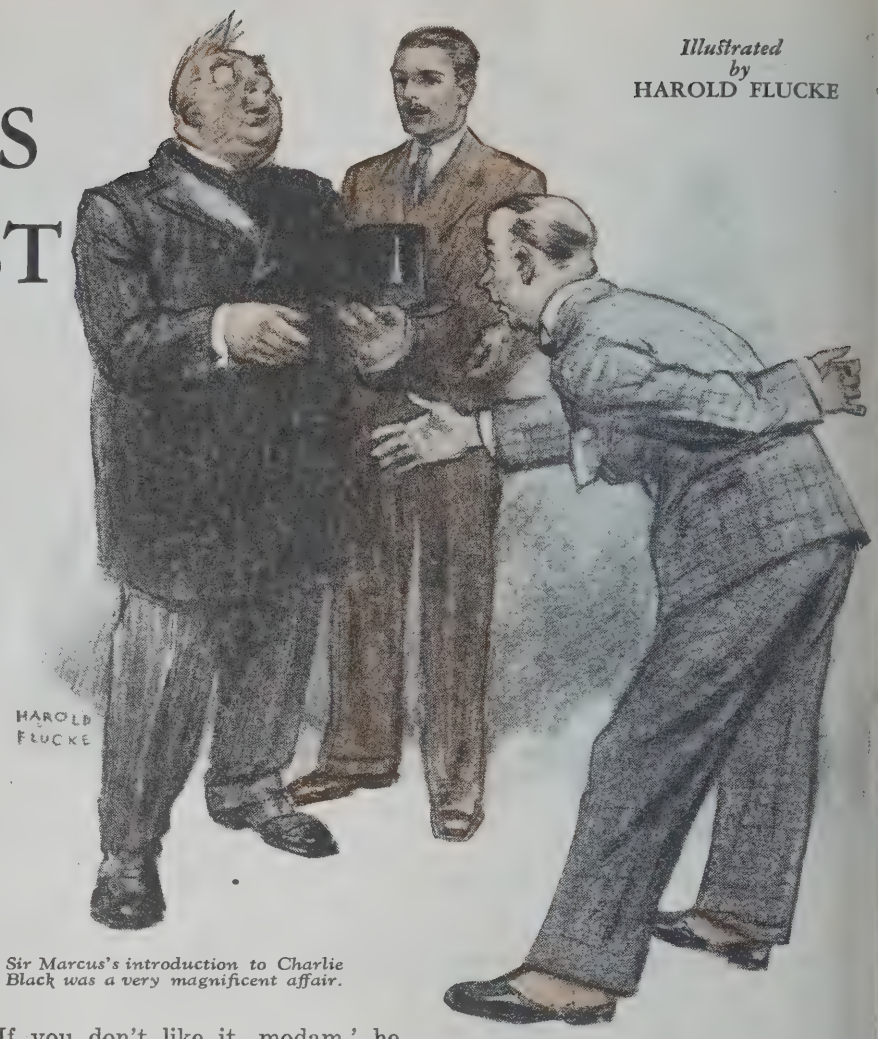
Shanghai street, congested with jinrickshas.

The GARRULOUS DIPLOMATIST

Illustrated by HAROLD FLUCKE

By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright, by HUGH WALPOLE



Sir Marcus's introduction to Charlie Black was a very magnificent affair.

Synopsis of Preceding Installment

Marcus Pendyce is the 'garrulous diplomatist' in question. He is an unmitigated bore, owing to his habit of unloading his reminiscences on all occasions. The members of the Lambs Club, who are the particular victims of Pendyce's anecdotage, determine to get rid of him, and a scheme is hatched by which he will go on a three months' lecturing tour.

MR. CHARLES BLACK was a remarkable man of enterprise, who started in a haberdasher's, had been most things from a stoker to a dancing instructor, and was now safely landed in quite a successful business as a lecture agent. It is well known that in the United States of America there is a passion for lecturers on every conceivable subject, and very often on no subject at all. Here, in the less intellectual British Isles, lecturers are less in demand, and it is generally considered that a lecturer is sufficiently rewarded by being allowed to speak for an hour or so in a hall or drawing-room on the subject nearest his heart without the addition of financial profit.

Mr. Black was changing all that. He had now a leash of excited lecturers at his heels, who went yapping and barking about the country, and he had roused quite enough interest in many of the larger provincial towns to make a small profit possible for his lecturers and quite a large one for himself. He was an honest, agreeable, faithless haberdasher, who considered his lecturers exactly as he had in an earlier period of his career considered collars and handkerchiefs.

'This is a very good little thing that we're doing,' he would announce to Newcastle or Liverpool, 'in *The Haunted Homes of England* style, or we have a line in *The Poets of Scotland* we can thoroughly recommend. These *Princesses I Have Known* articles are wearing very well indeed, and these *Denizens of the Deep* are meeting a long-felt demand.'

Some of his lecturers, I understood, objected to the atmosphere with which he surrounded them. He was quite frank with these superior persons.

'If you don't like it, modam,' he said, 'you can jolly well lump it. Here am I creating a new style of business, and you will kindly allow me to do it my own way. Good afternoon, modam. I expect your *'Igh Life in the Cities of Europe* will be most successful without my aid. No one will be more glad than I shall be if it is so.'

As he explained to me, he sounded a sarcastic fellow; he was not nearly so sarcastic as he sounded.

He was very glad to see me again.

'Why, Mr. Johnson,' he said, 'this is a sight for sore eyes! Are you thinking of lecturing yourself?'

'Do you think I'd be any good at it?' I asked him.

'Well, you never can tell,' he assured me. 'We 'ad a woman in 'ere last week who looked as if she wouldn't say boo to a goose, she was that frightened. She told me she'd got a series on the cathedrals of England, and I was going to turn her off, but suddenly the man I'd got going down to Brighton fell through, and I sent her down instead. Lord luv a duck, but she 'ad them paralyzed! The Royal Pavilion, too, where the old Prince Regent used to carry on any'ow. She made them cathedrals as thrilling as a circus. She 'ad them laughing all over the place. The best lecture they'd ever 'ad, they said.'

'Well, I've got a lecturer for you,' I said, 'who's the very thing. He's a retired diplomat, who's known everybody in his time and been everywhere.'

'Why, that sounds good,' said Mr. Black. 'Has he done any lecturing?'

'Not in public,' I said. 'Plenty in private.'

'Is he shy or nervous?' said Mr. Black.

NOT a bit,' I answered. 'Nothing can stop him once he's off. He can give you anecdotes about all the crowned heads of Europe; he's a most amusing fellow.'

'Why, that's the very thing I want,' said Mr. Black. 'It's a funny thing, but in these democratic days, the more democratic people get, the more they want to 'ear about 'igh life. Mention a duchess to 'em ten years ago and they wouldn't look at it. Give 'em a countess today, and they'll eat you. What's 'e look like?'

'He looks a proper old aristocrat,' I answered. 'Three chins, an eyeglass, and what's called a "portly presence." He's also got the Oxford manner. He's genial, friendly, and loves a yarn.'

' 'E's the very man,' said Mr. Black, in an awe-struck whisper. 'Send him along.'

Next day I lunched with Sir Marcus at the Lambs. There is something strange and uncomfortable, not alto-

gether unconnected, I suppose, with a ad sort of snobbishness, about being ntertained in a club by a man who is mmensely unpopular there. If there s some fine and righteous reason for his npopularity, then the guest may feel ll the virtuous happiness of supporting, gainst odds, a magnificent cause. But f his unpopularity has no greater basis han intrinsic unagreeableness, it is ifficult indeed not oneself to feel ungreeable and justly uncomfortable. It elped me a little to realize that Sir Marcus was completely unaware of the eneral attitude to him. In the few inutes before luncheon he approached ve different members of the club with n eager smile and an explanatory nger, and all those five men faded way from before him and were not. t was as though he realized that it as an essential condition of his state f life that he should only catch his ompany after many fruitless throws f the line and hook, and he turned his, in some wonderful way, to a deep ompliment to himself, on the ground, suppose, that the best of God's reatures are only appreciated by the w, and that nothing that is good omes easily.

WE were halfway through luncheon hen I made my proposal.

'Lecture?' he cried, sniffing the ir like a horse out for its first morning m. 'Lecture, lecture, lecture? Well, ow, why not?'

'Why not, indeed?' I said. 'I onder that you haven't thought of it efore.'

'My dear young friend,' he said npressively, aning toward e, 'I have ought of it on veral occasions. o tell you the uth, advances ave been made me, but they dn't seem to e quite worth , nor, indeed, to ll you a little ore, quite remunerative ough. Who ants me to lecre?'

I told him out Mr. Black, r. Black's enusiasm, and r. Black's marlous powers of ganization.

'He sounds a orthy fellow,' said Sir arcus, in his best diplmatic manner, 'but, of urse, you know, it's a klish business, my lecring. Discretion needed and tact. I remember in '64, when I was attaché in Berlin, a feller in the Embassy giving a lecture, and he made just the smallest allusion to the wife of young Bonny Cooper, who was First Secretary just then. Said she had the prettiest feet in Europe, or something, and, by Jove, there was a row! There was to be a ball the next night, I remember, and old Blenkinsop Smith—you know his sister probably, Mrs. Crawshay Fitzgerald; she's dead now, poor thing, died of eating too much, if you ask me; she was a wonderful woman for her meals—"I'll have some more of that," she used to cry, and would go on hours after everybody else, quite regardless—'

I called the worthy gentleman back to the business in hand. 'I am sure we can trust your discretion, Sir Marcus,' I said. 'The thing to do is to tell them just enough, you know, and not too much.'

Sir Marcus roared at this. 'That's the thing!' he cried. 'I don't suppose,' he said solemnly, looking toward me, 'that there is anyone in Europe at this moment who knows as much as I do about what goes on behind the scenes. Why, the war alone——'

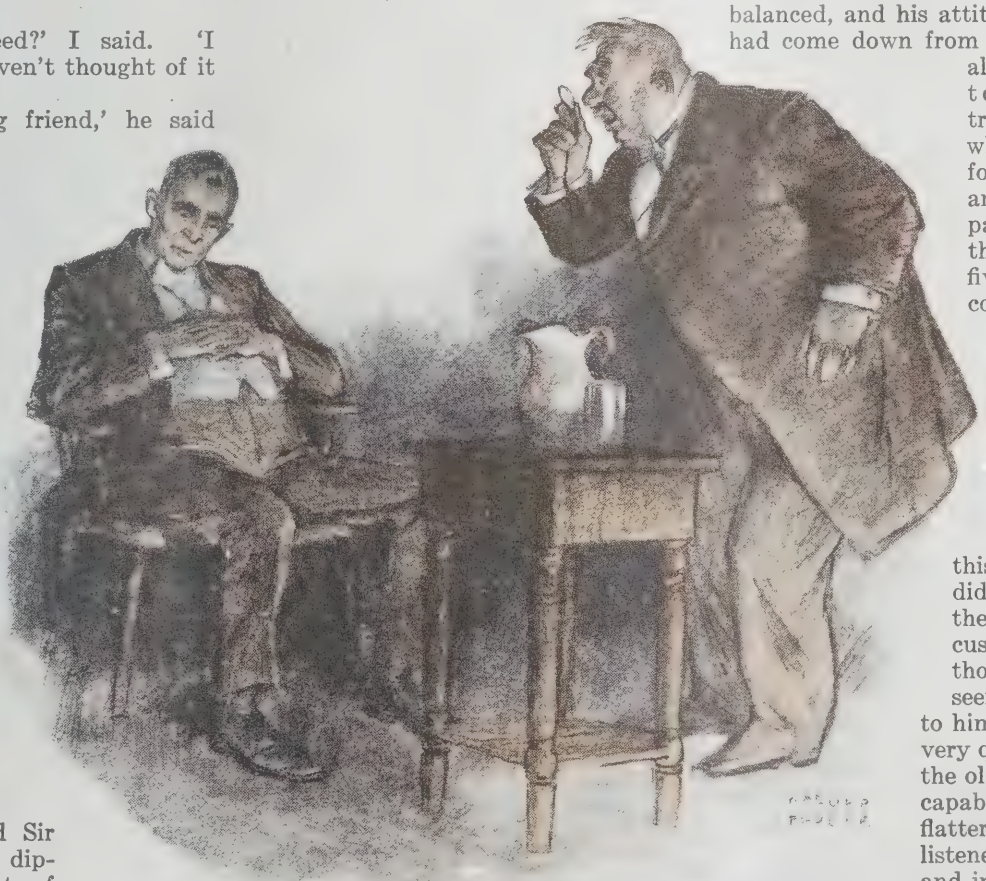
'No,' I interrupted firmly, 'there must be nothing about the war. It is your earlier experiences, Sir Marcus, that will be so interesting to everybody.'

He was, I could see, excited like a child by the idea. I didn't know then, but discovered later, that his finances were in a very bad way, and perhaps he felt more lonely and isolated than I had given him credit for. This was what he wanted—unlimited opportunity for speech, audiences impressed and enthusiastic, and money at the end of it.

Mr. Charles Black

His introduction to Charlie Black was a very magnificent affair. It had about it that curious theatrical unreality that so often occurs in real life. Sir Marcus was unreal, I saw now for the first time, because he was so desperately a survival. His kind had been killed by the war, and if they ever came up again, it would be with some new tradition, some fresh exterior, some more modern phrase. He was very magnificent to Charlie Black, treating him with a condescension and patronage that was wonderful to behold. He was magnificently dressed in a high black stock and pearl pin, and his eyeglass superbly balanced, and his attitude was that he had come down from the Olympus of all the aristocracy to greet some trembling mortal who had begged for his presence and was ready to pay large sums for the enjoyment of five minutes of his company.

For Charlie Black I had always had respect, but my admiration of him was immensely increased by his attitude on this occasion. He did not resent in the least Sir Marcus's patronage, although it must have seemed very absurd to him. He found out very quickly just what the old gentleman was capable of doing, he flattered his snobbery, listened to his stories, and interrupted them, when they were too lengthy, with wonderful dexterity.



A loud most unmistakable snore from behind caused Sir Marcus to turn around. Sir Muttlebury Hatt was fast asleep.

Finally the arrangement was made. Sir Marcus was to attempt a tour of three months, his lecture being entitled *The Great World as I Knew It.* The plan was that Sir Marcus should talk to young Smithers, Charlie Black's most able assistant, for several mornings, pouring out to him all the treasures of his experience, and that from these Smithers should make a collective narrative which the lecturer should read. Sir Marcus rebelled a little against this, telling anybody who would listen to him that he would infinitely prefer that he should talk straight from the heart.

'Spontaneity is my greatest gift,' said Sir Marcus, 'a gift denied to many. I am my natural self when I am unfettered by notes or pieces of paper. I do beg you, Mr. Black, that you will allow me to talk freely, easily, as though the audience consisted of a few friends of mine gathered together round the club fire.'

'Later on, later on,' said Mr. Black. 'You'll forgive me for saying so, Sir Marcus, but however natural an orator may be, and I know from your diplomatic experience that you must 'ave 'ad many occasions for public speaking——'

'Indeed I have,' interrupted Sir Marcus eagerly. 'Once in Berlin——'

'Quite so, quite so,' said Charlie Black gently. 'All the same, these are my terms, Sir Marcus. Take them or leave them.'

IT AMAZED and even touched me to see what a child the man instantly became in the hands of someone who knew how to deal with him. He was pitiably anxious about his success. The whole world stopped while he considered every detail of his approaching appearance. He bored me so desperately in the weeks that followed that on several occasions I nearly abandoned the whole affair. He was perhaps a finer artist on the telephone than anyone I've ever known. He would ring you up on most inconvenient occasions, when you were in your bath or at breakfast, or engaged upon a serious piece of work. It was of no avail whatever to say that you were out, or ill, or busy. Against such an excuse he had the simple retort of ringing up steadily every successive few minutes until you were found to be in.

Then, once he had you, words came tumbling through the air like flakes of a snowstorm, and if you said goodby or put down the receiver too quickly, he would be at you again in another five minutes with the remark that he hadn't quite finished what he was saying, and somebody must have cut us off.

The real cure, however, was already working. During a whole week he only once entered the club, and Pom almost fell upon my neck and embraced me in the middle of Piccadilly, and was anxious to pay me my money there and then. 'No, you wait,' I said. 'He may be back on you in another week or two. Nobody knows how this lecture tour will develop.'

At the hotel, sitting on his bed in his pajamas, Sir Marcus burst into tears and clung to me as though I were his wife, mother, grandfather rolled into one.

Never, never, never shall I forget that first lecture. It took place in a hall in the wilds of Wimbledon. It had been well billed beforehand. There were posters up and down the streets of Wimbledon, announcing that Sir Marcus Pendyce, C.B., M.V.O., would give a lecture on 'The Great World as I Have Known It,' that nobody now alive had had quite the experiences that Sir Marcus had had, that he was a noted raconteur, and that although efforts had been made for many years to force him on to the lecture platform, it was only now that, bowing at last to the insistent public demand, he had consented to appear. The hall was packed, the walls were lined with standing people, the gallery almost shed perspiration upon the heads below it, so hot and pressed and excited was it. The chairman of the evening was Sir Muttlebury Hatt, J. P. for the district, a gentleman so curiously like Sir Marcus on a smaller and more insignificant scale that I once again admired Charlie Black's resource in that he had secured a chairman who should, as it were, prepare the way for the speaker by being just half as grand, half as large, half as impressive. Then Sir Marcus appeared. There was a storm of cheers. The two gentlemen sat on the platform smiling a little nervously, nodding to one another and looking at their watches. The chairman was not a man intended by the Deity for public speaking, and after he had muttered a few remarks about being amongst friends, everybody knowing everybody, and the great world, and how nice it was to see everybody, and how certain he was that everybody was going to be very happy, he sat down.

Sir Marcus rose, and for a passing moment I felt for him all the tenderness and pity that a mother may feel for her only son dispatched for the first time into the brutal world of school life. For once the poor man was terribly nervous, lost, bewildered, and confused. He took out his eyeglass, wiped it, put it back again. He smiled, laughed a little, and then suddenly remembered his paper, which he picked up, held upside down, and then began to murmur to himself. Then suddenly, I suppose, the blood of the Pendyces came to his rescue. He made a sudden plunge, caught and held that fine booming voice that was so familiar to all his friends, and was off. I must confess that he read very well indeed, with the only exception that he laughed a little too much before he arrived at one of the jokes that came swimming up toward him from the bottom of the page. In fact, on one occasion he broke off parenthetically to remark: 'Now, this is a good one,—you all listen to this.' But otherwise he went steadily forward to the end. Then, to my horror, I saw him lay the paper down, take a step forward with his hands in his pockets, his head tilted back, begin to discourse on his own. 'You have had, my dear friends,' he said, 'what I think without exaggeration I may describe to you as a really interesting paper, but perhaps I flatter myself—' Here he paused and waited, and as there were no remarks from the audience, he continued. 'Nevertheless, there are some other things that occur to me as I stand before you that may, I think, amuse you. Let us consider ourselves all friends gathered together round the club fire.' A group of school girls from the Wimbledon High School in the second row, who had been growing a little sleepy, all sat up and began to look interested.

'I remember in Berlin, it must have been, I think, in the spring of '71 or the late autumn of '70, perhaps—'

My heart sank. I looked round me in

despair, but on this occasion it was our chairman who saved us. Sir Marcus was barely launched into his first international episode when a loud, most unmistakable snore from behind him caused him to stop, start, and turn round. Sir Muttlebury Hatt, his legs stretched in front of him, his arms crossing his stomach, was fast asleep. This disconcerted the speaker most surprisingly. There must have been many other occasions when his hearers had slept in his presence and he had continued undismayed, but this time he was beaten. He stopped, stammered, and finally broke off with: 'Well, dear friends, good night, good night, good night! I hope you've enjoyed the evening as much as I have. Perhaps one day you will allow me to come and see you again.'

There was a storm of applause. Sir Muttlebury Hatt awoke, got upon his feet, and said that Sir Marcus Pendyce had given us all a great deal to think about, that we had felt during his delightful speech as though we were all part of the great world ourselves, that we had learned, at any rate, that the great world was very little different from the small one, and so on and so on. The evening was over.

There began then one of the most curious episodes of my life. There was no reason whatever why I should accompany Sir Marcus on his tour, but there was something simple and childish about the poor gentleman that touched my sympathies. I would never have believed that a few weeks could so completely change a man of his age. It was not, of course, that he became in any way less of a bore. He was rather more of one, if possible, but the rough and tumble of that lecture showed him to be what at heart he must always have been—a nervous, frightened, rather pitiful child, flinching before the great world he was now discovering for the first time in his long life, finding it, indeed, so utterly different from anything that he had supposed. What a sheltered, safe, ordered existence those before-the-war diplomatists must have had! Will anyone ever be so safe again? I trow not. To Sir Marcus the risk of the lectures, the possibility that the audiences might be slender, the further possibility that they might not like what he said, and might tell him so, the discomfort and ugliness of the English provincial hotel, the jostling and jolting of incessant train journeys, the colds and indigestions and neuralgias and headaches that hang exultingly around the path of every lecturer—of all these things he had had before no slightest hint.

In the third week of our tour, when we arrived at Edinburgh, it was wet, cold, and windy, and that night of our arrival at the Caledonian Hotel, sitting on his bed in his pajamas, he burst into tears and then clung to me as though I were indeed his wife, mother, grandfather rolled into one. He could give me no coherent explanation of his breakdown—he had earache, the fish hadn't agreed with him at dinner, the last lecture in Carlisle had been but thinly attended, his little jokes about queens and kings, prime ministers and beautiful ladies, had seemed, even to himself, curiously out of date and dusty. In short, he was a poor, bewildered human being in a bewildering, foggy, dangerous world.

I suggested, although I knew that I was, perhaps, losing all my chances of success, that he should abandon the tour. Not for a moment! He sprang on to the floor, began to gesticulate, searched for his eyeglass, and proved to me unmistakably that the success of his enterprise was the only thing that he now considered. I saw, in fact, a disaster approaching us. The lectures had been less and less successful, and this always for the same reason—that he would not stick to his book, but would burst, at the most unlikely places, into incoherent anecdotage that had no beginning, no middle, and no end. At Liverpool, before a very thin audience indeed, he had talked for a solid two hours, and finally had to be dragged from the platform. This loquacious habit had immensely thrived on lecturing. It seemed, indeed, as though now it was physically impossible for him to stop talking. Even in his sleep, from my room, that was next to his, I could hear him continuing: 'I remember in '71—,' and so on.

There were twenty more lectures for him to deliver. We descended from Edinburgh to Durham, and there in the small concert room in the town hall, some twenty or thirty people were all his audience. I really could have put my arms around Sir Marcus and patted his white head when, in the little room behind the platform, the man in charge of the hall said: 'Mighty few here tonight. I should put 'em all in the first two rows and have 'em close together. Looks a bit warmer.' He made then, I saw, a truly magnificent struggle to pull himself together, threw back his head, adjusted his eyeglass and went forward, my warmest admiration bearing him full company. From the open door of the little room I could see the hall, with all its cruel exposure of empty seats, its glaziness, emptiness, and coldness, and once again—as I had felt on so many other of the cases connected with this business of mine—I wondered whether I were not too cruel to be really true. Then I noticed, sitting in the front row, two dear old, rosy-cheeked, white-haired ladies, and with them a nice-looking young man. Their eyes were fixed on Sir Marcus from the beginning of the lecture to the end. They gazed on him adoringly. The smile never left their faces, and although they did not seem to take his especial points with much more active appreciation than they took the whole of the discourse, they were quite plainly in ecstasies about the whole affair. It was quite delightful to see the way in which they nodded their old heads at one another, and one of them, at the end, actually waved her hand. I saw that Sir Marcus also had noticed them, and at the end of the lecture he went down on to the floor and spoke to them and the young man. He was with them a long time, and I waited and waited, and at last went off to the hotel, not wishing to interfere or cut short any happiness he might be securing.

Next morning, to my surprise, he told me that he intended to stay in Durham for a day or two, and that he would cut the lecture at Newcastle out of his schedule. He seemed in amazing spirits. I asked him who were his new friends. 'The Misses Piggott and a nephew. Two adorable old ladies.' He was going to lunch with them that day.

The lecture following the Newcastle one was near London, so I went down back to my old haunts, leaving Sir Marcus with his new friends.

Charlie Black, when I saw him the next day, told me quite frankly that our diplomatist was a complete failure, and that he must call off the other lectures. I begged and pleaded, but all to no avail. 'Just give him another chance,' I said. 'The whole happiness of his life depends upon it.'

Charlie Black was not to be moved. 'Silly old fool!' he said. 'I warned him not

Hermit's Company

Fannie Stearns Davis

I KEPT a mouse for company.
Each night as I sat idle he
Darkened his least hole by the stove,
And nibbled small cake-crumbs, and throve.

His eyes were black as glass. His paws
Had tiny sharp pink-patterned claws.
His tail was sleek and tapered thin.
He could hide faster than a sin.

His ears, if there stood light behind,
Were leafy lobes all veined and lined.
Satin and smooth his close grey coat;
Luxurious Quaker—tail to throat.

I held him dear for company.
He was so small . . . He left me free . .
He never grudged me silent space
To stretch my soul, and cool my face,
To think, and think, and never speak. . .
Death's self alone could make him squeak!

to get talking all that stuff on his own. If he'd stuck to what we wrote out for him, he would have been quite all right, but not 'e, conceited old puppet.' No, business was business, and Sir Marcus Pendyce's career as a lecturer was at an end.

I met Pom, and was about to confess to him that our plan had failed, and that the Lambs would see Sir Marcus once more in their company at a very early date. Luckily I refrained. Once more, as on so many other occasions, Fate had stepped in and saved me. I had a note next morning from Sir Marcus, headed 'Mulberry Cottage, Fetters Moor, Durham,' saying that he intended to stay for a week or two with the Misses Piggott, and he was enjoying himself very much, and that the rest of the lectures could go to Hades. I saw that my sympathy had been wasted, and I was glad that it was so.

Week after week passed. Sir Marcus did not return. Then it happened quite by chance that I met, at some dinner-party in London, a Canon of Durham Cathedral, who was having a week of theaters in the Metropolis and enjoying himself very much indeed. 'By the way,' I said, 'do you happen to have seen anything up there of an old feller Pendyce, who was once a diplomat?'

The Canon laughed. 'Why, yes,' he said. 'Old man with white hair and an eyeglass, never stops talking?'

'That's the man,' I said.

'Yes, of course; he's living out at Fetters Moor, five miles out of Durham, with two old ladies.'

'That's it,' I answered. 'Do you happen to know how long he's going to stay there?'

'Oh, he's there for the rest of his natural days! He's taken up his abode with them for ever. He's just what they've been searching for all their lives. They're dear old things, but they're the greatest snobs in Europe. They'd go miles just to see anybody with a title, and to have a real ambassador living with them gives them a happiness that is delightful to behold.'

'Yes, but,' I said, 'how can they endure it? He talks the whole time, and he's the greatest bore in Christendom.'

'That doesn't matter,' said the amiable Canon, laughing. 'Didn't you know? They're both stone deaf—'

* * *

I was paid my check by Pom on the following morning.

'Average' as the Goal of Education

(*Continued from page 2*)

ing can do is to awaken the mind of the pupil to reasoning and then give him some tools to reason with. Putnam is not getting those tools. And the second section of the report uncovers a fondness for the lock-step—which is inimical with thought.

'Now, take the second section—the habit report. This is ambitiously headed, "Habits and Attitudes Desirable for Good Citizenship." Who determined that? Let us take some of the specific headings:

' "Stands on two feet without leaning." I should like to know who determined that standing on one foot was incompatible with good citizenship. Has anyone made the rather laborious research to determine the relation between the full service of citizenship and the position of one's feet? If absolute conclusions have been arrived at, it seems to me this should be put on the agenda of the League of Nations, for then we could get at the troubles of the world through its feet. Personally, I never use two feet if one foot can be made to serve. I cannot think of any single class of people that constantly uses two feet, other than the army, and I do not know that the contributions of the army to the intelligence of the country have been significant. Of course, if a pupil took to standing on his head, that would be another matter.

' "Anticipates his needs and does not borrow." A much higher grade of intelligence would be indicated by a pupil anticipating his needs and borrowing.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS. *Pen-and-ink impression by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

' "Respects authority." The whole progress of our race has been based not on respecting authority as such but upon respecting authority according to the righteousness of its genesis. Respecting authority because it is authority is Teutonic.

' "Is attentive when someone else is talking." There is nothing to this. The real point is to discover what this someone else is talking about and then instantly to determine whether it is worth listening to.

'Most of these headings have nothing in particular to do with good citizenship or anything else. But if we should assume for the moment that all of the headings were right—or that any list could be drawn—and that an analysis of this sort was needed, then I cannot see how it is possible for any teacher accurately to make this elaborate diagnosis even for one pupil, let alone for a class.

'I have never been able to agree with flippant characterization, such as may be found, for instance, in reference blanks sent out by employment agencies. It is not possible to dissect the intricate intellectual elements which go to make up the mind of a human being and then quickly mark them as positive or negative. It is done, and it is done with great self-sufficiency, but to be able to do it is not an indication of keen observation. It is an indication that the observer is not really an observer at all but has a mind filled with slogans instead of a mind filled with thoughts.'

If you are delegating the education of your children—and in part you must—to what sort of notions are you exposing them? It might pay to find out.

No—I did not get a reply. I withdrew the boy from the school.

Snapshots of China

(*Continued from page 15*)

in any ordinary conditions. Chinese servants steal clothing and food but ordinarily not money. But Chinese soldiers, mostly recruited from the streets of the cities, easily become bandits. The river bandits are so by heredity. They are alleged to be the descendants of pirates.

In Hongkong are said to be 200,000 river people, who are born, live and die on their little boats. The river is packed with them in places. Some of these people are pirates. Until the establishment of the republic they were not permitted to marry land-folk. The matter of piracy on the river between Hongkong and Canton is a present-day matter. Only a few months ago a steam launch belonging to Canton Christian College, loaded with students, was captured and held for ransom. The ransom was not paid. The governor of the island of Honan, on which the college is located, assured the college people that it was not wise to pay ransom, or it would have to be done again. 'They will not kill,' he said. 'When I was a robber, we captured for ransom but we did not kill.' This was encouraging information, and it proved reliable. The girls were released at once, and the boys came back in detachments. Before many days the boat also was recovered. The words, 'When I was a robber,' were no figure of speech. This governor, Lei Fuk Lam, is a great friend of Canton Christian College. Dr. Cadbury, of the college faculty, has done good service for him in the matter of bullet wounds, and so on.

While thousands of these boats are in the river, not one of them is permitted to land at Shahmeen, the foreign part of Canton where the American, British and other consulates are. That is an island. No Chinaman is permitted there at night unless he is a servant in some American or European house. On the two bridges leading across from the city proper, every Chinaman who leaves with a bundle that is not obviously suitable for him to be carrying, or who does not have a pass for his package, is stopped and searched.

Chinese and Japanese eat much sea-food, not only fish but sea-moss, and the physicians on board our ship comment on the absence of goiter among these nationalities. What they eat besides this, I do not know. I have had one or two meals in high-grade Chinese places, and I am satisfied not to know what I ate. One thing, however, should be stated. Chop Suey, however spelled, famous as it is in Chinese restaurants in America, is unknown in China. I hope I have not eaten much of some of the things I have seen carried home to eat by Chinamen. The food is not so bad if you do not ask too many questions.

Chinese appear to eat all the time at public entertainments. When they have nothing else to eat, and between the courses, they eat watermelon seeds just to keep busy. In a Chinese restaurant, when you have entered and have been served with tea, you are brought hot towels, one for each person. They are wet and saponified and perfumed. Between the courses, also, a hot towel is now and then furnished each person at the table. I think I had five at one meal. It is a custom which has much to commend it.

The Punishment of Sisyphus

(*Continued from page 5*)

marry say Mary or Helen would be that I would be fearful that the next day someone else would appear more desirable. Theoretically, I should like to be married, so as not to miss anything. For example, I want to be doing or living the exact right thing at the exact right time in relation to everything else. Paraphrasing Goethe, I try to live perfectly in a perfect world, and neither is true, I know. Should I try to practise the piano with a definite idea of learning Chopin, or to exercise at the gymnasium that I might develop my muscles, the situation mocks me hideously. The practising I did three years ago was effective while it lasted, and I was sure I was accomplishing something then, but now it is as if I had not done it, and if I practise now, how much or how little should I play? One hour a day, two, three . . . Paderewski practises eight. But then that would interfere with other things and why should I arbitrarily choose eight? I have no real reason. But the decision to practise eight hours fits in exactly with Paderewski's scheme. He is doing the right thing.

I ONCE tried to apply the golden "mean" of Aristotle: moderation. But what is the deciding factor? Should I do calisthenics for one, two, three or fours hour a day? Should I row in the rowing machine at the gym one, two, three or four miles? Why only one hour, why swim only a short time in the tank when men and women are now swimming the Channel, down the Hudson? I know that one gets one's second wind and that the body is capable of much. Would I not have a new outlook at the end of such an intense exercise?

'But I have not the conviction, nor persistency, nor concentration to hold to any such course.

'Every moment with me is fraught with a thousand possibilities which change with my change of place; for example, from bedroom to sitting room; from house to street; whether the sun is out or under; if the day is rainy or cloudy, I actually rejoice, for then I feel that I am missing nothing in the country.

'I am jealous of mountains lying in the sun to be climbed, of every sunrise and sunset missed. But being present at such would not ease my despair. I would wish for X or Y as a companion, or that, if I had done so and so, or joined such or such an organization in the past, I would now be climbing this mountain with perhaps a crowd from my theatrical show in town, or fellow-students, or with a company of my regiment.

'The futility of all these regrets I feel would not be present if I had my normal health and passion and progressed naturally from one phase to another. Once in a great while, after violent exercise, or peculiar diet (semi-fasting and vegetable eating), or when somewhat intoxicated from wine or such, my mood is different and confidence returns. Thus I feel that if I could discover some *deus ex machina* in the form of a principle (say) of breathing deeply, or eating very slowly, or running three miles every day, or taking a hot and cold shower every morning, I could permanently lift myself out of this condition.

'Consequently, I search the bookstores for some such outside aid, hoping that some day the secret may be miraculously solved.

'I am not afraid to work if I know what I am doing. I would start walking from New York to San Francisco instantly if I knew that at the end lay a complete change in my condition.

'I have the feeling that I have not yet begun to live, that I will some time strike my stride, but all the time the best years are slipping away.

'I realize that I am completely selfish and that anything I do for others is done that I may have greater freedom and time for enjoying my own affairs. Intellectually, I know how I should feel toward others, and I act the way I know I should only because I hope that some time my feelings will rally to support these acts and carry on to the future. When I am in a friendly crowd or a social gathering, I have not the slightest confidence.

'At a dinner party I am dumb from self-consciousness. I do not feel secure. If someone struck me in the street, I would probably be physically afraid and then be paralyzed to know what sort of action to take, to ridicule, to enact a dramatic scene, to convict the man, or what not. My instincts seem unnatural: what I construct

VENICE. *Pen-and-ink impression by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

is from bare intellect—nothing urges me into, "the only possible path."

'A sort of complete lack of interest takes hold of me; a sort of mental and physical paralysis, an actual great physical and mental *tiredness* which is more pronounced at some times than at others, and at some times of the day more than at others. I am far from comfortable physically; muscles feel weak and ache dully, whole body feels heavy and I apparently have a chronic bad taste in my mouth and an indifferent digestion. I am subject to colds; my eyes burn and become inflamed from reading and my head feels quite like ivory or bone. How people in general can carry on, I am at a loss to understand: lawyers, clergymen, actors and actresses from whom flow natural and vital actions which for me to do would have to be studied, each one, and deliberately planned.

The one time when I can remember that for a few moments I felt full of vitality and in tune with the world was ten years ago, upon awaking from an anesthetic in a hospital; then the green grass from the window, the air, every possible human activity seemed infinitely attractive—my senses were unblunted and keyed up to life. The mood lasted perhaps an hour. I would willingly forfeit ten years of life to have it for a year.

'Do you think I shall be given opportunity to make the forfeit?

'I have turned to everything that I can think of or that has been suggested to get out of the quicksand of a useless, unhappy life. I have gone in for systematic exercise and physical training; I have tried change of scene and diet. I have embraced Christian Science and tried the Yogi plan.

'I have turned to uplift work in boys clubs and settlements; I have consulted psychologist and hypnotist; I have been treated by persuasionist and psychoanalyst; I have put up with the taunts of my relatives that I am a "nut," and of my acquaintances that I am a fool, but naught has availed, for here I am today, the battledoor and shuttlecock of relentless fate; a misspent youth fading; an impotent maturity developing; unborn tomorrow, dead yesterday, and today not even sweet.'

The young man who penned these lines is the descendant of distinguished ancestors, 'old families' whose names are associated with the towns of New England, the sections and streets of one of our great cities, and its culture. He is the last male of his father's name, and he bears the supreme imprint of incompetency, inability to experience the throes of love.

THROUGH his ancestry on both sides, more vivid on the paternal side, runs a scarlet thread of degeneracy which conditions the psychopathic constitution. His father was an epileptic, and his mother a timid, unwise woman. She sapped the childish independence and deflected his inclination to wander, to discover, to explore. She knotted his wings with her apron strings when he was old enough to fly; she bought up all the jackknives of the village when he was old enough to whittle, and when he had the measles she had tanbark put upon the street. Thanks to her he never knew a responsibility or had to make a decision. She did her best to make a ladylike person out of him and she succeeded. When she thumped the clay, it murmured 'Gently, mother, gently, pray.' But she thumped it all the harder!

His profound incompetency is in the field of the emotions. He has a weak affectivity without adequate motive power, the psychologists would say. Motives are weak, strivings pusillanimous. All his impulses, reproductive, nutritive, social, ethical, are feeble. Long ago he was seduced by a form of thinking dear to children: thinking away from reality. The 'sight' on the aim of his psychic apparatus was removed by his mother and not replaced by his teachers.

He is a constitutional psychopath now beyond the reach of priest, physician or pedagogue.

One Thinks of Burns *First as a* Poet, *Then as a* Plowman; *But Here He Is Something* Different

Called by Burns' sister 'an extremely good representation' of her brother.

ROBERT BURNS, *The* Exciseman

THE world knows far less of Burns the exciseman than it does of Burns the poet, and if it thinks of him in any other rôle than that of an inspired writer, it is in that of a humble plowman whose struggle with an unkind soil was far from successful. But in his later years Burns held the position of an officer of the excise. His principal duties were in connection with the enforcement of the liquor laws in the Dumfries district, particularly the prevention of smuggling.

If Burns were still alive, and were to carry out his original intention of seeking his fortune on this side of the Atlantic, it would be hard to imagine him taking a very enthusiastic part in the prevention of rum-running, for as an official it must be confessed that he was too soft-hearted to carry out the stern duties of his post according to the strict letter of the law.

The belief was long held that, on account of some indiscreet speeches, such as his proposing, at a dinner-party, the toast to Washington as preferable to one to Pitt, Burns' chances of promotion in the excise, if they were not absolutely destroyed, were so affected that his supposed neglect preyed upon his mind, and in various ways hastened his end. But Burns' political opinions had little or no affect on his career as a government officer.

A register was kept of all censures issued by the Board of Excise. This register is still in existence, and the absence of Burns' name proves that he was never censured by the commissioners, not even in the mildest form in which they were in the habit of conveying their displeasure, namely, for what they characterized as 'trivial faults.'

During the time Burns was in the service, all the excise duties imposed by Pitt at the close of the American War of Independence were in full force; and it will convey some idea of how multifarious were the duties of an excise officer in those days, when it is stated that the instructions formed a volume which in outward appearance was not unlike a large family Bible, and extended to nine hundred and thirty-nine pages.

IN THE register kept by the excise authorities the names of all the officers in Scotland were alphabetically arranged, with a brief statement of the conduct of each on the margin. For instance, it was recorded of one man that 'he was a good officer, but now tipples'; of another, that he was a 'trifling officer—drinks'; whilst a third was pilloried as a 'drunken creature.' To these may be added a 'lazy supervisor, much given to the bottle,' and a 'middling officer; likes a glass.' It will thus be seen that the department kept a sharp eye on the conduct of its men.

In a list of this description, made up some time after Burns joined the service, the marginal entry opposite his name is: 'Never tryed a poet'; with a subsequent interlineation: 'Turns out well.' While giving satisfaction to his superiors, the attitude of Burns toward those whom in the discharge of his official duties he found guilty of violations of the liquor laws, may be summed up in the words of one of his biographers, Dr. Robert Chambers:

'Inspired with a just view of the contraband trade as an infraction and disturbance of the rights of the fair trader, he was disposed to be severe with the regular smuggler; but in petty matters of inaccuracy, or even something worse, among the country brewsters and retailers, he tempered justice with mercy.' One has only to read his works to see how much he was guided in all his doings by the spirit of charity.

There was still living, in the year 1874, an old lady, Mrs. Bennett, Moniaive, Dumfriesshire, who remembered Burns when he was discharging his duties as exciseman, and was able to throw considerable light on the manner in which the tender-hearted 'singer of sweet songs' conducted himself in this capacity. Mrs. Bennett—Maggie she was then called—was the daughter of a blacksmith of the name of Kirk, who lived in the village of Carronbridge, and whose connivance in sundry dealings in smuggled liquor caused him to be occasionally visited by the poet-gauger. Maggie Kirk was at this time about ten or eleven years of age, and was in a position to form a pretty accurate idea of how Burns did his work as an emissary of the government, as the following story will show:

One day a man belonging to the district left a quantity of smuggled brandy in a stone jar, or 'graybeard,' at the blacksmith's house. It was concealed in a press, or corner cupboard, which was securely locked. Soon afterward, Kirk and his wife had to go to a sheepshearing held at a neighboring farm. The blacksmith, fearing a raid from the government officers in his absence, handed the key of the press to his daughter, with orders not to open it to the 'gaugers' should a surprise visit take place.

It so happened that in the course of the day, when Maggie was alone in the house, the supervisor of the district made his appearance, accompanied by Burns. The supervisor had evidently got scent of the smuggled brandy, for he plied the little girl with questions on the subject. He was particularly desirous to see the inside of the press, but although the dutiful Margaret was quite willing to describe at least part of the contents to him, she did not feel herself in a position to gratify his curiosity further.

FULLY to understand the situation, it must be borne in mind that in those days the landing of a cargo of French brandy or Holland gin on the coast of Scotland was no uncommon occurrence, as may be gathered by those who read the exploits of Dirk Hatteraick in Scott's *Guy Mannering*, and the simple folk of the countryside considered that the cheating of King George out of what they looked upon as an unjust imposition was nothing to be ashamed of.

The smugglers were known as 'free traders,' and free trade in all things was then—and still is—a principle strongly held by the Scottish people. They thought it illogical and unjust that the government should grow rich at their expense; for what had the government ever done for them? Even the gaugers, be it said—not for any paltry bribe, but on the same principle of fair play in dealing with imported commodities—were not inclined to deal harshly with any householder who sought to replenish his 'graybeard,' or to fill his tea canister, with goods that had never paid duty, and which, when procured through the legitimate channels, were luxuries that only the rich could afford. Little Maggie therefore 'thocht nae shame' to impose the weapon of mental reservation against the fire of cross-examination with which she was assailed by the supervisor.

The Tam O'Shanter Tavern.

In the meanwhile Robin stood behind his superior officer and endeavored by various facial signals to reassure the trembling wee lassie; for he was loath to see trouble brought upon the home of his friend the blacksmith. Burns doubtless guessed what the cupboard contained, and was well aware that a heavy penalty would result if liquor were found. Possibly the supervisor had also a shrewd idea of the real state of matters, but hesitated to resort to extremes; otherwise it would be hard to account for the circumstance that he did not find means to open the cupboard and thus satisfy himself. Be this as it may, the poet was, according to the blacksmith's daughter, much concerned as to the outcome of the inquisition, and as to what might happen should the press be opened. 'At one time,' declared Mrs. Bennett, 'he winked hard at me owre the supervisor's shoulder to be sure no to let on.'

Finally the officers took their departure without a climax being reached, but on a later occasion, when Burns was leaving the house after an official visit, Margaret heard him say to her father: 'Well, well, smith, so long as you take care of yourself and take care of the bairns, I will never hurt you.' The poet whose tender-heartedness is shown in his exquisite lines to a mountain daisy, and to a field mouse, was not the man to put in force 'the utmost rigor of the law' in the case of the humble folk of his own class who, apart from their slight transgressions against the revenue, led good and wholesome lives.

How Burns would act in a similar capacity at the present day it is hard to say; for the liquor traffic in Scotland is quite a different thing to what it was in his time. Smuggling has entirely disappeared, there is no illicit distilling, and the activities of the inland revenue officers are almost wholly confined to the distilleries and bonded warehouses where liquor is stored in large quantities. How Burns himself regarded his official calling is not altogether clear, but it is almost certain that he was not particularly proud of it, and accepted the post of excise officer only through dire necessity. His farming ventures had been failures, and the returns from his literary work being too precarious to insure a living, he was glad to secure this humble post under the government through the kind offices of influential friends.

His delightfully satirical poem—'The Deil's awa' wi' the exciseman'—may be taken as some indication of his thoughts regarding the attitude of the people toward such an unwelcome functionary:

We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man,
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.

The acceptance by Burns of the post of exciseman was therefore not a matter of choice, but of expediency. His idea was that it would prove a stand-by in his struggles to provide for himself and his family, and would ultimately, through promotion, bring him a competency and leisure sufficient to pursue his real life work.

At the time of his death he was slated for a supervisorship, and it has been commonly asserted that this post would have made him happy; but this is a mistake. He was acting as supervisor when his last and fatal illness seized him, and in a letter to Mr. Heron of Heron, in 1795, he says, referring to the duties of this position: 'The business is an incessant drudgery, and would be nearly a complete bar to every species of literary pursuit.'

He looked forward to the supervisorship only as a step to the still higher post of collector. Alas! this hope was never fulfilled. If it had been; if Burns had been relieved from that uncongenial drudgery of which he complained, many years might have been added to that life which was ended before it had reached its prime. Had he been given a collectorship, as Scott was made sheriff of Selkirkshire, much more might have been added to the literary treasures which he left behind. On the other hand, had he never had anything to do with such a department as that of the excise, it might have been better for him, for he was a man whose temperament was ill fitted for such employment.

It may seem strange at this time of day to speak of 'links with Burns,' but although Mrs. Bennett, the heroine of the incident in the Carronbridge blacksmith's house, died half a century ago, there are some persons still living who have met and conversed with other friends of the poet. A few years ago the writer had an interesting chat with an aged business man, living in retirement, who came from the 'Burns country,' and who when a youth had been acquainted with an old lady in the town of Kilmarnock who as a child had attended a dancing assembly at which Burns was present. Such was the fascination exercised by the plowman bard, that his presence at such gatherings was sufficient to attract every bonnie lassie in the district for miles around.

The magic of his personality survives with undiminished power, and the undying fame of Burns the poet never obscures, but rather accentuates, the intensely human attributes of Burns the man.

Criticisms of the character of Burns are chiefly based on his alleged fondness for lasses and glasses. Whatever truth there may be in the former, he made a faithful husband to his 'bonnie Jean,' and as to his tippling propensities, the answer is already given.

—*From Pictures and Portraits of the Life and Land of Burns, 1840.*

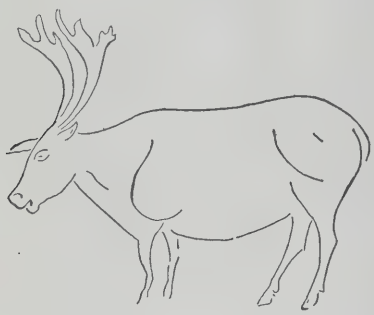
The birthplace of Burns.

How Primitive Was Prehistoric Man?

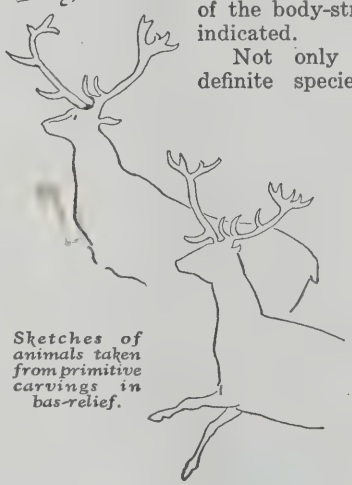
(*Continued from page 13*)

horses and other land game. As the wounded animal plunged forward. the dangling harpoon handle would impede its progress, aggravate the wound and cause excessive bleeding as it caught now and again in the forest growth.

Besides these new implements, the Magdalenian man had a dart- or harpoon-thrower made of bone. The end of the shaft or handle of the harpoon was fitted into a notch in the thrower, and thus was hurled as with an arm of nearly twice the length of a man's unaided arm. Also there was a so-called 'baton,' also made of bone, whose exact use is not determined. It always has a large circular hold near the angle of the implement, and may have been a badge of authority, or a shaft straightener,



or have had other unknown usage. But it was common and widespread in lands of Magdalenian culture.



Sketches of animals taken from primitive carvings in bas-relief.

Magdalenian culture stretched all the way eastward across Europe from Spain to Irkutsk in Asiatic Russia. It has even been reported still farther eastward in Siberia. It reached an almost unbelievable elevation in the field of engraving, sculpture, clay molding, and polychrome paintings of animal figures. Those artistic productions were mostly on the rock walls of grottoes, and were of animals contemporaneous with the artists, most of which are now extinct.

I am painfully aware of the inadequate conception I can here create of the art of prehistoric man—of his line drawings, paintings, relief carvings, sculpture in bas-relief and in the round, and of his clay modeling.

No claim is made that the artists of Aurignacian, Solutrian and Magdalenian culture were master-draftsmen, or that they had perfected smooth surfaces or clays as vehicles of their art, or possessed the physicist's knowledge of mixing paints, or the best tempered tools for cutting rock or bone or ivory. But when one sees the hundreds of animal figures they left he knows that among those artists were draftsmen of rare skill and great fidelity.

The man who painted the bison figures on the ceiling of the grotto at Alta Mira, Spain, was an artist genius. That unknown man, working on a rough rock ceiling in a dark grotto lighted by burning fagots and with grease paint made of fat, charcoal, red and yellow ochre, painted half a dozen bison quite as well as Rosa Bonheur painted horses in her 'Horse Fair.' No other known paleolithic painting art equals that at Alta Mira.

Those early artists were realists, reproducing the familiar life in which they lived. Since they were a hunter-folk, their world of action, thought and feeling was the world of their animal companions. If a great artist were to be produced among them, his creations would of necessity be animal creations; and so they were.

Figures were feebly scratched or more boldly engraved on bone, horn, ivory, small pieces of stone, and on the walls and ceilings of rock shelters and grottoes. Carvings of figurines in bas-relief and in the round were made with bone, horn, ivory and stone as the vehicles. Figures were drawn on rock walls and ceilings with charcoal, and some were painted with ochre in such detail that not only is the modeling of muscles shown, but even the direction of the body-streams of the hairy coat are indicated.

Not only are fish reproduced, but definite species are faithfully depicted. Mackerel swim in schools; salmon swim upstream in 'Indian file,' and with lashing tails leap to higher levels of water. Horses feed, walk, trot, canter, stand blown as at the end of a hard run, and, in death from arrows or darts, stand with sprawled legs, hanging heads and drooping ears. Reindeer are depicted, male, female and young, singly and in groups, feeding, walking, calling, and licking their companions with the tongue. Bison are shown doing the things you have seen domestic cattle in the pastures do. In Alta Mira there are half a dozen perfect ones. They are two-thirds life size. Some stand, others lie as cattle do, with feet curled beside their bellies; some have the neck bent and the head resting in sleep upon the forelegs.

There are impish and cavorting goats which make one laugh. There are boars charging fiercely with open mouths. Cattle look sedate, as safe in a farmer's pastures, or, nose and ears forward, inquire of the wind 'what's up?' Fat bears wallow along with nose down, sniffing for sweet honey or sour ants. Wolves with hung heads look wolfish and not foxy. There are foxes who seem to know as much as foxes are said to know. A lion sits up; she has just left off slicking her fur. There is a rhinoceros the French call *joli*. There are elephants and woolly mammoths, trumpeting, fighting,

or standing quietly as though dozing.

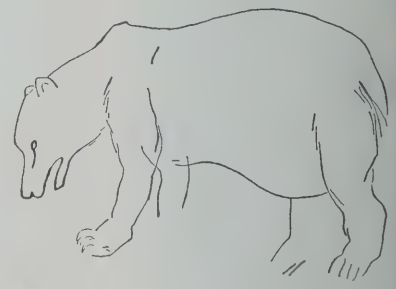
There are many other species of animals, living many phases of life, and each one in its characteristic way. The chamois is timid or precipitately fleeing. The standing ass looks it. The swan stretches her doubly curved neck in feeding.

Most of the reproductions represent animals in straight profile. But there are a few shown in front views. Also a few in profile present the animal with neck bent and face looking backward. Food animals—as horses, cattle, bison, reindeer and mammoth—are sometimes depicted as fatally wounded with darts or arrows. There are two small figurines of reindeer shown slain and tied as for carrying home from the kill.

One naturally asks why all this animal art? Why did prehistoric man make art reproductions of animals? The most common answer is that he did it as a part of his worship and practice of magic in connection with killing the animals for food. That reason is probably important, but I think it is not the chief reason. Only a small percentage of the animal reproductions suggest hunting or killing. I know of only the two which suggest that the slain animal, or meat, was to be taken home.

It was earlier noted that those artists were realists who portrayed their many animal companions in their daily doings. We know clearly there were artists in those days who could draw and paint and carve and sculpture. I assume that the creative faculty existed then as now. Some persons made songs, others concocted riddles—but for all we know, those creations have perished. But some were creators whose work has survived, and those we today are calling the artists.

Was it not always true, as is said today, that 'a picture is its own reason and justification?' To the creative artist there is the satisfaction of an undertaking finished.



And there is more satisfaction when an undertaking is better done than when it is poorly done.

What is the reason for art, what the stimulation for art coming from the spectator? Perhaps the chief reason a picture which pleases us does please us is that it appeals to our memories.

Another reason for prehistoric art, as for present-day art, is that it appeals to the beholder's imagination.

A Chat With Don Pio Baroja

(*Continued from page 3*)

approval and were told they could not be passed as there was no stable for the mule that was to operate the machinery!

'But,' said Don Pio, 'there is no stable because there is no mule. Ours is an electric bakery.'

'That is not the point,' returned the town council. 'The regulations are "one stable for the mule," and a stable you must build.'

This convinced Don Pio that the life of the small manufacturer was even more tiresome than that of the writer. Those years in the bakery brought him into touch with men and women of all kinds, and took him particularly among those living on the outskirts of society. Most important of all, he consolidated that passion for the common people, the popular types, artisans and beggars, hangers-on, and down-and-outs, which accounts for his admiration of Dickens and Dostoevsky.

DON PIO needed no goading into conversation that morning. He was in a good humor. He had caustic things to say about everything. His first metaphor came, as it were, straight from the oven. Said he:

'I am a vagabond, a man without method, going from idea to idea. The stylists and the formula seekers come to me and say, "How is the novel going?" "Don't know," I tell them. And when I have finished it they come again. "What is it like?" Ridiculous! Farcical! "*Ca*," I say, "Don't know." "What?" they cry, "you mean to say you don't know what your novel is like?" "Naturally not," I reply. "It is like making a cake. You put flour and eggs and butter into it and you might even throw some cheese in it if you are a fool, and you mix them all up; but you don't know what it is like till it's cooked and tasted. It is an adventure." "But who can know if you don't?" they persist. "You had better become a baker," I tell them.'

In twenty-five years or more he has written some thirty books, mostly novels. He jots them down anyhow and anywhere, so he said. There is nothing like them in any other language. Nothing else resembles their grim sardonic humor, their violent, indolent, nonchalant characters, scores of them that appear for a page or two and go away again never to reappear. It is like revealing for a moment a glimpse of the lives of passers-by in the street, who will never pass that way again. These books of his are restless, unquiet, blunt. 'In four strokes,' says Azorin, 'he can draw a character.'

Well might he be that young, idling guttersnipe in *La Busca* (*The Quest*, a story of Madrid slum life which has been translated into English) who wandered from street to street 'to see if anything was happening.' Or he might be the bird in *Paradox Rey* (*King Paradox*) that cried, 'I seem to be looking for something—but I'm not.' This vagabond literature is undoubtedly in the great tradition of *Don Quixote* and the original picaresque novels, in which most truly flow the discursive, errant and sporadic energy which is the essence of the Spanish spirit.

I led him onto this topic. He lowered his voice to confessional tones. He said:

'That is it. You know, I suppose a writer lives in his writings the ideal life he would like to have lived had circumstances been kinder. I could have asked for nothing better than to have been an aimless wanderer at odds with society, pushing on from place to place, impelled to vagabondage. How I could have *lived* in the intriguing chaotic Spain of 1835, with Aviraneta! He was an uncle of mine of whom I have written in my *Memoirs of a Man of Action*. He was a soldier of fortune who fought in Greece under Byron and was in every war worth fighting in. Theoretically I should have liked this. In practice I should have loathed it. I should not have been able to stand it, physically. I am a placid, peace-loving person with a passion for travel but with no capacity for facing discomfort or exposure.'

Yet he is a man of action. He is a social portent. His is the grumpy protest of the natural man. His novels throw up the world in silhouette against a grotesque and garrulous background of people who do not fit in easily with the social order. Like all Spaniards he is an intense individualist.

'I have been called an anarchist, I, a baker!' he said. 'It is stupid. I am Pio Baroja.' And drily laughed.

'I get into very hot water with stylists,' he explained.

'Azorin—you saw him as you came up?'

So that was Azorin I had passed on the stairs. I remembered him. The chronicler of the 'generation of '98' and the most accomplished and delightful essayist Castile has produced. But a man in every respect the antithesis of Pio Baroja. He continued:

'Azorin says I write badly, that my grammar is appalling. But I am a natural man. I tell him it is natural for me to write the way I do. It is better for me to write naturally and badly than unnaturally and well. I am interested in life first, not in esthetics. I am interested in art only as it is the faithful mirror to life. For me'—out came the baker again—'for me a good, practical cookery book is without dispute more important than *Hamlet*, *Don Quixote* and *The Sorrows of Werther*.' He smiled wickedly and added, 'You may say this is not artistic. I don't care whether it is or not. That is not the point.'

HE enthused most about travel. We discussed the countries we had lived in. He talked about South America 'where happily the governments are so bad, being Spanish, that adventure is still possible, and even the geographical features are unknown.'

Yet with all this garrulous individualism he is a modest little man. One day he was asked to sign the visitor's book at some gallery or museum.

'This page, and put your titles and orders,' commanded the attendant. Indeed there were signed illustrious names, with titles and orders in all their pomp and fustian. Don Pio—I can see him with the little *boina* like a cold blue pancake on his head and that mild pale face, solemn but as mocking as the moon—took his pen and wrote:

'Pio Baroja—humble man and wanderer.'

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Jessie Jim, Indian Princess, *Links Up* Old Conditions *With the* New

By F. J. CLIFFORD

A YELLOW September sun. It floods the Spokane plains with golden splendor. Through the scattering pines and more open places jogs a wiry cayuse in that peculiar gait so characteristic of the Indian pony, more than a walk but less than a trot. It is learned through the constant urging of a quirted hand, especially at the end of weary journeys.

The rider is Ow-hi—wise counselor of the Yak-i-mas and adviser for Ka-mi-a-kin, great war chief of the Northwest Indian tribes.

A short stop for a drink below the falls of Spokane River where coming years see white men building a beautiful city, and the red man presses onward. He comes to bluffs above a little valley. He stops. Below in a spreading creek bottom are many tepees of white warriors.

Unswerving, straight into the enemy camp he rides. Soldiers look up questioningly. Stopping a moment he asks:

'Kah mika ti-ee—Wright?' (Where your commander—Wright?)

A dragoon points to the tent. The Indian stops in front of it. Colonel Wright appears.

'It is Ow-hi speaking', the red man says in Chinook jargon. 'I come asking for peace. Our hearts are sick of fighting. My son, Qual-chan, the young war chief, wishes to fight no more. It is for his life I am asking. You are bitter against him. You desire his life. If our blood must be shed—let it be mine. Qual-chan is young. He has many years left to serve his people. I am old. If I cannot die in battle then I am ready to die for my son and his people. I will say no more!'

The white commander writes an order. Soldiers gather about the old Indian. He is dragged from the horse and thrown to the ground.

'Do you know where Qual-chan is?' he is asked.

'Yes!' he answers defiantly.

'Tell him to come here!'

'I will not!'

'Then you will be hung and your son caught and hung also!'

Ow-hi is astonished, humiliated, to be so summarily dealt with. His bronzed face fades to ashen gray as he murmurs:

'Qual-chan hung—Qual-chan hung?'

And he stubbornly refuses to have his son come into what he considers a death trap.

Qual-chan, at his camp near the mouth of the Spokane River, is eating supper when he hears of his father's arrest. Hurrying through, he orders up his three swiftest horses. Accompanied by his brother, Lo-kout, and his wife, a beautiful Spokane Indian girl of fiery temperament, they set out for the Colonel Wright encampment.

A note is sent to an officer. A bugle sounds. Soldiers gather about Qual-chan, who has dismounted. From a bunch of pack-saddles comes his father's voice:

'My son—why did you come? Now we all must die!'

The soldiers start to lead Qual-chan away after disarming him. He resists. A terrific fight ensues, for the young Indian is tall and broad of shoulder and deep of chest, with arms like steel. Soldiers swarm about him like ants. Lo-kout, the brother, leaps into the mêlée. A blow on the head renders him unconscious. Qual-chan's young squaw swings a lance she carries, hacks her way out and flees to the hills.

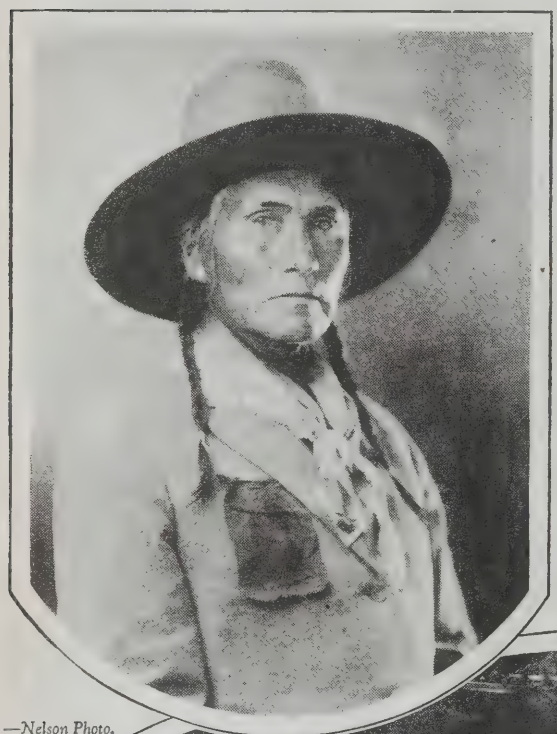
Lo-kout revives to find himself bound hand and foot. He sees Qual-chan fighting his way to his father. But ere his corded hands can free the old man's bonds, a noose coils over his head. The young long-haired warrior is hauled back gasping and shouting:

'Wake memaloose nika—nika tillicoms hiu solleks—memaloose mika—memaloose mika!' (Don't kill me—my people will be awful mad—kill you—kill you!)

BUT many hands swing him into eternity from the limb of a tree—to fight no more.

'Jump on your horse and ride for your life,' a friendly Spokane Indian whispers in Lo-kout's ear. He feels his bonds severed. Springing to his brother's mount, a horse noted for its speed and endurance, he is away like a drifting shadow, bullets whistling about his ears and cutting the brown grass underfoot. Chagrined dragoons thunder after in mad pursuit. Lo-kout urges the speedy animal to its utmost. It leaves the shouting soldiers far in the rear and carries its rider to friendly hills and safety.

Proud old Ow-hi fares differently. With feet and hands tied he gets a bullet in the back when making a desperate attempt to



—Nelson Photo.

—Frank W. Guilbert Photo.

Inset—'Long Jim' wearing badge pinned on his breast by President Taft.

Oval—Tepees of the Indian Council held at Spokane.

escape—or does he invite quick death rather than a lingering one in a prison or at the end of the hated rope? Even then he sits reeling in the saddle until a dragoon rides up and ends his misery and troubles with a bullet through the gray head.

This same September sees the birth of a young chieftain, son of In-na-mo-sech-ee, over-chief of the She-lanes, Me-thows and Okanakanes. Thirty years more finds this infant grown to a stalwart chief whose name is Long Jim. His home is on gently sloping land near the mouth of beautiful Lake Chelan. Comes a day when the new Indian agent, Hal Cole, appears.

'Long Jim—,' he says, 'it is now time to take an allotment. Have you got one picked out?'

'No—,' replies the young chief, his swarthy features growing blacker, 'I will never take allotment!'

BUT you must take an allotment!' the white man insists, 'and give up your tribal holdings.'

'I wish to live here, to be free to come and go just as my fathers have done. I will not take allotment!'

'Very well—,' says the agent resignedly, 'I will have to take more drastic measures.' He summons soldiers. They place Long Jim under arrest and take him to Fort Spokane, two hundred miles away.

Days and weeks slip by. A month—two months pass. Long Jim is stubborn and will not give in. His head men come and plead for him to accept an allotment. He drives them away with black words and blacker looks.

At last chief Smitkin, Wa-pa-to John and Ty-ee Michell tell the agent that Long Jim will take an allotment. The prison doors swing open and the Chelan chief finds himself free after nine weeks of imprisonment.

A long ride and he is home again. All about, the land is being surveyed and set aside for Indians and white men. Long Jim is wrathful. His rage knows no bounds. From a bold, forceful leader he becomes a sullen, morose individual. He is angry with his followers though they did it with the best of intentions. His allotted piece of ground galls him. He who had control of the land as far as the eye could see—from the snow-capped Cascade Mountains to the rolling plains across the Columbia River—could now step from boundary to boundary in a few minutes' walk.

At last, in sheer desperation, he leaves the land of his fathers and journeys to the Okanogan Valley some forty miles away. It is still open country—an Indian reservation on which the white men have no rights. But the old camp ground he covets is occupied by a cousin, Columbia Jim. To get him to move away and leave him in solitary possession costs Long Jim $250.

FIVE boys are born to Long Jim. And five boys lie side by side in a graveyard a half mile to the eastward. Then a girl is born. She grows into splendid young womanhood—dark-eyed, finely proportioned, with a face showing character and refinement, and cheeks like poppies from Flander's fields.

She watches a car drive in through the gate. Not many cars come to their primitive holdings. The land all about is wild, much like it was when the Astor fur traders came there and planted the Stars and Stripes a hundred and fourteen years gone by. It is the Indian agent's car. Her father goes out to meet him.

'Long Jim,' the agent says, 'I have a special invitation for you and your daughter to attend a great council of Indians in Spokane this coming November. All your expenses will be paid. Will you care to go?'

Many days the old chief considers the invitation. Perhaps the old imprisonment still burns in his heart. But between the coaxing of the young girl and promise of old friends to take them there in a car and see the girl properly guarded, Long Jim consents to go.

This great intertribal council to which the chief and his daughter were invited was the first one ever held in America. It really grew out of a football match between the Gonzaga high school and the Haskell Indians of Lawrence, Kansas. Indian leaders declared their people would attend in large numbers. People got to talking about it. Somebody suggested making it an Indian celebration. Out of it grew the National Indian Congress.

It is a great day for Jessie Jim. A bit timid at first, she adjusts herself to city life with amazing rapidity. She does not win the princess crown, but her modest ways, the long, black, braided hair of her very own and genuine old-time buckskin dress make her a close contender and one not easily forgotten.

SPRINGTIME finds her and her mother behind the pinto ponies on their way to the Moses Lake country to dig *kamas*, ancient food of her people, a wild plant which grows much like a turnip. Returning home, she and her parents are invited to the second National Indian Congress, where she is proclaimed Princess America II. Regardless of the many honors showered upon her, she remains the same modest, unaffected Indian maid. After a week's rest she joyfully accompanies her mother and the pinto ponies to the Methow Mountains to gather and dry huckleberries against the coming winter.

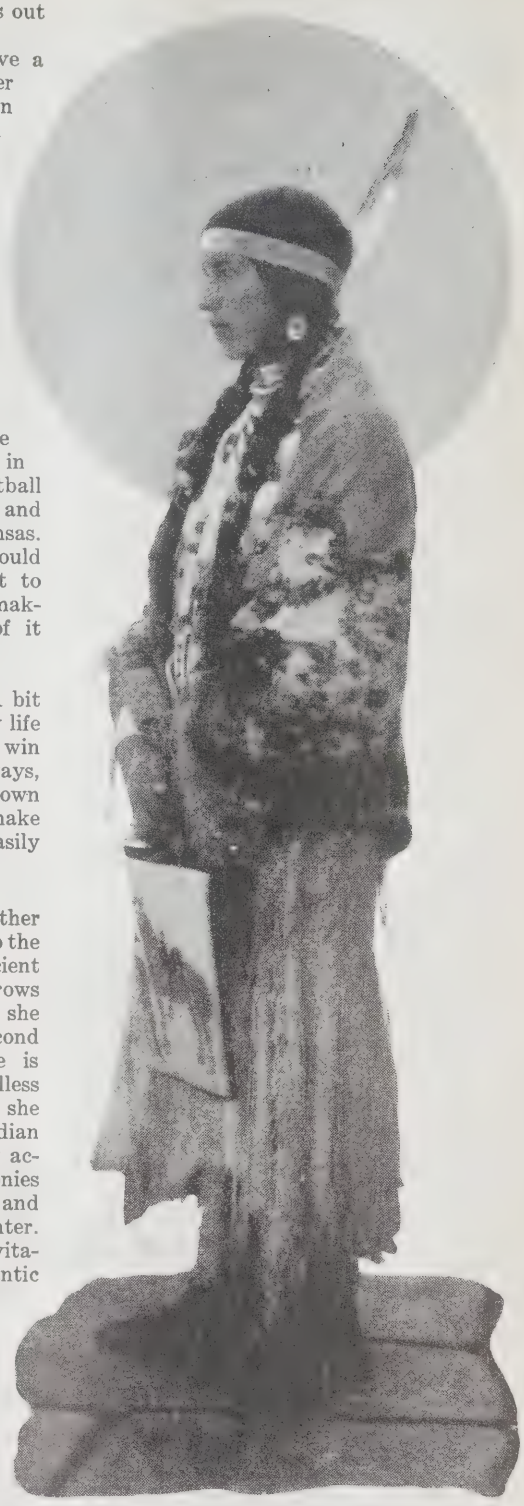
Returning home, she receives an invitation to be a guest of honor at the Atlantic City Pageant festivities in September. Officials assure her father that a chaperon of high ability and standing will accompany her all the way—that no harm could possibly befall the girl.

The aged red man weighs the words most carefully, his keen black eyes searching the faces of men who speak. He has listened to promises of white men before—sometimes to his sorrow. But the assurance of old, trusted friends help him decide to permit the girl to go.

A yellow September sun. It floods the wild country about the mouth of the Okanogan in golden splendor.

An Indian girl climbs into a light wagon beside her mother. A little to one side stands her father, Long Jim. He gives the girl one last intense look.

Not a word from the grim lips, not a falter in the bronze features, no faltering of the black eyes, as the wagon rattles away behind the pinto ponies, the start of the long, long journey. They disappear. The old chief turns away, for there is a limit, even to the iron will of an Indian. Tears course down his swarthy features, and they will course down every day until the girl's return—this quiet Indian girl.



'Princess Jim,' daughter of 'Long Jim.'

Long Jim's face lights up when he contemplates the honors awarded his only child—equally so does it darken when he thinks of the past—of the ancient glories of his race and the changes that have lost him his lands.

Jessie Jim, Princess America, guest of a nation, who, flower-like, springs from the battlefields, from the land where old Ow-hi, Ben Franklin of the Yak-i-mas, sleeps in his unknown and unmarked grave.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Here,' said ***the Editor,*** as he glanced through his morning's mail, 'is a letter from a woman in Tulsa, Oklahoma, asking "what on earth children read half a century or so ago?"'

'Well, let's see,' pondered one of the office men who seems to have read everything. 'There were the Elsie books, *Swiss Family Robinson, Robinson Crusoe,* all of Dickens, *The Wide, Wide World, Queechy, St. Winifred's, Mansfield Park, Alice in Wonderland.* Getting into the wise age, they went in for *Ouida,* and Mrs. Hungerford, and Miss Braddon—*Molly Bawn, Red as a Rose Is She, Not Wisely But Too Well, Cometh Up as a Flower,* and that kind of thing. The boys had Jules Verne, and Henty, and Kingstone. The lovers of the sentimental had their Bulwer-Lytton and Lever and Mrs. Henry Wood. Those with a taste for the erotic or daring went to Zola and Gautier and other translations from the French. Juveniles had their Grimm, Andersen, Perrault and the *Arabian Nights.*

'So resources were not limited any more than they are today. And coming literary fashions are very apt to be much like those that went before. Volumes without the slightest claim upon any genuine intellectual interest will have their day, then die; and books with no higher claim than amusement will spring into momentary popularity, presently to wilt. Men and women will recur with delight to books written by men of literary taste and sound performance. New books will come, which appeal to those who seek a kind of sweetly cloying atmosphere. Faddists will offer new lamps for the old and tried. Some will write for a cheap, popular applause. New prentice hands will struggle for recognition. For there's little that's new under the sun; and as it was, so it is, and probably always will be. Some day some one will plot the curve of literary fashions, so that at any given time, by looking at the chart, it will be possible to say what is coming next: Romance—realism—the erotic—the sentimental—the gently emotional—the idyllic—the fantastic—the mystical romance—the historical romance—the idealistic. Then Da Capo with romance—realism, and so forth. There will be new Dr. Ibsens, and Herr Spenglers and Signor d'Annunzios to follow and pattern after. There will be critics painstaking and critics nimble-witted; critics who wait for bellwether guidance and critics who say what they think; critics waspish and critics sympathetic. But taking it by and large, when a Galileo gets into the book business it will be possible to predict what is ahead and coming, just as astronomers predict the advent of comets and groups of meteorites.'

* * *

'Some people of the North,' said ***the Southern Gentleman,*** 'have a grotesque conception of the South. They look upon it as a hot, blistering country, where people are lazy and backward and the fields cultivated by downtrodden blacks; and the conditions in the mountains even more backward.

'What about its popularity as shown by the northern restaurant that is proud to advertise its "southern cooking"? What about Florida? What about Texas? Few know that at the beginning of the 19th Century, before the invention of the cotton gin, the South enjoyed industrial supremacy over New England. It is argued by some that if slaves and cotton growing had not been introduced into the South, that section would today be better off. Cotton made agrarians of four-fifths of its population. And its industrial activities have only recently resumed marked progress.

'A fact or two will illustrate the revival of the South since the Civil War. True taxable property in southern states is assessed at 70 billion dollars, or one-fifth of the true value of the property of the entire country. The value of manufactures today shows a gain of 1,400 per cent over that of 1880. The value of mineral products has increased 18,000 per cent over the same period; agricultural products, 1,100 per cent. We have a great landed area, 945,000 square miles in fact. The scenic features of the South are well able to hold their own.'

* * *

The Man from Texas told of an interesting discovery recently made of Republic of Texas notes, dated 1837, signed by Sam Houston, the president, and bearing interest at the rate of ten per cent.

'The question arises,' said our visitor, 'who is going to pay the notes and how much are they worth? That is the matter that is interesting New Orleans bankers, Secretary Mellon, and W. Gregory Hatcher, state treasurer of Texas.

'The notes totaling $1,040 were found in the Canal Bank, New Orleans, in a strong box which had not been opened since 1838. The Louisiana legislature, by an act passed last year, ordered all the banks to provide the public administrator with a list of all boxes unopened and unclaimed for ten years or more, and ownership unknown. The opening of these boxes is bringing to light many queer and forgotten things!

'How is the matter likely to be settled?

'Secretary Mellon says that the matter must be taken up with the state of Texas, for the United States Congress on September 9, 1850, voted $10,000,000 United States five per cent stock to the state of Texas on account of the public debt of Texas outstanding when the state was admitted to the Union.

'The Texas state treasurer says that there are no funds on deposit with his department for the payment of either interest or principal in a case of this kind. The matter would have to be passed on by the legislature.'

* * *

The disgruntled ***'Vet'*** dropped into the office. 'Do you know,' he said, 'I have been studying this Government pension business a little lately, and from the standpoint of a taxpayer it doesn't look very good to me. As nearly as I can tell, a large part of the pension cost of the nation arises from the huge overhead expense of keeping up a small army of political appointees. Of course, I don't suppose that the average person, unacquainted with the idiosyncrasies of Government activities, realizes that the Pension Bureau as it now stands is a separate department of a bygone day and is quite obsolete insofar as it relates to the World War veterans. It is just a sort of clearing house for the handling of pension claims growing out of all the wars since the War of 1812, with the exception of the World War. The War Risk Insurance System is in no sense related to the general pension system. World War survivors don't receive pensions; instead they are granted compensation, insurance, hospitalization, vocational training, rehabilitation and numerous other high-sounding services, and it seems to me that these are granted sometimes irrespective of any preference on the part of the "vet" himself. After all the red tape he has to go through, if the veteran or his dependents knows "where he is at" he is lucky. Of course, the Veterans Bureau handles all this business, and evidently this bureau knows how to spend money. In 1926 they were given around $406,000,000. Of this amount more than $56,000,000 was spent for salaries. This looks to me more like politics than it does like good business. Congress seems always willing to give the bureau any amount of money it asks for. Perhaps this is because of the pressure of the "organized vote." Anyway, I have an idea that if the "disabled taxpayers" formed a protective association and demanded an accounting of the money that does not reach the disabled vets but goes into salaries for the upkeep of an exaggerated personnel, the results would be very rewarding.'

* * *

'It's odd how some of our pet phrases originate, isn't it?' queried ***the Psychology Teacher.*** 'Take for instance "Money to burn," which suggests the reckless spendthrift. The phrase probably had its origin in the imbecility of "Coal Oil Johnny," who figured in the early days of oil discovery in Pennsylvania, and whose notoriety was once embalmed in a popular song. Not satisfied with the ordinary and some extraordinary methods of wasting his substance in riotous living, he set a fashion of lighting his dollar cigars with ten-dollar bills.

'There is an old story, with perhaps a new moral, worth telling in this connection. Travelers in the English Midlands are shown a wide stone hearth in a posting inn known as the Turk's Head at Barnard Castle on which a costly fire is said to have blazed one winter's evening in the reign of the third George. It seems that one Jonathan Backhouse, member of an old Yorkshire banking firm, while putting up for the night at this inn, foregathered with a local squire who, having dined somewhat freely, lighted his pipe with a pound note. Enjoying the excitement aroused in the company by this action, the squire offered to burn banknotes with any competitor. To his surprise, the challenge was accepted by Backhouse, of whose identity he was not aware and who, being a Quaker, dressed very plainly. The two proceeded each in turn to throw a banknote into the fire until, sobering a bit, the squire called a halt. Later he learned that his opponent was the rich banker and that while he was the poorer for every Backhouse banknote that the squire burned, his opponent's bank was the richer.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: From what is the abbreviation S O S derived?

ANSWER: This is a simple and unmistakable wireless message of distress at sea substituted for earlier C Q D (come quickly distress).

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QUESTION: What is the surface temperature of the sun?

ANSWER: 2,000 degrees Centigrade above the boiling point of carbon.

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QUESTION: How many acres comprise George Washington's estate and is it now occupied?

ANSWER: 'Mount Vernon,' George Washington's home, belongs to the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union. Portions of the original estate that had been sold have been acquired again, and buildings which had fallen into ruin have been restored. The area of the estate is 237½ acres. It is kept intact.

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QUESTION: When the national flag is hung with the stripes vertical, should the field be at the right or the left?

ANSWER: When the flag is displayed over the middle of the street, as between buildings, the flag of the United States should be suspended vertically with the union or field to the north in an east-and-west street or to the east in a north-and-south street. When the flag is displayed vertically over a wall or window the union should be to the right of those who view it.

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QUESTION: How many Indians are there in the United States?

ANSWER: In 1924 there were 346,902 Indians in the United States.

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QUESTION: How many public schools are there in the United States? In Michigan?

ANSWER: In 1922 there were 276,881 schools in the United States; 8,721 in Michigan.

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QUESTION: What limitations are placed upon the President's pardoning power?

ANSWER: Presidential pardons cannot mitigate impeachment sentences. He cannot pardon offenses not against the United States. There is no presidential pardon for contempt of court of Congress.

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QUESTION: Has the House of Representatives any control over treaties?

ANSWER: Recapitulating, the President 'shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties.' The Senate ratifies negotiated treaties which if requiring the expenditure of money must be appropriated by the House. This has been a vital question in our history; and in a number of cases the House, after more or less discussion and bluster, has made the appropriations. Constitutionally, treaties duly signed and ratified are the supreme law of the land, and the House is morally bound to carry out their provisions.

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QUESTION: I have a list of German bonds. Do you think they will ever be of any value?

ANSWER: The Reichstag passed a complicated Revaluation Bill on July 16, 1925. Roughly speaking, state loans are revalued at 2½ per cent for new holders and at 5 per cent for old subscribers. This includes war and pre-war bonds, national, state and municipal, having a total face value of 70 billion gold marks. All mortgages and other debts on landed property, and debts of shipping and railway lines have been revalued at 25 per cent, but the owner of mortgaged property in certain cases can apply for another valuation of 15 per cent. Industrial bonds have been revalued at 15 per cent.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: In a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in an article on Lower California, the population of Lower California was given as 30,000. Can you give me a list of the towns in Lower California and the population of each separately?

ANSWER: The Mexican census returns do not give the exact population of each city or town, but that of the 'municipo' or district which corresponds to the county in the United States. The following are the districts of 5,000 population or over, according to the latest figures available:

Alamos	18,751	Tepic	16,800
Cananea	11,269	Augua Prieta	5,126
Guaymas	14,246	Arispe	5,175
Hermosillo	19,237	Magdalena	6,155
Novojoa	18,849	Oputo	5,758
Nogales	14,753	Rosario	6,100
Mazatlan	25,231	Acaponeta	5,000
Culiacan	13,500		

There was a typographical error in our article to which you refer. It should have read 300,000.

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QUESTION: What is the total amount of water power produced in the world?

ANSWER: The developed water power of the world in 1920 was about 23,000,000 horsepower, according to an estimate made by the United States Department of the Interior in 1921, through the Geological Survey. On January 1, 1924, according to the best information available, it was about 29,000,000 horsepower, an increase of 26 per cent in about three years. The increase was about 1,500,000 horsepower in North America, 3,400,000 in Europe, and 1,000,000 in Asia.

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QUESTION: Who appoints the federal judges and for how long?

ANSWER: Federal judges are appointed by the President with the confirmation of the Senate 'during good behavior.'

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QUESTION: Can any one of the states of the United States declare a federal law unconstitutional?

ANSWER: No. Federal laws can be tested as to constitutionality only in the United States Supreme Court.

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QUESTION: What is the military manpower of the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, Germany and Italy?

ANSWER: Revised by the United States War Department as of August 31, 1925:

	Active Army	*Organized Reserves*	*Unorganized Reserves*
U. S.	138,236	253,821	11,697,943
Britain	152,626	207,143	99,000
Japan	210,000	1,503,000	461,000
France	685,459	5,280,000	890,000
Germany	100,000	Not Permitted	7,900,000
Italy	220,898	3,947,912	1,500,000

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QUESTION: What is the total bonded indebtedness of the several states?

ANSWER: The Bank of America survey shows that on January 1, 1925, the several states had a gross bonded debt of $1,558,742,434, which amounts to a national per capita debt of $13.89.

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QUESTION: What is the Pan-American Union?

ANSWER: The Pan-American Union is the international organization and office maintained in Washington, D. C., by the twenty-one American republics, as follows: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. It is devoted to the development of commerce, friendly intercourse, good understanding, and the preservation of peace among these countries. It is supported by quotas contributed by each country, based upon their populations. Its affairs are administered by a director-general and assistant director, elected by and responsible to a governing board, which is composed of the Secretary of State of the United States and the diplomatic representatives in Washington of the other American governments.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Wheat vs. Gold as Monetary Standard

The Agricultural and Industrial Union, London, England, has as its object to 'point out the natural relationship which subsists between Agriculture and Industry, and to secure their effective co-ordination in the national life.' Realizing that the Gold Standard has 'seen its day and ceased to be,' the union advocates the adoption of a Wheat Standard. Its statement of general principles says:

'To achieve a true co-ordination between Agriculture and Industry it is necessary that some consideration should be given to that factor in the social organism which touches it at every point, namely: money, and its influence on prices. The main difficulty affecting increased wheat cultivation is the fluctuating return, measured in money, for the product. But the potential energy contained in wheat does not alter: its life-sustaining power is a constant: and while seasonable variations may be encountered, the average productivity of the soil, given conditions which encourage cultivation, is always progressive. Which varies in value—the money or the wheat?

'Those engaged in Industry are faced with an almost identical problem. Owing to continued alterations in the currency base and the huge structure of "credit" erected thereon, the industrialist is often placed in the position of not knowing the ultimate cost at which he can produce a finished article. This, as a result of currency (and credit) changes, may, during the time required to manufacture and market his production, differ considerably from the estimated cost. Which has altered in value—the measure or the goods?

'Under the fluctuating "standard" existing today, Agricultural and Industrial products are measured in what may well be described as terms of elasticity. The measurement of land by an elastic chain, or cloth by an elastic yard, is an absurdity. Yet the price of wheat, the base of all value, is expressed in an elastic money standard, and, conversely, the "value" of all articles measured in money is falsified. The principle by which the issue of money should be governed is the maintenance of the price of wheat at an average level when the world's harvests are normal. This, if done, would give security to agriculture in general, and wheat-growers in particular. Further, an influence would be set up which would tend to stabilize the costs of subsistence, on which wages depend, and costs of production, on which prices are based. Industry would thus be equally benefited, and a true re-union of Agriculture and Industry be brought about, a partnership in which the development of each would strengthen and enrich the whole . . . The union holds that the recognition and adoption of the principles set forth will effect the re-adjustment, on correct lines, of the social factors, and point the way to a higher plane of civilization.'

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'When in Rome do as the Romans do' is no longer advice; it's a command.—*Wall Street Journal.*

'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.'

Unimaginative townfolk of Banbury, England, care little for the old nursery rhyme. The cross constitutes a menace to speedy traffic and it may be removed. But England is England and Banbury is beginning to hear protests at this ruthless proposal. Also a chorus of voices from Australia, South Africa, and the United States, is being heard protesting against the destruction of this shrine whose very name rings in the ears of every speaker of the English tongue.

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The 'yipe' of a dog whose tail was stepped on by accident was followed by the barking of five revolvers. Five persons were shot and three will probably die. It happened in Carver, Kentucky. A man accidentally stepped on the dog's tail. Men, a bit nervous, began shooting indiscriminately at each other without knowing who fired the first shot.

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In Moscow it has come to this: 'Leon Trotsky also spoke.'—Toledo *Blade.*

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Youth and Experience

Ambrose Swasey, of Cleveland, is a famous maker of astronomical instruments. Among his more notable achievements was the making of the forty-inch Yerkes telescope, a 60-inch diameter for the Argentine National Observatory, a 72-inch reflecting telescope for the Canadian Government and a 26-inch instrument for the Washington Naval Observatory. Mr. Swasey also invented the range and position finder now used by the United States Government. On his birthday he wished two photographs made of his home. He notified a local photographer who immediately sent over his assistant, a breezy young chap—very efficient. Later this assistant reported that 'an old chap came out and wanted to tell me where to set my camera.'

'What did you say to him?' asked the employer.

'I told him that if he knew anything at all about the refraction of light he would know that I had selected the best place to take the picture,' replied the other.

'Great Scott,' exclaimed the startled employer. 'That old chap is the man who built the Lick telescope.'

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

The Cowboy Comes Back

A shifting cloud of dust on the horizon. White faces bobbing up and down in the distance. Singing cowboys cutting in on stragglers running through the chaparral. Bellowing of Hereford steers. A desert sunset illuminating all. Ring of hoof and snaffle as the evening camp is made. Music about the fireside as the boys levy toll of the chuck wagon. Between numbers the long-drawn cry of a lean coyote, nose pointed to the stars as he wails his lonesome lament. Dawn breaks in a burst of sapphire and gold. Prairie dogs whistle on their mounds. The drive is on. Memories of the old Chisholm trail are freshened as Congressman Claude B. Hudspeth, of El Paso, drives 1,000 head of registered cattle from his ranch near Del Rio, Texas, on the Mexican border to the new ranch in Brewster County, Texas, a distance of 250 miles. Automobile traffic prevents their using roads and the cross-country trek is rough and sparsely settled. Rivers are forded, mountains crossed and hardships of sixty years ago endured by the hardy cowpunchers as they push the 'dogies' on to their destination.

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Beverly Hills, California, seems to be under the impression that it is the only community in the country with a comedian in public office.—Detroit *News.*

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Australia's New Capital

Canberra, Australia's new capital, is an interesting experiment in government administration. The new House of Parliament is only a temporary building costing about $2,400,000. It will be replaced in about seventy years. The federal territory of Canberra consists of 900 square miles, and the policy of the Australian Commonwealth is to retain the freehold of this territory.

Residential and business sites will be sold on 99 years' lease only and no lease will be granted to any save a British subject. No building will be more than two stories high, which will prevent congestion in the streets. It is impossible for the new city to spread unless the commission wishes, and there can be no slums because the Federal Capital Commission controls both building areas and plans. For the accommodation of visitors and officials the commission is erecting four residential hotels and four boarding houses on which the commission will fix tariffs. The minimum rate at the principal hotel where the M. P.'s stay will be one pound a day; at two others, 15 shillings; at the fourth, board and lodging for single men, two pounds a week; for married couples, three pounds five shillings a week and for single women, twenty shillings a week. Sports, amusements and entertainments will also be provided.

Canberra is the only state-owned city in the civilized world today and its operation is watched keenly by observers all over the earth

BRIEFLY TOLD

A FAMOUS NEWSPAPERMAN once said, 'If a dog bites a man it doesn't amount to much, but if a man bites a dog, *that's news.*' A man in Asheville, North Carolina, recently qualified as 'news' by biting that city's dog-catcher.

THE UNITED STATES has a million and a half more automobiles than telephones.

THERE ARE 130 public golf courses in the United States and nineteen under construction. Chicago has fourteen and New York four.

IN COMPILING DIRECTORIES the name of John is found to be the most popular in this country, followed, in the order of preference, by William, James, Charles and George.

THE FASTEST RAILWAY schedule is that of the Great Western train from Paddington Station, London, to Birkenhead, which run is made at 92 miles an hour.

EXCELSIOR FOR PACKING is made principally from the cottonwood tree, the wood of which dries into fiber of light weight.

THE CHINESE can tell time fairly accurately by looking at a cat's eyes, the pupils becoming more perpendicular as noon approaches and dilating gradually as afternoon wears on.

MANY SPECIMENS OF the Saturnian moth, found in Southern Asia, measure a foot from wing tip to wing tip.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Senior, poached his way to Paris, defraying his expenses with the game he shot on the road.

THE GREEKS HAD the first written music.

THE SWEDISH ROYAL throne in the palace at Stockholm is a massive high seat in solid silver. It was presented to Queen Christina by Count Magnus Gabriel de la Gardie.

A ROMANESQUE CLOISTER, part of a Cistercian monastery, given to the monks of Arlanza in 912 and situated in the province of Segovia, is being removed to California.

FRANCIS E. WARREN, United States Senator from Wyoming, is the only Union veteran of the Civil War now serving in Congress.

A STREET CAR COMPANY in Grand Rapids, Michigan, has stationed a porter at the busiest point in the city to render special service to its patrons.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE of Switzerland was proclaimed the first of August, 1291, when the three cantons, Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden broke away from Austria and formed the Swiss Confederation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S breakfast consisted of three small corn cakes with honey and three dishes of tea.

BETWEEN TWELVE AND fifteen million radio sets are in use in the world, according to a recent survey.

BECAUSE SHE CAN NO longer wear the quaint local headdress, a small velvet hat, perched well to the back of the head, in which a lock of hair is wound, the Arlesienne girl who bobs her hair is spurned by her sisters.

BABE, A BROOKLYN truck horse, is a coffee addict, drinking a bucket of black, unsweetened coffee each morning.

TAPESTRIES WOVEN IN 1700 for Elihu Yale and hung on the walls of Glenham Castle, Suffolk, England, for more than two centuries, have been presented to the Yale University.

A RED DIAMOND was found recently in the Lichtenburg diamond fields of the Transvaal. It weighed eighteen carats.

DURING 1924 UNITED STATES tourists spent approximately $350,000,000 in Europe.

ENGLAND IS THE WORLD'S greatest manufacturer of motorcycles, her export trade last year being worth more than £6,000,000.

THE FIRST ENGLISH woman to receive the degree of bachelor of veterinary science at the Liverpool University wore plus-fours beneath her academic gown.

A BRANCH LIBRARY in the southern section of Manhattan Island is designed to fit the reading needs of twenty-four nationalities.

A FAT-DAY, SLIM-DAY diet, taken alternately, is becoming popular in London. The slim-day diet consists of meat, fish, fruit and eggs, and the fat-day one of milk, butter, potatoes, jellies and puddings.

ONE-QUARTER OF THE women of America over fifteen years of age are paid workers and one-quarter of these are married.

DENMARK IS THE ONLY European country which has retained public executions.

TO SUPPLY THE newspapers of New York City with paper, 9,000 spruce trees are cut down daily.

THE OLDEST SHIP IN the world still in commission was sold recently. It was built in 1800, and is still sound in timbers.

A NEW LAW IN READING, England, provides a stiff fine for a man whose radio loud speaker can be heard by his neighbors.

RICE PAPER IS MADE not from rice but from the membranes of breadfruit trees.

LIVE FISH BECOME 'seasick' when transported in railway cars, and a special tank car is being built to transport them to the new $3,000,000 aquarium at Chicago.

THE PEANUT IS NOT a nut, botanically speaking.

CLOTH IS BEING made from pineapple leaves in the Philippine Islands.

A RECENT INVESTIGATION shows that the average income of doctors in New York is about $2,000 yearly.

IT IS CONSIDERED likely that the islands of Japan had no human inhabitants until comparatively recent geologic times.

IN ITS EARLIEST STAGES, tuberculosis can be cured in nearly one hundred per cent of the cases, according to specialists.

THE TRAINED PIGS OF DORDOGNE, France, who dig up truffles, are being thrown into the ranks of the unemployed because the succulent *tuber melanosporum* is becoming exceedingly rare.

A SMALL FOLDING airplane, which can be carried in a tank on a submarine, has been designed for the United States Navy.

THE GRAMMAN, SUPREME head of the tribes of the bush negroes of Dutch Guiana, puts on the garb of civilization once a year when he presents himself to the governor of Surinam in Paramaribo.

GOATS, CATTLE, AND horses are known to eat poison ivy without ill effects.

BECAUSE OF THE GREAT number of Andersons and Petersons in Stockholm, the Swedish postal department has suggested a government premium to those who will agree to change their names. The Andersons alone occupy twenty-eight pages of the Stockholm directory.

THERE ARE 27,000,000 rates in the freight tariff of the United States.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, while attending the Continental Congress, arose each morning at 5:30 o'clock

QUEEN MARY PATRONIZED a self-serve cafeteria in London during the Christmas rush, helping herself as did the others.

A GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, man found a $500 diamond ring in a sofa purchased as an antique.

A CANAL BETWEEN THE Rhone River and Marseilles, the dream of Southern France for more than four hundred years, has at last been completed.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week tells some of the implications of the motto, 'Everything has been all right, up to now.'

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Ontario has voted liquor back into legality; but Ontario's vote is not nearly so wet as it looks. It came about from a variety of causes. The vote was not a clear-cut expression on prohibition; party and church issues played an important part in the election, and other confusing elements entered in. A keen analysis of the situation is given by a Canadian newspaperman. (p. 6)

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Is 'average' the goal to be set before our school children? Shall we teach them that all that is necessary is just to 'get by'? These are questions vital to parents of today, for the answer of some instructors seems to be in the affirmative. And so one parent undertakes to discuss the matter from his standpoint, and that of his boy. (p. 1)

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'Here is the article on education which we talked about some time ago,' he writes, in sending in the manuscript. 'I have tackled it in a somewhat different way from what I originally intended and my plan is perhaps to start more people thinking. I would give more general direction but I don't know how.' (p. 1)

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No one can write of China in generalities: the country is too vast, too complicated. But through snapshots of the land and of its people, through little glimpses of this place or that person, a fairly comprehensive view can be given. This article does just that. (p. 14)

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Robert Burns, the poet, whose anniversary will be internationally celebrated on the twenty-fifth of this month, is known and admired the world over; but Burns, the exciseman, is not so familiar a figure. A writer who knows Scotland intimately introduces him in his capacity as 'gauger,' and shows how intensely human he was even as a government official charged with stern duties. (p. 22)

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Ages ago prehistoric man felt the urge to record his accomplishments. Some unknown human pecked away at the face of a rock with a rude, stone chisel—and became the world's first artist. The images cut by his successors—pictographs, we call them now—tell an absorbing story. (p. 12)

In the vanguard of Spanish writers of today is Don Pio Baroja. 'Humble man and wanderer,' he styles himself, but Don Pio is far from humble. He has all the fire and the verve of his Basque ancestors, and that fire fairly sparkles in his books. (p. 3)

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Here are a few reasons why people read or do not read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT:

Chicago, Illinois.

You are hereby notified to not renew my subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, for the reason that for some time every issue has been filled with Christian superstition. Asiatic myth has no place with thinking people of the 20th Century. They know something about the crimes of the churches and the preachers. The injection of Christianity or any other superstition into the paper will do the paper no good but a great deal of harm.

LEWIS M. ELLISON.

Ames, New York.

Your magazine is very helpful to me as a supplement to my other reading matter. I like the treatment you give of subjects and find the issues well worth preserving for later reference.

In its present form the paper is to be highly commended for make-up as well as contents. I never lose an opportunity to speak a favorable word for it. I believe it adds a strain of material to the mental equipment of a man in my work that could not be obtained elsewhere.

I wish to take this opportunity to express my satisfaction with the editorial policy, and general content of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

REV. J. E. MCINTYRE.

Herrin, Illinois.

Your refreshing weekly has been a visitor to our desk for many months and we have meant to write you in appreciation from time to time. We want you to know that it is one of the newsiest and most unique papers that we receive and after reading it we always take it home and it is reread there.

We are writing you also to ask permission to republish in our papers some of the Lincoln stories that have recently been run in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. Will you kindly grant me permission to use these articles provided we will attach to the article the proper credit? We do not want to take any undue privilege and are therefore making this request. Any time we can reciprocate feel free to call upon us.

Yours very truly,

HAL W. TROVILLION.

Publisher the Herrin *News*.

Washington, D. C.

I would like to have THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT remain just about as it is and not specialize in fields adequately covered by other journals. I read it more carefully, I think, than any other journal I take, and I take about a dozen. I like it because it is different and gives new lights upon matters of importance neglected by others. I like its wholesome and sane attitude toward life.

T. L. L. HILLER.

Boulder, Colorado.

I read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT because all the articles interest me. Reading matter today reminds me of ore, most of the ore must be milled before sending to the smelter, a lot of it is not worth the milling, while some may be sent direct to the smelter without rejecting any waste.

JAMES G. LEECE.

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F. J. Clifford

GAMALIEL BRADFORD is one of the best known writers in the country. His latest book, *Darwin*, has been widely acclaimed, as were *Damaged Souls* and *Bare Souls*. His poetical works include *A Prophet of Joy* and *Shadow Verses*. (Facing Page One)

PUTNAM PHILLIPS is a pseudonym. The writer of the article is one of the best known authors in the country, but he desired that his name not be divulged so that he could speak with perfect frankness. (p. 1)

V. S. PRITCHETT is European correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. He has a wide acquaintanceship among statesmen and men of letters, and has written numerous delightful interviews and articles interpreting them. (p. 3)

DR. JOSEPH COLLINS is again in the literary spotlight with his latest book, *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, listed among the most popular of the year. Before he turned his talents to writing, he was recognized as one of the country's leading neurologists. He holds several university degrees. (p. 4)

CHARLES VINING is a Toronto newspaperman. He has lived in Ontario for years and is thoroughly familiar with the political conditions which brought about the recent 'wet' vote. (p. 6)

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH is familiar to readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for her interesting articles on various topics. She is the daughter-in-law of Herbert Asquith, former premier of Great Britain. (p. 8)

A. E. JENKS, professor of anthropology at the University of Minnesota, is one of the foremost ethnologists in the world. He combines technical knowledge with an ability to write lucidly and interestingly. (p. 12)

WILLIAM E. BARTON is well known as a biographer, as a clergyman and as a traveler. He gives some random impressions of China. (p. 14)

HUGH WALPOLE is one of the outstanding English writers of the generation. Known best, perhaps, for his novels, he is also recognized as a master of the short story. Mr. Walpole is at present in America. (p. 16)

PEACOCK *and* PEASANT

—International Newsreel.

Find the peasant shepherd in the Hungarian pastoral scene above. During summer's heat as well as winter's blast he wears his magnificent covering of lamb's wool. This garb is disconcerting to the flock, the members of which probably distinguish their master by the fact he doesn't eat grass.

Right—*This isn't everyday regalia we see being worn by a Kavaranda warrior of East Africa. He's made up for parade day, which is a glorious time for these natives who have an inherent love for personal ornamentation. He holds a lion-skin shield and has a crown of rare plumes which is his pride.*

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

—Herbert Photo.

We have with us today—the 'First Door Keeper' of the Royal Palace of His Majesty, King Alfonso XIII of Spain. In America such a sartorial display would draw a crowd, and might be a sure-fire idea for the theater. But in Madrid this magnificence is simply part of a doorman's life.

Click, rattle, rattle—to these peculiar noises of his spinning prayer wheel, and his own mumbling, this amiable priest produces Buddhist prayers.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

—Keystone View.

The 'Yeomen of the Guard,' veterans of the British Army, functioning in London, are always interesting in their individual uniforms.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
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OH, IF they would only let you work. Wouldn't it be fine just to be able to work? Do you know the real thing that puts people in their little hospital cots with nervous prostration is not working, but trying to work and not being allowed to. Work never hurt anybody. But this thing of being in the middle of a letter and then rising to shake hands with a man who knew you when you were a boy, and then sitting down and trying to catch the thread of that letter again—that's what gives one general debility.

—*Saunders Norvell.*

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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"What would you have done if you had been forced to land on the ice pack?" That question has been asked me a thousand times since I returned . . . I asked myself and my men for months before I left . . . With that possibility hovering over me I planned every detail.'—RICHARD E. BYRD (Article, page 1)

Richard E. Byrd

THE DARK SIDE OF POLAR FLYING

In JACK FROST'S *Realm*

Winter Sports *in the* Season *of* Stimulating Cold

Right—*Look at this youngster and try to refrain from smiling. He's an Indiana boy of four, and radiates the health and enjoyment that are in winter's crisp air.*—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

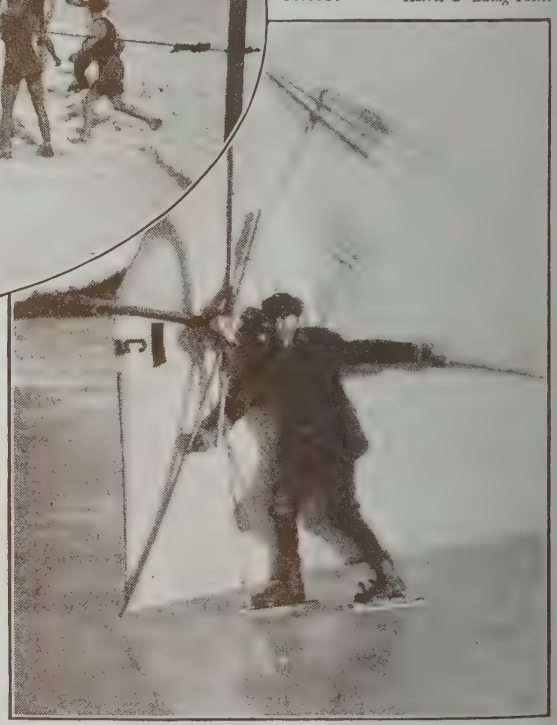
Above—*An exciting moment in one of the speediest of athletic games—hockey. The two players wearing striped suits represent Dartmouth and the other stands (except at such unfortunate moments as this) for Yale. The victors, as well as the vanquished, are usually pretty well 'spoiled' after such a contest.* —*Herbert Photo.*

Right—*Switzerland is the stronghold of the world's greatest ski experts, but here we see an 'invader,' in the person of Duncan Harvey, of the British Ski Association. He is executing a difficult feat—a jump turn—in the mountains at Nurren.*
—*Wide World Photo.*

Left—*If one wishes to strengthen tired nerves, or acquire ruddy cheeks, volley ball outdoors in winter is said to be good. Some try it in bathing suits.* —*Harris & Ewing Photo.*

—*Herbert Photo.*

Before the days of the gasoline motor, Old Dobbin would have had a job here. He was romantic, but couldn't treat the party to forty-mile-an-hour speed.



—*Herbert Photo.*

This requires headwork as well as footwork. Ice-skating becomes much more thrilling with a sail and stiff breeze.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

ANUARY 29
1927

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Number 15

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

'IF'—*the* Dark Side *of* Polar Flying

By RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, U.S.N.
First Man to Fly Across the North Pole

'WHAT would you have done, Commander Byrd, if you had been forced to land on the ice pack?'

That question has been asked me a thousand times since I returned. It is the natural question for people to ask. In the first place, the Arctic has always been greatly feared; second, excitement over exploration comes as much from its hazards, I believe, as from its achievements. I may seem to be putting exploration on a low plane. Also I may be suggesting that people's minds are morbid. But this is not true.

Man's strongest instinct is self-preservation. When a man puts his life in danger his thrills are not the only ones experienced. Everybody who knows what he is doing feels a vicarious thrill.

It is a good deal like a crowd watching one of those 'human flies' climb up a side of a building. The crowd stands awe-struck. When the human fly reaches the top the crowd gasps with relief. For days afterward everyone who saw the ascent shudders when he or she thinks what might have happened had the man fallen.

I do not remember people asking me what I should have done had our plane crashed out over the ice pack. In fact, it was that question I asked myself and my men for months before I left. I asked it eagerly of everyone who knew anything about the Arctic.

With that question in mind I studied Arctic literature. With that possibility hovering over me like a shadow I planned every detail of my trip and every item of my equipment. I had to be prepared for the worst.

Last year Amundsen tried to fly to the Pole, but only landed near it. He had the bad luck to encounter fog. This prevented his taking astronomical observations.

In consequence he was forced to land to find out where he had been, and then things went wrong.

As he had to some degree anticipated, he discovered that his trouble started from the moment his plane touched the water of the lead or ice crack, into which he plunged. There wasn't enough water to take off promptly again; and the lip of the ice floe overhanging the lead was too high and steep for his handful of men to pull the heavy plane out on to the ice

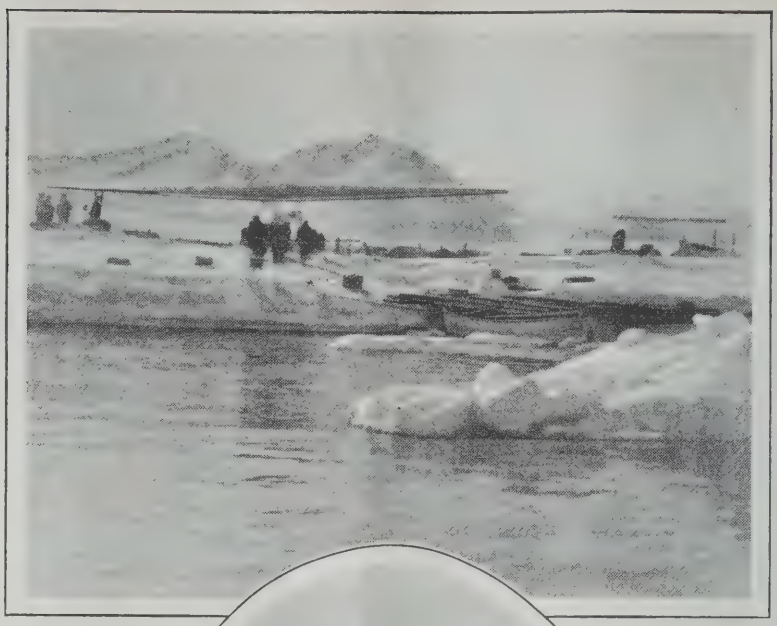
—*Wide World Photos.*

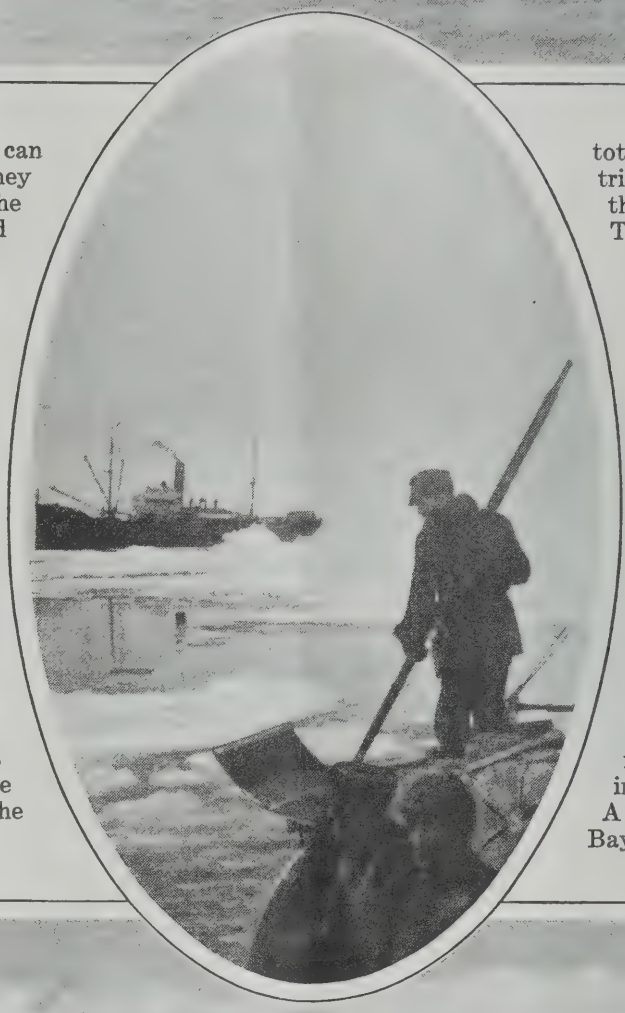
Transporting Byrd's airplane, the 'Josephine Ford,' across the icy waters of King's Bay to the shore at Spitzbergen. Inset—Unloading part of the airplane from the S. S. 'Chantier' in King's Bay.

pack. One plane was crushed. The other, after tremendous exertion by the men, was dragged up on the level floe.

While the world waited in great suspense, Amundsen faced the most critical situation in his whole life. He had his choice of leveling off enough ice and snow to get the plane into the air; or of taking his light equipment and marching back to Cape Columbia, about four hundred miles to the southward. It is significant that, despite the terrific task on hand, Amundsen and Ellsworth both preferred to take a chance with the plane to trying the long walk south. As far as I can gather, they reasoned that if they could get the plane into the air, the flight back to Spitzbergen would not be a serious risk. Plenty of fuel was left; and the plane was undamaged. In contrast, a 400-mile journey over shifting floes was not inviting. Even were the surface level, such a foot journey would be a struggle. With constant pressure ridges to be encountered, and open leads spaced along the way, there was no assurance of escape.

As matters turned out, Amundsen did the right thing. He usually does. After removing 500 tons of ice and snow, twenty-six days after his departure from King's Bay, he got his plane into the air with all his men aboard and flew safely back to his base. Few persons besides Amundsen and his party realize what a terrifyingly close shave he had had.



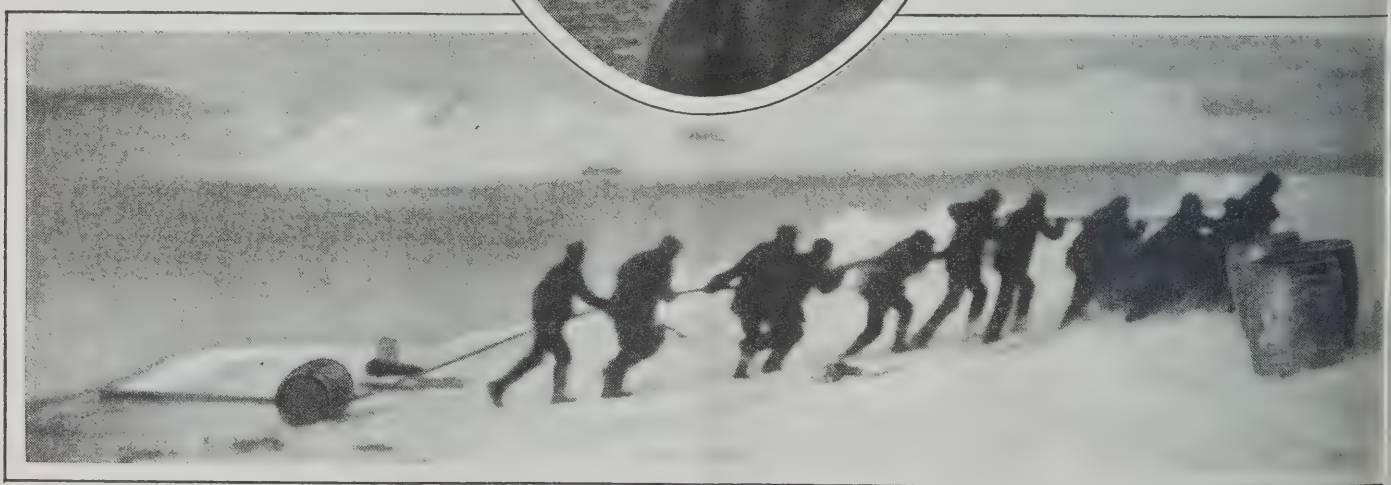


I kept Amundsen' story in mind when planned my own expe dition. Also I had i mind a very clear pic ture of the area ove which I would fly. knew it would be fatal t underestimate the per Bennett and I faced

The details of thi peril were almost math ematical in their cer tainty. The Polar Se is roughly 2,000 mile in diameter. It contain something like three mil lion square miles o open water and floatin ice pack. Near the Pol its depth is about te thousand fathoms. Thi great area is uninhab ited. Game within i appears to be eithe totally lacking or so widely dis tributed as to make it impossible fo the traveler to depend upon it.

The ice in the Polar Sea is ap proximately forty feet thick. Thi thickness varies as a result o precipitation and melting. Ic floats with seven-eighths of it volume below water. In conse quence, when tide or win cracks the floes and cause what are known as 'leads,' th shores of these leads are vertica ice edges six or seven feet high Wind impinging on the billion of little sail areas of the roug ice carries the pack back an forth with incalculable forc Tidal currents working beneat the pack work invisibly mear while. When the pack starts t ward land, icebergs, weighin millions of tons, lift up over th reefs and push shoreward wit irresistible violence.

A year or so ago the ice of Baffi Bay was moving (Continued on page 2



—Wide World Phot

Top—Explorers inspect finally their airplane before the take-off for the North Pole. Oval—Members of the expedition in small boat carrying materi from the supply ship to the party ashore. Bottom—Drawing barrels of gasoline up the icy slopes of the shore at Spitzbergen.

The World's Champion GUESSER

Joseph S. McCoy *Tells* Congress *How to Cut* Your Taxes

By M. L. RAMSAY

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago an eager-eyed inventor shouldered his way into the Government actuary's office in Washington, lugging a cumous wooden case. The top of this se was studded with rows of thin etallic buttons like the crude type-iter keys of early manufacture.

'This new calcuing machine of ne will add figures ster than you can it in your head,' told a youthful d very green acary. It was the tuary's first day on e job. 'Will you it for me?'

The new Governnt mathematician s obliging. But if is machine would lly add figures rapy, was it supposed do anything else?

'Well,' the inven- hazarded dubisly, 'it *might* mully.' The actuary's rdict, the next day, s that the machine s 'a pretty fair calator.' 'Give me example,' he ded quietly, 'in long division.'

And as the inventor watched, cinated, his device reeled off the ures and the correct quotient. To nch the point it solved a long divin twice, under the actuary's flying gers, while the inventor worked it t once with a pencil.

Thus began the careers of a new chanical marvel in the business rld and of Actuary Joseph S. Coy as Uncle Sam's super-mathemaian.

In the Smithsonian Institution you ll find the contrivance that McCoy covered could subtract, multiply, d divide, as well as add, bearing a d relating that it was used for enty-one years by McCoy, and that maker was Dorr E. Felt. Felt, now sident of the Felt and Tarrant anufacturing Company, was the inntor who persuaded McCoy to test then unproved calculating machine.

The sole defect in this story is that, to McCoy, it illuminates chiefly mathematical side. For McCoy is re than a mathematician. He hitches statistics to the law of averages and a penetrating knowledge of human nature. Then he discovers new uses for that strange team, as he did for Felt's machine that *might* multiply.

'The world's champion guesser,' better epitomizes McCoy's talents. He invented all the war taxes which swept into the Federal Treasury the billions needed to beat the Central Powers. He 'guessed,' in each case, how much the tax would produce. Ever since he has been advising Congress and the Treasury Department in their efforts gradually to abolish these taxes, without crippling the Government's operations. The statistics and estimates of revenue forming the backbone of every tax and tariff measure enacted since 1909 have been supplied by McCoy.

—Underwood & Underwood Photo.

Joseph S. McCoy with a variety of types of adding machines, including a Chinese abacus.

Astounding accuracy has been shown in his forecasts of the amount of revenue these measures would bring in, forecasts made at least a year and often two years before the taxes and duties were collected. This is why official Washington has dubbed him the champion guesser.

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon expressed Washington's attitude when he outlined to Congress some months ago his views on tax reduction.

'Mr. McCoy has his own method of figuring,' said Secretary Mellon. 'I confess I do not always understand it. But he certainly obtains remarkably accurate results.'

In the long and bruising fights over tax reduction which every year or two divide Congress into hostile armed camps, McCoy fights valiantly for both sides. Sometimes, as at the last session, he fights for three sides, all at the same time.

When a specific reduction is proposed, no matter by whom, McCoy calculates how much revenue the reduced tax will bring in annually for the ensuing two or three years, and how large a surplus should be left in the Treasury.

The tumult and statistical broadsides end at last, and McCoy makes his painstaking final estimate of the revenue the complicated new tax bill will yield. Until this is done Congress never writes its measure into law. This applies regardless of what party or coalition of forces has won.

Usually McCoy's estimate and the amount actually collected by the Government a year or two later are startlingly close. Uncanny precision was shown by McCoy in 'guessing' the yield of the complex Underwood Tariff Law in 1913.

He has foretold with amazing accuracy what the various income tax schedules would produce.

His forecast on the corporation tax, too, will be long remembered by those who sat on the Congressional finance committees. This forecast was made in 1913, for the year ending June 30, 1915. McCoy calculated that the tax would yield in that period about $39,000,000. Actual collections two years later were found to be within $144,000 of his estimate!

McCoy's 'guess' on the war-time excess profits tax, which by the way he invented himself when directed to find a tax that would curb profiteering and as a secondary consideration bring in sorely needed

(*Continued on page 24*)

Wall Street, Coolidge *and* Nicaragua

A Trio of Forces *Whose* Functioning *Means Much to the* Nation's Future

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

THE Nicaraguan controversy will, in all probability, prove a great deal more difficult to deal with than is at present anticipated: this for the reason that certain factions in Wall Street aim at supremacy in Central-American politics, regardless of cost; and that President Coolidge, having knowledge of this, is not entirely inclined to agree.

For years, one might almost say since the beginning of the 20th Century, Nicaragua has been a smoldering fire of financial fracas. In 1901 an agreement was signed between Costa Rica, Salvador, Nicaragua and the United States allowing perpetual lease to this country of a six-mile-wide section of Nicaragua. In 1916 our Senate ratified the treaty which gave us the right to build an interoceanic canal within this strip of land by the payment of $3,000,000. In 1923 a protocol was signed by Costa Rica and the United States allaying any further objection to the building of this canal, provided the United States consulted Costa Rica as to the exact route to be followed as soon as the United States should determine where it was going to build the canal. During the Harding Administration negotiations were once more opened toward proposing to Congress the building of the canal, but were dropped when Secretary of War Weeks' estimate of the cost showed that such an attempt would have proved foolhardy at the time.

IN 1911 Adolfo Diaz, then president, caused the same type of rumpus which he brought about the other day, by reporting to the United States State Department that other countries were running munitions and forcing the hand of Bolshevistic influences in Nicaragua. At that time, as today, men-of-war were rushed to the scene, marines and bluejackets landed, and forces kept on hand continuously to prevent any untoward attack upon the government. This was done in 1911 principally so that neither Germany nor Great Britain could secure a hold by force or otherwise upon the land held through treaty with us. Today it has been done for a completely different reason.

Since 1925, when our troops were withdrawn by Acting Secretary of War Davis, a man by the name of Chamorro became president by a *coup d'etat*. Chamorro, while opposed by the faction supporting General Mena, one-time secretary of war and later president, whom the Taft Administration supported, split his country's vote until just recently, when by force of the Wall Street financiers Chamorro was obliged to resign in favor of Diaz once more.

Though there had never been any open strife during the Chamorro tenure of office, there had been, our State Department was secretly informed, much trafficking in illegal entry of arms and ammunition from Mexico. To this, as guardian of the Monroe Doctrine, and as chief signatory power for the Pan-American Congress, this country strenuously objected. The Soviet tendencies of Mexico, as well as her out-and-out Bolshevistic pronouncements, led our diplomats to fear that through a system of unrest she was planning her own *coup d'etat* in Nicaragua.

THE State Department was thoroughly aroused by April, 1926, at which time an American trading company doing an extensive business in Central America announced that it was unsafe for its carriers to do business there unless fully armed. Some months later former Secretary of State Hughes, who had, a few years before, completed certain treaties with regard to the Pan-American countries, was called into conference by the President to give his opinion as to what sort of action should be taken.

The Coolidge economy platform is too well known to expatiate upon it here; suffice it to say that the President did not look upon the Central-American condition as did the former Secretary of State; else marines, bluejackets and possibly troops would have been landed there then. Instead, State Department officials in Central-American countries were told to advise the ruling dignitaries of those nationalities that the United States would not tolerate the fostering of further revolutions in its domain.

For a time, things again proceeded quietly enough, at least to outward appearances; and then suddenly there were landed at New York a large number of sailors, pressed into service, according to their own stories, while serving aboard a small trawler in Caribbean water, and forced to help smuggle arms, munitions and troops into Nicaraguan territory. From what could be learned from them, it seemed as though this trip had been planned directly from the United States, and suspicion was cast on Dr. de Vaca, representative of the Nicaraguan Liberal movement in Washington. Whether evidence was obtained or not cannot be learned from State Department circles; but much information seeped through from Mexican channels.

AT APPROXIMATELY this time, it will be recalled, the State Department sent for Ambassador to Mexico Sheffield. When Mr. Sheffield is permitted to make his mission known it will be found that the United States, in terms more strenuous than previously, will state that ships of any nationality flying any flag will not be permitted to land munitions in any Central-American lands.

And now we come again to the hand of Wall Street in Central America. It cannot be denied that the functions for which the Panama Canal was constructed have been taxed to the limit, and that another canal is urgently needed, particularly as it would probably take six to eight years to complete such a project. Nor can it be denied that the Pacifists, aided by Soviet propaganda for world peace, would align themselves against such a move for the reason that its cost would be prohibitive and that it would be construed by them only as another incentive for war.

But Wall Street, eager for new fields of conquest, is thinking principally of the rich, undeveloped resources of Central-American lands, and of the world trade which would be brought in ever-increasing volume to the doors of all, by enlarging the possibilities of international trade.

PRESIDENT Coolidge, on the other hand, deems it more important to cut taxes, reduce expenditures, and consolidate the spending power of the Government, than he does to increase such to the extent of providing additional means for aiding the bankers' purse. The lowest engineering appraisal of the Nicaraguan canal is said to be in the neighborhood of $1,000,000,000. It might even cost $1,500,000,000. On such a foolhardy waste Mr. Coolidge does not at present cast a favorable eye.

Should the financial powers of this country overrule the presidential voice, a canal almost twice as wide as the

Panama Canal and nearly three times as long would be constructed. From six to eight locks would have to be built, for which water from Lake Nicaragua, a body of water more than sixty miles long, would be used; and passage through this lake would also be provided. Two mountain ranges would be intercepted, though at no place would there be as extensive work done as there had to be at the Culebra Cut, in the Panama Canal. The canal would shorten the present route from coast to coast by more than 600 miles, or from one to two days' trip. It would increase world trade more than 1,000,000 tons a day.

FROM a territorial point of view, the construction of this canal would possibly be opposed by railroads in this country, as it would immediately when opened tremendously lower water freight rates from coast to coast, as well as vastly increase the speed of such deliveries. Yet with the increased volume of trade in the United States, it is quite possible most of the great railroads of the land would have no objection.

Two naval bases of importance to the United States would at once come into being; one in the Bay of Fonseca on the Pacific side, the land for which the United States has already secured and paid in her treaties of 1901 and 1916 with Nicaragua; and the other between Livingston and Barrios, in Guatemala, on the Atlantic side and within a few miles of British Honduras.

The Pacific base could be used to good advantage in case of trouble with Japan at some future date. From here it would be but a few miles to Salvador and Guatemala, through which later on American capital could extend and link the Mexican railways, thereby providing a chain of steel the entire way from the Texas boundary. The Atlantic base, in a pocket of the Caribbean Sea, and not so many miles from the Yucatan Channel, would serve a good purpose by protecting American tankers in their convoying of oil from the Yucatan fields to and from the canal zones, and for the protection of American industries in the West Indies.

With the possibility of the United States going into the shipping business on an ever-increasing scale, the Nicaraguan canal would prove to be entirely compatible; but its extremely high cost, the dangers of continuous Central American revolutions, and the numerous other obstacles may present themselves to Congress as they do to the President at this time. That is why in many circles it is said that the present Nicaraguan trouble is merely a repetition of the age-old policy of 'dollar-diplomacy' to which this nation resorts whenever Wall Street gets the upper hand in our State Department, and puts its dollars above the price of the liberty of less wealthy lands.

The Deadly Fiddle Tinkerer

Making Good Bad *and* Bad Worse

By CLYDE WIER

OF ALL the banes that ever infested the fiddle world, the most deadly is the fool who sedulously and interminably tinkers with his fiddle. For some reason it never suits him, it is never quite right, it needs adjustment; so he proceeds to adjust.

If he is a mild sort of tinkerer, with some feeling of compassion for his instrument, he will first experiment with the size of the strings. And as each size of string has its own peculiar tone quality and 'feel' under the fingers, and as each change in the tension of the instrument works a corresponding change in response, he soon becomes confused and loses entirely his comprehension of the results of his experiments. So he is apt to leave the instrument strung with the most undesirable strings of all. And the next time he plays he will change the strings again, and so on until he has grown old enough to follow after other devices.

Another is afflicted with a vice which we might term the bridge vice. He possesses bridges of all sizes and thicknesses, heights and archings. He feels that at home he must use a low bridge while in a music hall he needs a high one. Then, too, the quality of the wood is his care and concern, for he has heard talk about curled grain, straight grain, weights, densities, and so forth, so he must be sure to find the right bridge for the right occasion. His fiddle never sounds musical, for it is always on the brink of nervous prostration. He concludes after years of patient and foolish endeavor that the violin is not what it should be and thereafter renounces his devotion to strings.

ANOTHER is addicted to the post vice. It becomes his Sunday duty to change the post in the old fiddle. In the beginning he used to shift its position; but some one had told him that the post was the soul of the violin and that different souls were the equivalent to different instruments, so he got himself a full supply. What if the top does become marred by the ceaseless change, and the bottom distended, and the *ff* holes disfigured and finally ruined?

The over-sedulous crank will even cut away the *f* to get more room in which to work. He may use a regular post setter or he may resort to that more primitive device, a piece of string. Men have been known even to cut into the *f* hole on the opposite side to facilitate the manipulation of the string. This for a good instrument means ruin. To repair the damage done to the top by the constant moving of the post, an inlay must be set in, which utterly changes the temper of the instrument, while patches are to the *ff* holes what grafted cuticle is to a once fair face.

And now the age of real crime begins. When the tinkerer musters up the courage to remove the top and attempt to take out the bar and fit another, then it is time for the fiddle world to cry, 'calamity.' But his desecration is in a measure successful. He has fitted the bar, but he is not entirely satisfied; so bar follows bar in close succession, with more or less disaster to the tone every time.

SOME ship carpenter or noctambulant loafer had probably told him that the thinner the top the greater the carrying power, and he had believed it. So now his Fried. Aug. Glass is reduced to a mere shell that shrieks on the E string and groans on the G.

Then we sometimes meet the refinishing fiend. He does not like the appearance of his instrument. It is somewhat worn, it has been cracked and reglued, looks rather old and behind the times. So he washes the top with alcohol, seeks a suitable stain and goes to work. I have heard of a Strad being so treated, and have seen a Bergonzi and Testore thus utterly ruined. The man who revarnished the Bergonzi considered himself a real violin maker.

Besides these major atrocities perpetrated so often by men who should be better occupied, there are minor ones almost equally disgusting. One man hangs his violin out of the window on the lee side of the house throughout a rainy day to give it a chance to absorb moisture. Another insists on blowing into the *ff* hole for a half-hour before playing, because he feels that a half-hour of breath may inspire sufficient soul to insure a fine tone. Another sits before a hot fire and rubs the instrument diligently across his knees, feeling that such friction will aid materially that of the bow, all unmindful of the havoc that he is playing with the varnish.

It is not unusual to see a name carved on the back of a violin or cello. Perhaps for ownership or identification it has its merit. We cry against vivisection and its attendant evils. The end of vivisection is merely death, while that of fiddle mutilation is a hopeless despair that cries out in vain to heaven forever.

Faking *Antique* Furniture

By ARTHUR C. PARKER

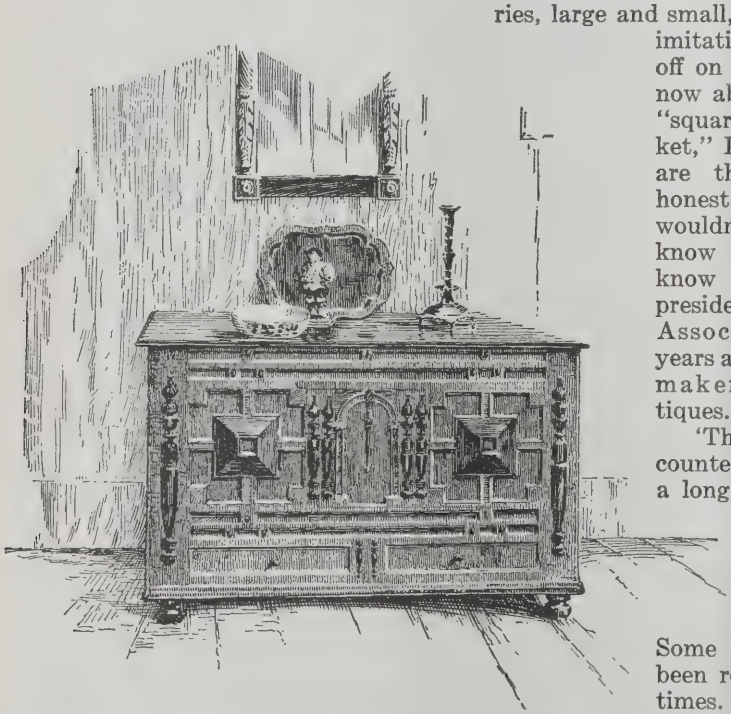
WHO makes all the antiques? This question seems fair enough when towns abound in 'shoppes' where old furniture, dishes and other antiquities are sold. Every few miles on every country road, in the East at least, farmhouses and remodeled barns display the alluring sign, 'Antiques.' The word is enough; it has a magic attraction. But whence come all the jugs, bottles, Bennington ware, chairs, highboys, mirrors and clocks?

Hoping to find an answer to this knotty question, and wanting a few antiques myself, I walked up the driveway of a home on a quiet street, and worked my way into a shop in the rear. There was the sound of an angry voice, the response of another voice in a high argumentative tone. I listened.

'I tell you, I'll have nothing to do with your scheme!'

'But it's a good one; everybody's doing it. My house will ship you the antiques on commission; you needn't put up a cent. They are as good as any antiques ever made and better—we do things right!'

'Right!' ejaculated the other voice, the rumbly one. 'Right! Does selling faked-up furniture as the real thing sound right to you? Say, young fellow, how do you ever sleep?'



'Now get me, Mr. Cady,' argued the other voice. 'We are not going to charge a high price on what you sell. It's all dirt cheap. You can make up to three hundred per cent, same as you do on the secondhand country stuff. My proposition is fair and square and it's a money-maker for you!'

'I don't want that kind of money,' said the rumbling voice, 'and what's more you get out of here before I kick you out!'

In a moment out came a sleek young man looking a bit disconcerted. He came folding up a roll of photographs and tucked them in a large portfolio as he hurried out to his car.

Then I went in to the inner shop to find an answer to my question. I found Mr. Cady purple in the face and pounding a half-polished table, exclaiming the while, 'Of all the nerve, of all the nerve!'

'Mr. Cady,' I began, 'I have just come over to ask you where all the antique furniture comes from. You have the reputation of being the squarest dealer on the market, and maybe you can tell me.'

'Did you see that fellow who just went out? Well, I don't get any from him. He came with the same jolly as you, about me being the "squarest" and all that. Said I could make three hundred per cent. He is traveling for a firm that makes the best imitations I ever saw—but then I've repaired some, too, and they are not so good, then. The fact is that there are many factories, large and small, turning out clever imitations that are palmed off on the unwary. And now about my being the "squarest on the market," I am not, for there are thousands just as honest as I am, who wouldn't sell fakes. I know them and they know me. I was once president of the State Association and even years ago we talked of the makers of bogus antiques.'

'Then there have been counterfeiters at work a long time?'

'Yes, a long time, and much of their stuff is in the best of homes. Some of it has perhaps been resold half a dozen times. The very fact that it comes from a fine home to the market seems to give it prestige and acts as a guaranty of authenticity. Just come up here.' And he led me upstairs into his workshops where his men were repairing and refinishing antiques—a legitimate undertaking, of course.

In one corner was a high desk of beautiful wood. It was carved in the approved Empire style, and was really an attractive piece. I said as much, which I thought might please him, since I was counted as an expert in such things, coming from the city museum.

He laughed. 'That's what I wanted you to see. Mrs. Harper had it and wanted me to repair the drawers which stuck. I got inside the thing and then showed her how it was made. She gasped and gave it to me; it's a fraud, but she paid four hundred dollars for it. I sold her a real one for less.'

'Where do you get your genuine articles?' I asked.

'The country is full of them yet, but of course they are getting scarcer,' he replied. 'I don't buy many now because I am making a business of refinishing and reconditioning, but many very fine pieces are still in old homes. Of course dealers have cornered many of the really good pieces, but you can still get them.'

A FEW days later a young man with his first job came in to see me. 'I'd liked to have worked here,' he said 'but I am working in a fine place now.'

'What are you doing now, George?' I asked.

'I'm whackin',' he replied with a laugh. 'I whack chairs with tire chains and of course I am learning to varnish and rub too.'

'Whacking?' I repeated. 'What in the world is that?'

He laughed again. 'That factory down by the river is making antique chairs, too, as well as regular ones and I whack the "old" kind to put in the dents. We knock 'em, plane 'em down, soak 'em in ammonia and in acid, and even burn them sometimes. When they are done they are as used up in looks as real old ones.'

The youth did not seem a bit abashed at his trade, and in fact took it as a joke that he could do his part so well. Then he went on, 'But I don't know half as much, nor a quarter, as

Potter. He can do anything, can make old paint, old varnish, make copies of anything. You ought to have him in the museum, he could make antiques for you—none better.'

And so it went. From far and near came the gossip of the underworld of furniture fakers. I couldn't escape the evidence even when taking a ride into the country to clear the cobwebs of doubt from my bewildered brain, now shocked into doubting everything.

OUT on the Lake Road, far from the deception and speedy business of the city, I found a quiet farmhouse displaying the modest sign, 'Chicken Dinners.' I went in and there found myself in a place of alluring charm. There were ntiques to the right of me, antiques to the left, upstairs and down cellar. Of course I had to hang my coat upstairs, and go down cellar to see the stock of pickles and canned fruit, which was for sale.

Not a word was said about antiques, only pickles, eggs, honey and maple syrup. It was all so rustic, but as the dinner was excellent my suspicions were allayed along with my hunger. Still, I was itching to talk about the old sideboard, the candlesticks, the andirons, the mirrors and the grandfather's clock. Could it be that any farmhouse in this part of the country had escaped the mid-Victorian madness, and had retained the furniture of the late 18th Century and early 19th?

I asked a few discreet questions and found that the 'farmers' had been in possession of the property only a bare two years. They had moved in from New England, and were trying farming for John's health. No, they never sold antiques, but folks had begged for a few things, and didn't know but they'd have to let some go. Many wanted modern things, shiny things from town; so much easier to keep house with.

THE sideboard? Oh, they had been offered twelve hundred dollars for that. The Windsor chair someone had tried to pry loose for fifty, and the hall table was worth over a hundred. Yes, I could come again, and here are a few cards to tell about the chicken dinners —glad you liked them.

Then I sent my wife on a tour of investigation—well, as a sort of detective. What a woman can't find out of a gossipy nature no mere man can ever hope to capture. The next day I received my report.

'Mrs. Loomis is their aunt,' my informer stated. 'The farm is hers, and they get their antiques on consignment. They sell on commission, and have sold a great quantity. The Curry Carting Company goes out there regularly.'

And so—and so I am still wondering who makes *their* antiques!

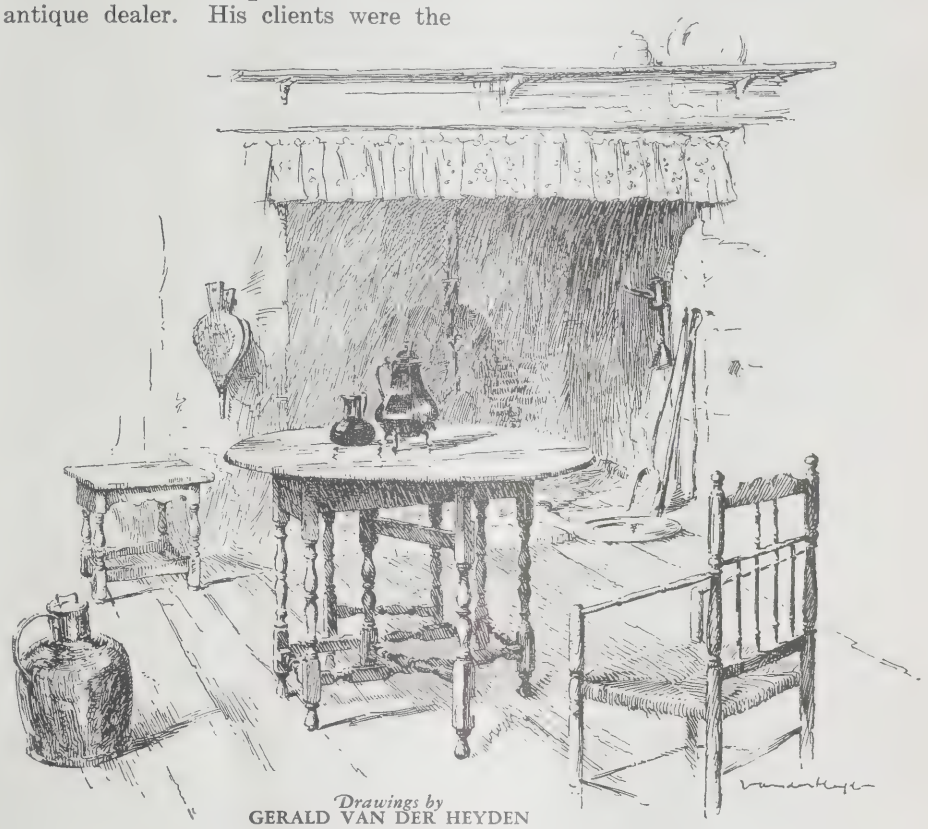
I have been prowling around much since this experience and have found that there is a good market for old lumber of used or unused grade. Old wagon shops, old carpenter shops, old mills are visited by agents seeking to buy up suitable wood, if old and stained. Who gets it, and what is it used for?

In a certain well-known town, famed for its old American aristocracy, was a discriminating and successful antique dealer. His clients were the most élite, and he swore by his goods—literally. As he did an extensive repair business, he employed a number of cabinetmakers and finishers. It excited no comment for a while. Then it is said that certain of the élite began to suspect something wrong, for the story was told that a certain lady saw in his shop the duplicate of one of her old pieces. She sent a friend to the shop to investigate quietly. Questioned as to the authenticity of the piece the dealer said,

'Genuine, I should say so. *This* piece is absolutely genuine—I'll take my oath.' He had tapped the leg of the piece of furniture, to emphasize his statement.

An investigation of the leg of the real piece in the lady's home disclosed the fact that under guise of a repair job a leg had been removed. The supposition is that the cabinetmakers of this dealer had reconstructed and duplicated her choice piece and had attached a genuine leg, the very leg which the dealer tapped and swore was genuine. The wood for the counterfeit had come from some old mill or furniture factory.

Later, a man who had been approached with the proposition to become a partner of the dealer told me that he had investigated the offer and had almost entered into the deal when he discovered that most of the profits came from faking. Good old pieces were torn apart and out of them, by substituting parts, duplicates were manufactured by use of old pieces of 'doctored' lumber.



Drawings by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Good old furniture is loved for its craftsmanship. Many persons seek it because it is not only beautiful, but well made. It is filled with suggestions of the romance of olden times, before the age of factories.

A lady member of the family, with these thoughts in mind, found a beautiful, inlaid desk in a furniture store. It was listed as a real antique. It looked good and the purchase was completed except for the passing of the money. Then the lady pulled at one of the drawers. It stuck. The salesman gave it a vigorous pull and off came the front. It had not even been nailed on, and the glue had given way. Still, the dovetailing showed conspicuously, the wood being colored so as to set off the dovetails—but the dovetailing had only been simulated by chiseling in the pattern. This was not craftsmanship nor was it an antique. The lady without another word turned on her heel and walked out. When dealers buy worm-eaten wood and fabricate their antiques, whom shall we trust? Where, oh where shall we buy antiques that are real? There can be but one answer —hunt for them, and be not too eager. Pay reasonable prices and do not make frauds profitable.

When One *Plus* One *Is Really* ONE

By DONALD A. LAIRD

THERE is no catch to this: One and one really make one. If they did not we would be bumping our shins continually, counterfeit bills and bonds would be more difficult to detect, and much of the military usefulness of the airplane would be lost. And grandfather would have been entertained differently by grandmother when he was courting her!

When ancient people wanted an idol to express all-seeing powers they made one with only one eye, a great eye in the forehead. The Cyclops was a one-eyed god. But the one eye, if it really could see, could not compare with the two eyes of mere humans, regardless of how large or how powerful it might be.

Look at your watch with only one eye and then with both.

Chinese painters, until very recently, were not aware of this. As a consequence their paintings have a peculiarly flat, depthless appearance. Perspective is lacking. Unless we know what was in the artist's mind we often cannot tell whether the shaky bamboo bridge is supposed to be in front of the cottage, or behind it.

When we see two persons in the distance we usually know that the smaller of the two is farther away, since more distant objects appear smaller. More distant objects also appear hazier as a rule. This is the menace of the fog, whether in ocean or land traffic. It is not so much the obscuring of objects that causes the danger; it is the fact that the vehicle or ship, when seen, appears to be farther away than it really is.

What has this to do with detecting counterfeit bills or grandmother's wooing?

A few years ago it was discovered that small objects, hazy objects, and similar indirect signs were not the principal avenue through which we could tell distance.

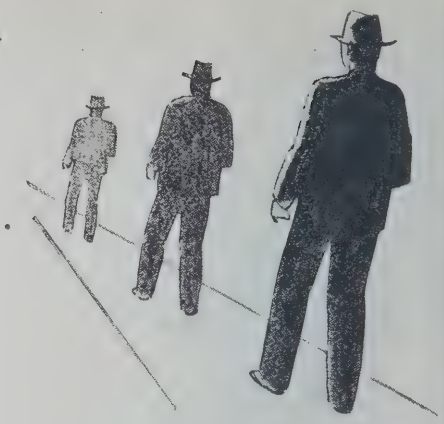
Having two eyes is what makes accurate the perception of depth and distances in our everyday life. The Cyclops, or the person with sight in only one eye, is greatly handicapped.

If you will hold your watch about five inches in front of your eyes, with the edge of the case nearest you, and look at it with only one eye, you will see just the back of the case and the edge nearest you. It looks *flat*. When you use just the other eye you see the face and the near edge. It still looks flat. But when you look at it with both eyes at the same time the watch immediately shows up in its true depth and perspective.

It is marvelous how two different images—one eye seeing the face, the other the back—blend in our head to give the impression of one single object. More marvelous still is the fact that the double image has a quality that neither of the single images possessed—depth, perspective, contour, relief; in short, reality.

All our lives we have been combining two different visual images of everything within our glance to form a single image having the added quality of depth. Every object that comes within our glance gives two different pictures to carry to the brain. Sometimes this difference is slight, sometimes great. In the brain these two disparate pictures are combined to give one. One plus one really gives one.

A household novelty in grandmother's day was the parlor stereoscope. Bible scenes, foreign lands, new industrial processes were pictured in double photographs on a single card which was viewed through the stereoscope. She and grandfather probably spent a good many evenings in the musty parlor looking at these with the aid of a kerosene lamp, which was just becoming a household necessity.



When we see two persons in the distance, the smaller is farther away, since more distant objects appear smaller.

If you will look at some of the cards that are viewed through a stereoscope you will notice that the two pictures are not quite the same. They have been taken by a camera that is really a double camera which takes two pictures at once from slightly different angles. The stereoscope magnifies these slightly, and the brain combines them into one picture which has marked relief.

At a movie in Washington I saw several of grandmother's granddaughters. They were being entertained in a luxurious movie palace rather than in a simple parlor. In the midst of the film fully half of the women in the audience screamed. Some of them jumped out of their seats.

And all over a very simple picture: a small boy was sprinkling a lawn with garden hose!

As we entered the theater a small, paper-mounted pair (*Continued on page 22*)

A household novelty in grandmother's day was the parlor stereoscope.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

EVERYTHING has been all right, up till now—that is, everything that we thought was all right, but now suspect to be wrong. For to know really that something is wrong we must have thought it right enough to discover that it is not right. When we think a thing is right we embark upon it, give our confidence to it; if it is not right, it lets us down. The thing is, not to repine for having thought it right, for thereby we discovered that it was not. And such discoveries are contributions to the race's permanent knowledge.

This does not mean, as some would say, that each individual must begin at the beginning of all experiences and find out for himself. For one thing, he cannot; he would be dead before he could complete a single experiment. What the race has found out to be wrong, through first thinking it right, is permanently wrong, whether you mean morally or scientifically—they are the same. No wrong thing, discovered to be so by ages of social experience, will be adjudged by a later enlightenment to be right. It is entirely probable that many of the respectabilities of our time will become the shame of a later time, but hardly will any moral shame of today become a moral glory of the future. That is not the way the stream is flowing.

We often speak of the ignorance of the past, but our distant forefathers were no more ignorant than we. They were grinding the grist of experience through the mills of the mind, were discovering by 'trial and error' what was good and what was bad, and were progressing as rapidly as their means permitted in the direction of what they found to be good. And that is all that we are doing. It is the road of wisdom, and those who walked it in antiquity were as sturdy and alert travelers as we. Their discoveries, in the widest sense of human experience, are valid for us today.

What will be known in the future as the ignorance of this present generation is just the residue of discoveries which we shall not have time to make. For the way to one Right is always through preceding Rights. The glory of any generation is to proceed through its full measure of discoveries. And it makes its discoveries by finding that what it thought to be right has not turned out so. The future will never solve its difficulties until we solve ours, for we are all pathmasters on the road of progress, and the farther stretches of the road cannot be made passable until this present stretch is made passable.

What have we formerly thought right which we are now suspecting to be wrong because it is not justifying the confidence we have reposed in it? It would be rewarding for each reader of this Page to pause at that question and make his own answer. We shall not get very far waiting to be told the answer to every question, and besides no single individual can supply the whole answer—it is a social task. Our answers will be in part determined by our special experience in life. The business man will catch one angle, the working man another; the woman will see one aspect clearly, the man another; youth too will have its view as well as maturity.

IT IS easier to denounce the wrongs of the past than to tackle the job of curing present-day defects. Yet the past took care of itself, and there is none but us to take care of the present. Many things the past thought right we are finding out to be wrong; none of the things it found to be thoroughly wrong have we found to be right. Even wrong things have to pass through a period of being thought to be right before they can be known as wrong. When we find out their nature, then responsibility begins. It is this generation's duty to the next to start at once to make room for the right things.

Our fathers thought that life was hard, but we are beginning to see how preventable some of its hardships are. We have come to the point of believing that there is absolutely no necessity for economic distress in a world so richly furnished with supply. Men are searching with sharp and accusing eyes the defect in our system which prevents a man from working when he wants to work and his responsibilities require it. What is wrong? When a conduit does not convey the water, we look for the stoppage. Economic stoppage is not natural; this defect is not in the created world of things. It is in the human world—our selfishness, our lack of wisdom has created it. If we have established a money system which can be manipulated to the hurt of multitudes, and can trace it back to the system, it is certain as fate that the system is doomed; the very discovery of its insufficiency is its death warrant.

People think that everything will be rectified when war is abolished. Well, let no argument interfere with the abolition of war—it is one of the things men used to think was right, and they thought it was right long enough to discover that it was wrong; but logic whispers this insistence, that war will not be abolished until its roots are cut. And one of its tap roots is a false money system and the high priests thereof. It is not that people love the land they live in, it is not that human nature will die in defense of its dearest—these are not the things that make war; to make men landless and cowards will not bring peace. But it is the false doctrine fostered by the few that war spells gain—it is this that makes war, and there is a great dearth of pacifists who see and attack it. *The fact that pacifists are left in peace is proof that they are not attacking the real causes of war.*

Our responsibility is not to create a perfect world, but to establish *our* discoveries of what is right, by weeding out what *we* have newly discovered to be wrong, and leaving to the future its tasks of the same nature.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Other States Please Copy

QUITE naturally the Baumes Law is not popular with New York's criminal element. It deprives them of rather large slices of their liberty. And quite as naturally it is not popular with the state's professional sob sisters, male and female. They view with horror any and all attempts to punish the wrongdoer, and *making punishment mandatory* passes almost beyond their comprehension. But the law is popular with the people as a whole. It is popular with those charged with protecting life and property. It is popular with the highest courts in the state, which have upheld its legality. Crime in New York City, according to the report of the Commissioner of Police, was cut sixty per cent during 1926! The decrease was attributed directly to the Baumes Law, which was in effect only for six months during that year. The Baumes Law has many commendable features: it decrees high bail; it removes the power of discretionary sentence from politico judges; it makes prison inevitable for perpetual criminals. Undoubtedly it is harsh; but so, too, is crime harsh, and there is an old truism that fire must be fought with fire. If harshness to the criminal has reduced crime sixty per cent in one state, it might well be tried in others.

A 'Gift' to the Taxpayers

THE $400,000 a year loss which the Rothschilds of London and the Belmonts of New York have been sustaining on their unfortunate Cape Cod Canal venture will soon be a thing of the past—for them. Henceforth the burden will be borne by the taxpayers of the United States. But this is not all of the good news. Besides ridding themselves of their notorious 'dead horse,' the Rothschilds and the Belmonts are actually to receive $11,500,000 from the Government for doing so! It is one of the neatest deals slipped through Congress in a long time.

Twenty years ago certain bankers thought they saw a bonanza in a canal cut across the base of the Cape, which would take sixty-five miles and four hours' sailing time from the Boston-to-New-York sea route. True to instinct, the Rothschilds and the Belmonts organized the Cape Cod Construction Company, which built the canal, accepting payment of $6,000,000 in bonds and $6,000,000 in stock of the Cape Cod Canal Company, which they organized to operate it. The financiers made a profit from the construction, but the canal itself was a flat failure. Too small for vessels of large draft, it came in time to be used principally by coal barges.

Agitation for Government purchase began almost as soon as it was discovered that the canal was a financial Jonah. As a temporary war measure the Government took it over in 1918, and lost $900,000 during the twenty months of federal operation. Propaganda for Government purchase has been active since the return of the canal to its private owners. Repeated efforts were made to slip the purchase past Congress as a separate piece of legislation. These failed, but at last the deal has been accomplished as part of the Rivers and Harbors Bill.

Not the least interesting feature of the transaction is that under Government ownership all tolls are to be abolished. Nearly two-thirds of the income of the canal under private operation was derived from one concern, the Eastern Steamship Company, of Boston. This firm, Senator Howell estimates, will save approximately $280,000 in tolls as a result of the purchase. That sum will now be paid by the taxpayers of the nation. And the total annual deficit which must be met by the taxpayers is estimated by Senator Howell at $850,000.

The Burden

THESE figures, tabulated by Roger Babson, demand attention. They show the percentage of net profits paid out in taxes by the different great occupations:

	State Taxes per cent	*Federal Taxes per cent*	*Total Taxes per cent*
Agricultural and related industries	64	19	83
Mining and quarrying	44	16	60
Transportation and public utilities	28	8	36
Construction	17	15	32
Finance, banking, insurance	22	9	31
Wholesale and retail trade	15	12	27
Manufacturing as a whole	14	10	24

Such a burden as that borne by agriculture is obviously unfair. The inefficiency of agriculture can be stressed to the limit, but in the final analysis no industry can be truly prosperous which bears such a disproportionate share of the nation's taxation. Forty million persons comprise the farming population of the nation, and these forty millions are vital to the prosperity of the nation. Yet they—and their purchasing power—are being taxed to death *by* the nation. Blundering taxation is one of the most serious problems confronting the country today.

Nicaragua

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S case in favor of intervention in Nicaragua is almost as good as the case against it, which means that many will not consider it good enough. The picture that has secured firm lodgment in the American mind is this: the Mexican hook has been baited with the Nicaraguan worm, and the United States Government has swallowed it. The forces that have used every effort to embroil the United States with Mexico, through oil or religion or what not, have proceeded indirectly—they are leading us into Mexico via Nicaragua. Not even the President obscures the point that in Nicaragua we are fighting Mexico, for he charges that Mexico is the force behind the Government which the United States does not choose to recognize. This picture of our country refusing to go to Mexico direct because of American public opinion, but being led indirectly by way of Nicaragua because of a less enlightened public opinion with reference to that country, is one that is firmly fixed in the American mind, and it will require some effort to expunge it.

What we are now embarked upon has every element of war except a formidable opponent. It is not called war because the opponent is too feeble to fight us. And it is entirely satisfactory to those who have been endeavoring for years to start bloodshed between Mexico and this country. That fact alone has enough significance to give our people a hunch.

It is commonly reported throughout certain circles in the country that the Nicaraguan policy of the United States is, whether consciously or not, the policy of the oil interests, and that if public opinion continues to prevent intervention in Mexico the same result can be obtained in other ways. These are sayings which no action of our Government should ever justify. It will be increasingly difficult to veil the facts under general statements about 'the protection of American lives and property.' A list of these lives and the property interests would give the American people a view of this matter that they are justified in having.

When the President bases so weighty a policy on the fact or the assumption that Mexican arms have been found in Nicaragua, he uses a device which past diplomacy has rendered extremely questionable in view of the ease with which evidence of that sort can be manufactured. Moreover, he leaves it open for Mexico to report that the weapons which arm rising revolutionists all over Mexico today are from the United States.

Kidnapped?

WE ARE glad that Aimee Semple McPherson is off the first page and out of the courts. The case had the same suggestion of persecution as surrounded that of Mrs. Hall of New Jersey. Mrs. McPherson's case, however, seemed to be aggravated by the fact that she was a religious teacher, which fact seemed to give all alienism *carte blanche* to run a stream of filthy innuendo through the movies and magazines of the country. The American press was not reluctant to damn in advance a woman against whom nothing had been proved; it showed its usual fairness by printing obscurely and with shameful brevity the acquittal of one it had pronounced guilty in its first-page scare heads. When will the American press take to itself at least as much fairness and dignity as a country justice court?

There is now no way of judging the matter of Mrs. McPherson. Maybe she was kidnapped; maybe she wasn't. Women who go in for the highly emotional life of religious leadership usually do queer things. Sometimes they abjure matrimony for mystical spouses, sometimes they acquire too much earthly matrimony so that the names of all their spouses make an imposing array; always they have strange experiences of one sort or another. It is probably founded in The Nature of Things that priests and apostles are males. The 'women religions' are usually tinged with queerness.

The pressure and strain of religious leadership such as Mrs. McPherson had undertaken, the excessive drains upon her sympathies and creative energies, the false assumption that the sacredness of the labor nullifies the fatigue of the body, all undoubtedly combined to create a condition which made a vacation, if not a kidnapping, desirable.

Maybe she was kidnapped. If so, it was undoubtedly a good thing for her. There are many men living under killing strains today whose physicians would like to kidnap them, take them hundreds of miles away and make them walk home—it would be their physical salvation.

Boarding at the Church

BUILDERS of a new skyscraper church in Chicago are planning their structure to fulfill one of the city's important needs. Besides the church auditorium and the usual departmental rooms, the eighteen-story building is to contain living quarters for six hundred young men and women. Rooms for recreational purposes and a swimming pool will be provided. Attention will be paid the social as well as the religious life of the residents. The idea back of the project may not be new, but it is assuredly sound. In every large city in the country are thousands of young people, newly from rural communities, who find that metropolitan life presents many serious problems. They have, as a rule, keen ambition but meager capital. They form a vast potential asset to the city, but their path, for the first few years at least, is beset with many difficulties. Cut off from friends and home influence for the first time, they find themselves without healthful social contact at a period when they need it most. Any agency that can aid them in adjusting themselves to their new environment is helping not only the young people but the community in which they live. The Chicago experiment may point a way of practical service to other churches.

Contrast the disagreeable feeling you have when you are part of a great crowd with the feeling you have when you go hunting or fishing in the woods.

Going After a GOOD TIME *and* MISSING IT

By THOMAS L. MASSON

Illustrated by RUSSELL LEGGE

THE manager of one of the largest amusement parks in the United States told me that the owner of the park, where on Saturdays and holidays thousands of people congregated, never went near the park on these days. When asked why, he said he couldn't afford it.

'When I first began going to the park on big days,' he continued, 'I noticed that my visit was invariably succeeded by a fit of depression. I began to make a study of the people and the conditions, and then I saw quite plainly that the crowd came there to get rid of their troubles. The attendance just before or on the first of the month was always less than on other big days. This was because it was so near rent day, and thus a large proportion were brought too close to stern reality.

'You may laugh and think me a nut, but long experience has convinced me that large bodies of people who congregate in one place to forget themselves throw off clouds of low-pressure fear. You know how you can often feel the presence of others when you can't even see them. It's that way. You may not think it (he was a heavy-set, hard-boiled-appearing man) but I'm sensitive to these things, and I advise any man who is like myself to keep away from large bodies of people who are at least trying to have a good time.'

I don't think there is any doubt that people carry atmospheres around with them. The elder Rothschild said he made his large fortune by always associating with lucky people.

Contrast the disagreeable feeling you have when you are part of a great crowd with the feeling you have when you go hunting or fishing in the woods. Not only do you enjoy yourself every moment, but for long after the memory of it sustains you.

Also, have you ever stopped to think that the premeditated good time so rarely comes off according to schedule, while the really good time comes oddly, unexpectedly? One night I came home so tired I could scarcely drag one foot after the other. My wife announced, 'We are going to a party.' I howled like a wolf, I fought like a wild man. She had to drag me into my clothes by main force. And I had the time of my life. The next day I did twice as much work as usual.

Do you know why the big men of this world are so big, why they get so much done? It is because they treat work as incidental. They never miss an opportunity. I used to work with one of the biggest men in this country. Every once in a while he would run into my office and exclaim: 'Come on! Let's violate all the rules.'

I knew what that meant. It meant dropping everything and going to the country or to a play—anything to have some fun. Some time I would have to come back and work until midnight to catch up. What of it?

Understand, I am not here advocating disorder, anarchy, laziness. I am advocating just the contrary. Believe me when I say, the big men are always casual. To be casual is to be powerful—always! (When you have a fair amount of brains.)

Why is it that people take so much trouble to have a good time, go through the most devastating drudgery beforehand, only to fail? Because that is the only way they know, poor mortals. Most of them go round all the time tied up in a hard knot. Keep unraveling yourself. It's the great necessity.

Anything pays big returns which gives us release from deadly monotony, because it lifts us up on the higher level of joy, and in this condition we eat up work.

What seems drudgery in a low-pressure state is a joy in a higher state. I am typewriting this article with my own hands to the music of ten-ton trucks. If I wait until tonight it would be a dead weight. I have just come back from a vacation. It lasted three hours, I went out and looked at the world. (Did you ever take a good look at it? Quite a movie!)

Too many people pass half their lives trying to have a good time and the rest of their lives regretting that the good times planned didn't come off.

Merely because one-half or three-fourths of the pleasure we get out of a good time lies in the anticipation is no reason why we should accept this as being right.

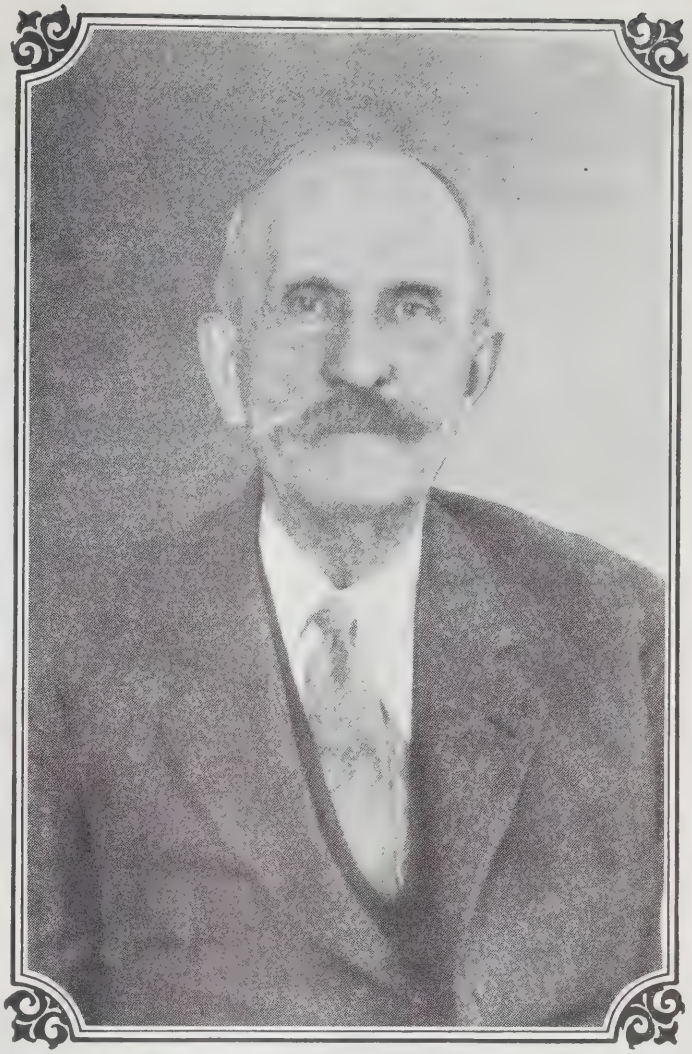
Also, too many people nourish the secret idea that

(Continued on page 23

STRANGE MEN *Who Could Not* Keep Straight

By GEORGE HENRY PARISH

PART I



FREMONT OLDER, editor of the San Francisco 'Call' and dean of San Francisco journalism, has known most of the remarkable criminals that have appeared in California during the past forty years. In this issue is begun the narration of his recollections of some of these strange men. They are still 'strange men' to Mr. Older. He does not pretend to know why they act as they do. They seem, he says, to have been born differently. But he sees the good in them as well as the bad, and feeling that they are not entirely responsible for what they are he is in favor of treating them with all possible kindness while they are under restraint. Mr. Older's views have moderated, directly or indirectly, the rules of all the great prisons of America.

THE strangest man that Fremont Older ever knew was Charles Augustus Boggs. After dark one night Boggs suddenly walked into the kitchen of Older's house which is situated halfway up a wild mountainside, fifty miles south of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Older were not at home. Two or three former convicts whom Older had employed were in the kitchen. Boggs said he had walked eleven miles from San Jose, was tired as a dog and had not had anything to eat for three days. He said he knew Older would give him a meal and let him stay all night.

One of the men said to Boggs: 'Of course Older will give you a meal and let you stay all night. He isn't here but we will cook it for you.'

Boggs waved them aside.

'Let me cook my own dinner,' he said. 'I am a professional cook.'

Boggs built a fire, prepared a fine dinner for himself, ate like a wolf and when Mrs. Older came home she sent him to stay all night with the other former prisoners in the old farmhouse on the ranch.

Boggs was up bright and early the next morning. After breakfast he told Mrs. Older that he would like to do some work to pay for his two meals and his night's lodging. Mrs. Older asked him what he could do.

'I am a locomotive engineer by profession,' he replied.

Mrs. Older, having no locomotives to operate or repair, hesitated a moment. Finally she said that she had nothing but gardening to do.

'I am a gardener by profession,' said Boggs. .

Mrs. Older told him to make some flower beds and pointed out the place where she wanted them made. Boggs worked awhile and then came back to the house. He wanted to know whether Mrs. Older wanted the flower beds shaped like stars or hearts. He had made both kinds and Mrs. Older was astonished to see that they were really beautiful. Boggs, plainly enough, during some of his prison experiences, had worked at landscape gardening. But she did not happen to care for hearts or stars and Boggs made them all over again, just as she wanted them. Mrs. Older was so elated that she offered Boggs a steady job at good wages which he accepted.

A few days later, a yearling steer broke its leg. None of the old employes knew what to do. They asked Older and he was no wiser. Older happened to mention the matter in the presence of Boggs.

'Leave it to me,' said Boggs. 'I am a butcher by profession.'

Boggs killed the steer, dressed it as quickly and expertly as if he had been killing steers all his life, hung it up on a hook and called Older to look at what he had done in an hour or so.

Older was pleased, but another problem entered his mind. If the carcass were left outdoors all night the coyotes would get it. Older suggested that Boggs hitch up the horses and take the beef to the farmhouse, which was perhaps 200 yards distant.

'That will not be necessary,' said Boggs. 'I am a professional athlete. I will carry the steer to the farmhouse.'

Boggs was five feet six inches in height. The steer weighed 240 pounds. Boggs put the steer on his back and started off on a trot.

There is always trouble of some kind on a ranch. In a few days there was need of a plumber at the house, and the nearest plumber was miles away.

'By profession,' said Boggs, 'I am a plumber. Pay no more attention to this matter. I will attend to it.'

And he did—easily, skilfully and quickly.

The first heavy fall rain came a few days later and the torrent of water that came down the mountainside endangered the foundation of the house. By that time the Olders had learned to turn to Boggs in times of trouble and they sent to the farmhouse for him.

'A very small matter,' said Boggs. 'By profession I am a cement worker. I shall have no difficulty in fixing this.'

The cement drain that he laid is there yet, in as good condition as it was when he made it.

Somebody left a window open upstairs, rain blew in, trickled down through the floor and made a bad spot on the ceiling of the dining room. Mrs. Older wondered if Boggs knew anything about painting.

'By profession,' he replied, 'I am a painter and decorator. Four years' experience.'

Boggs bought some paint, mixed it and caught the shade so closely that when the spot on the ceiling was covered nobody could tell where it had been.

On the ranch were a number of cows. One became ill. Boggs was summoned.

'By profession I am a veterinary,' he said. 'The cow will soon be well.'

It was well in three days.

AFTER the family had retired on Christmas Eve one of the dogs set up a fierce barking. The barking indicated that somebody was in front of the house. The dog was right as the Olders learned the next morning. Boggs had been decorating while his employers slept. The words 'Merry Christmas' had been worked out in red berries, surrounded with garlands of green gathered from the mountainside and flung across the front of the house.

The Olders, when they beheld what he had done, were not only dumbfounded but elated. Knowing that nobody but Boggs could have wrought such a bit of art they sent to the farmhouse for him. When he came they thanked him and told him how wonderful it was that he should have been able to make so beautiful a thing out of scraps from the forest.

'Not at all difficult,' replied Boggs. 'By profession I am a wood-carver.'

All of these things happened within six weeks. The Olders were so delighted that they would have been glad to keep Boggs always. But they knew they couldn't. In a few days Boggs told Mrs. Older that he never stayed more than two months in a place and that his time at the Older ranch was up. He explained that the only reason he came to the ranch was to grow a beard so that women would not pursue him. His pet complex was that his charms were well-nigh irresistible. Having a two months' stubble on his face he felt safe to go back to the city; and he went.

Two weeks later, Boggs was in jail in San Jose for marrying a young woman for the purpose of swindling her. He had met her through a matrimonial agency. A lawyer got him off, but in a little while he was in jail, on a very serious charge, in Lodi, California. He wrote to Older for help, but nobody could help him and Older so wrote him. Older has not since heard from him but believes he is in prison somewhere.

A GOOD man spoiled because of a kink in the brain that he did not make! A man who would have been good for many things if he had not been so weak.

Jack Black was not weak. In 1906, he was convicted of highway robbery and sentenced to prison for twenty-five years. While his case was up for a hearing on petition for appeal, San Francisco was burned and all of the records in the Black case were destroyed. Without the records, the court could not well go on with the appeal; so Black stayed in jail with his appeal unheard. He had been in jail seven years when Older heard about him and went to the jail to see him.

Older asked Black what he could do for him. Black told him he could do nothing, that his case was hopeless. Older said he could at least go to the judge who sentenced him to twenty-five years' imprisonment and ask him to parole him. The judge told Older he would consider the matter.

BLACK construed this to be equivalent to a denial and at once broke out of jail. He was captured again in a few weeks and brought back to San Francisco. About this time, Older received word from the judge that if Black would withdraw his appeal and plead guilty, his twenty-five years' sentence would be reduced to a year or two. Black withdrew his appeal, was given a sentence of a year and in ten months was discharged.

When Black got out he was in bad shape—emaciated, run down, almost a physical wreck. Older took him to his ranch to build him up and kept him there several months. Black soon became a favorite with everybody in the household. He had a sense of humor and could even joke about his past. Asked by Mrs. Older to walk across the floors of the new house they were building and give her his opinion, 'as an expert burglar,' whether the floors would squeak, Black replied:

'I could not tell you for certain unless I were to walk across them at two o'clock in the morning in my stockinged feet. There are squeaks at two in the morning that cannot be heard at any other time.'

Told that he had been 'a hero' the night before during a storm that blew out a window, he replied: 'The night is my time, you know.'

ONE afternoon Older's dogs began to bark furiously. Older and Black went out on the porch to see who was coming. An automobile was toiling up the mountain road. Older could not make out the occupants, but after a while Black could.

'It's the doctor,' he said with joy.

The 'doctor,' it appears, was an old prison pal of Black's. After he left, Black told Older the doctor's story.

The man was an old-time burglar. After having served three sentences, he resumed his old trade and was caught again. The district attorney advised the prisoner to plead guilty and make things easy for himself. In that event, the judge might let him off with five years on daylight burglary, as the prisoner was arrested before sunset. Otherwise, said the district attorney, the judge would be angry, construe the case as night burglary, and impose a sentence of fifteen years.

THE prisoner pleaded guilty, said Black, and the lawyer at once arose and asked for a five-year sentence on the ground that the burglary was committed by daylight.

The judge took offense at the suggestion, consulted an almanac and said the man had been arrested five minutes after sunset and was therefore guilty of burglary in the nighttime.

The district attorney tried again to keep faith with the prisoner.

'This man,' he said, 'may have been arrested five minutes after sunset, but the crime had been committed some time before that. He had left the house he had robbed and walked several blocks before he was arrested.'

The judge told the district attorney to sit down, and imposed a sentence of fifteen years.

The district attorney waited a moment until the court stenographer had finished taking down the words of the court, and then said:

'Your words now being on record and it being a felony to alter the record, I wish to call your attention to the fact that you forgot to arraign this man.'

The judge saw he was in a jam, but he was too angry to accept the district attorney's offer to impose a five-year sentence and let the matter drop. Instead, he sent the prisoner back to the county jail. After he had been there a year he was released because of a provision of the law which permitted the release of a prisoner under sentence a year without judgment in the case having been entered.

This was such a close squeak that the burglar reformed, studied medicine, graduated, married, and now has a practice that brings him in from $5,000 to $6,000 a year. He has gone straight ever since. Older believes much of the credit is due to the doctor's wife.

And Black has gone straight. It is nearly ten years since Older picked him up as a brand from the burning, but he has never gone back to his old ways. Older got him a job in San Francisco that he holds as steadily as if he had never known what it meant to stick a gun under a man's nose and demand his money. Black says the thing that reformed him was Older's success in getting a twenty-five-year sentence reduced to ten months. It then seemed worth while to try to start life anew.

MR. OLDER'S readiness to extend a helping hand to former prisoners causes him, once in a while, to be imposed upon, but such incidents never shake his faith in the fundamental goodness of mankind.

A young man who introduced himself as 'Mr. Pedro' once called upon Mr. Older at his (*Continued on page 2*

EDITOR'S NOTE: We do not believe that the United States is so angelic, nor other nations so blameworthy, as this comparison would indicate. Were it written by an American in national self-praise, we could not justify its publication. It is written by a born British citizen of wide experience, and differs so widely from general foreign opinion of the United States, that we feel justified, if only by the novelty of the criticism, in publishing it.

The Charge *Is*—'MATERIALISM'

By THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR

'This charge of materialism will not down. It is a fetish with old-world critics, the one thing upon which they all agree.'—THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

But the Records in the Case Show THAT—

The Accused Nation—America:	*The Accuser Nations—Our Friends Abroad:*
Has never fought one war of aggression; has taken the field only when the vital principle of human liberty was at stake; and has in its own life vindicated that principle at great cost.	Have armed and set people against people, slaughtering for territorial advantage, for trade routes, for commercial gain, for military control, for dynastic aggrandizement, and so forth.
Has called together the powers to reduce armaments and seek peace.	Have stultified reduction of armaments by retaining in strength the forces which best suit their purposes.
Has cut down its armed forces to limits which—on the basis of its territorial necessities and its obligations under the Monroe Doctrine to avert outside aggression from the American Continent in its less-developed elements—approach a state of comparative weakness, in the opinion of many.	Have built up in jealous watchfulness of each other powerful fighting forces and scientific war equipment of the most dreadful character, and glorified the power to destroy.
Has saved in one foreign land alone eleven million human beings from death by starvation, when 'idealists' brought the land to ruin. Has poured out effort and treasure without limit to gather up the remnants of peoples in the Old World who had been passed under the harrows of persecution and war.	Have murdered in one land alone more than a million people for an 'ideal,' brought a great nation low with famine and grim lawlessness; crushed, and parceled out, and erased peoples among the oldest in Christendom.
Has in the Pacific alone, through its whaling seamen, discovered, used, and named more than four hundred islands, and of these has claimed practically none.	Have founded claims to territory on the slightest of pretexts, and waged war in support of these claims.
Has in 150 years brought to life a whole continent, lifting up all its people by freedom of education, freedom of religion, opportunity for *all* to reach up to any height they may prove fit to occupy.	Have laid huge territories in black ruin, and tolerated the unexampled luxury of the few built upon the unparalleled misery of the mass of humankind; has in some instances confined education to the few and left the mass of the people in the slavery of ignorance.
Has encouraged the development of the individual, fostered and even forced the spread of knowledge, and given to intelligence a practical orientation for the benefit of all.	Have maintained systems of caste which artificially project the few into permanent power, and deliberately keep millions in the position of rats in a drainpipe.
Has regarded a thinking, intelligent human being, independent in his personal resources, clean in his outlook, and strong to go forward, as the finest product of the nation.	Have acquiesced in and maintained doctrines which have made beasts sacred and made the masses less than beasts—that *untouchability* which insures mass degradation, regardless of who may be their conquerer of the moment.
Has led in and wrought the emancipation of womanhood—*all* its womanhood.	Have kept women in the chains of lowest mental and even personal slavery, selling children in marriage, denying to women—we refer to *suttee*—any place in life apart from their 'lords.'
Has fought, as a whole people, with courage and intelligence, against everything that	Have accepted, generation after generation, in blind or indifferent helplessness or worse, the

(Continued on page 27)

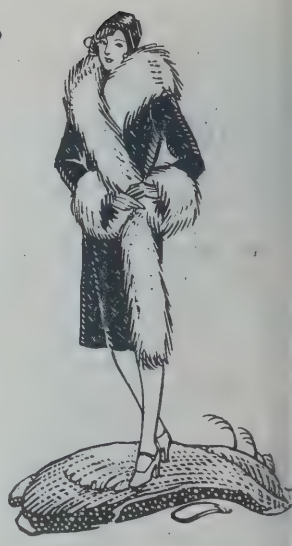
And So There Were Young People

'Going to Ye Doggs'

In Those Good Old Days

By KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

Illustrated by RUTH THURBER



ARE you concerned, oh 20th Century parent, about the abbreviated skirt, nonexistent sleeve, intensive lingerie, or one-piece bathing suit of your daughter? Then hark to the denunciations of the simple Cobbler of Agawam—who was not a cobbler at all, but a parson—against frivolous femininity in the town of Essex, Massachusetts, in the Year of Grace 1645.

. . . 'I shall therefore misspend a word or two upon their long-waisted, short-skirted patience: a little of my stirrup will do no harm . . . When I hear a *nugiperous* gentledame inquire what dress the queen is in this week, what *nudistertian* fashion of the court—I mean at its very newest, with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be—I look upon her as the very *gizzard* of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, were she of a kickable substance,—than either honored or humored.'

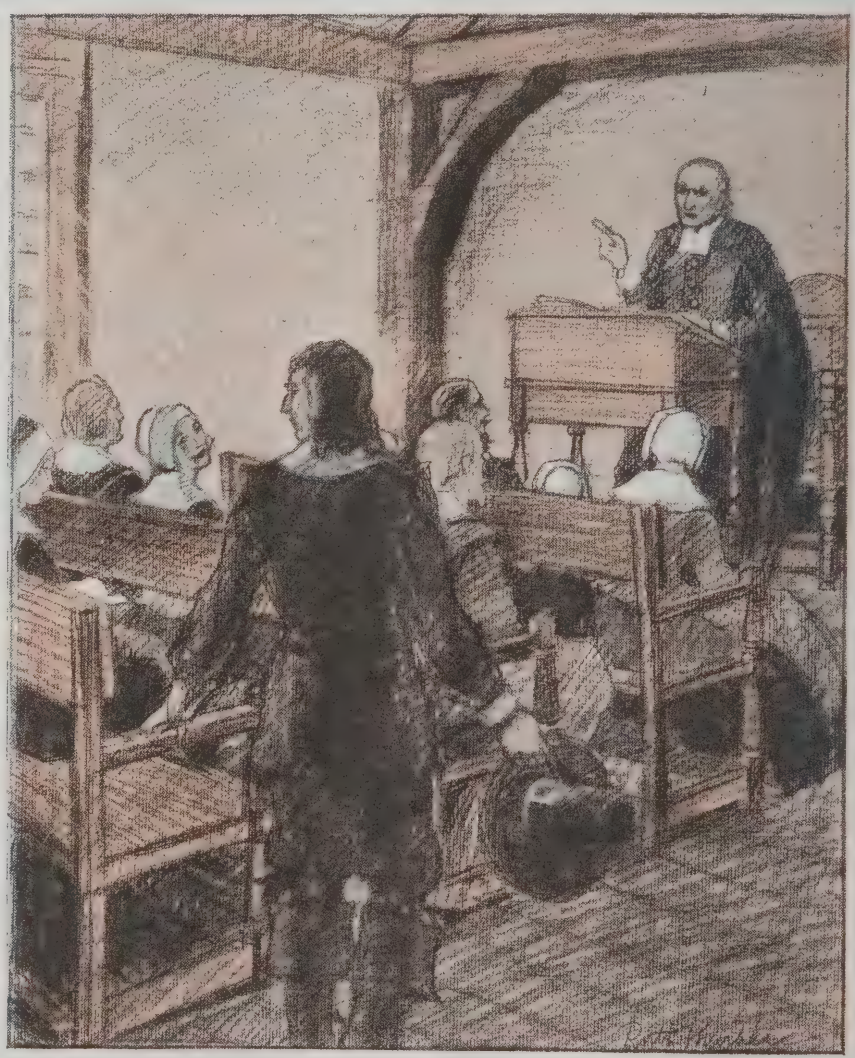
Much anathema has been hurled at your inconsequent bobbed head, oh flapper of 1926, but at least no one has ventured to call you 'nugiperous,' 'the gizzard of a trifle, a quarter of a cipher, an epitome of nothing,' and what, one wonders, is a 'nudistertian fashion'? Is it in any way synonymous with the near-nudity of today?

'To speak moderately,' the Cobbler continues, 'I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding, to concieve how these women should have any grace or valuable virtue that have so little wit as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs as not only dismantles their native lovely luster, but *transclouts* them into *gant bargeese*, ill-shapen-shotten shell fish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or, at the best, into French *flurts of pastry*, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels. It is no marvel they wear drails on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing, as it seems, in the forepart but a few squirrels brains to help them frisk from one ill favored fashion to another.'

It will be seen that the Cobbler wielded a strong and picturesque pen in the demolition of female folly.

'I can make myself sick at any time,' he continues, 'with comparing the dazzling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished *in some former habits*, with the gut-foundered goosedom wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. (Note the recurrent theme of the good old days. We have about five or six of them in our colony,' he announces, descending into innuendo. 'If I see any of them accidentally I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month . . . I have often heard diverse ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargeable changes of fashion. I marvel themselves prefer not a bill of redress. Would Essex ladies would lead the chorus for the honor of the county and their persons.'

Then lest hi



In 1700, a clergyman reproved from the pulpit a young man in striking new garments, who had come in during prayer time to attract the greater notice of the congregation.

'Sally won't go to church nor to school,' Madame Coleman writes helplessly, 'and wants a nue muff and a great many other things she don't need.'

giddy feminine parishioners should be moved to take his grim wit too lightly, he warns them: 'If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously he is mistaken. I have written with all the indignation I can, and no more than I ought . . .' Yet he concedes a little farther on, 'I point my pen only against the light-heeled beagles that lead the chase so fast they run all civility out of breath against those ape-headed pullets which invent antique fool-fangles merely for fashion and novelty's sake.' He passes on to pity the husbands of these extravagant daughters of Eve. 'It is beyond my account how many gentlemen's and citizens' estates are deplumed by their feather-headed wives . . . If the parliament would please to mend women—which their husbands dare not do—there need not be so many men to make and mend as there are.' (Compare with editorials on extravagant young wives of today who plunge their husbands into bankruptcy and ruin.)

Yet he could appreciate gifted womanhood when he found it, even vision the future achievements of woman at a time when, outside the home, she was universally regarded as a cipher—if not the fraction of one. Witness these lines concerning Anne Bradstreet, the first Puritan poetess, describing the perplexity of the gods as they marvel over her prowess.

'Good sooth,' quoth the old Don, 'tell me ye so,
I muse at length whither these girls will go.
It half revives my chill frost-bitten blood,
To see a woman once do ought that's good.
And chode by Chaucer's boots and Homer's furs,
Let men look to it, lest women wear the spurs!'

In Governor Winthrop's journal of the same period we find disturbed questionings as to whether women should wear veils, and learn that there were orders of the court forbidding 'short sleeves whereby the *nakedness of the arms* may be discovered.' Women were also complained of because of their wearing 'immodest borders of hair, and their cutting, curling and laying out of their hair,—especially among the younger sort.'

In 1683 Increase Mather gave them a broadside on the subject. 'Will not the haughty daughters of Zion refrain their pride in apparell? Will they lay out their hair (this gesture seems to have been particularly painful to the clerical sensibilities), wear their false locks (transformation of 1683!) their borders and towers, like comets about their heads?' 'Apes of fancy,' they were also called, 'friziling and curlying of their hayr.' So it appears that hair was a sore point three hundred years before the bob made its appearance. Masculine wigs were also regarded as artifices of the devil.

Two joyous youths were caught driving through a town during the hours of service.

Apostle Eliot sadly remarks that 'the lust for wigs is become insuperable.' 'Horrid bushes of vanity,' another called them, and Judge Sewall in his diary relates how he pursued a friend's son, young Joshua Willard, to the wall. 'I enquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own Hair and put on a Wigg. He answered none at all. But said that his hair was streight, and that it parted behinde. Seemed to argue that men might as well shave their hair off their heads as off their face . . . seemed to say he would leave off his Wigg when his hair was grown.'

It is reassuring to learn that men were almost equally reprehensible in their weakness for finery. In 1651 the General Court expresses its 'utter detestation and dislike that men or women of meane condition, education and callings, should take upon them the garbe of gentlemen by the wearinge of gold or silver lace or buttons, or poynts at their knees, or to walke in great boots, or women of the same rank to wear silke or tiffany hoodes or scarfes.' Indeed, Alice Morse Earle remarks, 'Walking in great boots proved alluring to an illegal degree just as did the wearing of silk and tiffany hoods. Many persons were presented (in court) under this law.'

But it was the inferior sex that proved most disturbing to their spiritual masters. Not only were their arms, so we are told, bared to an immodest degree, but their necks as well, calling forth 'just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts.' Dire prophecies of retribution were

hurled at the heads of the poor Puritan ladies who, to the distorted vision of their censors, 'walked with outstretched necks and wanton eyes, mincing as they go.'

The sudden growth of the colony in wealth after the first years of bitter struggle and privation brought an increase of these vanities. The ascetic preachers were apparently powerless against the tide. In 1686 we read of at least one painted face in Boston society. 'To hide her age she paints, and to hide her painting dares hardly laugh.' We read of advertisements for cosmetics of all sorts at that period: 'An Excellent Wash which softens and beautifies the Skin to Admiration,' also 'a composition to take off *Superficious* Hair.'

As for feminine rebellion, consider Miss Hannah Lyman of Northampton, aged sixteen, who was one of thirty-eight women brought before the court in 1676 for their 'wicked apparell.' Hannah we find accused of 'wearing silk in a flaunting manner, in an offensive way and garb, not only before, but when she stood presented.'

The clergymen of early New England could give lessons to our informal modernistic ministers who are sometimes criticized by conservative parishioners today. Rev. Mr. Moody, in 1700, reproved from the pulpit a young man in striking new garments, who had come in during prayer time to attract the greater notice of the congregation. 'And, oh Lord, we pray thee cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut,' he improvised. Another time he prayed for a member of the erring sex, ending thus, 'She asked me not to pray for her in public, but I told her I would, and so I have. Amen.'

One of the most priceless of all these impromptu prayers is one voiced by the Reverend Mr. Miles in a time of drought, in which, apparently apprehensive of divine misunderstanding, he gives definite instructions to the Almighty:

'Oh Lord, Thou knowest we do not want

'My maide servant hath got such a head that her carriage toward myself is unsufferable.'

Thee to send us a rain which shall pour down in fury, and swell our streams and carry away haycocks, fences, bridges. But Lord, we want it to come drizzle-drozzle, drizzle-drozzle for about a week. Amen.'

History does not record whether the Lord followed instructions.

But 'exotic garb' and up-to-the-minute clergymen were not all the modernities of 17th Century Puritanism. Oh mother, oppressed by a sense of distraught futility when you tell your daughter to do this and she does that, read of the outrageous behavior of Mistress Sarah Hull of Barbadoes, who came north to school, to be a thorn in the flesh of her Grandmother Coleman in Boston. She arrived with her maid in 1719, and a few days later scandalized her grandmother by leaving the house and engaging board and lodging at a neighboring house. At her brother's command she finally returned, but continued in all other respects to go her own wilful way.

'Sally won't go to church nor to school,' Madame Coleman writes helplessly, 'and wants a nue muff and a great many other things she don't need. I tell her fine things are cheaper in Barbadoes. She says she will go to Barbadoes in the Spring. She is well and brisk, says her brother has nothing to do with her as long as her father is alive.'

Grandmother Coleman further records that Sally's bill for dancing lessons is five pounds for two months. Did Sally go to the dogs, the destination—or a worse one—unquestionably predicted for her? No, she grew up to become a popular society belle, and in time, doubtless, an exemplary wife and mother.

The rigors of early Puritanism began to weaken with the rising generation. We read in Judge Sewall's diary that on January 7, 1719, 'The Governor has a ball at his own House that lasts to 3 in the Morn.' Indeed there was a dancing master in their midst in 1685. By 1720 New England children were quite generally learning to dance with the consent of their parents. However, we discover a remnant of the true Puritan attitude toward this diversion as late as the Revolution, when Colonel Mitchell, a former magistrate, reproves a giddy young thing who has forgotten her turn in the country dance while chatting with a younger admirer. 'Give over, Miss, give over. Mind what you are about. Do you think you come here *for your pleasure?*'

Turning the old pages we come upon more and more records of rebellious youth. We imagine that whatever else it might avoid, there was no escaping the regular attendance at 'meeting,' with its intolerably long sermons; but again we read of two joyous youths caught driving through a town during the hours of service by the tirelessly 'snoopy' tithing man who stopped them, of course. 'My grandmother is lying dead in the next town.' Thus one mournfully excused himself, but after he had been allowed to drive on, he stood up in his wagon and shouted impudently from a safe distance, 'And she's been lying dead in the graveyard there for thirty years!'

Not only youths were bold upon sacred

It seems, too, that 'wretched' boys, sons of Belial, whittled in meeting and cut the woodwork and benches.

occasions. We read at a very early date of the 17th Century flapperishness of one Tabatha Morgus of Norwich, 'wich did . . . prophane ye Lordes day in ye meeting house of ye west society, in ye time of ye forenoone service, by her rude and Indecent Behaviour in Laughing and Playing in ye time of ye Service.'

At a later date one Deborah Bangs paid a fine of five shillings 'for Larfing in the Wareham Meeting House in time of Public Worship.' At the same time a boy for the same offense paid ten shillings. 'He may have laughed louder and longer,' observes Mrs. Earle, who tells the story. It seems, too, that 'wretched boys, sons of Belial whittled in meeting and cut the woodwork and benches.'

It is not wholly without satisfaction that we read of certain individualistic Quakers who invaded the Puritan meetinghouses, and after having listened, as they felt, sufficiently, arose crying out, 'Parson, thy sermon is too long,' 'Parson, sit down, thee has already said more than thee knows how to say well.'

A QUAINT custom of that period that continued for a century later was the bride's privilege of choosing the text for her wedding ceremony. Abigail Adams, courageous, wise and witty wife of our second President, who married her husband against the wishes of her parents, chose this text for her wedding sermon: 'John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine and ye say that he hath a devil.'

Well, you have decided that if there were flighty daughters then as now, at least domestic servants were biddable if not browbeaten creatures who toiled without question. Listen to the sad tale of young Mary Dudley, Governor Winthrop's newly wed daughter, as recounted in a piteous letter to her mother in April, 1683.

'I thought it convenient to acquaint you and my father what a great affliction I have met withal by my maide servant . . . At her first coming she carried herself dutifully as became a servant, but through mine and my husband's forbearance towards her for small faults *she hath got such a head,* and is growen soe insolent that her carriage toward us, especially myself, is unsufferable. If I bid her doe a thing shee will bid me doe it myselfe; and she says how she can give content as well as any servant but shee will not, and says if I love not unquietness I was never so fitted in my life for shee would make me have enough of it. If I should writ to you of all the filthie reviling speeches and filthie language shee hath used towards me, I should but grieve you. My husband hath used all meanes to reform her, but she doth professe that *her nature will not suffer her to confess her faults.*' Do you find your eight-hour employe seemingly a specialist in what she will not do, over-individualistic and disobliging after this? Poor Mary Dudley's maide servant seems to have anticipated the I-must-follow-my-natural-impulses radicals by nearly three hundred years.

Nor was Mary Dudley's experience in any way extraordinary. Her cousin, John Winthrop, has similar sufferings to relate in a letter to his father: 'It is not convenient now to write the trouble and plague we have had with this Irish creature the year past. Lying and unfaithful . . . would do things on purpose in contradiction and vexation to her mistress . . . Have contrivances with fellows that have been stealing from our estate, gett drink out of ye celler for them; saucy and impudent, as when we have taken her to task she has gone away to complain of cruell usage. I can truly say we have used this base creature with kindness and lenity . . . a high spirited pirnicious jade.'

Again one John Wynter, head of the Richmonds Island settlement in Maine, writes to a friend in 1639 concerning one Priscilla Beckford, his 'maide servant': 'She hath bin now 2½ years in the house, and I do not think she hath risen twenty times before my Wyfe hath bin up to call her . . . she cannot be trusted to serve a few piggs, but my wyfe must be with her.' In men servants the Wynter family seemed equally unfortunate. Of one he writes, 'He is verry unwilling to do servize, says he is alwaies too hard labored; he cares not what Spoyl he makes, and will not be commanded but when he list.'

Of all the brave women of Colonial days, pioneers, forerunners, none has spoken braver words for the freedom of her sex than Abigail Adams, wife of our second President—one hundred and fifty years after the first settlement of New England, it is true, but in a day when the higher education of women was yet undreamed of. The letter was written in '76 shortly after the drafting of the Declaration of Independence.

'And by the way in the code of new laws which I suppose it would be necessary to make, I desire you to remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors were. Do not put such an unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by laws in which we have no voice or representation.'

As early as 1701 six good wives served on a jury in Albany—Tryntje Roseboom, Cathern Gubertse, Angenutt Jacobse, Marritje Dirkse, Elsje Lansing and Susanna Bratt.

Even police dogs are no invention of modern German warfare, for in the earliest days the New England settlers had them trained to hunt Indians and wolves, but—unlike the Germans—they fined citizens who brought their 'doggs' to the meetinghouse.

'Sing not, hum not, wriggle not,' we read in an early book of etiquette for the young—although Puritan wriggling is not to be confounded with the contortions of the recently extinct shimmy.

TO WHAT extent the revolt of youth is attributable to this deliberate assault upon their impressionability, it is hard to say. The causes are various, and it is not the purpose of this article to enter into them, merely to show that as long ago as the very golden age of the Blue Laws, wild youth followed its will, while solemn graybeards shook their heads and knew that they were going to the dogs—familiar in these days as 'doggs.'

The dogs then, it would seem, is a destination for which youth is ever bound in the minds of its elders, yet which it has never yet—collectively, at least—attained. And what is—or are—the dogs? A place, or a state of mind? In any case, perhaps we do not need to concern ourselves greatly, inasmuch as, like the horizon, it is a destination that has never yet been reached.

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Alien *Influence* on American Legislation

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

THE danger of permitting the stranger who is lodging in the house to legislate upon the affairs of the home has rarely been illustrated as forcibly as in the campaign preceding the election of Lincoln

During the forties and the early fifties the fear of the foreign-born voter had come to animate the minds of Americans of the older stock very largely, both North and South. The act of April 14, 1802, stabilized what had been up to that time a somewhat shifting policy of naturalization. That act required the renunciation of titles of nobility and prior allegiance. Such renunciation is no doubt a substantial sacrifice on the part of the newcomer. It constitutes a sort of guaranty of the genuineness of the enfranchised man's new loyalty.

Always it should be remembered, however, that this loyalty is loyalty to a government, to a political organization. No man can renounce his allegiance to the ideas and the ideals and the sympathies with which his birth and his home ties have first endowed him. The sentiment for ancestral relationships and bonds of blood is something that holds almost all men even to the third and fourth generations. Allegiance to the political order under which we live is certainly important. The political order, however, is important almost wholly as a support of the social order. Loyalty to a social order, therefore, to modes of thought and conduct in human intercourse upon which a social order grounds itself, is the thing ultimately vital. However enthusiastically devoted to our form of government the new arrival on our shores may be, his enthusiasm as confined to that aspect of life in his new home may not contribute to our well-being.

At a special election held May 9, 1859, the people of Massachusetts by a considerable majority adopted an amendment to their state constitution materially affecting the elective franchise. By its provisions an alien was compelled to wait two years after naturalization before he was permitted to vote. The amendment was intended primarily as a check upon a growing practice of active naturalization of prospective voters immediately preceding election day. More or less fraud was consequent upon this method of swelling the returns, and Massachusetts was determined to maintain a purer ballot. This was certainly a legitimate purpose and one wholly within the scope of the rights and privileges of the separate states. Further, it was a domestic matter and it should not have been complicated by considerations other than those related to internal affairs.

At the time when this action was taken by Massachusetts we had recently had a substantial increase in foreign immigration, amounting in 1858 to what would be, relative to the population of the country then, the equivalent of some 600,000 a year in terms of the population of the United States today. Among the immigrants of the preceding decade and more there were a great many Germans, large numbers of whom had come to this country after the unsuccessful revolution of 1848 in their native land. From the circumstances of their own exile as well as from the fact that they settled almost entirely in the North, their sympathies drew them to the newly formed Republican Party.

One of the most momentous presidential campaigns in American history was coming on. The Democratic Party, intent on the preservation of slavery, had given President Buchanan at the last election a half-million more votes than the Republican Party had been able to poll for Fremont, with a majority in the electoral college over both Fremont and Fillmore of fifty-two. The alienation of any considerable portion of the Republican strength might continue the Democratic Party in power for another four years, heighten the animosities already evoked by the slavery question, and prolong indefinitely the struggle that had already produced a bleeding Kansas.

The amendment to the constitution of Massachusetts by which what may be called the alien's period of probation was extended had been submitted to the people of that state by a Republican legislature. As the question took shape in the minds of those who might feel themselves injured directly or indirectly by the action of Massachusetts, it became a ground of complaint against the Republican Party. In particular the Germans took it up as feeling the more aggrieved because of their interest in that party and devotion to its principles.

They were indignant that their countrymen, coming to the New World in search of larger opportunities than they had at home, should be compelled to stay in the United States and make themselves familiar with its institutions for two years beyond the five years required by the Federal Government before they could take part in managing its affairs. In his very thorough and searching study, *The Germans of Iowa and the 'Two-Year' amendment of Massachusetts*, Professor F. I. Herriott, of Drake University, says:

'Upon the passage of the amendment in the lower house on February 8 by such an overwhelming vote (177 yeas to 32 nays), the Germans suddenly realized the danger threatening their status. They arose *en masse* in angry protest, and their foremost leaders began to train their heavy guns upon the Republican Party.'

Senator Harlan once said 'Many immigrants are qualified to become citizens of the United States when they land—they are as intelligent, industrious moral and trustworthy—as the native population. This is particularly true of those from some of the German states. In their own country they enjoy the advantages of common schools—similar, and, as some think, superior to our own, open to the children of all classes, including the most indigent—and of academic instruction of the highest grade. The mass of people are well educated; and they furnish the world with their full proportion of the ripest scholars and most profound thinkers of the age. In the highest walks of literature science and art, they have no superiors. A people thus taught, emigrating to this country and desiring to become citizens, would seem to require but a short probation to fit them for all the corresponding duties.'

'Ultimately Will I Too—'

Sue Grundy Bonner.

Ultimately will I too
Go to meet the sea like you—
Emerald green and sapphire blue,
Shot with purple through and through,
Beautiful to view.

In some wild and lovely place
Where the crested billows trace
Patterns on the sea like lace
I will hide my weeping face
In its salt embrace.

'If'—the Dark Side of Polar Flying

(*Continued from page 2*)

shoreward. It carried a large berg up over the beach and toppled it upon a sleeping Eskimo village. The survivors wept when they told us their terrible tale.

Such a picture leaves no doubt in the pilot's mind about the difficulty of emerging from such an environment should he be forced down. True, wide leads offer a landing space for an amphibian plane; and occasional flat floes could permit a land plane to roll safely along and come to a halt. But the chances of either are slight. Moreover, the lead may close and the flat floe may be crushed into a pressure ridge half a hundred feet high five minutes after the plane comes down.

Of course we planned to work back to one of the northern continents from the Pole if we were forced into an emergency landing and were unable to get the plane into the air again.

I asked a friend of mine, an Arctic expert, to work out a plan for escape should this contingency come about. He handed me the following memorandum.

Some notes on Byrd's retreat if he and Bennett are forced to walk home.

1. Because of enormous distances and probable lack of communications, in case of trouble any plan for escape should be of utmost simplicity.

2. Travel along coasts after reaching land should be greatly preferred over Greenland ice cap or other inland routes. Along the coast is good hunting; cairns on important promontories can be left; and caches containing records and films will not be lost. This is not true of the ice cap.

3. In case of a crash there are three possible lines of escape:

(a) Back to the pack edge near Spitzbergen, to be picked up by ship. This certainly should not be tried if more than 300 miles from point of departure.

(b) Down the Greenland or Ellesmere Land coasts to Etah. The Greenland ice cap might be used if an early start can be made from Peary Land.

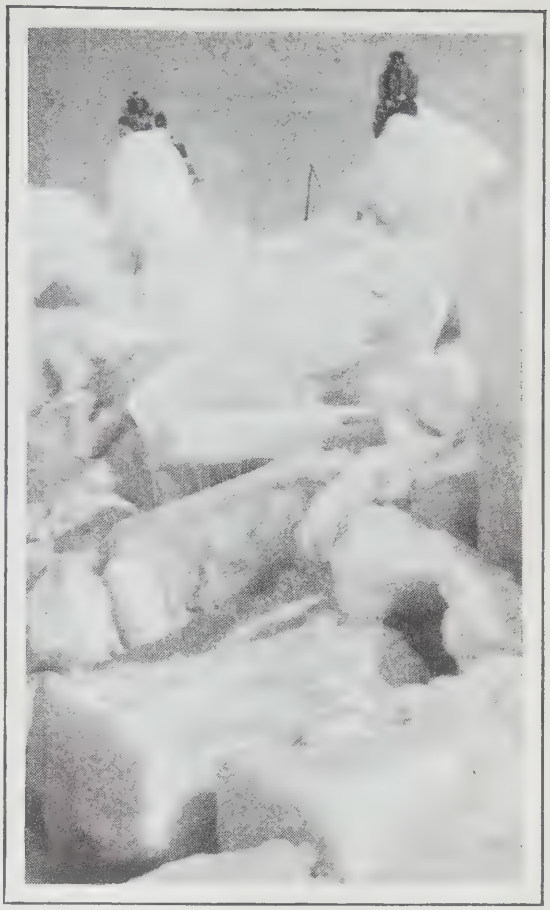
(c) Down the Banks Land coast to the North American Eskimos, thence to Alaska. This route is desirable only if trouble comes well west of Cape Thomas Hubbard.

4. Byrd must remember that in case he fails to return on time a search party will ultimately go for trace of him. Therefore, he should leave clear-cut clews to his plans and whereabouts as frequently as possible. And he should equip himself with knowledge of musk ox and caribou haunts. His failure to return would by no means signify that he had perished. A crippled companion might conceivably cause him to winter in Greenland or Ellesmere Land.

My idea was to fit out a light sledge on which Bennett and I would put our provisions, spare clothing, rifle and ammunition. We would drag this sledge by hand back to Peary Land or Grant Land, depending on which place we were nearer. As the memorandum indicates, it would not have been a good idea to work toward Spitzbergen. The constantly drifting ice pack, together with open water caused by the Gulf Stream in that sector, would have made escape doubtful.

Traveling conditions overhead would not have been particularly bad. The average summer temperature on the Polar Sea is not far from freezing. The wind is seldom high in July and August, and there is daylight throughout the twenty-four hours.

Among the adverse factors of travel on the ice were the rough going. Fogs would have delayed us. Raw cold and dampness would have made us thoroughly uncomfortable after the first few days. How far our strength would have lasted on reduced rations while pulling a heavy sledge is a matter for the most serious reflection.

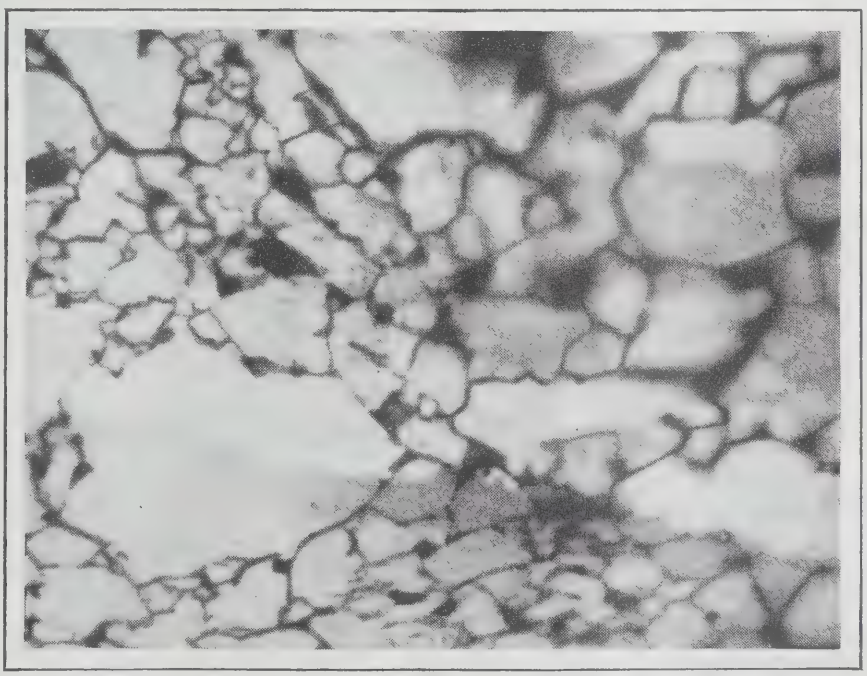


This view made in the Arctic regions affords a slight impression of why the problem of landing here is a serious one for aviators.

Of course I remember that the British did all their South Polar work pulling their sledges by hand. But we cannot forget that they were working over an ice cap with a fairly level surface; and that they had no leads of open water to face. Yet their sufferings were terrible.

Bennett and I felt confident that, in a pinch, we could fight our way back to land. We would navigate along the ice just as any mariner navigates on board a ship. We had two sextants for giving us our latitude and longitude by elevation of the sun. We had our sun compass to check our course. If anything happened to our chronometers we should not easily be able to fix our longitude. But I had anticipated this very accident. I had studied carefully all photographs of the northern shores taken by Peary and others, that I might recognize any promontory that we should pick up.

In the summertime pools of water form on the ice pack. Sometimes these pools become large lakes. These and the leads



When Byrd and Bennett were flying over the place where their instruments indicated the North Pole was situated they took this picture. It is a bleak expanse of ice and water.

compelled us to have with us some sort of boat. My plan was to put a canvas cover around the sledge and so ferry across. A hold-up on one side of the lead could well mean starvation. Peary nearly lost his whole party in this way in 1907.

We were equipped with Eskimo clothing. Our garments were of the skin of northern animals. Skin keeps out wind and is very tough. With the fur on the outside, one's body keeps cool in warm weather and warm in cold weather. Furthermore, such clothing is impervious to drifting snow.

For food we had items of high protein content, such as pemmican; and both biscuits and tea with enough sugar and chocolate to make them palatable. We planned to take fuel from our plane and use a small Primus stove. In very cold weather a man needs a hot drink before making camp. Otherwise he may freeze his hands and feet before he knows it. Moreover, raw meat, in fact any uncooked food, is a greater strain on one's digestion. If we got into trouble we should have to husband our strength to the end.

We had a light rifle and about fifty rounds of ammunition. But I was not optimistic about finding game. Though we might run into a polar bear or get a seal, I felt chances were ten to one against it.

DURING my stay in Greenland last year I acquainted myself with some of the native hunting methods. I counted on this experience to save us from starvation had our ammunition been expended or had we been forced to winter on the north shores of Greenland.

I deliberately avoided letting the Navy Department, or others, plan any special search for me in case I failed to show up. That is to say, I anticipated the impossibility of covering the vast area of the Polar Sea if Bennett and I were lost. The ice would carry us back and forth as it drifted. And we would march in the direction that we thought was proper—a direction that might be faulty. So it was to my mind a mistake to contemplate any real search of the ice pack itself.

The future, however, cannot be dealt with so arbitrarily. If we establish a Polar air route we must consider what would be done if a fast express flying over the Pole came down on the ice. Its crew might be fifty men. There might even be passengers. Certainly there would be a valuable cargo. The civilized world would demand some specific plan for rescue of such a party.

Some definite means of rescue occur to me at once. The plane or dirigible would be supplied with special smoke bombs. The sector or zone in which the enforced landing might occur would determine which of three points, say, would be selected for a rendezvous. When an aircraft failed to return time would be allowed for her crew to make their way toward the rendezvous. After prearranged intervals the smoke bombs would be set off daily by this party at six a. m., noon, and six p. m. In event of failure to locate the lost party in this way, it would have recourse to stores cached at various salient points, such as Wrangell Island, Banks Land, Cape Columbia, and so on.

The naval method of mathematical search might be resorted to. In this the search problem over a wide area reduces to a geometrical analysis. Planes go out on such courses as to cover an entire zone on a single flight. How difficult this would be may be judged from the fact that lost army fliers in Arizona a year or two ago were not sighted during nearly two weeks of steady flying by searching parties. Arizona would be but a drop in the bucket as compared with the vast area of the Polar Sea.

It is superfluous to discuss what might go wrong. Many things can go wrong in a science as new as aeronautics. Lubricating oil doesn't always work the same in low temperature. Metal parts and fittings often suffer by exposure to the high moisture content of Arctic air. Workmen do not do so well in low temperatures, thus increasing the chances of actual mechanical failure.

I am positive that the trans-Polar air route will be used in this generation. Too much time and distance are saved in a flight from Europe to Asia over the Pole not to have this route both popular and profitable. Also there will be passenger service from the United States northward, just for the sake of showing people the beauties of the Arctic.

There will be disasters. Men will be lost. Pioneer pilots will wander around on the ice and the old stories of Arctic suffering will be lived again.

But such suffering and hardship will be reduced to a minimum because we who do such flying are already asking ourselves the question that so many people have asked us:

'What would you do if you were forced to land on the ice pack?'

The Can Opener *in* France

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

CAN openers are a luxury in Paris. Nor would the Parisian appreciate the situation of the young American housewife who announced to her husband, 'We will have to go out to dinner. I broke the can opener.'

The lack of employment on the part of can openers is quite intimately connected with the general economic distress of France. Human labor is cheap and was cheap even before the war. In consequence, the labor of preparing and cooking vegetables ready to be served, with slight reheating, costs very little.

There are thousands of delicatessen stores where from large open dishes one may have cooked spinach, beans, a salad of peas and carrots, cooked celery, cauliflower and other vegetables. The prices are considerably less than for the canned article. For example, cooked spinach costs about ten cents a pound, and the prices of other vegetables are in proportion. Prepared meats, on the other hand, are relatively more expensive.

In the great majority of French families the wife as well as the husband is engaged in remunerative (so to speak) labor. This is possible partly since the French method of work makes two or three jobs grow where only one would grow in America. The working woman on her way home stops at the delicatessen and buys the materials necessary for a meal, these things requiring simply a modicum of heat.

Canned goods cannot be manufactured to compete in price with these ready cooked foods wherein the labor cost is small.

When One Plus One Is Really One

(*Continued from page 8*)

pair of glasses had been given us. There was a red glass for one eye, a green glass for the other. A Halloween affair?

A short film was shown which looked blurred to the naked eye. It was evidently made of two pictures, one red, the other green. When the glasses were put on, one eye saw the red picture, one the green. The two differently colored pictures were combined in the brain to look like one which had enormous depth.

So do you wonder that the girls dressed in their best clothes shrieked when the small boy on the screen turned the hose toward them and the stream actually seemed to land right in their laps!

The use of red and green glasses in this way was first introduced by Dr. E. W. Scripture, of Yale University. Just before the turn of the century he wrote the first book on experimental psychology in the English language. The title was *Thinking, Feeling, Doing.* It was soon translated into Chinese, and Dr. Scripture has since moved to London where he is a specialist in speech defects. The book has been out of print for many years, but in modern advertising and movie novelties we see this principle applied.

IN detecting counterfeit bills this principle is put to serviceable use. If two photographs of genuine bills of the same issue are compared in a stereoscope they still look flat, since each picture is the same as the other.

But if a clever counterfeit is put in one side of the stereoscope and a genuine bill in the other side the single image which the brain sees will have a wavy surface. This is because it is impossible to counterfeit exactly all the small lines on the engraving. Wherever the thousands of small lines do not exactly correspond the appearance of depth is produced and the wavy effect seen.

During the war shelters of big guns could be camouflaged so well that the human eye or the camera in an airplane could not detect them.

So this principle of disparate pictures was applied. Two cameras were mounted on the airplane, one at the extreme tip of each wing. A single control caused them to take pictures of the same object simultaneously. The two views of the same scene taken from so great a distance apart naturally magnified any depth when viewed in a stereoscope. Footprints, small huts, trenches covered with a roof of brush, stood out in these stereoscopic prints like some demon bearing down on us in a dream.

Bloodless surgery seems not to have been achieved by physicians, but psychologists can demonstrate it easily.

The intoxicated man has difficulty in avoiding objects partly because his muscular control is hampered for the time being, and partly because the alcohol has benumbed the brain centers which control the eyes so that the two pictures combine into one.

The effects of intoxication can be imitated if you close one eye and try quickly to touch your left thumb with your right little finger.

Going After a Good Time

(*Continued from page 12*)

I talked to Pete—a whole rest house—and in the center of traffic.

when they are having a good time they are doing something wrong. The reason is, they take themselves too seriously. Their false obligation to their set affairs is so strong that if they lapse for a moment and actually forget themselves, they think they are doing something wrong.

I have seen a long succession of the most important men quit their jobs and think the world was coming to an end. But the fellows who took their places almost invariably did the work better. The mere fact that a man has already demonstrated his importance means only that a number of others can step in and do his work better than he does it.

One-half of the world is so overburdened by a sense of duty and its own importance that it doesn't know it is merely feeding the sense of irresponsibility in the other half. I am not advocating irresponsibility, but power.

What realiy is a lack of a sense of responsibility? Isn't it thinking your affairs are more important than anybody's? When you begin to realize your unimportance in the scheme of things, then, and only then, you begin to cut ice.

Horace Greeley started the New York *Tribune* in 1841. After that he tried to be President. He failed. Before that he was a typesetter—one of the best and fastest in the world. When at work he would say to the man next to him:

'Have I had my lunch?'

If the man said yes, Horace would work on until the day was over, whether he had eaten anything or not. If the man said no, he might eat twice and never know it.

Horace Greeley never seemed to know whether he had a stomach or not. Well, that is one way, I reckon, of having a good time.

What is a good time? It is something you don't always recognize at the moment, but that keeps getting better afterward. That is the test—rising permanence. It is really the difference between right feeling and wrong feeling. If you feel right, no matter where you are or what you are doing, you are always on the job.

The widespread feeling of excitement so evident today in this country is due to wrong feeling. They are all going out after a good time, and not getting it. That is what makes folks restless. Right feeling is relaxation—continuous.

Right work is merely putting yourself in condition to feel like doing it. You get this by breaking the current of your thought. In reading, the eye does not run along the line of type continuously, but proceeds by a series of jumps from one phrase to another. Right work is like the beat of the heart; there is a moment of rest in between. I rarely get tired now, because I rest rhythmically. When that feeling of impatience, of irritation, comes on, quit. Get up and walk around. Look up at the sky. I just went out and talked to Pete, the traffic cop.

'Never have I felt such a wind,' said Pete.

'It's going to be hard winter,' I remarked.

'It looks that way,' agreed Pete. Pete is a whole rest house—and in the center of traffic.

Wrong feeling is an acute consciousness of our own aloofness, that we are set apart. For example, on a rainy day—ideal day for reading—you cannot settle down, even to an exciting book. Why? Because you cannot share yourself with it. Your complaint is ingrowing, not outgrowing.

Do not jump to the conclusion that I am leading up to the shopworn theory that we must live for others. That is almost as bad as living for yourself. I am more and more convinced that it is a mistake to live for anybody or anything, but just to live.

Being alive is important only when you *are* alive. I know a lot of people who *think* they are alive when they are not. You are alive when you are feeling alive, and not when you are thinking yourself alive. The joy of life does not consist of doing, but of being. When you are, you do. It's the only real occupation.

Almost all the people I know are trying to escape from something instead of meeting it face to face. The best time you can have is often with the man you are afraid to meet. We always want to get out of what we think we are doing, into something else. We are really not doing it. When you really do something you like, having taken joy in the doing, nothing else matters. You have a boon companion there.

I give you my solemn word of honor, I am not trying to give anybody any advice, I am just feeling good, and I simply want to share it with somebody—everybody.

The fact is, we all want to get out of what we are doing into something else; and we want to get out, not because of the environment but because of ourselves. The stable doesn't change to the horse, but the horse to the stable. We want to escape, while all the time we lock ourselves in. Repression, they call it.

How glad we are to get back home after a trip; yet home is just the same as it was—unless you've left the water running. I know a man who did that and when he got back his home was ruined. He was in such a hurry to escape that even the plumbing felt it.

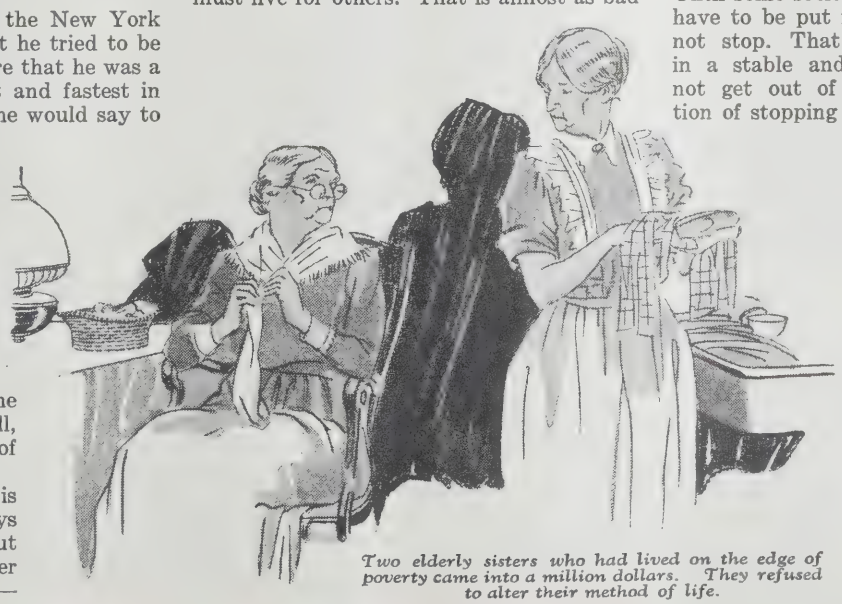
Two elderly sisters, who had lived all their lives on the edge of poverty, suddenly came into nearly a million dollars. They refused to alter their method of life. They said they had always lived that way and did not wish to be disturbed. Typical. We complain when there are ruts in the roads we travel. How about ourselves? Some folks are so afraid of skidding they make their own ruts.

You can put a lion and a canary bird in cages, feed them on the right food, and they will gradually settle down to a quiet life. Restlessness grows by what it feeds on. Great men are always relaxed.

Restlessness is a habit just as quiet is. Until some society women break down and have to be put into sanitariums they cannot stop. That is, like a horse locked in a stable and fed on oats, they cannot get out of themselves. Any suggestion of stopping makes them want to kick down the framework.

Strange to say, this restlessness, now so common among us, is due altogether to our reluctance to meet things as they come, to the widespread habit of sidestepping; to our lack of adaptability. We set our camera minds to a certain height and focal distance and then let them stay there until the parts rust and we can't move them. With as many interruptions as we have, we don't like to be interrupted.

I never work when I



Two elderly sisters who had lived on the edge of poverty came into a million dollars. They refused to alter their method of life.

am at work. I have done it all beforehand. The two great mottoes are *carrying on* and *carrying out.*

Go over in your mind all the good times you have had. Remember them? Then there is something wrong, for the reason that your good time should have been so continuous that it all ran into one. Is this possible? Why not?

Cast out for the moment all seriousness, all sense of responsibility, and think of the world only as a vast playground and all the people in it merely playfellows, never forgetting to leave your own petty concerns out of it. Consider from this point all the fun there is in it. Watch boys playing ball and feel like that. Why not?

And in this mood, keep yourself so alive that you will respond to every suggestion that comes to you to have a good time. Don't think your work will be neglected. Reflect that right now the biggest men in the world are doing the biggest work in the world just by that rule, namely, to treat work as incidental. You do ten times as much work under the inspiration of joy. Don't consider yourself—do anything. Go anywhere. You will gain tranquillity constantly, because you will merge yourself in world consciousness, forgetting yourself. When you have buoyancy you have everything. To a cork riding them, there are no permanent waves. It isn't getting tired that tires people, but the thought of it.

The World's Champion Guesser

(*Continued from page 3*)

revenue, was $2,500,000,000 for the first year. Collections were $2,504,000,000.

Lacking any data from previous experience to guide him, McCoy rivaled these striking results with his estimates on railroad ticket taxes, telegram taxes, movie admission taxes, and countless other imposts slapped in the exigencies of war time upon almost everything for which the American people were spending money.

McCoy was forced to work without data on their productiveness, because scores of the articles then made to bear an impost had never before been taxed. In cases without number even dependable production and consumption figures and the like were nonexistent. A virgin country, beginning to tax its citizens for the first time, would have been little more barren of precedents.

It was then that McCoy hitched a revealing study of human nature, and an invincible faith in the law of averages, to a slender and spotty collection of statistics raked up from the four corners of the land. Somehow he made this team work, and work valiantly.

How?

'Computations,' says McCoy simply, without a suspicion that his answer is cryptic.

Pressed, he explains:

'I took what material was available, census office reports, bank statements, and the like, and reasoned from these data and from what I saw myself.

'Statistics don't amount to much unless they are combined with common sense.

'The tax on movies? I went to some, to see how many people were attending picture shows, and then with what statistics of the movie industry were available for the country as a whole I reasoned it through. My computation worked out.

'With chewing gum some of the questions that occurred to me were: "How many chew it?" and "Won't the war increase the habit?" For the taxes on sporting goods of all kinds I found out how many clubs there were in the country which had to do with athletics. The number of them is surprisingly large. Then I watched to see, for instance, how many youngsters were playing ball.'

McCoy never arrived at an explanation of just how the number of boys playing ball near whatever post of observation he chose in Washington gave him the key to the immense total for the entire country. But his estimate may safely be attributed to some ingenious application of the law of averages. He continued: 'I went abroad, too, to learn all I could about what had been done in other countries. I tried to find out how certain taxes had worked in one country, then in another and another. You can learn what taxes will produce by experience. If you check up three or four ways and get the same result then you must be right.

'One surprising fact I learned in studying American business in connection with taxation was that we knew less about our own industries at that time than foreign interests knew.

'Those interests were getting reports on production which we lacked. But, incidentally, that was where certain countries got fooled when we came into the war. They knew what we *were* doing, not what we could do.'

If McCoy isn't counting trucks the chances are that he fingers every now and then, with seeming carelessness, a black Chinese abacus, or reckoning board, lying beside him on his desk. On the rods set in the frame of this ancient device are thirteen rows of little movable buttons. It will record whatever figures are flying through McCoy's head up to the trillions.

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

McCoy, more than likely, is doing a bit of computing on the speed of retirement of the $19,500,000,000 public debt. His abacus is one of the curiosities—and mysteries—of the national capital. Arresting and sometimes startling facts have issued from the juxtapositions of its black buttons, right before the eyes of Senators and Congressmen at finance committee meetings. The lawmakers are never sure what will come from it next.

McCoy picked up his abacus long ago in Shanghai, for a Mexican silver dollar. For a quarter of a century he has used it daily. Arduous service has so weakened its frame that it seems to hold together only by the grace of four stout rubber bands.

But for a man who must reckon in large figures while nine-tenths of his brain is devoted to reasoning out the broader aspects of the problem in hand, McCoy will tell you, this calculator, used two or three thousand years ago by the Greeks and Romans, is far more useful than an adding machine.

And the abacus, odd as it is, is no more peculiarly McCoy's own than his job itself. For all McCoy's functions which are most vital to the Government he serves are substantially of his own creation.

WHEN he became actuary, after a year as assistant, the functions of his office related to such routine matters as Treasury Department finances, and calculations having to do with interest rates, maturities and sinking funds for Government loans. In no way were they connected with tariff or tax legislation.

But McCoy learned quickly how the various parts of the Government operated. Soon Cabinet members and their aides in other departments were sending over to the Treasury to 'borrow the mathematical wizard.'

Finally, to aid in drawing up trade agreements with a multitude of foreign countries, the State Department 'borrowed' McCoy. It kept him for three years!

Throughout that period McCoy gave up half his time to the State Department's task, one requiring the most searching analysis of the economic resources and industries of every country involved.

Before the end of it was reached McCoy had gained such a mastery of underlying facts and policies that, for the intricate technicalities of trade parleys, the foreign negotiators were turned over to him. No final agreement was entered into by the United States, after that, without McCoy's O. K.

McCoy's gradual extension of his functions made the actuary's work so indispensable that the Government at last was forced greatly to increase the salary. It went up to $7,500 a year—for a technical, not a political job. And that, as any number of brilliant young chemists, statisticians, engineers and physicists in Uncle Sam's far flung but obscure laboratories and offices can testify, was little short of miraculous.

Even then, of course, the Government was paying only a fraction of what such services would command in the world of big business. Tax experts in private employ make up to ten times as much, and like the Government officials, they come often to McCoy for their facts.

A number of these private posts have been tendered McCoy. Always they have been declined. Some of McCoy's friends ascribe this to a conviction that he never could find elsewhere so vast a scope for his figures and his uncanny 'guesses.' Whether or not this is part of his motive in 'carrying on,' it is certain that McCoy loves his Government post.

He feels, in his own phrase, that in his indirect but potent influence upon revenue policy he is always 'working for Uncle Sam

'Go ahead an' tell it to the boys. The hangin' days is over.'

The LUCK of The Hooker Mary Ann

By IVAN SWIFT

Illustrated by LES MANGE

IN THE early days of the white man's settlement in Michigan a drug store in a lake-port town was not infrequently a grog-shop, with the pretty name of Blind Swine or Blinking Tiger.

The keeper—who would answer as quickly to the title of tapster—was likely to be a pioneer of the region, with many a fetching reminiscence to relate to his customers. In any event, such was the trade and character of Henry Doherty. Big of bone, knobby-handed, loose-jointed, swagger of bearing and as weather-seasoned as a one-time schooner master might be, he kept his rank of captain after he had quit the lakes for the less exposure and safer hazard of a shore enterprise.

It was to the captain's place of business that his old friend and fellow-seaman, Neal Mulvaney, came one winter's day for a little warming up and an hour's chat around the big box stove.

Neal was a forceful man with an Irishman's governing instinct and was sometimes called the King of Beaver Island—successor by right of conquest to the Mormon ruler of an earlier day.

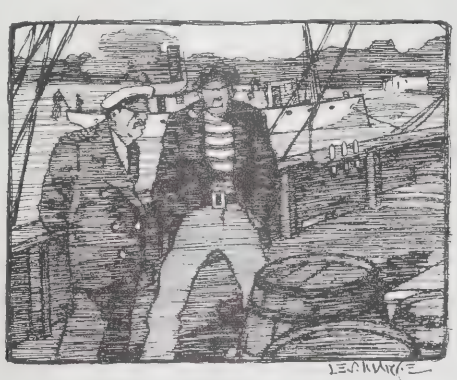
The King of the Beavers was a picturesque character with an unmistakable brogue and a ready wit; but of a close mouth in the presence of strangers. And the half of his fifty years' adventure has never been told.

'I say, Henry,' began Neal, 'are ye rememberin' the divil of a fix we was in the spring o' '68? That was a close shave for a couple o' mickies, hey?'

'Well, Neal, I've had such a shiverin' lot o' jumps for me life I'm gettin' stale on rememberin' of 'em all. Go ahead an' tell it to the boys. The hangin' days is over anyhow—an' that's luck for me an' you. I'll stand by an' see you keep your bearin's.'

'Never mind the bearin's, Henry. I kape a dayry in me hat, an' me word is good for a while.'

Lighting his pipe with a coal, Neal resumed: 'Back in the sixties Henry an' me was sailin' the hooker *Mary Ann*—carryin' things as was needed most betwixt Big Traverse, the Straits an' the Beavers—sometimes runnin' in here for shelter or a little trade.—No, we wasn't tradin' a-tall a-tall them days, hey, Henry?—But sometimes we done a sthroke o' seafarin' just to kape the sarpents out of our lubberin' boots. Don't do for a sea-dog to stay on land too much. He gits the rabies—an' rabies is bad. But they's different kinds, an' sometimes they ketches a feller on the lakes. An' this what I'm tellin' yez is one o' the times when Henry an' me had a bresh with the rabies on the high-seas—and if we hadn't had the dope in our oilers we'd seen stars by daylight.



'What's your cargo?' says he.

'It were in the spring o' the year. The weather was giner'ly fair, and a little too calm for the business we was in. For the want o' some other diviltry to get up to, we hit the Canadian Soo, took on a half a load o' spirits an' tobaccer, and weighed the crab betwixt two days. The next night we puts into Mackinac an' picks up some empty fish-kegs—a couple o' layers for the hol' and a few more for the deck. Then we sets our nose for the islands to peddle our *Canada-west* an' "T and B."

'The profits on the cargo we had was a new boat for the both of us—*providin'* we slipped the *Andy Johnson*, which was the cutther doin' the rivenue business in them days.

'The *Mary Ann* was a dom foine boat, Henry'll tell you. She could come up with the next one if the breeze was stiff, an' weather a gale like a sea-gull. But as for her name—we kept that to ourselves—hadn't bothered to put the letthers on the outside; an' divil a glim did we carry—for reasons of our own.

'Comin' out o' the Straits we sighted a steamer off the sta'-board bow—an' we wasn't hankerin' to meet her at that particular toime. We payed off a couple o' points on our poort tack, cut through the 'Shanks by one o' the narrer channels an' hit the deep wather again a mile off the huckleberry swamp. That was a lucky cut for the *Mary Ann*—sailin' without a lamp. The night was dark. We luffed up betwixt the passin' cutther an' the black pine trees, an' they was nothin' but a ribban' o' sand behind to give us away.

'Then, all to onct, while we was pattin' ourselves on the back for smooth dodgers, one o' them dom *jack-o-lantherns* comes out o' the Injin graveyard and stuck on our main spar—an', bedad, there she swung, like a 'lectric light as big as a moon! Then, just as I was sayin', "Henry, our jig's up if the bloody corpse-candle don't let go," the steamer give us a blow less than a half a league to the north—an' we reconizes her for the *Andy Johnson* as sure as the divil!

'It's a bad sign omen for the jack-lantherns to foller you, and I got no faith in 'em—they leads to the rocks. And here was our bad luck already beginnin', with the *Mary Ann* in a pocket and only one way to git out. Of course the steamer couldn't get over the bar, an' she had eight miles to go round the point. She come about an' made for it—all the time seein' our divilish headlight that was markin' us every minute, whether we moved or stood still.

'The wind would o' put us to short tacks an' we didn't stand two fingers o' beatin' the steamer out. Henry was gittin' white in the face, and all to onct he picks up an iron belayin'-pin to smash the lamp. I says to him, "Go easy Henry, go easy! You're fightin' the ghosts, and it's Davy Jones for us if you do it!" Well, soire, would ye believe it? In that very minute the bloody lanthern quits the spar an' sails off with the wind, cuts the 'Shanks at one o' the channels an' makes for Bob Low, back to the nor'-east, an' just about our speed!

'Well, soire, as sure as Henry's a temperance man, the old black *Andy* puts about again an' makes for the candle!—leavin' us to git out o' the pocket and into the fair wind. And they wasn't a steamer on the

lakes could ketch the *Mary Ann* in a fair wind. We puts for St. James then, thankin' the stars we didn't break the spook-light.

'You see, if Henry'd broke the candle the cutther'ld said we doused our glim—that'ld been suspicious—an' she'ld o' come in an' hunted us for a fox if it took till mornin'. It'ld been the same if the candle had went out herself, or if she'd floated off in any other direction. But the wind was right, and a bit of a puff—or Henry's swingin' the belayin'-pin—pulled the blinkin' corpersant off the spar-iron, an' took her an easy swing right in the coorse a small boat'ld natur'ly foller to git through the 'Shanks into the Straits.

'That was close shave number one—and if Providence ever favored a pirate, that's the toime He done it.

'Well, then we was tolerble certain we'd got rid o' the cutther for a while. We figgered if she follered the jack-lanthern she'ld be by soon somewhere in Hudson Bay, stuck in the icebergs. So we does a good day's business off the Beavers, then some more with the Injins at Charlevoix; an' late the next night but one, with a good bit of our cargo still in the hol', we puts into this town for a little time with the boys. But this harbor was hard to git out of an' too temptin' to Uncle Sam's jackies; so we figgered on crawlin' away early in the mornin' if the wind was willin'.

'We turns in for a rest—a little the worse for grog. I guess we must o' pounded our ear pretty hard, an' when we woke up in the mornin' it was broad day light an' never a breath o' wind!

'We comes out on deck an' looks acrosst the harbor;—an' there, bedad, is the *Andy Johnson*, rivenue cutther, anchored as calm as ye plase! Divil of a fix again! She'd come in the night while we was dreamin' o' jack-lantherns an' sea-sarpents. So there we was—a skunk in a hole with his tail stickin' out.

'While we was holdin' a council and inventin' excuses, a dingey puts out from the cutther for a mornin' call on *Miss Mary Ann*—the loidy without a name an' never a glim!

'The officer climbs over the rail, an' says, "Good mornin', gintlemen." And I says, "Good mornin', your honor. Nice day for fishin'." That's all I had to say; an' Henry says never a word.

'Then the officer says, "What's the name o' this hooker?"

' "The *Mary Ann*," says I.

' "Why ain't ye got her name on the stern?" says he.

' "Well, Captain," says I, "it's this way. We just been paintin' her over, an' she's only dhry enough today to letther the name on her."

' "See that ye get it on before ye leave," says he.

' "That we will, Captain," says I.

' "What's the matther with your lights?" says he.

' "Well, soire," says I, "we're just in from Frankfort and our oil g'in out last night. We come in here to stock up this mornin'."

' "See that you do," says he. "What's your cargo?"

' "Fish-kegs, soire," says I.

' "Open the hatch an' toss 'em up!" says he.

'I was beginnin' to get very-coorse veins about that toime. I gives Henry the wink an' sends him into the hol'. He goes down an' throws out a couple o' dozen kegs off the top layer. The officer kicks 'em over a bit, then he says, "That'll do." (An' he don't have to say it *twice* a-tall.) Henry comes up, puts back the kegs an' covers the hatch.

'Then the officer gives us a spiel. (Henry all the toime coilin' the lines.)

' "I have a good notion to take yez in tow for Manitowoc," says he. "But ye look like honest men (begob, that's what he said) an' I'll loose ye this time; but look to your lights an' your name an' don't let me ketch yez again in a fix like this!"

' "That we won't," says I. "Much obleeged to ye, Captain." And the officer goes away.

'That's the close-shave number two. We fixes the lights an' the name an' puts out with the first breeze. An' the *Mary Ann* was never ashamed to carry her colors from that day on. That's when she got religion—an' for thirty years she lived a virtuous girl.'

The Triumphant American Mule

By UTHAI V. WILCOX

RECENT statistics show that the long-eared, loud-voiced mule still continues to do a full share of the work of the farm despite the progress of motor-propelled machinery. The mule population of the United States has grown nearly a million head in the eleven years following 1914. It is now estimated at more than 5,411,000.

Government officials note that the growers of cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar cane have swung over almost entirely to the use of mules in preparing their crops. Experience seems to indicate that the mule can do the most work on the cheapest feed and with the lowest grade of driver.

Replies received by the Affiliated Press, from the leading mule markets of the country, such as St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta and other places, show that the demand for mules is today very keen. In fact, one handler of farm animals said that 'not since the war, when mules were used for cannon fodder, has the demand been so brisk.'

The mule is becoming a favorite over the horse for the farm. The Kansas City market, as an example, showed 65 per cent horses to 35 per cent mules in other years and now it is 85 per cent mules and 15 per cent horses.

This does not reflect a lack of usefulness for the horse, or a lack of popularity, but it does indicate that the American mule is an increasingly popular farm animal.

The horse is still popular, but like the farmer, is going cityward. The survey indicates that the reason for this lies in the fact that the horse has been competing not only with the mule and the tractor for drawbar use on the farm, but also with the steer, the dairy cow and the hog. The modern farmer figures his time as well as the cost of feeding. The returns from his time and feed required have resulted in the horse being out-bid. That has forced the horse into other lines of usefulness about the city where his worth brought a higher return than on the farm.

Strange Men

(*Continued from page 14*)

office. He had 'the soul of a poet,' said Older, 'and the habits of a sybarite.' He was handsome, well-dressed, olive-skinned, large-eyed and had the languorous air of a gentleman who had been reared in luxury.

Pedro had a hard-luck story to tell on behalf of a friend. A friend in Los Angeles, beset by great difficulties, had made the mistake of forging a check. For this he was sent to prison for five years in Colorado, where the crime was committed. But he was so young and behaved so well in prison that, after serving a year, he was released on parole. He returned to his home in Los Angeles, resolved that his parents should never know that he had been in prison. He found work and was getting along well when an unscrupulous deputy sheriff ascertained the facts and began to blackmail him.

Under threats of exposure, the poor boy first gave up $50. In a month, he had to give up $50 more, part of which he had to borrow. When a few weeks later a demand was made for $90, the youth forged a check to get the money and thus prevent his parents from knowing about his past. Remorse soon overcame him and he bought a bottle of poison with which to kill himself. He was on the way to San Francisco, determined to put an end to himself in such a manner that his identity could never be discovered, when he met Pedro, his old friend, on the train. When he met Pedro he had just finished reading an article in Older's newspaper that made him wonder if the editor would not help him as he had helped other men who had gone wrong.

'Where is your friend?' asked Older. 'I shall be glad to help him if I can.'

'I am the man,' replied Pedro.

Older called in a former prisoner who was working in the office to hear Pedro's story. After hearing it, he told Older that it sounded true to him.

So Older decided to go with Pedro to Los Angeles, take up the check he had forged, get his job back if possible, and expose the crooked deputy sheriff. Pedro, however, had only eight dollars, so Older told him to use this to buy his Pullman ticket and Older would pay his railroad fare. They were to meet at the railway station at eight in the evening and take the train for Los Angeles.

Older, who was at the station a little ahead of time, was quite surprised to see Pedro walking back and forth across the waiting room, immaculately dressed, wearing gloves and carrying a gorgeous bouquet of roses.

Older was somewhat flabbergasted but he had told Mrs. Older and a number of friends that he was going to Los Angeles, so he decided to go and hope for the best.

But when he told Pedro to go and buy his Pullman ticket, Pedro said he was sorry but he had spent his entire eight dollars. He just had to have a new pair of gloves and he was so fond of roses that he could not resist the temptation to buy a bouquet.

Older stood this shock, too. Aboard the train they went and were in Los Angeles the next morning.

(*To be concluded in an early issue*)

The Charge Is—'Materialism'

(Continued from page 15)

But the Records in the Case Show THAT—

The Accused Nation—America:	*The Accuser Nations—Our Friends Abroad:*
was against the well-being of all, conquering dread diseases, overcoming common dangers and difficulties.	slaying of tens of thousands of their common people by disease and famine, while the few preserved at all costs their skins and their granaries.
Has rushed with all the resources of wealth and science it possesses to help outsiders everywhere in times of disaster and dismay.	Have accepted the help and branded the helpers as steeped in selfishness and materialism.
Has turned huge resources to scientific development for the benefit of the whole of humanity; has made possible by its achievements the bringing into closer communication of the whole of humankind, breaking down the barriers of separateness and ignorance behind which are bred suspicions and the antagonisms of peoples—the mightiest blow for human weal struck since A. D. 31.	Have resisted anything which tended to interfere with hereditary powers—individual, class or caste—anything which might interfere with creeds, cults, 'isms' and codes too shaky to stand against the general enlightenment of the millions.
Has shown and is showing the whole world the spectacle of all colors, creeds, and races working together in amity.	Have written and are even now writing into history a record of bloodshed, rapine and intrigue among the nations.

Tube Connects Countries

Twin steel tubes which were lowered into a trench extending over more than half a mile of the Detroit River bed.

IT WAS a thrilling and novel experience, sixteen years ago, to cross for the first time the international boundary between the United States and Canada through the Detroit River Tunnel, seventy-five feet under the surface.

Over a year of preliminary work preceded the beginning of the actual construction of the tunnel. Miles of blueprints were prepared; thousands of tests and analyses were made; test holes were drilled through the river bed to the solid rock below; the flow of the current was measured; samples of the water were analyzed for their chemical content and action.

The actual construction period covered three years and nine months, and it cost complete, with tracks, pumps and electrical equipment, nine million dollars. The total length of the tunnel from portal to portal is one and six-tenths miles; from end to end of the approaches it is two and four-tenths miles.

The
Old American Dances,

which are now in popular revival, are contained in

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An interesting book about the beautiful dances as taught in the

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'That election in Ontario,' said ***the Traveling Man,*** 'reminds me of old days in Massachusetts. There's nothing final about it and the province is as likely as not to flop back into the dry column and because of pretty much the same social factors which operated in the shoe and textile towns north of Boston.

'In Massachusetts local option prevailed and every municipality voted on the issue every year. Boston, the New England "Hub," was, of course, overwhelmingly wet. Saloons were licensed, closed promptly at eleven o'clock every night and no one even hinted or suggested that they operate on the Sabbath, not even the ardent personal liberty cohorts who now so loudly deplore "taking the *Sun* out of Sunday."

'A law to compel drinking places to dispense with screens narrowly missed invalidation because its sense was made ambiguous by the deft transformation of a comma into a semicolon in the official copy, a mysterious bit of legerdemain that gave the law fame as "the semicolon act."

'It was upheld, however, whereupon the saloon sought basements, alleys and back rooms.

'Up in the shoe and textile belt a curious game of off-agin-on-agin went on for years. Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill and Newburyport voted "Yes" and "No" alternately, according to a scheme that could be forecast with a reasonable degree of certainty, especially, if I remember aright, Lawrence and Haverhill.

'Both had a considerable population of young factory operatives who floated about a great deal. When Haverhill went dry they spent Saturday nights in Lawrence and some of them shifted their jobs. Within a few weeks Haverhill merchants and manufacturers began to complain.

'On the other hand the good citizens of Lawrence discovered the presence of a not entirely desirable addition to their population and the aspect of their downtown district on Saturday night didn't please them at all.

'The result was that at the next election the wet town voted itself dry and the dry town concluded to indulge in a wet spell.

'Restaurant keepers had a temporary partition around their bars, which went up and came down as the political vane turned for or against them, but none of them regarded any verdict as final. And, in the main, they were right about it.

'Ontario, being a border province with a number of points convenient to the thirsty in "The States," will have much the same experience, with, very probably, the same result.'

From a conversation with ***the Author,*** who is always picking up strange bits of information, the spirit of sensationalism that leads some odd little journals to give prominence to 'astrological' features and to the so-called 'occultism of numbers' is no new thing. In the days of the French Revolution, when Reason was supposed to reign, the most preposterous notions were given currency, among them that the number twenty-one was, as it was said, 'potent.' The weak-minded were especially perturbed when it was pointed out by the number-mongers that:

April 21, 1770, Louis XVI was married.

June 21, of the same year, occurred the fatalities at the marriage feast.

January 21, 1781, was the date of the fête at the Hotel de Ville to celebrate the birth of the Dauphin.

June 21, 1791, was the day of the flight to Varennes.

January 21, 1793, Louis was beheaded.

The number three in connection with the ninth month was supposed to be 'potent' in the case of Cromwell, and it was pointed out that he was born on the third of September, 1599; that the battle of Dunbar was fought on the third of September, 1650; that the battle of Worcester was decided on the third of September, 1651, and that Cromwell died on the third of September, 1658.

The Stuarts again were fearful of the number 88. The first Stuart king, Robert II, died in 1388; in 1488, James II was killed at the siege of Roxburg; Mary Stuart was beheaded in 1588 (new style); James II was dethroned in 1688, and Charles Edward died in 1788.

The Hanoverians had no numeral affinity, but the day Saturday was considered a direful one for them. For William of Orange died Saturday, March 18, 1792; Queen Anne died Saturday, August 1, 1704; George I died Saturday, June 10, 1727; George II died Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III died Saturday, January 30, 1820; George IV died Saturday, June 26, 1830.

'Two generations have elapsed,' said ***the Student of Race Problems,*** 'since the Civil War, and the prophecy of the pro-slavists that the freed black people will swarm forth and cover the whole land is rapidly coming to pass. Abraham Lincoln was an open advocate of colonization outside the United States for the Negro, but Liberia is a living example of failure where the black man is left too remote from acquired contact and communion with white men and a white man's government. Friends of the Negro are now advocating close segregation, separate and apart from whites.

'The American Negro has already proved his self-sufficiency in this respect in several instances in the United States. Three towns, the inhabitants of which are Negroes, flourish in the state of Oklahoma. The towns in question are Boley, Red Bird and Taft, and they are governed in an orderly and efficient manner by Negro executives in every root and branch, and, strange as it may seem to a northern white man, none but Negroes are welcome there and white men are admonished, should they happen to visit the towns, to leave before sundown.

'Liberia, the only existing Negro republic, prohibits the ownership of land by whites.

'The inhabitants of the Oklahoma towns are not all Negroes in every sense of the word, however. A great many of them are of a Negro-Creek-Indian mixture, and, peculiarly, politics again enters into the destiny of the Negro, and a political accident gave many of these Negroes the benefits that came to the Indians in this section of the country.

'The Creek Indians, always hostile to United States authority, allied to England in the Revolution and the War of 1812, ran true to form during the war to abolish slavery and allied with the Confederacy. The Creeks were slaveholders of magnitude and fought valiantly against the forces of the Union. After the conflict the Negro freedmen were classed as members of the Indian tribe and, along with the Creek full-bloods, inherited land allotments, which had a great bearing on the promiscuous intermarriage that followed. The result is, in some instances, an almost utter extinguishment of the characteristics that made the once proud and valiant Creek nation a most formidable foe that taxed the talents and resources of an Andrew Jackson to subdue.

'However, the Negroes gained little if any of executive ability from their red compatriots, and Boley, Red Bird and Taft as orderly, happy and thrifty self-governed communities must be counted greatly to the benefit of the American Negro. What has been done there can be done elsewhere and therein may lie the solution of our vexing race problem.'

'When I was a young man,' reflected ***the Superannuated Minister,*** 'I had very clear ideas on how old men should live. Now that I am old, I am not following the prescriptions I then made for the conduct of aged people. But I think I know just how young men should live. Yes, indeed. I am tempted, now and then, to try to make certain bitter observations, but whenever I think of my doctrinaire notions as a young man, I refrain.

'After all, I find that we men can learn nearly everything except how to live. We can advance opinions on the way other men should live. But we cannot actually master the art and science of right living, as we can master radio transmission and the meaning of the Egyptian inscriptions. I have tried to learn, and have tried to teach other men, the best things I could learn. But all you can do in a mere eighty years is to point folks to a few simple Sermon-on-the-Mount propositions, few, and simple, and lowly, but too great, and vast, and profound for men to master.'

His mind wandered into a path where the thoughts of aged people are apt to travel. 'Really,' he added, 'I suppose it is only when we find ourselves in another world, that we shall know how we should have lived in this one. Well, I am not eager to leave this life, but it will be wonderful to know all that the next life can teach us about living.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: An American-born woman marries here an English immigrant. She thereby loses her citizenship. In due time, he becomes a naturalized citizen. Does she thereby become a naturalized citizen or must she apply for citizenship?

ANSWER: If married before September 22, 1922, she lost her citizenship and can regain it only through naturalization. Some concessions in the matter of time required to become naturalized are usually made. If married after September 22, 1922, she does not lose her citizenship, nor, if alien born, does she acquire citizenship through the act of her marriage.

QUESTION: What is the approximate national, state, county, city and town and school district bonded indebtedness in the United States?

ANSWER: National, $19,328,174,949.68; state, $240,516,700; county, $206,823,100; city and town, $768,206,200; school district, $174,407,100.

QUESTION: Are there any states in the Union in which a person who is not an American citizen, either by birth or naturalization, can vote for presidential electors?

ANSWER: Arkansas is the only state which does not prohibit voting by aliens. All other states require citizenship except in rare instances where a special law has been enacted to cover local conditions existing at the time.

QUESTION: How can a foreigner who becomes an American citizen bring his father, mother, sisters and brothers into this country from the old country?

ANSWER: His father and mother may come under the quota, with preferential status; sisters and brothers are quota immigrants.

QUESTION: Were there any nickels issued with the Liberty head, dated 1913? If so, how many?

ANSWER: None were authorized or issued.

QUESTION: Was the increase of $20 in pensions to the wives of Civil War veterans beginning August, 1926, allowed?

ANSWER: Under the law passed July 3, 1926, which became effective August 4, 1926, the widow of a Civil War veteran who was married to him during the period of his service in the war receives an increase of $20 a month.

QUESTION: How are presidential electors chosen and how and when do they vote?

ANSWER: By the law of 1845 the electors are chosen in the states, whatever method may be adopted, on the same day, the Tuesday following the second Monday in November. According to the act of 1887 the electors must meet and vote within the various states at such places as their respective legislatures shall direct, upon the second Monday in the following January.

QUESTION: How many countries have joined the League of Nations? Name them.

ANSWER: Fifty-six countries belong to the League of Nations. They are as follows:

Abyssinia	Irish Free State
Albania	Italy
Argentina	Japan
Australia	Latvia
Austria	Liberia
Belgium	Lithuania
Bolivia	Luxemburg
Brazil	Netherlands
British Empire	New Zealand
Bulgaria	Nicaragua
Canada	Norway
Chile	Panama
Colombia	Paraguay
Costa Rica	Persia
Cuba	Peru
Czecho-Slovakia	Poland
Denmark	Portugal
Dominican Republic	Rumania
Esthonia	Salvador
Finland	Serb-Croat-Slovene State
France	Siam
Germany	South Africa
Greece	Spain
Guatemala	Sweden
Haiti	Switzerland
Honduras	Uruguay
Hungary	Venezuela
India	

QUESTION: How many countries have joined the World Court? Name them.

ANSWER: Forty-eight countries have joined the World Court. They are as follows:

Albania	Italy
Australia	Japan
Austria	Latvia
Belgium	Liberia
Bolivia	Lithuania
Brazil	Luxemburg
Bulgaria	Netherlands
Canada	New Zealand
Chile	Norway
China	Panama
Colombia	Paraguay
Costa Rica	Persia
Cuba	Poland
Czecho-Slovakia	Portugal
Denmark	Rumania
Dominican Republic	Salvador
Esthonia	Serb-Croat-Slovene State
Finland	Siam
France	South Africa
Great Britain	Spain
Greece	Sweden
Haiti	Switzerland
Hungary	Uruguay
India	Venezuela

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Has the League of Nations or the World Court the greater binding power toward universal peace?

ANSWER: There is a wide divergence of opinion on this question. Many members of the Senate think that neither organization has any binding power for peace, but, on the contrary, that they are both filled with war dynamite as far as the United States is concerned, as they would involve us in European affairs. There are others of the Wilsonian type who have great faith in them. The *Congressional Record* contains hundreds of pages of argument on both sides of the question. Any answer to this question would be opinionated.

QUESTION: Has Congress any judicial powers?

ANSWER: Congress exercises judicial functions in two ways. In cases of impeachment the articles are prepared and the trial conducted by the House of Representatives, and the Senate, sitting as a court, renders the verdict and gives the sentence. It is also the duty of Congress to establish tribunals inferior to the Supreme Court.

QUESTION: Did the bill sent to Congress on July 14, 1862, to compensate any state that would abolish slavery within its limits, pass that body, and if so was it approved by the President?

ANSWER: This bill was not passed by Congress.

QUESTION: What is the approximate amount of our annual federal and state taxes?

ANSWER: Latest official figures give the amount as approximately $4,500,000,000. Total taxation, including federal, state, municipal, and county taxes, totaled approximately $8,100,000,000.

QUESTION: What constitutes the seashore, and how much of the ocean can a person claim rightfully?

ANSWER: This is a matter entirely under the jurisdiction of the several states, and is regulated by state laws. These laws vary considerably. An inquiry addressed to the secretary of state of any locality in which you are interested should bring the information you want.

QUESTION: What is the amount of Federal Reserve notes issued from 1918 to 1921? How many of them have been retired?

ANSWER: During the four years from 1918 to 1921, inclusive, $8,843,101,500 of Federal Reserve notes were issued by the Federal Reserve agents to the various Federal Reserve banks and $7,411,943,465 were returned to the Federal Reserve agents for retirement.

QUESTION: What is the approximate indebtedness due the United States on the so-called 'War Debts' of foreign nations?

ANSWER: The approximate indebtedness is $11,799,000,000.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

In his 'Men of Vision,' in *The American Mercury*, Stanley Walker hits the nail on the head. He says:

New York and the Jews

'Of all the sects which battle and sweat for publicity in New York, the Jews are the most insatiable. There are 2,000,000 of them in the city, and their endless enterprises pour out a vast and terrifying flood of press matter, much of which gets into print. The bulk of it, however, merely adds to the work of the Irish charwomen who have dedicated their lives to keeping the newspaper offices free from litter. It is probable that more press material comes from the Jewish organizations in New York than from all other sources combined. The job never has been turned over to a competent statistician, but it seems reasonable to estimate that if all the paper consumed by their press agents could be sold for its junk value alone, enough money would be raised to rebuild the Temple of Solomon, with modern plumbing throughout, and furnish every house in the Holy Land with a new wine press and a carload of matzoths.

'The Jew is both ambitious and sentimental, and upon these two traits the press agent plays for his own profit. Raise the cry, "Fifteen Million Jews Are Starving in Poland!" and the Chosen People begin shelling out instantly, coaxed on by professional campaign managers. The vanity of individuals is also a source of profit to press agents. All manner of Jewish "success" blurbs comes to the newspapers. There is a Jewish real estate dealer who, every time he buys a new building, announces that he once sold newspapers on that very corner. If his press agent is to be believed, he has sold papers on every street corner from Grand Street to Columbus Circle.

'The New York Jews are split into several factions. Some believe that Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is a mountebank; others hold that his words are hardly distinguishable from those of God. Some Jews are hot for the back-to-Palestine movement; others have no more desire to go back to Palestine than they have to work as teamsters in Death Valley. Such differences of opinion create many jobs for press agents. Meanwhile, despite their diversity of views, the New York Jews build hospitals, support a multitude of philanthropies, and aid their unfortunate brethren throughout the world. Thus a large part of Jewish publicity matter is in support of eminently worthy enterprises. But, in general, its bulk and persistence make it a nuisance to editors. Here is a list of Jewish organizations which, over a brief period, have sent press stuff to the New York newspapers, although not all of them have had the services of professional press agents:

The Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America (Agudath Tomchai Shabboz).
The Jewish Survey Commission.
The Bikuir Cholim Convalescent Home.
The United Synagogues of America.
The Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies.
The Home for Hebrew Infants.
The Menorah Home for the Aged and Infirm.
The American Jewish Association for the Blind.
The Jewish Holidays Press Notice Bureau.
The Order of the Sons of Zion.
The Congregation B'nai Jeshurun.
The Jewish Big Brothers.
The Yeshiva College Building Fund.
The Jewish Tribune and *Hebrew Standard*.
The Union of American Hebrew Congregations.
The Hebrew National Orphan Home.
The American Jewish Congress.
The Zeta Beta Tau Club.
The United Palestine Appeal.
The Negro Synagogue of Beth B'nai Abraham.
The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America.
The Congregation Ohab Zedek.
The Independent Order B'nai B'rith.
The First Jewish Ladies Day Nursery.
The Hebrew Union College School for Teachers.
The Portuguese Congregation Shearith Israel.
The Congregation Kol Israel of Poland.
The Young Men's Hebrew Association.
The Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Seminary.
The Training School for Jewish Social Work.
The Mizrachi Organization of America.
The United Jewish Campaign.
The Joint Distribution Committee.
The Beth David Hospital.
The Beth Abraham Home for Incurables.
The Israel Orphan Asylum.
The Brooklyn Jewish Center.
The Society for Hebrew Nervous Diseases.
The Jewish Theological Seminary of America.
The Hebrew Shelter and Guardian Society.
The World Zionist Organization.
The Palestine Economic Corporation.
The Jewish Biographical Bureau.
The Inwood Hebrew Congregation.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

The Jewish Theatrical Guild.
The Congregation Mt. Neboh.
Young Judaea.
The Hebrew Free Loan Society.
The Temple Emanu'El.
The Society B'nai David.
The Hebrew Day Nursery.
The Palestine Foundation Fund.
The American Committee of 100 of the Yeshivah of America.

'It does not require a Man of Vision to see that there is an excellent profit to be made out of these multifarious desires of a great race. The wonder is that no forward-looking publicist has yet declared himself executive secretary of an Association for the Discouragement of Pogrom Sentiment Among New York City Editors. The suggestion is free.'

Election news in the future may state that the candidate carried the state by so many dollars instead of votes.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Our present-day college students who are impatient at some of the restrictions placed upon them may well be thankful they did not live in Colonial times when college rules were more severe.

Cake or a College Degree

In the 17th Century the corporation of Harvard College, becoming alarmed at the unrestrained commencement celebrations, especially at the consumption of plum cake and other rich foods, passed a vote that 'having been informed that the custom taken up in the College not grateful to wise men, and chargeable to the parents of the commencers (the corporation) do therefore put an end to that custom, and do hereby order that no commencer, or other scholar, shall have any such cakes in their studies or chambers; and if any scholar shall offend therein, the cakes shall be taken from him, and he shall moreover pay to the College 20 shillings for each offense.'

Some years later, June 11, 1722, the continued 'extravagancys' led to an enactment 'that henceforth no preparation nor provision of either Plumb Cake, or Roasted, or Baked Meates or Pyes of any kind shall be made by any Commencer' under penalty of a fine and forfeiture of the 'provisions.'

Cake was still further legislated against in a third act which specified 'that if any, who now do or hereafter shall, stand for their degrees, presume to do anything contrary to the Act of 11th June, 1722, or go about to evade it by plain cake' they shall forfeit their degrees. A difficult choice indeed—a piece of cake or a college degree!

Now if Chicago were located across an ocean, think what a missionary field she would make!—New York *Telegram*.

The other day I met an old and disreputable friend of mine, and he told me about a graft he had worked.

One Treatment Enough

In a western city he advertised himself as Doctor Smithkins, or something, and posted with a local bank $5,000 as a forfeit for every bald head upon which he failed to raise a complete crop of hair within thirty days. The patients paid in advance.

His first 'treatment' consisted of rubbing each trustful bald head with a wire brush until it was red and bleeding. Into the wound he poured turpentine. As soon as the patient stopped yelling, my friend, 'Gypsy Bill,' informed him that with twenty-nine daily treatments just like that he would have a complete head of hair.

Unnecessary to say, no patient ever came back for a second treatment.—Harry Carr in the Los Angeles *Times*.

It's absurd to say the present Senate will do nothing for the farmer. In time it will adjourn.—Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

In Chicago University professors hobnobbed with men from the country 'back of the yards,' stick-up men, murderers, gangsters and others of this class. The occasion was a dinner given in a smart downtown oyster house. The unemployed and down-and-outer were barred. Professor A. E. Holt, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, gave a dissertation on 'society's right to protect itself from the anti-social human being.' This was followed by a speech by an alleged 'enemy of society' on 'what a guy on the velvet ought to know.' 'Honesty is the bunk,' said one man. 'My seventeen months in the house of reform ruined me and I cannot get a job,' said one youth. Five hundred Chicago business men are helping men with prison records to get jobs.

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE EEL WAS AN object of worship to the ancient Egyptians, and the Greeks and Romans considered it a delectable food.

SPLIT INFINITIVES, vigorously blue-penciled by editors, stand vindicated by a noted grammarian, George Oliver Curme, professor at Northwestern University. He says the divided verb form has been used by the best writers for five centuries.

A CENTURY AGO THERE was not a single horse in New Zealand; today the chief sport of the island is horse racing.

BABYLONIAN MERCHANTS SOLD goods on credit 4,000 years ago.

CLOVES, USED SO MUCH in flavoring food, are the dried flower buds of an evergreen tree which grows in tropical countries.

A PASSENGER ON A Canadian railroad sneezed so violently that his false teeth flew out of the train window. A section hand was notified and searched for them on a speeder. Later they were found and returned to the owner.

THE OLDEST MEMBERS of Welsh Sunday schools include one woman 88 years old, with 85 years' attendance, and three other women, each 87 years old, with 84 years' attendance each.

A MICROSCOPE CAPABLE of magnifying an object 12,000,000 times is being used in the detection of disease germs.

ACCORDING TO ONE of the wives of Mohammed, 'He would mend his clothes and cobble his shoes. He used to help me in my household duties, but what he did oftenest was to sew.'

SOCKS WORN BY BABIES should, according to one expert, have a compartment for the big toe, just as gloves have for the thumb.

THE KIWI, ONE OF THE national emblems of New Zealand, is a strange bird, without wings or tail. Its hairy coat, which is neither feathers nor fur, is used by the native women for adornment.

UMBRELLAS ARE NOW being made which are decorated with life-size parrots' heads, or large, colored fruits as handles.

LONDON FEET ARE LONG and slim, Welsh feet low in the arch, and Scottish feet broad in the sole.

EIGHT DUKES, FOUR MARQUISES, and nine earls of England have now turned themselves into private companies. The first peer to do this was the Earl of Warwick, who became the Warwick Estates Company, Ltd., in 1889.

FINGERPRINTS AS A MEANS of identification were used by the Chinese as early as 400 B. C.

THE WORDS, 'IN GOD WE TRUST,' first appeared on United States coins in 1864, on a bronze two-cent piece.

LONDON, WITH ITS 7,000,000 inhabitants, has a police force of 20,000 men and 900 detectives, one of whom is a woman.

TWO OFFICERS OF A British steamer were so severely 'gassed' by the odor from a cargo of Limburger cheese that one had to be taken to a hospital.

A DINING SALOON TO SEAT fifty persons at a time, rooms for dances and games, promenade and smoke-room are among the wonders of the *R-101*, a British airship which is being built for use on the Indian air-route.

ABOUT 16,000,000 pounds of pepper are stored in London.

NURSERY TOYS ARE BEING made from shrapnel shells in England.

BECAUSE 'YOUTHFUL TYPISTS are seldom strong on spelling and have a multiplicity of other than business affairs on their minds,' no woman stenographer under thirty years of age is to be employed by the Canadian Parliament in its legislative halls.

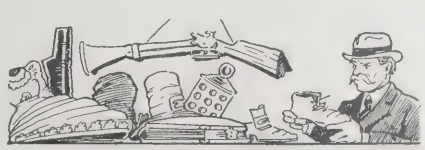
BUCKINGHAM PALACE CONTAINS approximately five hundred rooms.

A DOVE, FOUND FROZEN in a cake of ice formed on its nest, was released, thawed out, and is able to forage for itself.

PROPERTY IN THE WEST END of London is still held on leases granted three or four centuries ago.

LAUGHTER IS ONE of the best appetizers. A hearty laugh before a meal means a system more ready for food.

CHESS FIGURES, CARVED from bones as big as a man's fist and said to date back to the 10th Century, are now on show in the British Museum.



IN THE STOCK OF a merchant in the village of Calicoon Center, New York, were found hoopskirts, bustles, leather boots, children's shoes of cowhide with pegged soles, and old lamps.

A DOLLS' HOUSE RECENTLY discovered in an old country house in Essex is believed to date from the time of Queen Anne.

PEOPLE WHO SEEK TO ADOPT children always seem to favor girl babies; boys are not nearly so popular.

CARROTS EATEN RAW WILL benefit the complexion and the hair, a fact long known to countrymen in certain parts of England who give this vegetable to horses to improve their coats.

SLEEP IS LARGELY a matter of climate, according to a new theory. In cold regions mankind needs a lot of fatty food and not too much sleep; in the tropics, on the other hand, much sleep and very little fat in the diet is the best rule.

ARBOR DAY IS OBSERVED in California on March 7, the birthday of Luther Burbank.

AS A PREVENTIVE OF goiter, chocolate-iodine tablets are furnished pupils in public schools of Plainfield, Wisconsin.

SEVEN SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS, three of them in foreign languages, French, Spanish and Italian, are issued by the New Utrecht High School, New York City.

A WOMAN OF POWELL County, Kentucky, earns her living by catching snakes and selling them to showmen.

COAL IMPORTED TO IRELAND from America during the British coal strike was found to give over 15 per cent more heat than British coal.

A BANK WHICH WAS CLOSED by the courts in 1901 will make a further payment to depositors, which will raise the total they have received to 114 per cent, with more to come. Too much investment in wildcat oil wells and Florida orange groves was given as the reason for closing, but the wells and orange groves paid, and the depositors have been receiving payments over a period of twenty-five years.

SINCE THE INVENTION of the printing press 660,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed.

A CENTURY AGO A PHYSICIAN told Hippolyte Gillet's parents that he could not live as he had only one lung. He died recently at the age of 102.

WHEN THE HUGE CEDAR LOGS used in a corduroy road built in 1775 in Vermont were removed recently during improvement of the highway, their centers were found to be intact.

THE MAORIS OF NEW ZEALAND during the last sixty years have emerged from cannibalism into a civilization equaling that of the white man. This people numbers about 63,000 and is represented in Parliament by four deputies.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week continues the discussion of 'Everything has been all right, up till now.'

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'If,' that great little word, sums up the theme of Commander Byrd's article on his flight over the North Pole. This word refers to what might have happened if the explorer had had to make a forced landing, and he tells us just how such a contingency might have worked out. Commander Byrd's narrative is an epic of persevering effort and glorious achievement. (p. 1)

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The world's Champion Guesser does not travel with a side show or star it with some vaudeville organization. He is to be found in Washington, and his name is Joseph S. McCoy, Uncle Sam's super-mathematician. When budgets are being prepared, McCoy tells how to tax, what to tax, and what not to tax. He can figure to a fraction how much revenue will be derived. One may call it guessing, but it is the guessing of one who knows. His life story: (p. 3)

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Who would have thought that such a gigantic and successfully consummated project as the Panama Canal would in a few short years prove inadequate for the volume of shipping passing through it? But such is the case. Hence the Nicaragua Canal project. It will be far the biggest ditch in the world's history, just as Panama was before it. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writes about it and its financing. He also takes us behind some of the desks in Wall Street where intimate glimpses are gained of what is going forward. He likewise throws some side lights on President Coolidge's attitude to things nationally financial. (p. 4)

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One of the greatest of the fine arts is the faking of antique furniture. In it are combined most of the higher arts—painting, carving, engraving and—if you like—poetry; for does not the dealer point with pride, real or assumed, to some masterpiece of faking and say it is 'a perfect poem'? But very often there is far less truth than poetry in this Queen Anne chair or that Georgian settee. The 'antique' furniture manufacturer is a postgraduate in camouflage, and even the globe-trotting connoisseur and museum expert is sometimes deceived. Arthur C. Parker gives us a few realistic sketches of the furniture faker at home. (p. 6)

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Donald A. Laird this week proves how one plus one is really one. It is all summed up in the art school teacher's definition of perspective: 'Perspective is the representation of objects not as they really are but as they appear to the eye.' (p. 8)

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It is often said that some people take their pleasures sadly, but it is not so well known that many persons, while outwardly taking their pleasures joyfully, are inwardly full of gloom. They work hard to have a good time, but conditions are not right. There is something gnawing at the strings that ought to vibrate music and dulling the bright sparks that seek to fly upward. Why is it that the good-time program thus fails to function? Tom Masson gives an explanation. (p. 12)

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In San Francisco there was a successful business man who formed the theory that criminals were made, not born, and worked along these lines in an effort to reclaim and rehabilitate men who could not keep straight. His experience may be summed up in a Shakespearean paraphrase: 'Some men are born crooked, some acquire crookedness, and some have crookedness thrust upon them.' George Henry Parish relates some real life stories illustrating this. (p. 13)

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Europeans charge Americans with materialism, but a European—a Briton at that—declares that it is all the other way, and marshals a number of statements in parallel columns to prove it. His prima-facie evidence is most interesting. (p. 15)

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Going to the 'demnition bowwows' is a Dickensonian phrase put in the mouth of the immortal Mr. Mantalini. 'Going to the dogs' is the more prosaic form of the phrase. This condition is often a reaction from over-repression. But it is rather a misleading expression, sometimes meaning the opposite of what the user intends it to imply. For example, it was much used by the Cavaliers in regard to the Puritans, but the Puritanism of England and New England was a revolt against the license of the age. Sometimes the motive is in the opposite direction. We frequently hear such phrases as 'The revolt of youth,' 'Having one's fling,' etc. (p. 16)

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In 'The Luck of the Hooker *Mary Ann*,' Ivan Swift gives us a story of the northern wilds which he knows so well. In this tale the odor of rum contends with 'an ancient and fish-like smell' and the tang of the Great Lakes. It is realism in its native dress. (p. 25)

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Ivan Swift

RICHARD EVELYN BYRD comes of an old Virginia family and is a brother of Governor Harry Byrd. His successful flight to the North Pole by airplane is now a matter of history and places him on the roll of the world's most famous explorers. (p. 1)

M. L. RAMSAY is Washington representative of the Universal Press service. He is a well-known writer on political and economic questions. (p. 3)

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., has been visiting different parts of the world and interviewing celebrities. He writes with authority. (p. 4)

ARTHUR C. PARKER is director of the Municipal Museum, Rochester, New York. The piquancy of his writing is due to the fact that his material is drawn from personal knowledge. (p. 6)

DONALD A. LAIRD is professor of psychology at Colgate University, and originator of tests that have attracted the attention not only of the scientific world, but of the laity as well. (p. 8)

THOMAS L. MASSON has struck a new vein in satire by his latest contribution. As a former editor of *Life*, a position he held for many years, he has acquired the faculty of analyzing everyday happenings. (p. 12)

GEORGE HENRY PARISH is the pen name of an experienced writer on political and sociological subjects. (p. 13)

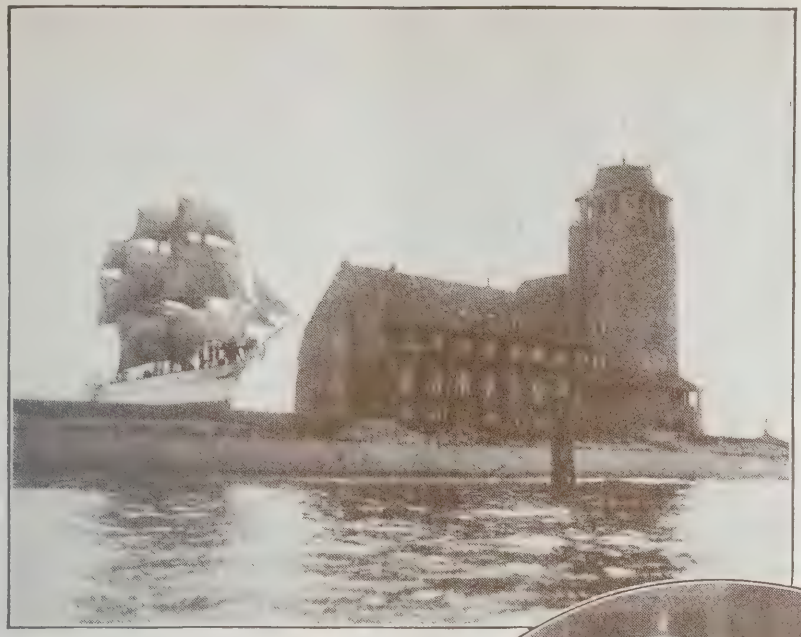
THOMAS CAMERON TAYLOR was born a British citizen, but has traveled extensively and has made a special study of America and its institutions. (p. 15)

KATHERINE METCALF ROOF is a recognized authority on Americana. She is also a playwright, being the author, among other plays, of *The Strange Transient Woman* which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT last September. (p. 16)

IVAN SWIFT, as the author of *Fagots of Cedar* and other poems and stories, is the recognized exponent of the spirit of the Northern Michigan woods. (p. 25)

Random Shots

Our Cameramen Point Their Lenses Undersea *and* Up in the Air.



This isolated ship reminds one of the craft which were set on the beaches by the late hurricane in Florida. The ship above serves, however, as a novel schoolroom at Hamburg, where young men train in German marine courses. —*International Newsreel.*

The Epinoche constructs its nest on the order of one a bird would build. This fish uses seaweed and driftwood secured to the stalk of an undersea plant.
—*Herbert Photo.*

Circle—*Brains in battle. Twenty-five chess games being conducted simultaneously. The world's champion, Jose Capablanca, is shown opposing all the other experts, three of whom succeeded in holding him to an even game.*
—*Herbert Photo.*

Below—*Water pump devised by a Hindu on a rice plantation in India. It is based on the principle of the ancient well-pole, tilted by the weight of a man. He should, in time, become an expert in perpetual motion.*
—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Below—*Every year many potatoes are dug up which possess characteristics remarkably like those of human or animal forms. As a freak, this one, found near Liverpool, deserves a prize.*
—*International Newsreel.*

8-41
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EDUCATION does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of the letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all—by example.

—*John Ruskin.*

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...RY OF THE
...IVERSITY OF ILL...

America's Sea Power

Is Rapidly Becoming a Myth

Use Your Hands to Save Your Head

The Balloon That Never Returned

—

A Tragedy of the Arctic

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Coming Home

Edward Davison

THE mists are all gone
And the stars come
out bright,
But I am not alone
As of old in the night.

Were I now but to call
To the window above
It would only forestall
The voice of my love.

Who already has heard
That I come, that I come
Expecting her word
To hasten me home:

Her word from above,
From the heart of the
light,
The word of my love,
My name in the night.

Drawing by GERALD VAN DER HEYDE

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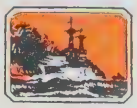


Removing *the* Smoke Screen *From* America's Warships

By E. B. JOHNS

WITH an intense earnestness and a unanimity not evidenced in its proceedings for twenty years, the House Committee on Naval Affairs voted to send Chairman Butler to the President with an appeal for a Treaty Navy. This action was taken because an extended hearing, much of which was in executive session, made four startling revelations as to the condition of the Navy. They are:

(1) That the total tonnage of naval vessels not limited by the Treaty laid down or appropriated for since the Washington Arms Conference by the United States was less than any other power with the possible exception of Italy.

(2) That the construction of the light cruisers according to the Act of 1924 would promote further limitation of naval armaments rather than retard them as suggested in the President's message.

(3) That there is no assurance that there will ever be a conference for the limitation of naval armaments and that it could not possibly take place before the year 1928.

(4) That it is the Director of the Budget, an accountant, who is shaping our national naval defense policy, and not the Secretary of the Navy and his advisers.

Party discipline in Pennsylvania is a controlling factor. In Pennsylvania the President is recognized as the leader of his party and a refusal to follow his leadership is a breach of discipline. It is probably the first time that Chairman Butler has questioned the dictum of a Republican President during his long career in Congress.

Some of the members on both sides of the committee are rated as small Navy men, but as the hearings progressed they lined up solidly in support of Chairman Butler. All of this developed out of an inquiry sent to the Navy Department by Chairman Butler as to why the eight light cruisers authorized by the Act of 1924 had not been built. The Navy Department was evasive in its reply, insisting that Congress was responsible for the delay. Under the act, construction should be started by July of 1927, and while Chairman Butler was insisting that through delays in the Navy Department it would be impossible to comply with the law, there came the President's message with the announcement that the budget estimates did not include appropriations for the last three of the light cruisers. The President said:

'While on the subject of our national defense, it is proper to state that no provision is made in the estimates for the Navy Department for commencing the construction of the remaining three of the eight light cruisers which the act of December 18, 1924, authorizes to be undertaken prior to July 1, 1927. This country is now engaged in negotiations to broaden our existing treaties with the great powers which deal with the elimination of competition in naval armaments. I feel that it would be unfortunate at this time and not in keeping with our attitude toward these negotiations to commence the construction of these three cruisers. Rather do I recommend to the Congress the enactment of legislation

The U. S. S. 'Delaware' in heavy seas.

THE veil of secrecy which was drawn around the Navy in 1922 when the Washington Arms Conference agreement went into effect has been partially drawn aside by the House Committee on Naval Affairs in the sensational hearings which it conducted. It is probably the first time that the legislative branch of the Government has gone to the head of the executive with a report on the state of the Union. This is the constitutional function of the executive department, but as far as the Navy is concerned, the executive department has failed. The legislative branch, through the Naval Affairs Committee, initiated an investigation which revealed alarming conditions according to the unanimous vote of the committee, and these conditions have been reported to the President.

This action is all the more significant when it is considered that Chairman Butler has frequently opposed the recommendations of the Navy Department and has even been charged with having pacifist tendencies.

which will extend the time for beginning their construction.'

This part of the message of the President was far from being satisfactory to Chairman Butler and the members of the Naval Affairs Committee. They decided to conduct an investigation to ascertain whether the Director of the Budget had purposely ignored an Act of Congress and whether there was anything in the act for the construction of the cruisers that was 'not in keeping with our attitude toward negotiations' for the elimination of naval armaments.

Fortunately for the committee, Rear Admiral Hilary P. Jones, chairman of the General Board of the Navy, who was the ranking naval officer at the Geneva Conference, had just returned from Europe. He was the first witness called before the committee, with a view of ascertaining just what had taken place at Geneva.

Admiral Jones attempted to support the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, the President, in his declaration as to the progress of the conference, but at the same time he was forced to make admissions which did not justify the President's declaration. Under a rapid fire of questions from Chairman Butler and the members of the committee, he admitted that there was really no agreement for a conference. All depends upon further instructions to the delegates to the preliminary conference, he admitted, whether there will be a final or real conference at which anything could be accomplished.

In the course of the questions, Admiral Jones was asked by Chairman Butler: 'What do you think is likely to happen as the result of the Geneva negotiations?' 'I prefer not to prophesy,' said Admiral Jones. 'We hope to reach an agreement for a final conference and that we will be able to extend the Washington Treaty to other ships as it covers capital ships.'

WHEN pressed to state what really happened at Geneva by Chairman Butler, Admiral Jones stated:

'During the conference a fundamental difference developed as to what should be the basis of comparison between the strength of the naval armaments of the nations represented.' He admitted that fourteen powers lined up in favor of the basis of comparison adopted at the Washington Arms Conference and nineteen powers were for the Globas theory. He explained that the Globas theory was a very complicated proposal in which the land and naval forces would be taken into consideration at the same time in any limitation.

Chairman Butler and Representatives Britten and Vinson by a series of questions attempted to force Admiral Jones to make a positive statement as to what was the real attitude of the different nations and what were the prospects of an agreement. Admiral Jones finally said:

'Unless the governments give new instructions there will be no final conference. At the preliminary negotiations, we did not reach an agreement on a basis for comparison. We do not think that we will be able to hold a final conference before 1928, even if we reach an agreement on a basis for comparison.'

Having brought out the extreme uncertainty of the outcome of the preliminary negotiations, Chairman Butler, supported by Representatives Britten and Vinson, sought Admiral Jones' views on the effect of building three light cruisers as authorized by the Act of Congress, on further negotiations.

'Is it your judgment,' inquired Chairman Butler, 'that an attempt to bring our cruiser fleet up to where it should be in the judgment of military men, would in any way embarrass further efforts to be made to secure limitation of armaments?'

To this, with reluctance, Admiral Jones answered:

'On the contrary, I think it would have a good effect in any conference that we should enter.'

Mr. Vinson: 'Now, Admiral, from your experience in the preliminary negotiations, do you think we would be in a better position to bring about a general disarmament if this cruiser program of 1924 was commenced and nearing completion?'

Admiral Jones: 'I will start out by saying that Great Britain, Japan and ourselves were earnestly desirous of finding some formula for carrying out the reduction. With this cruiser program completed, we would be in a better position before the conference and would have a greater influence in bringing down the level of armaments.'

Mr. Britten injected:

'Did you in your conferences with British representatives hear them suggest the scrapping of any part of the great fleet of British cruisers as we did our battleships in the interests of peace of the world?' (*Continued on page 23*)

Total Tonnage of Vessels (by Classes) Laid Down or Appropriated for Since February 6, 1922 (Date of Washington Conference)

Type or class	United States						British Empire						Japan						France						Italy					
	Laid down		Appropriated for		Total		Laid down		Appropriated for		Total		Laid down		Appropriated for		Total		Laid down		Appropriated for		Total		Laid down		Appropriated for		Total	
	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage	Number	Total tonnage
B. B. Battleships, first line							2	70,000			2	70,000																		
C. V. Aircraft carriers, first line	2	66,000			2	66,000	3	56,300			3	56,300	2	53,800			2	53,800												
C. L. Light cruisers, first line	2	20,000		30,000	5	50,000	11	110,000	3	28,000	14	138,000	12	88,285			12	88,285	6	53,619	1	10,000	7	63,619	2	20,000			2	20,000
C. M. Mine layers, first line							1	6,740			1	6,740			1	3,000	1	3,000	1	4,000			1	4,000						
D. L. Destroyer leaders, first line															4	7,400	4	7,400	9	21,654	3	8,070	12	29,724						
D. D. Destroyers							2	2,540			2	2,540	27	34,840	8	11,560	35	46,400	22	32,014	4	5,980	26	37,994	16	20,136			16	20,136
Submarines (all classes)	(1	2,119			1	2,119	3	4,145	6	8,070	9	12,215	21	26,694	9	11,970	30	38,664	32	36,861	11	11,010	43	47,871	13	12,345			13	12,345
	(2				2																									
P. G. Gunboats	6	2,790			6	2,790	4				4																			
River gunboats													4	1,352			4	1,352			1	720	1	720						
A. M. Mine sweepers													6	4,200			6	4,200							9	[1] 6,486			9	[1] 6,486
A. S. submarine tenders									1		1		2	17,000			2	17,000			1	6,000	1	6,000						
Tankers													3	46,200			3	46,200	1	9,900	2	14,000	3	23,900	4	[2] 30,100			4	[2] 30,100
A. V. heavier-than-air tenders													1	15,400			1	15,400			1	8,000	1	8,000	1	5,000			1	5,000
Supply ships													1	17,500			1	17,500												
Repair ships									1		1														1	8,140			1	8,140
Total	13	[3] 90,909	3	30,000	16	[3] 120,909	26	[4] 249,725	11	[3] 36,070	37	[4] 285,795	79	305,271	22	33,930	101	339,201	71	158,048	24	63,780	95	221,828	46	102,207	--	(7)	46	102,207

[1] Does not include tonnage of 2 submarines.
[2] Does not include tonnage of 4 gunboats. No data available as to tonnage.
[3] Does not include tonnages of 1 repair ship and 1 submarine tender. No data available as to these tonnages.
[4] Does not include tonnages mentioned in (2) and (3).
[5] These are combined mine sweepers and mine layers.
[6] Includes 1 ex-Austrian tanker added to Italian Navy in 1923.
[7] No information on Italian ships appropriated for but not building.

Use Your Hands to Save Your HEAD

By DONALD A. LAIRD

MY HUSBAND may make students think he knows physics,' a tattletale professor's wife informed a group in a superior way, 'but he can't even fix the cistern pump!'

What he read in a book he could reel off by the hour. So everyone thought he knew physics; that is, everyone except his wife and a firm which had been impressed by his lectures and engaged him as a consultant to work on the physics of a manufacturing problem they were up against. He worked for them—for a short time.

The books would not help him on this job, and he could not use his hands to save his head, or to save his new good-paying job.

I told this incident to a small group of industrial executives in Syracuse recently. One of them, a graduate in engineering from a well-known eastern university, spoke up with great fervor in his voice.

'Nobody knows that better than I do,' he said. 'I graduated with highest honors from the ——— scientific school. I had my pick of the jobs at commencement time. Six weeks was the longest I held a job the first three years after I graduated. I knew engineering cold from the books, but I couldn't *do* a thing.'

He knew everything in the books, but he could not use his hands to save his head. It took him fully ten years to find out from hard and cruel experience that after one is out of college it is what the hands have stored up in them that counts.

Just yesterday I received a letter from an executive who is with a large oil company. It was in response to an inquiry I had sent him about the college he had attended. Here is his reply:

Dear Doctor Laird:

At least I have a home town, San Antonio, although I haven't lived there since 1917.

As to education: I have only had three years and three months of formal education. Three of these years were spent in the San Antonio High School. The three months were spent in the University of Texas. That, I believe, ranks me about a total illiterate.

This is my reply which went in the return mail:

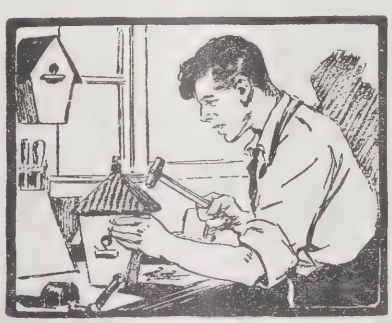
Dear Mr. ———:

Be yourself! You have probably forgotten more valuable practical knowledge than the college graduate is willing to absorb the first dozen years after he graduates—it usually takes them that long to come down to earth and find that their hands are as important in the work of the world as their heads.

We have two eyes with which to absorb book knowledge. *In each arm there are hundreds of thousands of eyes which are far more effective in gaining a knowledge of things* that will work, of how to do things.

The professor of physics had not discovered this. Neither had the executive I met in Syracuse—until after ten years of disappointing experience. The executive with the oil company had found it out, and his meteoric rise shows how the hands can save the head.

Helen Keller was a southern girl who was made blind, deaf, and dumb by a childhood disease. She had her hands with which to master the world. Using *the thousands of eyes in each arm* she became more accomplished and more a master of her world than the graduates of eastern girls colleges.



Laura Bridgman was another.

Schools are beginning to acknowledge that the muscle senses are a basic channel through which to educate. First came laboratories; then manual training; then all sorts of industrial activities. Then they changed—in some progressive schools—physics laboratory from a place where things were done according to routine, foolproof directions in a red, cloth-covered book to a place where they *made* things. Here is a press clipping from the New York *Times* about such a class:

'Every boy of the twenty-five hundred who attended the public school at Broome and Willett streets was fired with admiration and interest when two diminutive Edisons from their ranks set up a telegraphic system, operated by wet batteries of their own construction and stretching four hundred feet through the school building from one room to another.'

That such a common-sense method of *letting the boys learn* physics *through their hands* should constitute news is a reflection of the widespread and justified belief that the hands can save the head in mastering one's world.

The challenge to the schools is greater because the one factor in the life of our grandfathers which gave many of them an education superior in working qualities to the formal education many schools now give is rapidly declining, due to the movement away from the farms.

There is, for instance, the boyhood record of G. Stanley Hall. Dr. Hall studied experimental psychology under Wilhelm Wundt, who founded the first psychological laboratory in the world at the University of Leipzig scarcely half a century ago. When Hall returned to the United States after his study abroad he was soon called to establish the first psychological laboratory in America, at Johns Hopkins University. And when a wealthy New Englander wanted to start a college where students *learned by doing*, he called Hall to organize and become president of Clark University.

The psychological students Hall trained are now the leaders in psychology. Why? Hall trained them by *having their hands help their heads.* They did things. They started where the books left off, while other laboratories were clinging fast to books.

Hall was a farm boy. It was there he received his real education in using the senses in his muscles, tendons and joints. He said of his boyhood:

'. . . trees were chopped down and cut by two men working a cross-cut saw, which was always getting stuck fast in a pinch which took the set out of it, unless the whole *(Continued on page 27)*

Churches *Are* Building SKYSCRAPERS *From* Coast *to* Coast

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Drawing of the Broadway Temple, New York City, accommodating apartments, dormitories, offices and stores in addition to the auditorium and other church facilities.

A FOREIGNER, coming into New York Harbor recently, pointed to the Woolworth Building and remarked, 'That is your cathedral!'

He was mistaken, but when he comes again he will see not only several cathedrals in New York, built on the plan of the skyscraper, but one in every great city in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

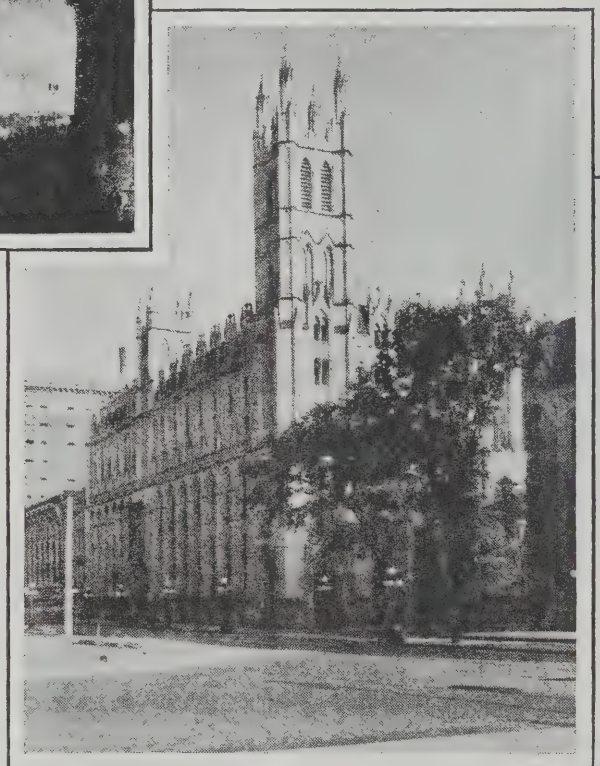
What has brought about this new architecture?

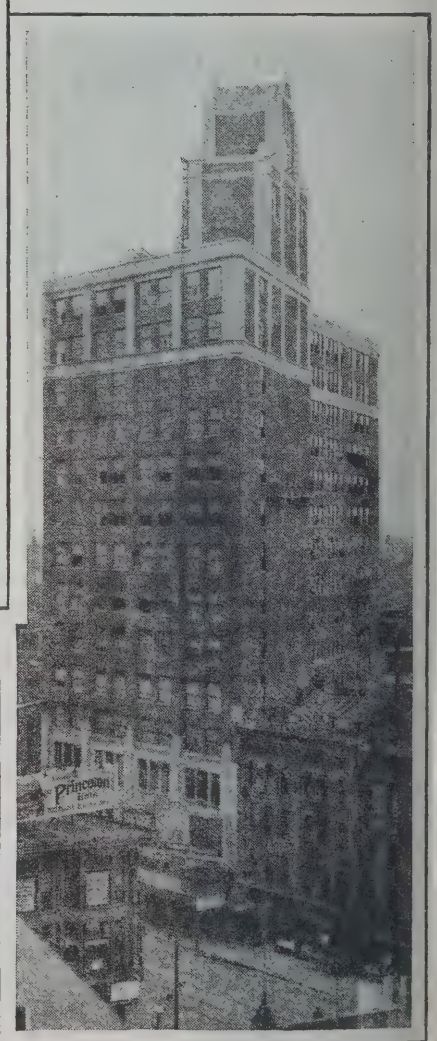
First it has come to be a necessity because, in the downtown locations, with few exceptions (and these exceptions are when a church is located on a public square), great dominating skyscrapers build beside the diminutive churches and make them look like puny dwarfs. It is needless, as churches which have had such experiences have learned, to protest or to try to offset this imposing neighbor. He is there to stay. He makes the church look like a playhouse. Sooner or later the psychology will kill that church, and it will either have to move out, or build a skyscraper temple tower to hold its self-respect and the respect of the world.

The ordinary Gothic type of church, or cathedral type, needs much open space around it to make it impressive. In its day it was called 'the aspiring architecture.' It pointed the eyes of people, through its spires, skyward and God-ward. But when it is set down in the midst of gigantic modern city office buildings it no longer retains the power to teach aspiration to weak mortal minds. It looks puny. Therefore the first cause for the building of these temple churches is that of necessity; the necessity of keeping self-respect; the necessity of staying in the downtown location.

The second cause is financial. Property becomes so expensive that it is impossible for the average downtown church to survive if it retains the old type of architecture. If it builds a skyscraper church, and has office buildings to rent, it can not only maintain its own enterprise, carry on its own Christian service, but it can finance the missionary work of the city in which it lives and promote missionary work abroad. This has been the experience of the skyscraper church. Not one has failed. All have become financially independent.

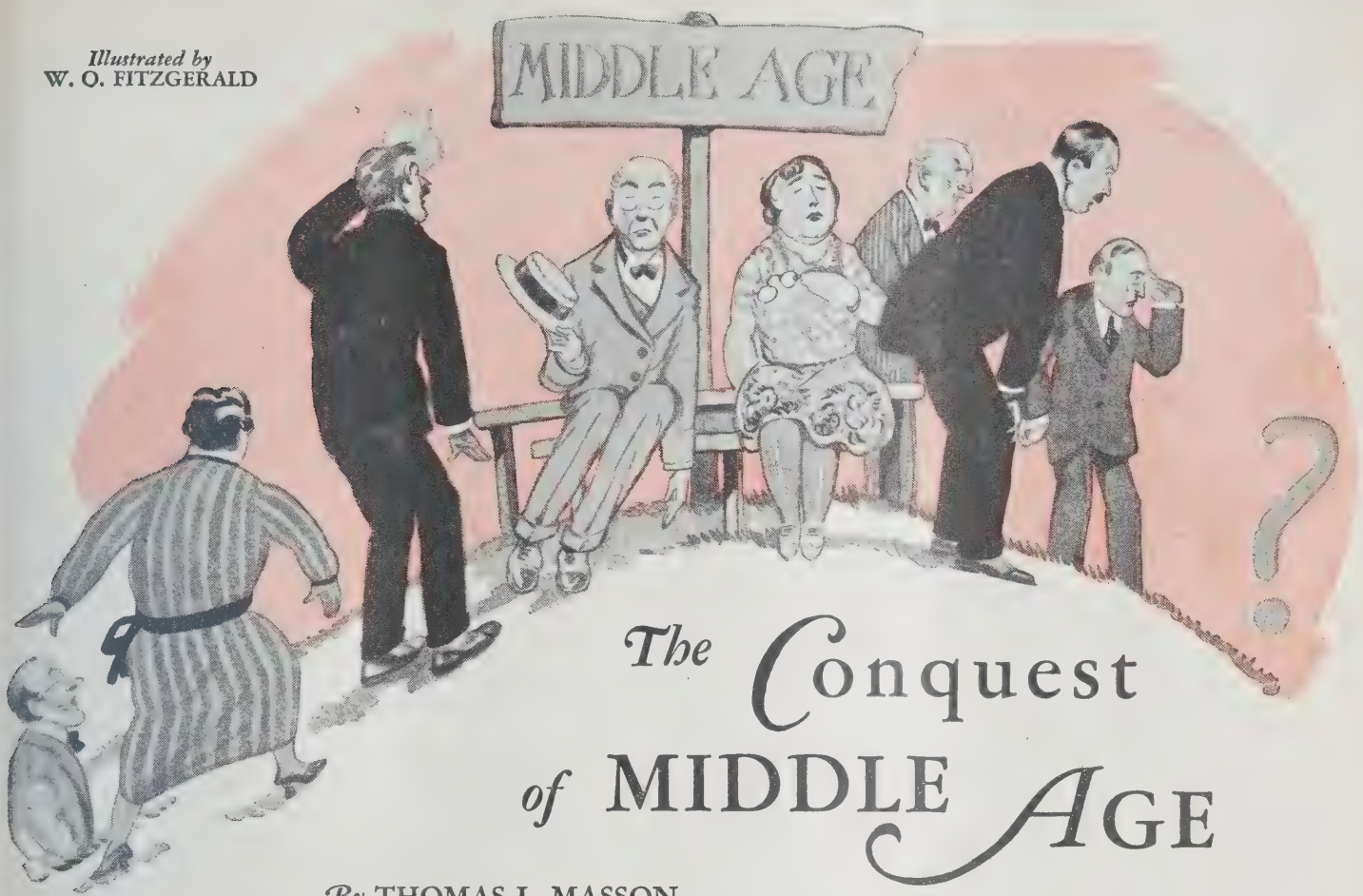
Summed up, the two reasons for building skyscraper churches in modern American cities are comprehended in one word, necessity. They must either abandon the old type of architecture and make (*Continued on page 27*)





Mizpah Temple, Syracuse, New York, with hotel accommodations, under supervision of the First Baptist Church. Right—The Baptist Temple, which dominates the downtown business section of Rochester, New York.

Illustrated by
W. O. FITZGERALD



The Conquest of MIDDLE AGE

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THERE are in this country, at the present moment, at least ten millions of people—men and women—who, having arrived at middle age, are wondering what to do with themselves. They have lived what a considerable proportion of them believe is the best part of their lives. They are looking forward with resignation to old age. Metaphorically, they have thrown up their hands.

Some of these people have achieved material success. They have enough to keep them the rest of their days. But even at that, they don't know what to do with themselves. A year ago a man in this position wrote a long letter to a New York paper. He was over fifty. He had retired from business. The only thing he could think of doing was to spend the rest of his life in travel. He wondered whether that would be best.

I knew another man who, at the age of forty, retired from business with a considerable fortune. He began thus to travel. He was always on the go. No sooner would he encircle the globe than he would start all over again. He knew every principal geographical spot in the world. He had picked up a knowledge of a score of languages. He was what is known as a cosmopolite. As a matter of fact, he knew very little. He had been everywhere, seen everything, and couldn't sit still. He had a fatal disease—the disease entitled Man-afraid-of-himself. It is not uncommon, even among the most intelligent people.

The other day I saw a photograph of one of the world's most famous women. Her age was fifty-two. She was therefore middle-aged. She was very fat, her weight, I should say, about two hundred pounds. Beside her was a slim youth, his age being twenty-six. She had just married him. Why? Because, even if the world had handed her some of its best bouquets, she still sought for that urge of all souls—the spirit of romance. How many examples are there of women like that who, at fifty, find themselves in possession of fortunes, and 'nowhere to go but out'? So they marry these young fellows. Lonesomeness is the curse of humanity. Yet, singular to say, lonesomeness, if rightly managed, is the greatest gift of the gods. It depends on what you do with yourself inside.

Recently I held a conversation with a very able woman whose age was about fifty. She held an important executive position, at a salary of at least ten thousand a year. She said to me: 'In a few more years it will all be over.'

'Just what do you mean by that?'

'Well, the heads of all big corporations demand that the women employed shall be well-dressed, peppy, and youthful. While my job is important, they can always fill it. I know what is going to happen to me.'

'But,' I pursued, 'how about your family?'

She smiled.

'You know perfectly well how it is with families. Mine is scattered, each has his or her own interests. I live in a small, well-furnished apartment. I have a few friends, but most of my time is passed in earning a living and saving enough for old age. I enjoy my work now, but recognize that in a few years I will be on the scrap heap.'

I could go on and multiply these instances indefinitely. We all know about them. Many who read these lines will see things that will remind them of their own circumstances.

LET us not forget,' remarks Frederick Pierce, 'that the inability to stand defeat is essentially an evidence of inferiority, either of constitution, or training, or both. But let there be no discouragement in the recognition of this. Disappointments in life are inevitable; but almost anyone can learn, first, to analyze them so as to absorb the lessons which they contain, and second, replace them with forward-looking, constructive ideas of the future.'

Now there are two things which have recently been pretty well established by experience, and exploited by the authorities. One is that we never live up to our energies, and the other is that a slight change in our attitude will often produce enormous changes in the total content of our lives. For instance, a woman—like some of

Even superficial observations show us that youth is more ailing than middle age.

those indicated—who at fifty is dragging out a miserable existence will suddenly 'get an idea' and from thenceforth live a transformed life.

I met such a woman two years ago at a public banquet. She was a very large woman. She had met with an automobile accident, very serious, some years before, and had become a semi-cripple. She had two young boys on hand, and her husband collapsed. The accident gave her time to think for herself. On getting up on her feet—she still went on crutches—she conceived the idea of going into business. At the time I met her, she had both boys in college, and was as full of 'pep,' if not a good deal more so, than any flapper I have ever met. She made a speech and aroused the utmost enthusiasm.

THE well-known case of Nellie Revell is now a classic. She had a fine job as a theatrical agent in New York when she met with a bad accident. The doctors all gave her up. She was in the hospital for years, barely alive, a professional cripple. She had acquired the reputation for being a hospital saint—that is to say, a woman who never complained, adored by all the nurses. Miss Revell in her book (*Fightin' Through*) tells about the other saints in the hospital, and how one day, in thinking about them, she discovered that none of them got well. They just lingered on, getting no better. It occurred to her that this stand-pat attitude of saintship was keeping them back.

She determined to assert herself. When the nurse came in with a tray of food, she put up a kick about the plate and chop being cold and knocked it off on the floor. Fancy the surprise of the nurse at having one of her saints kick up like that! Well, Miss Revell dated her recovery from that moment. She was no longer a jellyfish. She had discovered that the cure for everything lay in herself. Now she is doing her old job again, better and peppier than ever.

It is not, however, by being too radical, or too sensational that we necessarily achieve the victory over our environment. In 1921 President Coolidge, then Vice-President, contributed to a magazine a series of articles entitled 'Enemies of the Republic.' James Harvey Robinson, in his provocative book *The Mind in the Making*, quotes from one of these articles by Mr. Coolidge as follows:

> Adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old, sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood, the insidious destruction of character, the weakening of the moral fiber of the individual, and the destruction of the foundations of society.

It is very doubtful if, during the past few years, the national craze for sports, revealed in the huge stadiums and the excited throngs gathered before bulletin boards, is contributing anything to the stability of the American people.

In one of his best chapters, that on Repression, Professor Robinson writes:

> If only men would come to look at things differently from what they now generally do, a number of our most shocking evils would either remedy themselves or show themselves subject to gradual elimination or hopeful reduction. Among these evils a very fundamental one is the defensive attitude toward the criticism of our existing order and the naïve tendency to class critics as enemies of society.

NOW while that is undoubtedly true, I might remark in passing that for this condition the critics themselves are largely to blame, for their criticisms have too often been based upon faulty and inaccurate thinking. For example, during the war extensive intelligence tests, conducted by well-known 'authorities' and widely disseminated, declared that a very large proportion of the American people (particularly among the enlisted men) had the intelligence of a twelve-year-old. In some cases, as that which follows, the authorities were not only misquoted, but their conclusions very badly garbled by writers. In his book, *Mind and Heredity*, Vernon Kellogg, the eminent biologist and permanent secretary and chairman of the Division of Educational Relations of the National Research Council, writes as follows:

> Dr. Yerkes, recently, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, quoted from a writer in a magazine of different type

(*Continued on page 25*)

Right romance does not begin until middle age. The cubs know nothing of it.

The Lustrous LENGLEN

By H. G. SALSINGER

SUZANNE LENGLEN, the flying French demoiselle of the sallow complexion and the wide gray eyes, demanded and received $100,000 to leave the amateur ranks of tennis and become a professional.

It seemed a steep sum for any promoter to pay even to a girl who was the recorded queen of tennis from Melbourne to Wimbledon, but before she played her first professional engagement this promoter, Charles C. Pyle, had already received nearly $100,000 for Lenglen by-products and since he receives $5,000 as a guaranty and the main percentage of all gate receipts over that sum wherever the tennis troupe which Mlle. Lenglen heads gives an exhibition, the venture was assured of financial success at its start.

No other amateur athlete has ever been able to command so much money to turn professional, and no other amateur athlete, man or woman, could possibly be given an amount anywhere near $100,000 with a chance of the promoter breaking even. The fact that Mlle. Lenglen got that much money and the more remarkable fact that the man who paid it to her made as much, if not more, out of the investment than she herself received, develop a number of questions concerning this girl who is without question the greatest tennis player her sex has developed.

Mlle. Lenglen is more than a great tennis player. She is the polished mistress of her craft but she is likewise a girl of style, mannerisms, color, fascination, grace and individuality. She has successfully linked that rare combination in sport—skill and personality. And, what skill!

HER career in tennis as an amateur was a succession of triumphs. From the time she won her first major title she continued winning major titles without losing a set until the day when she decided to cash in on her vast reputation. In her home at Nice, the gift of grateful Frenchmen to her father, who was also her instructor, are more than 150 trophies, representing the court victories of the scintillating Suzanne. No other champion in tennis, man or woman, has a record to equal hers.

Her father began teaching her before she reached the age of ten and the method of this teaching explains much of the success she achieved. Père Lenglen marked off a tennis court into eighty squares. All these squares were numbered. Then he would order Suzanne to drive the ball into the square he called. Hour after hour and day after day he would compel her to take this monotonous practice. The ultimate result was uncanny accuracy in Suzanne's play.

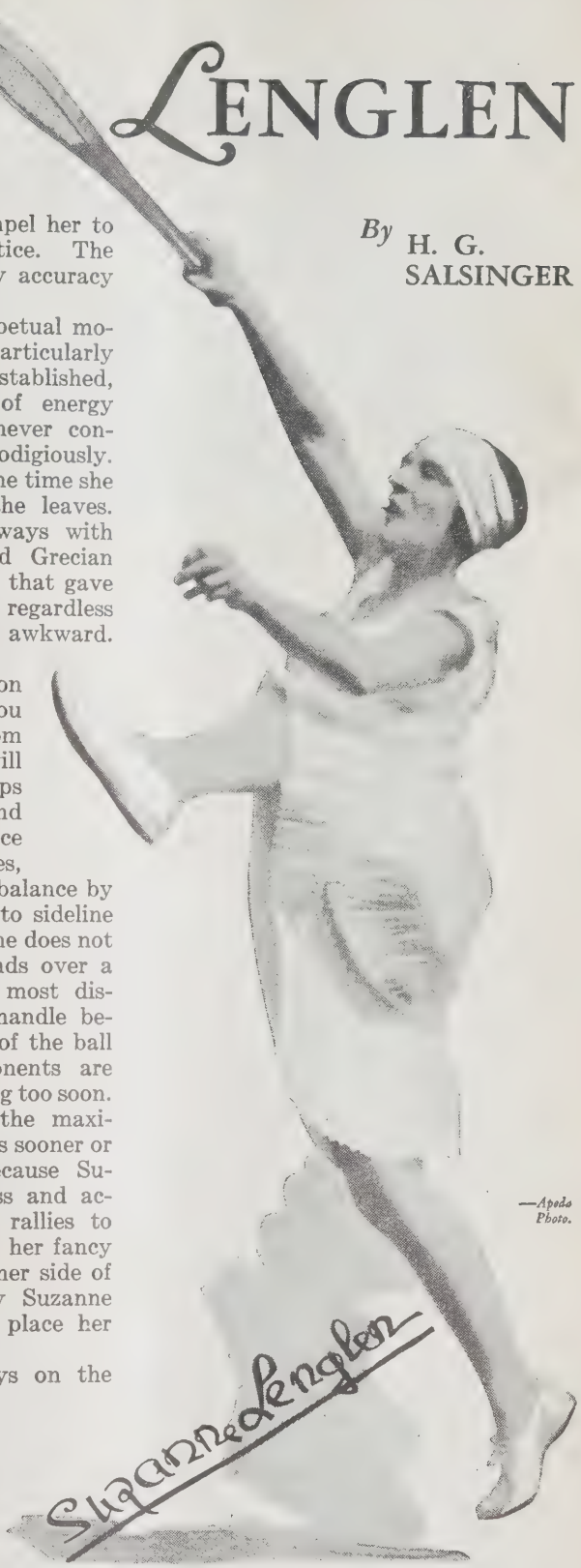
On the courts she is perpetual motion. Many athletes, particularly those who have become established, practice the conservation of energy and relaxation. Suzanne never conserves energy; she wastes it prodigiously. And she never relaxes from the time she steps on the court until she leaves. She keeps moving, but always with perfect poise. She studied Grecian dancing for a few years and that gave her grace. Her movements, regardless of how sudden, are never awkward.

MLLE. LENGLEN works on the theory that as long as you can prevent your opponent from getting set for strokes you will have the advantage. She keeps opponents on the defensive and because of her ability to place the ball in any spot she desires, she keeps her opponents off balance by running them from sideline to sideline and from back line to net. She does not hit a hard ball and she sends over a slow one at times that is most disconcerting. It is hard to handle because she takes the life out of the ball by superb control. Opponents are generally tricked into swinging too soon.

Being forced to cover the maximum of court area, opponents sooner or later become exhausted because Suzanne, due to her steadiness and accuracy, is able to prolong rallies to almost any extent that suits her fancy and when the girl on the other side of the net becomes leg weary Suzanne finds it an easy matter to place her shots for points.

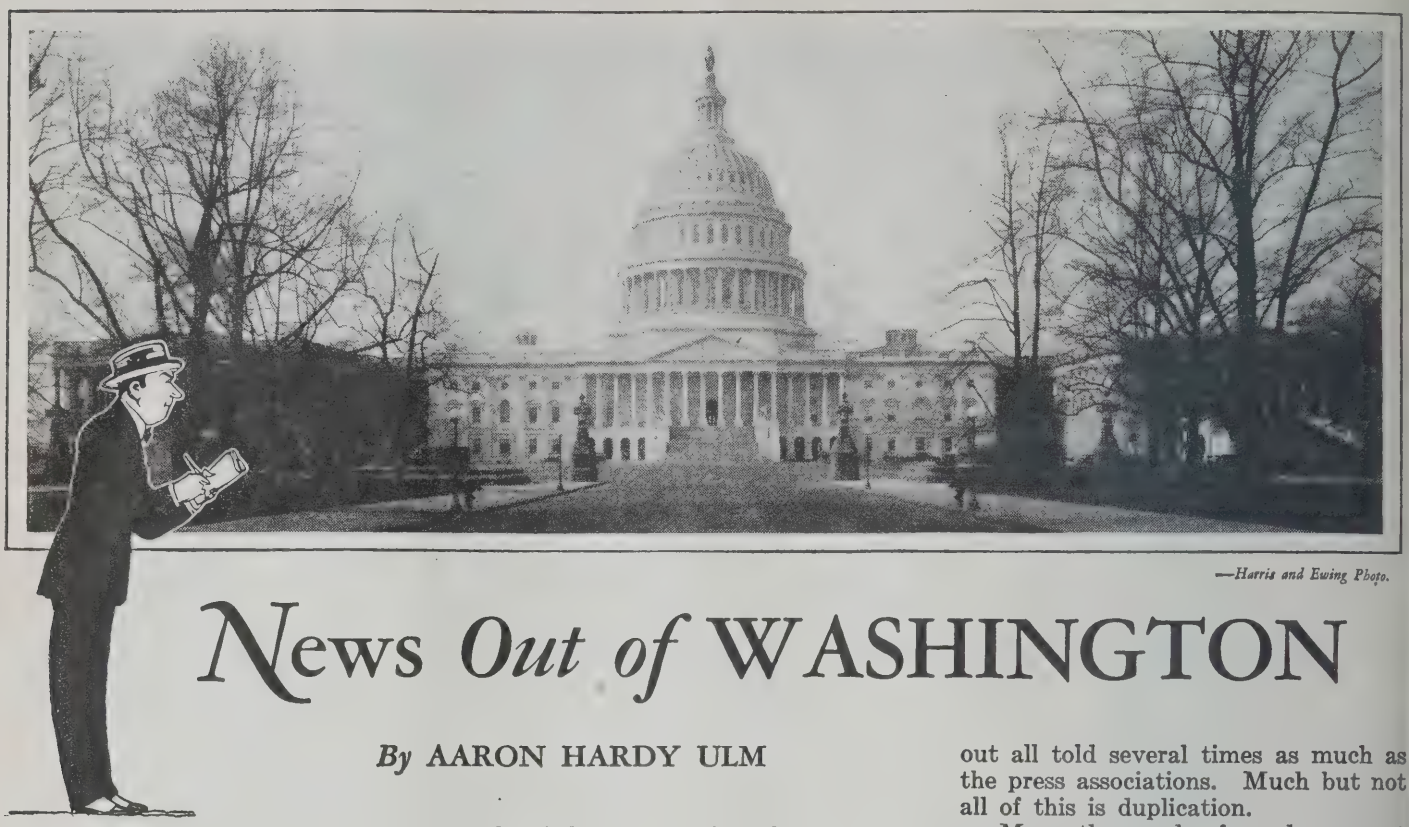
Suzanne is nearly always on the balls of her feet. Throughout a match she is literally on her toes. She is in position to go after a ball in any direction. She starts quickly and moves faster than any woman she opposed during her career. She can return any kind of ball, forehand or backhand, and she has a change of pace.

Her court generalship is unusual. She mixes the length of her shots and changes direction with disconcerting suddenness. She catapults around the court, making one spectacular get after another. She measures her strokes to the inch. She jumps, lunges, whirls, but always with catlike grace and machine-like steadiness.



—Apeda Photo.

Suzanne has often been referred to as a 'pearl without price to France.' She has been more to tennis. She has brought to the galleries men and women who would not have come otherwise. She brought Queen Mary of England to the courts at Wimbledon last summer and kept her waiting half an hour. Only a Lenglen could do that. She gave color, interest, excitement and brilliance to even the dullest of matches and she (*Continued on page 27*)



—Harris and Ewing Photo.

News Out of WASHINGTON

By AARON HARDY ULM

SOME day when there is nothing else to do I am going to write an article showing that the City of Washington, District of Columbia, is not in the United States. Along with other items of supporting evidence, I expect to list a series of recurring announcements of the 'discovery' of this removed and unknown capital of the nation.

A current announcement of that kind lies before me. It is put forth, by a well-known periodical, with a flourish that would not be excessive did the promised 'discoveries' have to do with the North Pole, the Amazon Basin, or the Sargasso Sea. At last—or rather again— a route to the 'real' Washington has been hewed out. And as a result there are to be put forth 'the real facts which the general public never gets, information that other papers may know but do not print' about what goes on in the 'real' Washington. Certainly a bold adventure by daring explorers!

One may wonder what that large army of exploring people always in Washington thinks about it. Probably nothing; to that army it is old stuff. There are in Washington approximately five hundred full-time writing people who serve directly a thousand or more publications. Add the publications that are served through the press associations or syndicating services and the number will go 'way up in the thousands, including every known grade and shade of opinion and purpose.

There are in Washington perhaps one thousand persons, in addition to reporters and regular correspondents, who help to sustain what, next to Government, is the city's leading industry. Some of them, free-lance writers, are circumscribed only by the reading demands of the public—and not always even by that. Some are officials who write for publication on the side, or make ready—as a large percentage of them do—to take the public into their confidence upon leaving office. Some are Government employes with spare time and a flare for the pen or typewriter. Others are publicity men whose business it is to provide material for others who write, and to send free copy directly to publications throughout the country. A hundred or so of these are employed by the Government itself.

So if the 'real' Washington and what goes on therein is not regularly presented to the country through the public prints, the fault surely is not lack of facilities.

This writer once made an inquiry as to the volume of 'copy,' that is, written or wired manuscript intended for the public prints, that goes out of Washington daily. It was found to be so huge that only rough approximations could be made. The press associations alone send out from Washington around 50,000 words of news copy every day. This would fill fifty or more columns of newspaper space. Since every important item of news is covered by each association, much of this is duplication. But the sendings of the Associated Press alone probably would fill a newspaper page every day, and frequently much more. All the bureaus and special correspondents maintained there by newspapers send out all told several times as much as the press associations. Much but not all of this is duplication.

Many thousands of words are sent out every day by writers for trade and other special publications. There is little duplication in this. Add the outpourings of special writers and publicity men and you will have a spectacle of mass as well as individualized production of news information in Washington. The gross output is probably not less than 500,000 words a day. A very large proportion is published. It would seem that the 'real' Washington and what goes on therein could not escape an outgoing flood of such big proportions.

YET there is a rather general belief that the 'real' Washington and what goes on therein does in much part escape, that there are quantities of information which the public never gets. Hence the recurring announcements like that aforesaid.

This one, like most of the others, is quite convincing and no doubt is a prelude to much that will be interesting. It may depend on the 'slant' taken by those who do the disclosing. Whatever its special classification—factual, investigatory, satirical, analytical—the 'slant' no doubt will partake of a characteristic common to that always taken by explorers of the 'real' Washington. This is a viewing of the capital as a place removed, mysterious, Machiavellian, to an extent beyond the common ken of the country.

In some senses Washington is removed to the point whereby a good case could be made out for the claim that our capital is really not in the United States. It is cut off geographically from the other (*Continued on page 24*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE American people are not warlike and have an intense repulsion toward national bullyism in any form. They do not maintain an army to serve as an auxiliary of commercial exploitation, nor a navy to do the bidding of international bankers. On the contrary, the American people like to think of American business as the ambassador of understanding and good will among the nations whither it goes, and not the forerunner of strife and intervention and subsequent domination.

It is true that with the general approval of the world we have established ourselves as the strong friend of the liberties of all the American nations, north and south. That gives us a responsibility which we cannot shirk and involves the exercise of a certain wise and disinterested oversight, especially with reference to any designs which non-American powers may have upon the Pan-American republics.

But it seems that we have exercised that oversight in a manner that has raised serious misinterpretation of our motives. Such a condition, of course, is not single in its cause. A considerable part of it is due to the character and methods of private enterprises in the nations south of us. Bankers have inveigled some of these countries into burdensome loans, even, it is said, with the assistance of government pressure. Commercial adventurers, in many instances, have conducted themselves like pirates, for the exploitation and not the development of the countries and peoples into which they have gone. Individuals here and there, not realizing that they were representatives of all of us at home, have given our neighbor nations strange views of what sort of people we are. We have not always considered the dignities of the peoples from whom, as a government, we have attempted to collect the private debts of private concerns; and there has been too frequent a recurrence in the press of 'Marines have been landed' on missions which we as a people knew nothing about and could not defend to the accusations of our own minds.

The result is that we have been too often unnecessarily obliged to adopt an attitude in the absence of facts; either the attitude of condemning our national action out of hand, or of sustaining the government in all it does, however grave our doubts may be. But the stronger tendency among our people has been to disapprove of all threats or movements of force upon our neighbors. Americans are, of all people, the readiest to call a halt on any sudden use of force. And this, though it indicates a certain prejudice in favor of fairness, compels opposition to Government, which is a bad thing for any nation to have to do. Lack of confidence in Government is a bad thing for any country.

Add to this the unceasing efforts of certain European nations to encourage a suspicion and dislike of the North Americans, and there results a condition which may be said to create the very situations which necessitate our Government making certain moves, but which may be better said to make it more incumbent on our Government to show by superior fairness and good will that our interest is to be preferred above that of others.

> *IF THE Marines could be landed sometimes to haul out of Central and South American republics the type of American business man that leads to war, it would give the United States a better setting in the eyes of the world. Yank them out and send them home where we can take care of them. Then we should read with less doubt and fear the increasingly frequent news, 'The Marines have landed.' Let them land on the right people, the people who bind the little nations in loans, and exploit them in commerce, and mislead them in industry. Let the Marines be the agents of the American people and not a special police on behalf of the interests.*

We have the Philippines and Cuba as examples of excellent original motives being obscured and distorted by the after results. The too obtrusive result of our entrance into those places has been the opening it gave to some of the worst phases of our exploitive commercialism. It is inevitable that trade should follow the flag, but it is not inevitable that the flag should stand as the symbol of protection to all sorts of misdealing. To release an island from the rule of an over-sea tyrannous system, and then shackle it in bondage to an equally tyrannous money system, is not improving matters. It makes money, but it does not increase national honor.

If our Banners are Sugar and Oil and Loans, let us say so at once. If it is impossible for a nation like ours to deal in scrupulous generosity with the people we have undertaken to protect, if all our protestations of disinterested humanity are purely for popular consumption, let us have it understood. It were better so, for it must be clear to every one now that the things prepared for popular consumption are not being swallowed. In any case, let the reasons given for our action be truthful ones, and *let us see the men and the interests*, who they are, for whom 'the Marines have landed.'

America has plenty of business men among her South and Central American neighbors for whom no Marines were ever needed.

As a people we are lamentably ignorant of the problems of Pan-America, but we instinctively know that landing the Marines does not make for better neighborliness, and we are equally certain that business which creates the need of Marines should be summoned home. It would be a fine spectacle for the world if some day the Marines should land and wind up some lines of business which make for war, and send their managers home.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Are You Aware—?

THE United States has spent more than a quarter of a billion dollars in complying with the provisions of the Washington Armament Limitation Treaty. The exact net expenditure in junking part of the nation's battle fleet was $277,696,994. The estimated expenditure for Great Britain is placed at $169,939,567, and for Japan, $106,796,300. The figures were recently supplied to Congress by the Navy Department, at the request of Representative E. R. Ackerman of New Jersey.

'I believe that Americans should be made aware of the dollars-and-cents cost of our participation in the disarmament conference,' Mr. Ackerman told his colleagues. 'The figures show that we destroyed *new* property to the value of $142,000,000 in order that we might keep faith with the other powers in our agreement for disarmament. We ought not, it seems to me, put ourselves in the position where we might have to do this again in the near future, without full consideration of the cost to the taxpayers.'

He believes that 'Americans should be made aware,' does he? So do we. But *are* they aware?

Will for Secretary

WE RESPECTFULLY suggest to the Government the appointment of Will Rogers as Secretary of State for Pan-American Affairs. We are just as serious about this as Will Rogers is in whatever he may say, and Will is one of the really serious men in our public life. If you have noticed it, all of his topics are serious and all of his comments are philosophical. The laugh that follows is the human spirit's gay reception of a Wisdom which statecraft and other professionalism exist to suppress. True wisdom is gay; it's ignorance that makes us dull and sober. In a truer sense than we have realized, our real humorists are our wisest men.

Will Rogers is the only man who ever went to Europe and said his straight American say about the war debts and left the debtors feeling better for it. All other spokesmen left them feeling bitter. He is the only man who ever sent back 'inside stuff' that is absolutely true.

So, Will should be pulled off his present work of instructing the American people at one-night stands, and sent down to pacify Nicaragua, returning via Mexico. He can straighten out all misunderstandings single-handed. He doesn't know how to talk as Oil, Sugar and Loans do it, but he knows how to talk like an American. And we have missed that note from diplomatic discourse of late.

One danger, of course, is that Will might set us laughing at ourselves. Yet our State Department has often been very solemnly funny in a stuffy way which, because of its inability to laugh, has sometimes left it in a bad way.

One advantage of Will's connection with the State Department as Secretary for Pan-American Affairs would be that a folly could be dispelled in laughter privately before it attained the dignity of an Administration Policy. This would ease the strain on Senatorial tempers and save the nation's nerves.

Charlie in Realistic Role

THE next Front Page Show of the Moron Movies is about to begin. A Big Double Bill—'Peaches' and Charlie—headliners both. And there will not be a new line in either act, not a line. Every pertinent question is already answered by the interested public: why did Lita marry Charlie? why did 'Peaches' marry old man Browning? These being answered, everything is answered. Trials and interviews and confessions cannot possibly educe a single new element. And yet the deluge will overwhelm the great American press; our best writers are already getting ringside seats; and the press agents of both sides are putting up experimental barrages.

In Charlie's case, of course, the possible outcome is serious. He is fighting for his place in pictures, and there are wise men in filmdom who say that he is in danger of losing it—that a man cannot be protected against his folly forever. Lita appears to have been his 'once too often'—she had a family that could fight and figure at the same time. Marriage temporarily prevented the threatened scandal; it was at a time when Hollywood could not afford another scandal under any circumstances. But now the armistice with fate is over, and the deluge is here. It appears that Charlie had a number of matters hanging over his head, income tax arrears and the like, and all crashed at once. And Lita's lawyers seem to have overlooked nothing.

However, to those who know they cannot escape the deluge of newspaper slush, and yet would weather the period as cleanly and comfortably as possible, the suggestion may come with grace that a virtue be made of necessity and the whole matter be turned into a Study of Propaganda. This fight, being primarily for Charlie's place in the films, is going to be carried to the public. Only public opinion can hold that place for him. And the struggle for public opinion has begun. Its strategy will be worth observing. First, the almost unheralded flight to New York City, with premonitory wails of woe at Chicago, as Charlie vainly tried to avoid publicity. Then the hectic confession in New York, the dear man's love for children, and his serious experiments to de-

termine whether nature had endowed him with paternal powers—a really tear-compelling recital, poor man! Then the nervous breakdown, so sudden and so mysterious. And now the dramatic refusal of the comedian to have any women around him, not even a woman nurse, because the sight of one brings too poignantly to mind the perfidy of the sex!

What the next act will be, is not known at this writing, except that there certainly will be one, and then another, and so on, a 'continuous show,' until Lita is settled with in some fashion or other.

This, then, is the only safety we see from what is coming—study the matter as an early 20th Century method of slugging the movie mind of the United States. It will also be opportune to study the dignity and fairness of the United States press. In other words, Charlie and Lita are merely incidental—the bigger game is the Public.

Army Grub

TWO illuminating bits of information come out of Washington:

> More than 15,000 men deserted from the United States Army during 1926—a desertion rate equaled only once in the past forty years.
>
> The food ration for the Army during the year was 35 cents per day per man.

It is obvious that the two are related. General Summerall, Chief of Staff, recently told Congress that private soldiers get only one good meal a day. How the Government expects the Army to keep its men in good health and spirits at a cost of little more than a dime a meal passes the understanding of the ordinary householder. Yet not only does the Government expect that, it *demands* it: and the officers are held responsible for maintaining the morale and the loyalty of their men.

There is flagrant unfairness in the treatment accorded the Army. The Navy and the Marine Corps have a ration of approximately 55 cents. But in the face of this, the Director of the Budget cut the Army *subsistence appropriation* from $20,000,000 to $18,000,000. The Army is honestly following the Administration's program of economy. Through the selling of waste material and through other devices it saved more than a million dollars in 1926. The money, however, reverted to the United States Treasury, where it became fused with other general funds and did not benefit the Army.

Many Army posts cannot buy their supplies through the quartermaster; they must make individual purchases from local stores, at prevailing local prices. They cannot spread 35 cents over a very generous portion of food, and it is frequently necessary for soldiers to spend a large part of their meager $21-a-month salary for the food which their Government should supply them. A condition under which more than 15,000 men voluntarily become criminals and fugitives from justice in one year demands speedy remedy.

Deporting Aliens

THE views of those persons who oppose the Alien Deportation Bill are interesting. Ernst Freund, for instance, a director of the Civil Liberties Union, questions what he terms the 'moral right' of the United States to deport undesirable aliens. He says:

> That may be an interesting question, and some time it may be submitted to the World Court. Your provisions may be all right from the standpoint of American constitutional law, but will they stand scrutiny if we get away from our particular Constitution and our constitutional law and ask whether this affirmative burden of proof is really in accord with the universal law?

Getting 'away from our particular Constitution' appears the chief aim of those who would be most affected by the proposed law. There are more than one million foreigners unlawfully residing in the United States. The rapidly increasing number of alien criminals and insane presents a serious problem. The existing law is inadequate. Yet such powerful influences are arrayed against the Alien Deportation Bill that the chances for its enactment during the present session of Congress are held to be slim.

During Chicago's reign of terror last year when that city was virtually at the mercy of alien gunmen the Government rounded up hundreds of undesirables and issued deportation warrants against them. Because of flaws in the law it was possible to deport only eighteen—fourteen to Mexico and four to Italy. The remainder were released. The Alien Deportation Bill would tighten the Government's rein on these undesirables. It would extend to *seven* years the period within which an alien may be deported for becoming a public charge, or for being mentally defective. It would extend to *ten* years the period within which an alien may be deported upon conviction for a felony. It would remove altogether the time limit for deporting an alien convicted of a second felony. It provides for deporting habitual alien criminals who have escaped with sentences of less than a year but whose aggregate sentences total eighteen months or more. It retains the section of the present law making deportable those who advocate anarchy, or the overthrow of the Government by force.

All these provisions seem fair enough. Law-abiding aliens have nothing to fear. To the contrary, the bill seems designed in their favor, for it would legalize the status of those aliens who entered the United States illegally prior to July 1, 1924, who have been obeying the laws of the nation since that time. But such lenity is not enough to satisfy our internationalists. They are above American law and the American Constitution. Only 'universal law,' whatever that is, is good enough for them.

When FRANCE Got Back *Her Favorite Daughter*

Alsace *the* Lovely

By A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY

Thann, Alsace, is one of the most beautiful villages of France with traditions and customs of its own, and an art, architecture, songs and folklore which are like those of no other country.

NO ONE who was living in France during the years of the war can ever forget the prime importance which the question of Alsace-Lorraine and the return of these provinces to the *patrie* after forty-eight years of foreign domination assumed in the eyes of all prominent Frenchmen. Every visitor to Paris before the end of 1918 must remember the black-draped statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, where on the occasion of every national fête pathetic and sometimes frantic demonstrations of patriotism would take place, which that great Frenchman, Paul Déroulède, would often lead.

Gambetta, who was from the south, with all his patriotism, had in 1871 exclaimed, 'Let us say no more about it!' But his fellow countrymen never took that view. The Alsatians themselves never forgot their old allegiance, as is shown by the fact that yearly some 5,000 youths of military age passed over the frontier rather than serve in Germany, while between 1870 and 1890 about 220,000 refractory youths were brought up before the local courts.

Distinguished Frenchmen, like the philosopher Emile Boutroux, and Alsatian patriots, like the Abbé Wetterle and Maurice Barrès, had reiterated to me frequently during the conflict that there could be no termination to it until Alsace was returned to France.

And then when the end came, and it was learned that French and American troops had taken Metz, and had marched into Alsace (Strasbourg was entered on November 22, 1918, but only by French troops under General Gouraud), then the delirium of joy all over France knew no bounds, especially in Paris, where all that famous night the searchlights from the Eiffel Tower played on the statue, no longer shrouded with crape but almost hidden under heaps of flowers, and people stood before it unable to check their tears.

Today Alsace is one of the most beautiful provinces of France, with traditions and customs of its own, and an art, architecture, songs and folklore which are like those of no other part of the country. Do not think that these traditions and local customs are German, for they are not. I do not wish to discuss politics here, but it is well known that the efforts of the Germans from 1871 to 1918 to Germanize the province failed utterly. It was indeed rather the contrary, for as Maurice Barrés said, French culture penetrated more into Germany through Alsace than the reverse, since all Germans going to the annexed province, especially the officers, took back with them to their own country something of French ideas and tastes. Alsace had had a sort of civilization ages ago when the Germanic hordes were still roaming about in their forests.

The history of the two provinces, which has been agitated enough, goes back to very ancient times; and if to

Portion of one of the small Alsatian towns which have preserved much of their old-time charm.

some extent in the course of time they became Germanized, it must be remembered that before the annexation of 1871, Alsace had been united to France for two hundred years and Lorraine since 1766.

In spite of these vicissitudes, Alsace with Brittany and Bearn has preserved its physiognomy and picturesqueness better than most of the French provinces. Strasbourg itself was in an old song ages ago called *die wunderschöne Stadt*, and so it is today—one of the most beautiful cities in the country. The addition of fortifications, completed in 1880, changed it somewhat from what it was when Victor Hugo described its beauties, but the clear green waters of the two pretty and unspoiled rivers, the Ill and the Aar, still run between masses of picturesque edifices, with their gables and steep roofs with many windows; and the portions of the city burned down and rebuilt by the Germans are not very considerable.

A picturesque view from Vosges Mountains overlooking precipices of unusual beauty.

IN A suburb of Strasbourg, and near to its port, is the Bridge of Kehl, on the 'noble Rhine,' which leads to Germany, for the frontier passes through the middle of the bridge and the river. Beyond on the other side stretch the Black Forest and the immense plain of the Rhine, one of the richest regions of Germany and strikingly similar to Alsace and the Vosges both in the configuration of the mountainous country (the two chains starting and ending in the same latitude, and having the same rounded forms, domes and plateaus) and in the vegetation and even the architecture—while the very storks, in their picturesque poses on the roofs, favor both sides of the river impartially—though the truth must be told that the storks these days come much less frequently and since the war have almost abandoned these regions.

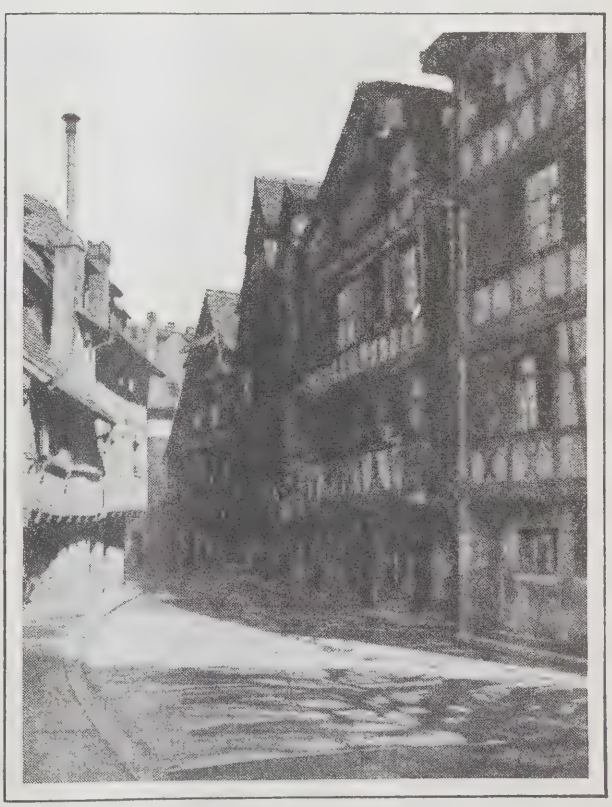
Alsace, then, forms a passage or corridor between the River Rhine and the range of the Vosges; and it was for this reason that the old Gallic city, dropping its ugly Latin name, came to be called Strateburg, or Strassburg, the burgh on the roads. Throughout the province, from Saverne to Mulhouse, the stranger sees the same delightful succession of towns and villages built in the famous pink sandstone, which seems to make it smile with an eternal spring, backed by the blue mountains, which are still here and there dotted with medieval castles and covered with the dark green of pines and firs, the lighter tint of the beeches and birches, the bright green of the meadows, and the slaty tone of the vines. Now and then the green is relieved by the sky-reflecting blue of a lake or river.

A fine province for the artist and the lover of the picturesque, and an ideal one, too, as I found, for the mere automobilist, bent on getting the freshest air and much of it. I have mentioned the pink architecture, and the visitor will be struck with the continuity of tradition in the architecture, which in spite of endless diversity—whether Moyennage, Renaissance, or 18th Century—seems always to keep its distinction, character and unity, as if those who through the ages built new houses according to new ideas nevertheless respected the old.

In places like Strasbourg and Colmar there are whole streets lined with houses built two or three centuries apart, each in the style of its time and yet all presenting an identical physiognomy. The first really French architecture did not appear until the early part of the 18th Century, under Louis XIV, and was in the first place mostly military. The Renaissance had had little influence in Alsace as in other parts where Gothic still reigned supreme.

If you ask an Alsatian which are the greatest glories of his country, it is practically certain that he will reply: the Cathedral of Strasbourg and St. Odile—the one a superb work of art, the other the mountain summit dedicated to the Patron Saint of the province. Here, on the top of a rock, accessible only on one side and overlooking on the others three precipices, is a shrine which the natives hold most dear. Barbarians, Celts, Gauls, and Romans have left their stamp here. It is the chief object of pilgrimages in the province (first of all for the believers,

(*Continued on page 26*)



Old houses in the quarter of Strasbourg known as 'La Petite France.'

STRANGE MEN *Who Could Not* Keep Straight

By GEORGE HENRY PARISH

PART II

IN TEXAS there lived a man about eighty years old who was known in the prison at San Quentin, California, as Charlie. During the Civil War he was a member of the famous Quantrelle gang which fought for the South. After the war he went West and became a stage robber.

In the late seventies, Charlie and another man robbed a stage in Nevada County, California. In the strong box they found $15,000 in cash and took it. It so happened that the man who owned the money was a passenger in the stage. He was a banker. When he saw robbers taking his cash he became frantic. He leaped from the stage, threw his arms around Charlie and tried to get the money. Charlie's partner told the banker to lay off, but the banker paid no attention. Charlie's partner shot him dead.

The two desperadoes bought a team and an express wagon and drove by way of Arizona and New Mexico to New Orleans, where they divided what was left of the money and separated. Charlie went to a little town near the Ohio-Indiana border, bought a little lumber yard, worked hard and prospered. People liked him. He was even discussed as a candidate for mayor.

Away off, somewhere else, Charlie's former partner in crime had just been picked up by the police and was lying in jail drunk. He had a cell-mate and to this cell-mate he told the story of how he and a man named Charlie, who now ran a lumber yard in a certain town which he named, had years before robbed a stage in California and killed a man. The prisoner to whom the story was told repeated it to the prison authorities.

The wires to San Francisco tingled a little and in a few days the San Francisco chief of police swooped down upon Charlie in his lumber yard, and took him to Nevada City, where he was placed upon trial for murder. Charlie's partner was brought along too and he was convicted, sentenced to death and hanged.

Charlie escaped death by the vote of one juror—a former Confederate soldier. He was willing to send Charlie up for life, but he balked at hanging him. So Charlie went up for life.

Charlie had no more than got into the prison at San Quentin than he began to lay plans to get out. In a little while he noticed that a trusty drove a cart out of the prison two or three times a day and that whenever it rained the cart was covered with a tarpaulin. A man at the gate was supposed to raise the tarpaulin and look under it, but Charlie noticed that, three times out of four, he let the wagon go by without inspection.

At once the idea developed in Charlie's mind to get under the tarpaulin the first time it rained and ride out to liberty. But to do this he must know the driver. He confided his idea to another prisoner who wanted to break out. The other prisoner said he could fix it—he himself would become the driver. He had a plan to bring this about. He made a beautiful inlaid cribbage board and gave it to the official in charge of the prison. The official was delighted. 'I'll give this to my wife for Christmas,' he said. 'Isn't there something I can do for you?'

Of course there was. The man would like to drive the wagon. And the next day he was driving it.

The first rainy day Charlie crawled under the tarpaulin that covered the wagon and the journey to the outside world began. Once outside the prison walls, they soon abandoned the horse and wagon, plunged into a barley field and covered themselves with straw. Not an hour had passed before they heard the prison guards who were out with guns combing the country.

AFTER hiding days and traveling nights for a week they reached Sacramento, where Charlie bought a revolver and went to a restaurant for the first meal since he left prison. He had no more than sat down before two policemen came in, lighted cigars at the cashier's desk and talked for a minute or two. Charlie put his revolver on his knees, under the table, but the policemen walked out. After the two desperadoes had finished their meal they went out and another policeman followed them. Charlie drew his revolver, hid it under his coat, and faced them.

'Are you following us?' he asked.

'Where are you going?' said the officer.

'We are going home,' replied Charlie.

The answer satisfied the officer and he went his way.

'He never knew,' said Charlie, 'how close he came to Kingdom Come.'

The two desperadoes spent the winter in the vicinity, pretending to be woodchoppers, and in the summer drifted to Chicago, where they separated. Charlie went to work, boarded with two sisters, fell in love with one of them, became engaged to her, saved $800, bought a lot upon which to build a home, and was about to be married when, for the second time, a pal, caught at robbery, told the police where Charlie was.

Charlie, in prison again, sent for the girl to whom he was engaged, told her for the first time who and what he was, told her that he would soon be taken back to California to spend the rest of his life in San Quentin prison, gave her the lot and the $800 that he had saved, together with his gold watch and chain—and bade her goodby!

CHARLIE was taken back to San Quentin and had been there twenty-nine years when Mr. Older first saw him.

The manner of their meeting was dramatic. On one of his frequent visits to the prison where Older used to go to talk with the prisoners, he was shown into the little room where a rope dangles from a beam and a trap-door is in the floor beneath. A prisoner who acted as guide made a little talk, explaining everything. He was an old man—nearly seventy—but still of good appearance, erect and strong. He told how a heavy weight was attached to the rope to take all of the elasticity out of it, and how three prisoners cut three different cords, only one of which was attached to the fatal trap, this to make it so that no one could know which had cut the cord that counted. All this and more the old man told as if a gallows had never meant anything in his life.

Something in the man's manner so interested Older that he asked the warden who he was.

'That's Charlie,' replied the warden. 'He is an old stage robber, in for life for murder. He has been here twenty-nine years.'

'My God, why isn't he paroled?' exclaimed Older.

'I wish you would get him paroled,' replied the warden. 'He is a fine character. I would trust him to take a million dollars around the world and bring it back to me. He would come

back on the appointed day with every cent of it.'

Older had a good deal of trouble in getting Charlie out. Up in Nevada County there was still much feeling against him, but Older eventually got a number of the leading citizens to sign the petition for the bandit's parole and Hiram Johnson, who was then Governor of California, granted it—as a Christmas present to Older.

Before Charlie was actually released, he had what might be called a 'coming-out party.' Various prisoners stole from the stores of the prison the different ingredients of a dinner, including cigars, and one of the prisoners made a large supply of home-brew. With the consent of the prison officials, the dinner was pulled off after midnight when all the prisoners except Charlie and his friends were asleep. When the repast was over and Charlie, comfortably full of home-brew and with a good cigar, settled back in his chair he was ready to talk as he had not talked in twenty-nine years.

After Charlie's release, Older took him to his ranch and set him at farm work. It was on one of the days immediately following that Charlie first told Older of the girl to whom he had been engaged so many years ago.

'I think I have her picture here now,' he said as he reached into his pocket and drew forth the picture of a very nice looking young woman.

'Of course, she isn't young any more,' he mused. 'She must be almost as old as I am. She wrote to me for eighteen years, but I finally advised her to stop writing as she might want to be married some day and if she were writing to a man in prison it would be difficult for her to explain it.'

Charlie worked well at the ranch, saved his money, was generally respected and Governor Johnson eventually gave him a full pardon, thus restoring his citizenship. At the ranch he associated with various kinds of criminals whom Older was trying to reform, all of whom he could stand except petty crooks. One time Charlie saw another employe smoking Older's cigars. Charlie denounced him in the most savage English he could command and then rushed up to the house to see if the man had also stolen Mrs. Older's necklace. Mrs. Older was not at home and Charlie, knowing where she kept her necklace, feared it might have been taken. But it was there.

Charlie finally became too old for farm work and Older got him a light job in San Francisco. One night there came to his room a burglar who was working at Older's ranch. The burglar, who was somewhat drunk, said that he had just robbed a woman of the underworld of six dollars.

'Where are you going tonight?' asked Charlie.

'Back to Older's ranch,' replied the burglar.

'Don't you dare,' exclaimed Charlie, getting out of bed. 'Don't you dare go to Older's ranch with stolen money in your pockets. You come with me.'

Charlie dressed himself, went out with the burglar and made him return the money to the woman from whom he had stolen it.

AFTER Charlie's citizenship was restored he went to Texas to start life anew—at the age of more than seventy! He said he was never going to let any of his new friends know who he was or what he had done. Older said that the last time he heard from Charlie he was well and happy.

As criminals go, Charlie was quite a normal old fellow. He would rob stages, or hold up a citizen, but he was not a 'nut'—he had no little peculiarities that defied explanation. Older's inquiries into criminal character had so often brought him into touch with queer crooks that he was quite delighted when an ex-prisoner on his ranch told him about George.

George was forty years old and a burglar. Older had got him paroled and he was coming to the ranch. A man who had served in prison with him vouched for him to the limit.

'I tell you, Mr. Older,' said the man, 'that guy George is 100 per cent right. I know because we were in San Quentin together in the same cell. We were in an eight-by-ten room for three years and never had a cross word. Few men get along that well with their wives.'

When George came to the ranch, Older was glad to make the acquaintance of 'a guy who was 100 per cent right.' He looked all right. He was gentle, kind, sympathetic and had never used tobacco or alcohol.

Moreover, George was very fond of children and the youngsters at the ranch soon became fond of him. They did not know he was a burglar and warmed up to him just as they would warm up to anyone who paid attention to them and was kind to them. He took the youngsters into a nearby forest and showed them a little waterfall he had made that he called his 'Little Yosemite.' He told them fairy tales, showed how he had trained certain squirrels so that if he knocked on the trees in which they lived they would come out on the branches. George was very nice.

But one evening when Older returned from the city, Mrs. Older met him down the road all excited and her hands trembling. She said George had turned queer. When she had asked him to turn a calf into the pasture where it could learn to eat grass he refused to do it. She told him that Mr. Older wanted the calf turned into the pasture but that made no difference. He said the calf might eat too much grass and die and he would not turn it into the pasture for Older or anyone else. Older said to let George have his way and there the matter dropped.

A few evenings later the former prisoner who said George was '100 per cent right' came around to call and spend the night at the farmhouse. Older decided to say nothing to him about George's queerness.

The next morning the visitor went to Older and told him that George had gone to the bad.

'He is 90 per cent wrong now, Mr. Older,' he said. 'You know the electric pump that pumps water up to your house. I asked him to turn the switch and set it going. You had told me to start it this morning. Do you suppose he would turn the switch? He would not. When I told him you wanted the pump started he said he did not care if you did, that you were using altogether too much water at the house, particularly on the flowers, and that furthermore the pump would be worn out if it were used so much.

'I told him that you would not live at the house if there were no flowers and that if the pump were to wear out you would buy a new one, but it made no difference. He said he would not do what he knew was wrong for you or any other man. "If Mr. Older ordered me to kill one of the horses," he said, "do you suppose I would do it just because he told me to?"

'I replied that I (*Continued on page 20*)

CALIFORNIA. *Drawing by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

The BALLOON That Never Returned

A Mystery Story of the Arctic

The great balloon fairly leaped into the air.

By BURT M. McCONNELL

Illustrated by
CHARLES L. McCONNELL

IN ALL the annals of Arctic history there is no deeper mystery than that surrounding the disappearance of Salomon Andrée and his two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, during an attempt to drift over the North Pole in a free balloon.

On the morning of July 15, four days after the start from Spitsbergen, a carrier pigeon, apparently exhausted, alighted on the rigging of a sailing vessel near Andrée's base, and was shot by one of the crew. It was only by the merest accident that the message wrapped around one of the tail feathers of the bird was found, as the sailor who shot the pigeon thought it was a young ptarmigan. The amazement of the captain may be imagined when he read:

> July 13th, 1897. 82.2° North; 15.5° East. Good progress toward the North. All goes well on board. This message is the third by carrier pigeon. Andrée.

That is the only word, direct or indirect, that the world has received for thirty years concerning the ill-fated Andrée party.

Andrée made his ascent from Spitsbergen, 618 geographical miles from the North Pole, in a 20-mile wind. If his voyage had continued northward at that speed, the three aeronauts would have been at least a hundred miles beyond the Pole at noon of the second day out. But the pigeon message tells another story. Instead of having made an aerial voyage of 850 miles, they were, at noon of July 13, only 145 geographical miles from their point of departure. The question thus arises: Was the 20-mile-an-hour wind in which they ascended part of a cyclonic or whirling storm? Perhaps Andrée's first two pigeon messengers explained the strange movements of the huge gas bag—but these messengers were never recovered.

Nor did any of the other thirty-two carrier pigeons which the explorer took with him ever return, although King Oscar, of Sweden, sent broadcast throughout Siberia and other countries bordering the polar seas offers of a large reward for any information concerning the explorers. For months a sharp lookout was kept by all ships in northern latitudes for the balloon drifting on the ice or in the water, and the natives of Siberia, Alaska, Northern Canada, and Greenland were urged to keep a lookout for the shipwrecked men. But with the exception of the third message by carrier pigeon, no trace has ever been found of Andrée and his two companions.

Several years ago, the writer, in company with Vilhjalmur Stefansson and two members of his expedition, was marooned on the north coast of Alaska. During the winter we heard, from Eskimo and white men alike, two versions, remarkable for their similarity, of the Andrée mystery. One was to the effect that an Indian in touch with one of the northernmost factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, while traveling along the north coast of Canada some eight hundred miles to the eastward, had met a party of Eskimos who had with them a good deal of brass and other metal fittings out of which they made knives, arrowheads, and other weapons; a quantity of light- and medium-weight rope, and some fine waterproof cloth. These Eskimos told the Indian, according to his tale, that several years before while on one of the islands of the Arctic archipelago they had beheld the landing of a 'big bag,' larger than anything they had ever seen. This huge *avwatakpok* (inflated sealskin), said the Eskimo, sailed toward the islands from the frozen sea and finally landed.

Three men, so the story runs, stepped from this strange apparition and made what the Eskimo interpreted as a threatening gesture. Since neither party could converse with the other, one misunderstanding led to another and finally a fight followed, in which the white men were killed.

This story, as I recall, was received with much skepticism by our party. In the first place, an Indian from the Fort Churchill regions would never venture along the border of the Arctic

Ocean on a trading expedition, for the Indians of Northern Canada live in deadly fear of the Eskimos to the northward, and consider them barbarians and cannibals. Strange as it may seem, the Eskimos of Victoria Island, for example, hold the same belief concerning the Indians of the mainland.

It is unlikely, therefore, that any Indian ever communicated with the Copper or other Eskimos living in the vicinity of the North Magnetic Pole, or learned anything through them, indirectly, of Andrée's fate. There is also this to be said of the Eskimo: If you ask him specifically if he saw a balloon drop out of the sky, he will assure you that he did. There is no limit to his imagination, nor does he wish to seem inhospitable in giving you one answer when it is plainly apparent that you want a different reply. In other words, he aims to please. If our super-dirigible, the *Los Angeles*, were to land at an Eskimo village, it would occasion little, if any, surprise; for the natives devoutly believe that their medicine men are capable of making, for example, a trip to the moon between sunset and sunrise.

In the face of this childlike innocence, a statement that we have airplanes that can fly as far in one day as they can travel by dog team in six months would occasion little surprise, in view of their belief in the uncanny ability of their *shaman* or medicine man. Finally, it is very unlikely that three white men, equipped with modern rifles, would be worsted in a fight with Eskimos equipped with very primitive bows and arrows, even though the latter might be tipped with points made of native copper. As for the brass and other metal fittings, these could have been obtained from any of the numerous wrecks of whaling vessels scattered along the coast of Arctic Canada.

Their second tale, which is more probable than the first, is that the three white men who came down out of the sky in a 'big white igloo' starved to death, and that the natives thereupon confiscated the ropes and other equipment. This story came out by way of a mission, but in neither case was there any substantiation in the form of relics, pieces of rope, sections of the balloon, or other equipment by which the expedition could be identified.

There is this to be said in favor of the two stories, however: If Andrée and his two companions landed on solid land and starved to death or were killed, it would thus be possible to explain why no wreckage of the balloon has ever been picked up at sea or on any Arctic coast line. It is also possible that Andrée, after sending his third message, met with an unfavorable wind which carried him over to Greenland, and that while drifting over this desolate, ice-covered area, he was forced to land by an accumulation of snow on the balloon, and by an accumulation of ice on its ropes. There is also the possibility that the three aeronauts might have been so severely injured in the landing that escape from the Greenland ice cap was impossible. Whether they landed in the sea and were drowned, or descended on the ice fields between Spitsbergen and the Pole and perished there, or on one of the islands in the Far North, are questions that have been discussed, but never answered.

Andrée's final landing, if it was a voluntary one, would have depended upon the state of the wind. When a light wind is blowing, an aeronaut may descend to earth without much trouble, but a descent in a stiff wind is another matter. His safety may then depend on whether he can cut the basket loose before the balloon bounds upward, or before he is spilled out on the ground or the ice.

Unfortunately, instead of stowing his food, boat, and other equipment in the basket, and then arranging to cut the car loose in an emergency, Andrée carried all his provisions and equipment above the suspension ring. What may easily have happened, therefore, was the escape of the balloon, carrying with it the precious supplies and outfits, after the occupants had themselves been spilled out upon the land, in the water, or on an ice field. If the latter, they probably were unable to reach land by trudging over the rough surface of the Arctic pack. If they landed on the sea, the probabilities are that they were drowned almost immediately. But it is believed that they landed on the solid earth, since no trace of them has ever been found.

While Andrée's voyage into the unknown by balloon required a better grade of courage than the voyages of his Viking ancestors into uncharted seas, it was not a foolhardy adventure, as some have claimed. Nor was the commander of the expedition a mere adventurer. When he set out on his journey through the clouds in 1897, Andrée was 43 years of age. Two years before he had laid his ideas for a balloon expedition over the North Pole before the Swedish Academy

The message around one of the tail feathers was found.

of Science, and they had been approved. Meanwhile, he had made a number of balloon ascensions, and had had some thrilling adventures, having been carried on one occasion over the Baltic Sea to Finland. On another he made an involuntary aerial voyage from Gothenburg to an island nearly three hundred miles across the Baltic.

Andrée was fair-haired, keen-eyed, tall, muscular, and alert, with something in his manner that immediately singled him out as a man of daring and determination. His two companions were balloonists and civil engineers. The Andrée scheme for reaching the Pole by balloon was evolved after methods which had been employed for centuries had failed.

Andrée's balloon, the *Eagle*, was built by a well-known balloon maker of Paris, at an original cost of $10,000. The balloon was 97 feet from top to bottom, and 67 feet in diameter at its largest point. The original balloon, made in 1896, was made larger the following year by adding a strip 3¼ feet high in the middle. His thirty-two pigeons were secured in Holland, and trained at North Cape, Norway. The best were sent on board whaling vessels out into the polar sea, and released. Several flew southward; one was caught, three days after its escape, 1,000 miles south of the starting point; but the majority of them seemed to feel at home in Norway, and it was from this number that Andrée's pigeons were selected. When the balloon ascended on July 11, 1897, it carried food sufficient to last the party nine months, and ballast, equipment, and clothing which brought the total weight to five tons.

Andrée was not a dreamer by nature, but a practical balloonist, a member of the Swedish Academy of Science, a professor of pure and applied physical science, and perhaps the foremost European student of aerial navigation of his generation. It was his theory that at certain seasons of the year there were steady winds that blew from Spitsbergen to the Pole and beyond, and that high above these surface currents a steady northward gale would be found. This belief led him to his doom, just as Commander De Long's theory of a northward current had lured him to his death fifteen years before.

From his observations while a member of the Swedish Government's meteorological expedition to Spitsbergen, and from tests made by other scientists, Andrée concluded that these northern trade winds would carry the balloon to the unknown area between Spitsbergen and the Pole within a few days, then directly over the northern axis to Hudson's Bay or the mouth of the Mackenzie River. Or, if the wind should shift, he would be sure to reach Alaska or Siberia.

Receiving the support of other eminent scientists, Andrée appealed to the Swedish Government in 1895 to finance a balloon expedition having for its main object the exploration of unknown regions between Spitsbergen and the Pole and between the Pole and Alaska. A subscription list, headed by the King of Sweden, was soon completed, and the Swedish Government entered whole-heartedly into the plan. The expedition was elaborately outfitted in every detail. The balloon was the largest ever constructed. It was, in fact, four times as large as the average balloon of that day. Two, three, and in some places four thicknesses of Chinese silk, varnished inside and outside, were used to make the gas bag, and over this was an extra covering of silk, varnished and waterproofed.

The basket, 7 feet wide and 6 feet high, was made of waterproofed sailcloth, and was so arranged that one man could rest while the others remained above to make observations. A mattress and sleeping bags of reindeer skin covered the floor, and on the walls of the canvas basket were places for books, toilet articles, navigating instruments, charts, kitchen utensils, rifles and ammunition. There were two small windows.

The top of the basket served as the floor of the observatory, around which ran a large wooden ring. From this ring were suspended by ropes the picks, shovels, and other tools; a sledge, snowshoes, dog harness, and a light canoe covered with varnished silk. These ropes also held the food, consisting of condensed milk, pemmican, chocolate, bread and butter; and fresh water, champagne, and claret—enough to last Andrée and his companions for four months. It was Andrée's belief that if he was compelled to land on the ice and make his way back to civilization, he would be able to live for almost two years on the polar bears and seals in that section of the Arctic.

At the time Andrée's plans were being made, the wireless had not been invented. The only known method of sending back information was by carrier pigeon. The explorer took with him thirty-two of these birds, and in addition a dozen virtually indestructible buoys which he planned to drop into the water or on the ice as he drifted northward. An additional buoy, larger than the others, was to be left at his 'farthest north.' Each was equipped with a copper tube in which a record or dispatch could be placed. It was calculated that the balloon could remain in the air for at least a month, and that by throwing away superfluous equipment, Andrée could extend this to six weeks.

Andrée and his assistants loaded their balloon on board a steamship and, accompanied by several Swedish scientists and government officials, left Sweden on June 7, 1896. Arriving at one of the islands in the Spitsbergen group, which was to be the base of operations, they availed themselves of a cottage that had been erected several years before, put the pigeons in the attic, and established a camp. A portable balloon shed had already been built in Sweden, taken down, and stowed aboard the vessel. This was now brought ashore and assembled, the hydrogen gas tanks next were set up and by the middle of July the inflation of the big balloon began. Day by day for two weeks, the great bag began t

Three men stepped from this strange apparition and made a threatening gesture.

(Continued on page 20

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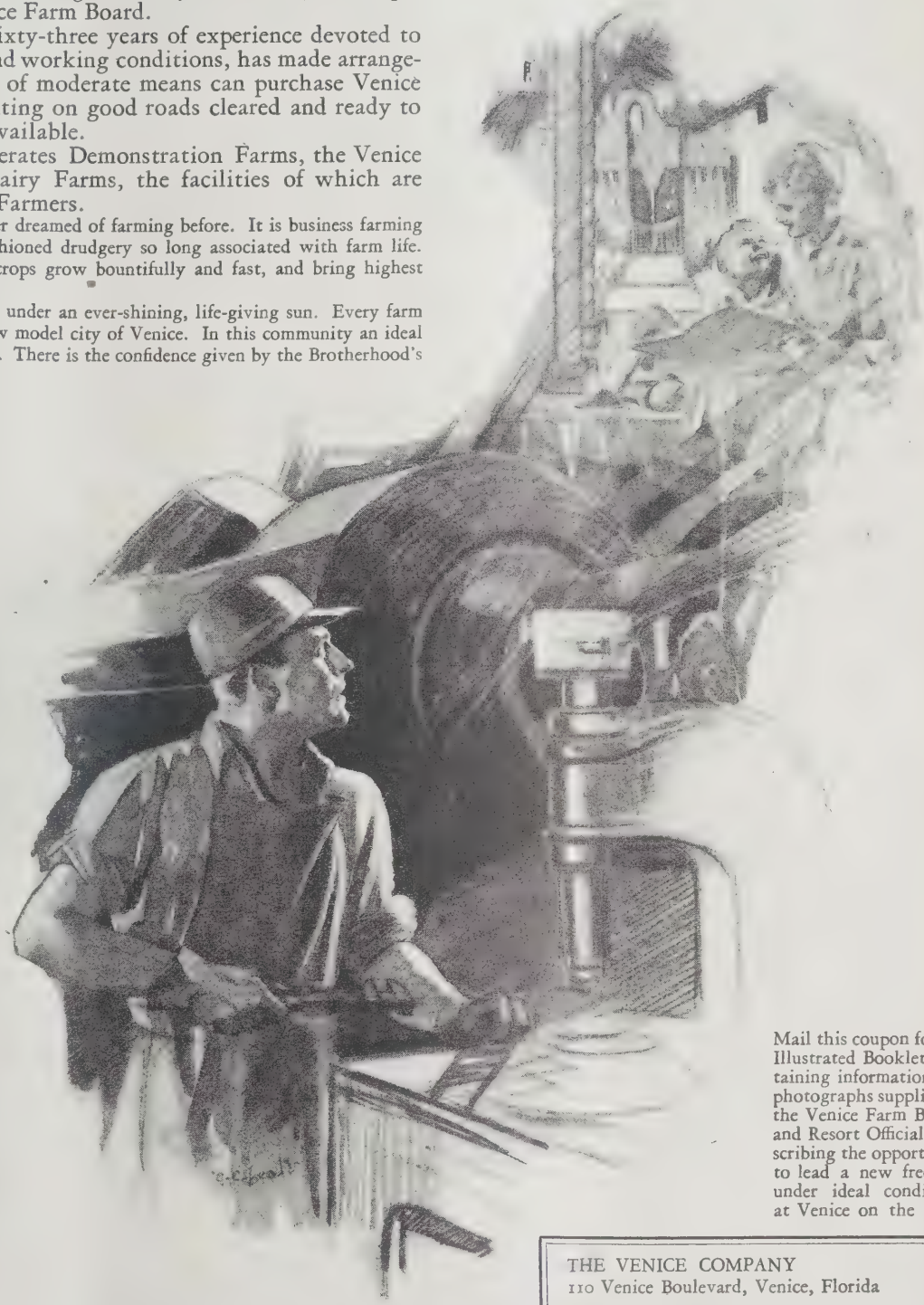

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swell, until by the beginning of August it was ready for the flight over the Pole.

But the south trade winds, upon which the success of the expedition depended, failed to materialize. After a nerve-racking wait of three weeks, Andrée decided that a voyage through the air over the Arctic Ocean, with a heavy fall of snow imminent, would be too dangerous, so the valves of the gas bag were opened and the 176,500 cubic feet of gas were allowed to escape. Although the month of August had not passed, winter was close upon the explorers, and they were compelled to return to Sweden.

The next year Andrée and his companions sailed for Spitsbergen a month earlier. The balloon shed, which had been left standing, was repaired; the balloon was unloaded, and by the middle of June the work of inflation had begun, all the stores had been landed from their vessel, and it had started back for the mainland.

It was not, however, until July 11 that a suitable wind came out of the southward. Even then, there was some doubt as to whether the breeze would continue. After a consultation among Andrée and his scientific advisers, Andrée announced that he would start, accompanied by his two companions of the year before, Strindberg and Fraenkel. The crew of a Norwegian gunboat and the men from three Norwegian sealers, at that time anchored in the bay, hurried ashore to lend their aid. Soon the entire northern side of the balloon shed had been ripped out.

WHEN the process of inflation had reached an advanced stage, the car with its instruments, tools, and provisions, weighing in all about 1,400 pounds, was attached to the balloon. The explorers exchanged parting handshakes with their friends, Andrée made a final inspection of the balloon and its equipment, and then, smiling confidently, he ordered three sailors to cut the ropes which bound the huge bag to earth.

The great balloon, thus liberated, fairly leaped into the air and Andrée and his two companions were off in the direction of the North Pole. For half a minute the balloon rose steadily, then it was caught in a 'down draught' roaring like a waterfall over the mountain tops, and carried downward toward the sea. In fact, the car actually touched the water. But only for a second; hundreds of pounds of ballast were thrown overboard, then a steadier breeze carried the balloon upward out of the danger zone. In the strong, heavy wind the great bag swiftly ascended several hundred feet, and was soon traveling at the rate of twenty miles an hour into the North. Finally it disappeared beyond a range of hills and the watchers, faithful to the last, returned to the mainland.

Less than forty-eight hours after the balloon was set adrift over Spitsbergen, Andrée dispatched his now famous third message by carrier-pigeon. This message caused great excitement throughout the entire world. It indicated that Andrée and his two companions had traveled approximately 150 geographical miles in the course they wished to follow—about one-quarter of the distance to the North Pole. Apparently the gale had died down, but even at this rate, scientists in Stockholm figured, Andrée would reach the North Pole within a week; it was even agreed that he might reach the north coast of Alaska within fifteen days.

But when Andrée and his two companions disappeared into the North, they vanished from the sight of civilized man.

To this day—thirty years after—no one knows whether they met disaster by storm, whether the balloon caught fire, whether they landed on the Greenland ice cap,' or on one of the islands between the North Magnetic Pole and the Geographical Pole. What seems certain is that they did not meet disaster on the drifting ice floes of the Arctic Ocean or in the open water, for in that case some of the equipment of the expedition—buoys, parts of the basket, pigeon-crates, sleds, and other articles, not to mention the balloon itself—some of these would have drifted ashore somewhere if the balloon had met disaster on the ice fields or in the water. Wreckage from the *Jeannette* and certain kinds of driftwood indigenous to the north coast of Siberia floated across the Pole to Greenland and the north coast of Norway; heavy wooden casks set adrift in Bering Strait have also drifted into the North Atlantic; and there is every reason to believe that the buoys carried by Andrée would not have been crushed in any Arctic storm.

It is also believed among explorers that if the balloon had fallen on the ice, this eventually would have drifted down into the North Atlantic, where it would have melted, and thus released the wreckage. In this fashion, then, some relic of this ill-fated balloon expedition would have been found. So far, nothing has been reported. And, as few men have ventured to cross the Greenland ice cap, or the Parry group of islands north of Canada, the probability is that Andrée and his companions will remain fast in their icy prison forever, an addition to the long list of adventurers sacrificed on the frozen altar that has claimed its victims from almost every nation since the 14th Century.

Strange Men

(*Continued from page 15*)

would kill a horse or burn the house if you told me to, but George would not change. He would not start the pump. I tell you, Mr. Older, George is off his head.'

George soon wearied of the ranch and Older got him a job in San Francisco. After working there a while he decided to go East. Before leaving he went down to the ranch to say goodby and took with him his dog, which he gave to Older, who still has it. He seemed sad at the thought of leaving. He went out into the woods and rapped for the squirrels, but boys had shot them all. His 'Little Yosemite' had been washed out by an autumn rain.

George has been in the East a number of years, but every Christmas he sends cards and other gifts to the Olders and a box of chocolates for his dog.

Tim O'Grady walked into Older's office in San Francisco one day with a linnet on his shoulder. He said he had just got out of San Quentin and, not liking to leave the bird that had been his cell-mate, brought it along with him. He thought Mrs. Older might like to have it.

Tim told what a comfort the linnet had been to him while he was in prison. When he left his cell in the morning the bird used to fly away and spend the day with other linnets outside, but at the ringing of the prison bell at night the bird would fly back to his cell and be locked up with him.

Tim was a thief, but as Older says, 'not a bad fellow; kindly, full of fun and mischievous.' As he talked the linnet flew from his shoulder and lighted on Older's desk. Tim then went out to get a job as a waiter and Older bought a cage for the linnet and put the bird in it.

When Older returned home that night he told Mrs. Older about the linnet and she was very anxious that he should bring it home. Older was therefore quite ruffled the next morning when he appeared at his office to discover only the empty cage. The linnet had been taken out and was gone. Older thought somebody in the building was responsible, but in a few minutes Tim came in smiling and said that he had taken the bird the night before because he was so lonesome in his room all alone that he could not stand it and wanted the bird as company. But he had brought the linnet back and promised never to take it again.

OLDER took the bird home that night and Mrs. Older soon became much attached to it. She called the linnet 'Little Tim.' Tim himself disappeared, but a few weeks later Older read in a morning newspaper that he had been arrested for attempted theft. Although Mrs. Older had never seen O'Grady her sympathy had gone out to him on account of the bird and when she heard of his arrest she looked sorrowfully over to the linnet and said, 'Little Tim, your father is in jail.' Turning to Older she said: 'You must get him out.'

Older went to the chief of police and told him the story of Tim and the bird. The chief sent for Tim and he was brought into the room in handcuffs. The chief ordered the handcuffs removed and then began a heart-to-heart talk. The story of the bird had touched him and he meant to set Tim free. He told Tim he was among friends that they would get him work and that he must stop stealing. Tim swore he would never steal another thing as long as he lived. The chief set him free and that afternoon he started for a job that had been found for him in the mountains.

'Tim is out,' shouted Older to his wife when he entered the house that evening.

'So is Little Tim,' she replied. 'He flew out the window an hour ago. I am sorry to lose him but glad he is free.'

Mr. Older, a few weeks later, received a postal card from Tim, bearing the postmark of a little town in Iowa. After sending regards to everybody, Tim closed with the remark that 'I shall be here for about four weeks.'

'That sounds like thirty days to me,' said an ex-prisoner to whom Older showed the card. 'Tim has been stealing again.'

All of which Older later learned to be true. Tim couldn't keep straight.

Mr. Older has studied criminals for more than forty years. In the beginning he believed that criminals were ordinary persons that the vicissitudes of life had happened to turn into forbidden by-paths. Observation has compelled him to abandon this belief. He is now of the opinion that they are a class apart; that they were born with a kink in their brains that makes them see things as the rest of us do not.

Alfred Brunson, Wisconsin's *First* Methodist *Circuit Rider*

By FRED L. HOLMES

CIVILIZATION may destroy historic landmarks, but it cannot obliterate the records made by brave men. Reverend Alfred Brunson, the pioneer Methodist circuit rider of Wisconsin, brought a building over 3,000 miles into the wilderness at Prairie du Chien. This was a novel exploit. For more than fifty years it has been pointed out to travelers and those concerned in the development of the Methodist Church in the Upper Mississippi Valley as a place worthy of notice.

Now the landmark has lost its individuality. Recently the old frame residence was remodeled and sacrificed on the altar of the 'one room and kitchenette' idea of the modern age.

Like old Prairie du Chien, redolent with its story of Indian camp and trading post, this pioneer home had an interesting history and a more glorious background. Around it pivoted a life of service.

Alfred Brunson was a Connecticut Yankee, born February 9, 1793. His father operated a ferry across the Hudson at Sing Sing. He planned to educate his son in the army at West Point. Then came a sad accident. During a violent gale, the father, returning from across the river, lost his life. Young Brunson attempted to rescue him, but the wet hair of the drowning man slipped through the boy's fingers and he saw his father sink for the last time.

A relative apprenticed the lad in a shoemaker's shop. But the incident of his father's sudden death had caused him to think, and pondering the ways of the world Alfred decided he would become a Methodist missionary.

Marrying at the age of nineteen, he went out to the then frontier of Ohio. The War of 1812 had just begun. The country was thrilled with patriotism. The great interior of the United States must be saved for the future generations of Americans who were finding their ways in streams of immigrants over the Alleghenies. Reverend Alfred Brunson enlisted in the war against Great Britain. So well did he serve that when his term expired, General Lewis Cass urged him to reënlist promising him the first lieutenant's vacancy, if he would do so.

Believing that he must 'be about his Father's business,' however, he declined the offer and returned to Ohio to continue his missionary work. Within this territory he remained for many years, his last station being at Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he was for several years a member of the board of trustees of Allegheny College.

In 1835 a call came for missionaries to go to the frontier of the Northwest Territory, to minister to both the whites and the Indians. Mr. Brunson was instrumental in bringing this need before the Pittsburgh Conference, and the presiding bishop urged him to accept the responsibility. He did not falter.

Before moving his family West, however, he went out to make a tour of his district. At the Illinois Conference, which he attended later in the season, it was decided that his circuit should cover the territory from Rock Island, Illinois, to St. Anthony's Falls, Minnesota, a district 500 miles in length and seventy-five miles in width.

To enter the country north of the Wisconsin River, Mr. Brunson rode to Fort Crawford at Prairie du (*Continued on page 22*)

The Reverend Alfred Brunson on his rounds.

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Chien, arriving there late in the autumn of the same year. The trip was often referred to by him as one of the most difficult, but one of the most interesting in his whole life. The country was sparsely settled and it was possible to follow the military trail that connected Portage with Prairie du Chien.

From his diary of this trip, which was published some time ago by the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison, Wisconsin, the following is taken:

Just about sundown I reached the house of Brother Samuel Gilbert, Prairie du Chien. This good brother and his wife were Methodists in Kentucky, but there being no church of their own in the place, they had joined the Cumberland Presbyterians, under the ministry of the Rev. David Lawry.

I was the first Methodist preacher who ever tried this soil, but even here I found friends, yes, warm friends. I soon extended my acquaintance to the small circle of the American population, a few of whom were really pious. And I must say, I never enjoyed myself better among Methodists in my life. Indeed, on the frontier, we seem to be out of reach of the sectarian bickerings of the city and older settled countries.

Leaving Prairie du Chien in the month of December, 1835, on horseback, Mr. Brunson returned to Meadville, arriving in February, 1836. He had been gone from home six months and had traveled, mostly in the saddle, about 3,000 miles, part of the time in the winter season, without losing a day on account of illness.

'Mr. Brunson had in the meantime communicated with his wife, a most businesslike and competent helpmate,' wrote his daughter, Ella C. Brunson, in after years, 'and she had contracted for a keel boat, and a dwelling house built in sections ready to be put together, every door and window ready for its place—the whole to be loaded at a given date for the journey to the new country. The house, eighteen by thirty-four feet, two stories high, with an ell twenty by twenty-seven feet, was ready on the missionary's arrival at home, but business affairs delayed the departure of himself and family until the middle of June. So great was the interest of his neighbors at the return of one from the unknown West that Mr. Brunson was called upon to lecture, to write, and to talk incessantly of what he had seen and learned.'

It cost more than $1,000 to ship his house and belongings by flatboat and canal to St. Louis and up the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien. Here the house was erected in modern Aladdin style, wooden pegs being used to fasten together sections of the building. Until destroyed some years ago, this was the only house in Wisconsin with such a unique history of construction.

At the time of Mr. Brunson's coming to Prairie du Chien, the place was more of a military post and emporium for furs than it was a thriving settlement.

His health failed, so Mr. Brunson studied law, and in 1840 was elected a member of the territorial legislature. On his visit to the infant capital of Wisconsin at Madison for the first time, he was impressed with the beauty of the location, but horrified with the viciousness of some of the people.

'The vice and wickedness of the whole territory seemed to be concentrated there,' he wrote, and the number of 'sharpers' who were attempting to commercialize official responsibilities made him caustic in his remarks. He pointed out that the legislature had enough clerks and officers to run Congress.

Even this spectacle of commercialism in politics did not dim his enthusiasm for Wisconsin. In 1842 he was appointed to the Indian agency at La Pointe and the following summer he opened the overland trail from Prairie du Chien, almost due north, 300 miles to that place.

'In these days of pioneer life, Mr. Brunson's natural ingenuity gave him an advantage over many of the newcomers,' explained his daughter, now a resident of California. 'He was always ready to suggest a way out of a dilemma, and some of them were certainly novel ways. The winter of 1855-56 was an unusually early one; the snow fell to a great depth before the ground was frozen. The first fall of snow found him seventy miles from home in a buggy. His Yankee ingenuity came to his rescue, and, securing the assistance of a workman, he set about the business of getting home. They built a rough sled of boards and, removing the wheels from the buggy, lashed it firmly to the sled, the pole still serving the purpose, with the wheels fastened under and behind the buggy box. With this device the horses had easy work and reached Prairie du Chien in two days. Dr. Elliott, then editor of the *Christian Advocate*, found endless amusement in this incident and commenting on it said: "None but a genuine backwoodsman would have thought of such a contrivance."

'In 1850, Mr. Brunson once more entered the Methodist ministry, and became a member of the West Wisconsin Conference. Two years later he was appointed presiding elder of the Prairie du Chien district. Though sometimes away for months at a time in the performance of his duty, first among the Indians later as presiding elder, Mr. Brunson had no other home after coming West than Prairie du Chien.

'When the Civil War began, Mr. Brunson, although far beyond the age when men are expected to undertake active military duties, volunteered and his services were accepted as a chaplain. He was assigned to the 31st Regiment of Wisconsin volunteers. In the summer of 186[illegible] ill health made a furlough necessary, and this because weakness was terminated by resignation.

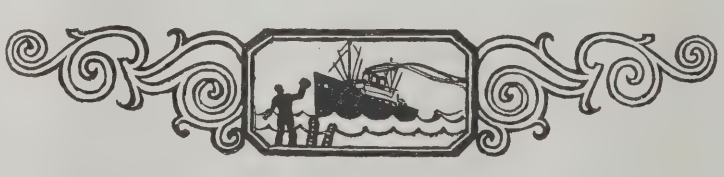
'To him belongs the rare honor of having served his country both in the War 1812 and in that of 1861-65. After the war he continued his work as a Methodist itinerant until 1873, when he had attained the age of eighty.'

When he died, on August 3, 1882, he was buried in the Lower Town cemetery at Prairie du Chien, where sleep so many of his converts. The Daughters of the American Revolution and the Grand Army of the Republic have marked his grave. And the mighty Mississippi rolls onward but a few rods away.

Sonnet

Blanche T. Hartman

AS ONE who chafed at petty little cares
I slipped the leash that held myself in check
And placed my all on one tremendous stake.
The merchant, chancing all his costly wares
To winds and rock and Neptune's hidden snares,
Rejoices as the far off dancing speck
Resolves itself into a mighty deck
Whose timber staunch proudly her cargo bears.
Give me the whole wide world for one swift race.
He misses much whose little shallow round
Keeps him from lowly paths or heights sublime.
I fain would risk the farthest ends of space
And taste its joys, its depths of sorrow sound.
I pity him who cannot fall or climb.



Removing the Smoke Screen From America's Warships

(*Continued from page 2*)

Admiral Jones: 'No, sir, we never had ıch a concrete question before us.'

Through the close cross-questioning of ecretary of the Navy Wilbur during the ıvestigation, the head of the Navy Deartment frankly admitted that under he present administration of the depart-ıent, General Herbert M. Lord, Director f the Bureau of the Budget, really fixed ıe strength of the Navy and shaped the ountry's naval policy.

Chairman Butler submitted to the Secre-ary and other witnesses that followed him table containing the total tonnage of essels laid down or appropriated for since 'ebruary 6, 1922, the date of the Washing-ɔn Arms Conference. The Secretary declared ıat the data in the table corresponded with ıe information in the department which 'as kept in other forms.

THIS was done to bring out the fact that ıe United States since the Arms Conference ad not been keeping pace with the so-called overty-stricken nations of Europe. The ew construction was classified under two eads—ships laid down and those appro-riated for. The committee was not able ɔ obtain the number of ships appropriated ɔr by Italy but that country had laid down 6 ships with a tonnage of 102,207 as com-ared with 13 ships and 90,000 tons for ıe United States. France, which is so overty-stricken that it cannot pay its ebt to the United States, has laid down 71 ıips with a tonnage of 158,048, which is lmost twice that of the United States. ; has appropriated for 24 ships with a ɔnnage of 63,780, as compared with 3 ıips of 30,000 tons for the United States. he total tonnage for France in her present overty-stricken condition is 221,828, as ɔmpared with 120,909 for the United tates. The total tonnage for Japan reached 39,201, while that of the British Empire as 285,795.

In the light cruisers of the first line nited States is led by all the powers with ıe exception of Italy. The tonnage laid own and appropriated for in light cruisers y the United States, the table shows, was 0,000; the British Empire, 138,000; Japan, 8,285; and France, 63,618.

The Secretary was not embarrassed with ıe direct question as to whether this table ıdicated that the time had arrived when ıe United States should further delay the ɔnstruction of its meager cruiser program s recommended by the President. The in-ɜrence was so strong throughout the ques-ons, however, that the Secretary was ıagrined by the comparison.

It was when the committee made a drive ɔ fix the responsibility for the delay in the ɔnstruction of the cruiser program that ecretary Wilbur proved himself to be a ery adroit fencer on the witness stand. His gal training became manifest as the ques-ons came from almost every member of ıe committee, which, if answered directly, ould disprove the claim of the President ıat the Navy is being maintained at reaty strength.

Chairman Butler began by asking whether any of the eight cruisers authorized by Congress had been completed. The Secretary declared that they had not. He hesitated to fix any date for the completion of the cruisers based on the present progress of construction, but finally declared that perhaps the *Pensacola* and *Salt Lake City* would be completed in 1929. He added: 'All depends upon the appropriations made by Congress.'

'Were any of the estimates sent here ostensibly by the Navy Department reduced by Congress?' demanded Chairman Butler.

'I do not think that there were any reductions on the floor of Congress,' was the Secretary's answer.

'Congress has not at any time reduced the amount sent by the Navy Department,' declared Chairman Butler with considerable warmth.

'I think that is true,' admitted the Secretary.

Mr. Vinson, taking up the questioning of the Secretary, asked: 'Of course, as these cruisers were asked for by the Navy Department when the law was passed, you are still anxious to secure them?'

Secretary Wilbur: 'I do not desire to come in conflict with the law in regard to overturning the budget.'

Mr. Vinson: 'Do you feel that the Budget Officer is carrying out the law passed by Congress and signed by the President authorizing the commencing of the construction of these cruisers before 1927?'

Secretary Wilbur: 'I hardly know how to answer your question.'

Mr. Vinson: 'Does national defense in your judgment require the commencing of the building of these ships before July 1, 1927?'

Secretary Wilbur: 'I hardly know how to answer your question, as national defense is rather a large and complicated problem.'

Mr. Vinson: 'Would it be an orderly and economical plan of developing national defense by carrying out the act for the construction of these cruisers?'

Secretary Wilbur: 'I would rather not answer that question.'

THERE was a pause in the cross-questioning of the witness by the attorneys for the prosecution who are carried in the *Congressional Directory* as members of the Naval Affairs Committee.

The silence was broken by Secretary Wilbur who said: 'I want to make myself clear about this matter. I do not want to appear antagonistic to the committee. We submit our recommendations to the Director of the Budget, and if he approves them they go to the President, and he sends them to Congress. An expression of opinion by me might be considered a recommendation which is not approved by the Director of the Budget.'

Chairman Butler closed this line of questioning by declaring: 'The Constitution of the United States does not place any responsibility upon the Director of the Budget for providing for the defense of the nation.'

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News Out of Washington

(*Continued from page 8*)

divisions; it is distant from the centers of industry, agriculture, art and finance. It is psychically even more remote, for it is an artificial community, artificially maintained and operated. Washington knows only at secondhand the struggles, the heartbeats, of the nation.

Yet it is the least mysterious of all cities. Its very artificiality is a counter to that element of mystery which surrounds naturally developed capitals like Paris and London.

It is commonly agreed among newspaper writers of wide experience that Washington is the most open and the freest city in the informational sense in all the world. It is so much so that a correspondent once engaged to 'cover' the town by giving just one hour a day to his work, and succeeded fairly well.

IN NO other place of news importance is it easier for newspaper writers to know what is going on, and above all what is about to go on. There is scarcely an official who won't tell a responsible correspondent anything that he knows, thinks or expects. Cabinet members and Congressional leaders often have outlined policies and programs to a writer without even asking for the writer's name. Of course everyone, correspondents or others, doesn't know all that is going on there at any time; for the volume of transactions is immense and the background of many of them confused. These conditions present a problem of true significance. The point is that, within a reasonable range, what goes on there can be known as perhaps nowhere else in the world. Aside from certain documentary matter of a more or less routine nature and usually about as interesting as a problem in geometry, there are fewer secrets in Washington than in the average small town.

Thus most 'inside stuff' out of Washington is mere writing or mere bluff. This last is true of a large part of the big volume of written matter that is sold privately in the form of advance tips or inside information. Some of this is valuable because of shrewd deduction and analysis, but rarely because of an 'inside drag.'

Disclosures anent the 'real' Washington, in periodicals or books, are mostly mere writing, frequently clever, but usually distorted. An occasional fact book as to inner affairs or the personalities of leaders there is worth while. Such as Clinton W. Gilbert's *Mirrors of Washington*, published several years ago. It contains shrewd character analysis and is well written. Most fiction with a Washington setting is mere rubbish. If there is a novel dealing with life at the capital that is worth putting aside for a second reading, it has escaped this writer. All of them, like the most sensational of all, published recently, treat the capital as mysterious and secretive.

There is no 'real' Washington beyond what everybody who wishes to may see and know. There is, however, a contrary belief, apparently supported by occasional disclosures via official investigations. Of these the writer cannot recall one that wasn't known in practically all material particulars before official inquiry brought the facts to general public notice.

THE 'real' facts of the Fall-Doheny-Sinclair affair were available to anyone, and in fact were published widely, long before the general public realized that there was such an affair. This realization was brought about by disclosures of dramatic personal episodes, like that of the 'little black satchel,' which bore on the moral rather than the material equations entering into the disposal of the naval oil lands.

Forbes' inefficiencies in the management of the Veterans' Bureau were heralded to the world long before the disclosure of personal episodes led to his removal and prosecution.

The faults of the Daugherty régime in the Department of Justice were of rather common knowledge in Washington long before Senator Wheeler dramatized them.

Yet the public is not kept well informed as to all that goes on in Washington. But this is not because of any paucity of information sent out by newspapermen. A reaction that has come regularly to writers in recent years is that there is 'too much Washington stuff.' It should not owe to the quality of it, for the newspaper correspondents corps there represents probably a higher average of journalistic skill and character than is found elsewhere. There are too many of them—about 300 sit in the Congressional press galleries alone—with too widespread employment for subversive influences to be controlling.

ARIZONA. *Drawing by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Then what accounts for the shortcoming? Largely, conditions contrary to those which the public believes exist. Information is too free; above all, too voluminous.

Washington correspondents are treated as virtual parts of the scene which they report. Their privileges are so extensive and established that the correspondents have become in some senses adjuncts of the Government. Press-gallery rights, for example, are as sacrosanct as those pertaining to the floors of Congress. White House Conferences with the correspondents rank almost with Cabinet meetings. Correspondents regularly are advised with, confided in, and appealed to as if they were recognized in the Constitution. These things impose responsibilities just as they ease the way to information. Hence more restraint is exercised by reporters in Washington than elsewhere.

The great problem of volume, that came about during the war, has continued the biggest one having to do with Washington news. This problem has several phases. One is that of selection, for no newspaper can print more than a part of the total. The average subscriber hasn't time, even if he has the inclination, to read all that is published from Washington. Perhaps the most invidious phase has to do with the effect of volume on reportorial methods.

RECENTLY, for instance, practically all the newspapers carried a news story out of Washington regarding a matter of no great importance but of much interest to readers. This writer was asked to elaborate it for the Sunday edition of a big metropolitan newspaper. On investigation, for that purpose, he found that the facts which gave the story interest were at least ninety per cent fallacious, not with respect to literal detail but as to background. *All the correspondents and press associations had written the story from a mimeographed bit of copy which a propaganda organization sent to them.* Not one, insofar as the writer could find, had asked a question concerning it.

A large proportion of the news that goes out of Washington is cleared in that way. Daily 'hand-outs,' that is, prepared manuscript, put out by some of the departments, might fill a newspaper page. Some of the departments have carried the system to the point whereby a positive control over information is exercised rigidly at the source. That is, they insist that the correspondents accept hand-outs or make inquiries through 'publicity men,' usually trained journalists.

Ostensibly the publicity man's job is to help them; really his job, frequently, is to see that news information goes out in ways that can do the department no injury. A lot of systematized propaganda is put over as news in that way. The process is an encouragement to reportorial laziness and editorial economy at the expense of thoroughness and essential accuracy.

But the volume of news information in Washington is now so big that no single news-gathering organization could possibly make first-hand inquiry as to every item thrust upon it. This volume is so big that 'digging' for news, or its meaning, may be passing as an attribute of reporting there.

The Conquest of Middle Age

(*Continued from page 6*)

and greater circulation as follows: 'The army mental tests have shown that there are, roughly, forty-five million people in this country who have no sense . . . Besides the forty-five millions who have no sense, but a majority of votes, there are twenty-five millions who have a little sense. . . . Next there are twenty-five millions with fair-to-middling sense. They haven't much, but what there is, is good. Then lastly, there are a few over four millions who have a great deal of sense. They have the things we call "brains." '

Dr. Yerkes, who was largely responsible for the army tests, gets pardonably vehement in referring to such statements. 'Are they true?' he asks. 'No,' he answers. 'Is there any truth in them? Just enough to make them worse than false. They discredit psychology and mislead the reader in important matters of fact.'

What has all this to do with the problem of middle age? Simply that any age, no matter whether it is young, middle or old, is a matter of intelligence; also that there are in this country—as I have indicated—at this moment undoubtedly millions of men and women whose lives would, quite possibly overnight, be lifted up into new avenues of inspiration and happiness, could they but know how to conduct themselves; in short, what to do with their lives. My object in this brief article is to show them, not only what they can do, but also to guard them against too much advice.

The enormous number of advisers are in themselves a good indication of the desperate attitude of so many people, many of whom are trying so pathetically to renew their youth, to make themselves more beautiful, to start all over again, when the cure lies in themselves, and requires only a fair amount of first-hand thought, courageously carried out. For example, take the case of face-lifting. This operation is a very delicate one. At its best it costs five thousand dollars or more in the hands of the most skilful operatives in the world. One very prominent actress paid this sum to have it done and it was, apparently, a success. It was inevitable, of course, that her new face should be an advertisement of something which might mean rejuvenation for thousands of women.

Yet in the papers, thinly concealed, are appearing occasionally suits brought by unfortunate victims whose faces have been ruined for life by charlatans who thrive on this trade. The singular part of all this is that, as a cure for middle age, or even as a cure for anything, this operation amounts to nothing. As Bernard Shaw once remarked, after you have lived in the house with beauty alone for several days, you completely forget that it is there.

Now the fancied obstacles that confront middle age are that:

One is confronted with old age.

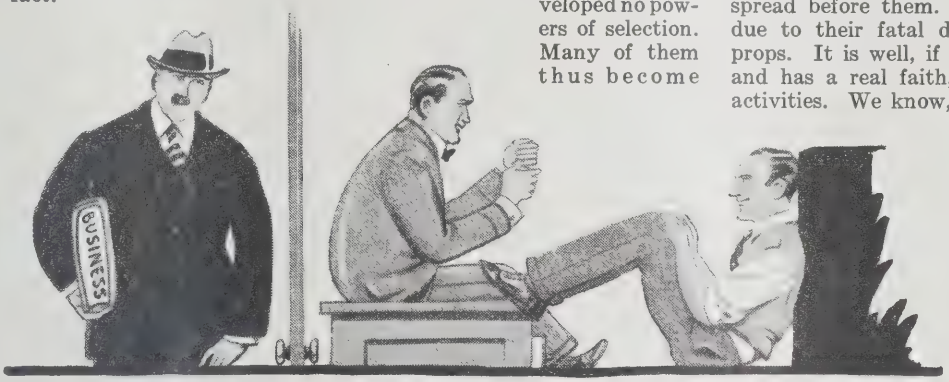
One is no longer beautiful, has lost one's attraction.

One is increasingly liable to disease.

One has no real occupation.

The facts are, of course, quite the reverse. No one who has had the opportunity to observe modern youth at close range can fail to be struck by its tragic note. The irresponsibility and crass selfishness of so many of the young folk of today, while not so bad as it appears, is due entirely to this tragic note. At no period in history has so much accumulated tradition, so much confusion in theory and education, flooded the adolescent human mind.

Thus we see hordes of young people actually sidestepping this flood of so-called knowledge, merely because they have developed no powers of selection. Many of them thus become cynics, many resort to crime, many frankly become pleasure-seekers. The few who are in earnest having been largely deprived of religion, the victims of a peculiarly disintegrating hedonism, drift along from one road house to another, utterly incapable of any continuous concentration.



There ought to be something better in life (as healthful as golf may be) than daily discussions on the pond hole and the weight of brassies.

The great majority of middle-agers are spared all this. They have at least found themselves. Their doctrine may be one of despair, but it is what they have come to regard as simple. They are growing old, they are likely to break down, they haven't accumulated enough, and so on. Worse still, they no longer look forward to that romance which they fondly imagine they have left behind. The fact is, of course, that right romance does not begin until you are middle-aged. The cubs know nothing of it. With the blasé attitude of adepts, they are tyros in love. They think they know everything. They really know nothing.

The French school—de Maupassant, Gautier, and the rest of the Gallic literary crew—have done more to discredit real love than any other collection of nit-wits. Most of them went crazy, some of them even in their own middle age. They used love as if it were a kind of make-up. Real love between two persons is continuous and progressive. Beauty in love is not a matter of cosmetics; it isn't concerned with face lifting. It is a matter of internal, spiritual beauty, based on give and take—sacrifice, if you will. Furthermore, the gestures of real love are based upon an eternal technique. It is only during the period of middle age that it is possible to know how to love. Yet consider the millions of mistaken persons who think that it is all over with them.

As for health, statistics are unavailable, but even superficial observations show us that youth is more ailing than middle age. It is the young people in my own family, and those I have observed, who fall sick. And why should this not be so? They have no mental direction. They do not know how to take care of themselves.

Now—also be it observed—taking care of yourself is not a fussy matter. It is not coddling. It is at best preserving a right mental attitude, of always being in control. The young people of today do everything to excess.

The real difficulty with too many middle-agers of the present day lies in their own blindness to the vast opportunities which spread before them. And this blindness is due to their fatal dependence on outside props. It is well, if a woman likes church and has a real faith, to engage in church activities. We know, however, that of late women have not tended in this direction.

When they do so tend, however, they should remember that they are too likely to give themselves up to this thing to the exclusion of everything else. Woman's intensity is her barrier to peace. It is very hard indeed for American women to lead temperate lives. I am not of course referring here to anything other than the mental urge which leads women to throw themselves at anything. And too often the object is not worth it.

So far as middle-aged men are concerned, is it not a satire on human nature when the most that can be said of too many of them is that they are headed straight toward the golf links? There ought to be something better in life (as healthful as golf may be) than daily discussions on the pond hole and the weight of brassies.

The conquest of middle age is so easy that it seems almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that too many of our middle-agers have missed out on their accumulation of practical intelligence. It does not lie altogether, as too many fondly assume, in 'doing good' to others.

That notion is being superseded by another, much larger, namely, that it is more our duty to make our own lives something beautiful, something self-contained, something which it is well for others to contemplate. We are coming to see that doing good to others often, too often, reacts upon them to their ruin, especially when, out of our own abundance, we make out of them wet rags instead of upstanding crash towels.

It is for them to live their own lives, while we—practising self-control, courtesy, courage, temperance, loyalty and health—furnish to all men an example of right living.

And if middle-agers cannot do this best, who can?

When France Got Back Her Favorite Daughter

(Continued from page 13)

and then for seekers of the picturesque). On the summit, therefore, are a restaurant and hotel as well as the nunnery (which has lost its rules and its solitude). From the terrace there is a scene of unusual beauty—there can be few finer in Europe—stretching as it does over the vast plain of the Rhine and to the farther blurred limits of the Black Forest. The summit is surrounded by a rampart called the 'Pagan Wall,' a vast construction measuring 10,500 meters in circumference and composed of enormous blocks of the red Vosges sandstone, so solidly packed that it has come down intact from the prehistoric epoch when the first inhabitants of Alsace, the Celts, made it as a refuge.

In the chapel are relics of Saint Odile; in the wall of the cloister is a 12th Century pillar; there is the little cemetery of the unknown nuns, and there is the low wall saving one from the abyss, which seems to be paved with the tops of tall trees—are these things on the mountain top not sufficient to awaken reverence? Goethe records his impressions of a visit he made as a student to the Ottilienberg, and Taine, the French philosopher, wrote, 'How quickly one is separated from human things on the height of these terraces . . . Things themselves are divine, and that is why one has to conceive Gods in order to express facts.'

At the foot of the St. Odile mountain are a number of small towns which have preserved much of their old-time charm—Obernai, with its fine 15th Century Hotel-de-Ville; Rosheim, with its Roman church—while all around is a circle of former fortresses.

It was from just this part of Alsace that a number of inhabitants came who helped to write a great page in the history of the United States. In this region was recruited in 1757 a regiment called the 'Royal Deux-Ponts.' Louis XV had authorized Duke Christian IV of Deux-Ponts to raise an infantry regiment; the officers were to be of the noblesse of Alsace and Lorraine. The regiment was quartered in various parts of France until 1780, when it embarked at Brest (two battalions of five companies each, in all 1,079 men) for America, where, as their records go, in the winter of 1780-81 they organized and built the defenses of Newport (Rhode Island), and in the following July took part in an offensive against New York, took Kindsbridge, reached Long Island Sound, and drove out the English. In September they were at the head of the assaulting column against the English redoubts of Yorktown and took them. On the signing of peace the regiment embarked at New York and came back to France.

The origin of Strasbourg Cathedral dates from the early centuries of the Christian Era, but the present structure was begun in the 10th Century, and in spite of forced labor and of the real devotion of the nobles, the clergy and the people, it had the most abominable ill luck, having for one thing been partially burned down five times in the course of fifty years. This sculptured marvel, with the infinite variety and delicacy of the lace work and other ornamentations in the famous pink sandstone, has no rival in its own style in the world. More ethereal than Rheims or Chartres, more delicate and at the same time soaring than many another splendid cathedral one could name, if there is one cathedral which by the mere contemplation of it could force the beholder to a rapt piety, it is assuredly Strasbourg. The famous clock tower attracts the attention of all tourists, but the real glory is the wonderful Gothic western façade and the spire.

The Cathedral of Strasbourg—a superb work of art and one of the greatest glories to Alsace.

Strasbourg is remarkable, on the one hand, for its old houses in narrow streets—picturesque indeed when the market women are there in their national costumes—and, besides, its fine large open spaces.

Next in interest to the capital is the town of Colmar, a setting of pretty architectural jewels, the most famous of which is the Renaissance *Maison des Tetes*. Colmar is the birthplace of Bartholdi, the sculptor of 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' and among other statuary there is a fine fountain of his here. Colmar is the center of excursions to the mountains and health resorts of the Vosges.

It was at Saverne, in the north, or on the summit of the hill beside it, that Louis XIV, as is related, visiting Alsace in 1681, paused and, looking at the scene before him—the plains, the mountains, the spire of Strasbourg, and the Rhine in the farther distance—burst into the exclamation, 'What a lovely garden!' It is in the region between Saverne and Haguenau that the inhabitants still preserve most jealously the old traditions and the costumes—the women the cap with the big butterfly ribbons, the men the red waistcoat with gilded buttons and the three-cornered hat.

Niederbronn-les-Bains, with its chlorated saline springs, was under the Empire a quite fashionable resort, but the Germans neglected it, fearing its rivalry with their watering places on the other side of the Rhine. And so we come to Mulhouse, which is the industrial capital of Alsace and the center (with Colmar) of the textile industry (spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing and printing).

It was with great interest, having for so many years watched and annotated this passionate desire of the French and the Alsatians to be united again, that I visited Alsace recently to see how the inhabitants were getting on under the restored French régime. The province has now thoroughly settled down to its new happiness, and the Alsatians are again Alsatians, a pleasant, open-hearted people who welcome the stranger and like at times to tell him things as well as to question him. The utmost liberty prevails, and only the other day the French Prime Minister Raymond Poincaré, who is himself from Lorraine, issued renewed instructions as to the use of the German language in the tribunals in parts where French is not so well known, while in the schools everywhere both languages are taught, and there is furthermore a real desire not to let the old dialect perish.

I had visited Metz directly after the war, when it seemed still to be cowed and shivering from the memory of recent events, when as yet one heard little or no French spoken, and at night one walked through the almost dark streets like a conspirator. What a contrast now with the bright, gay aspect of Strasbourg and Colmar! Everyone is satisfied, and there is every appearance of thriving trade.

The leading industries of potash, in the Upper Rhine province, one of Alsace's most important resources, the petroleum mines, and other activities, are forging rapidly ahead. Apart from politics, thinking Alsatians will not deny that the German

rule had its good points; the combination of French taste and culture with modern German industrial methods could not help but push forward the province materially. One old lady remarked slyly and smilingly to me, 'We like the French best, but under the Germans the trains were a little more punctual!'

Among the famous citizens of Colmar, a place already mentioned, was Bartholdi, who designed our own Statue of Liberty, and his home is pointed out to all Americans. Near the railway station is the 'Rue Wilson,' showing the sentiments of the inhabitants since the war. Near Colmar is Turckheim, the place where Marshal Turenne gained a decisive victory over the Germans in 1675 and expelled them from Alsace. The town itself is a sleepy little place, partly surrounded by its old walls, and with several towers. One of the old gateways, the Porte Basse, is remarkable with a creamy old stone tower.

I HAVE mentioned the two glories of Alsace; but coming down to smaller matters —though are they indeed, so much smaller? (the keen air of Alsace will tell you differently)—two more of its glories are the cooking and the wines. The care for the table has in Alsace always been highly developed and a matter of great pride, while the good cheer to be had in the province is testified to by *L'Ami Fritz*, the famous novel of Erckmann-Chatrain, and many another jolly book. It was at Strasbourg that *pate de foie gras* was invented, and it is from here that most of the *pate* eaten in the world comes. How it was invented by Close, the chef of Marshal Contades, in 1788 (so that it is about as old as the United States!), and for a long time made exclusively for him, until Close decided to commercialize his discovery, and married the widow of a confectioner—this is a history really as interesting as many a more august one.

Alsatian *foie gras* with Perigord truffles has been said with reason to be one of the supremest inventions on earth for man's inner comfort. A very big trade is done in it at Strasbourg, and in some of the central streets, where every other shop deals in this dainty, one is almost led to think the people do nothing else but make it. Also as we were touring about the province and passed repeatedly fine flocks of fat geese, I could not help remarking, occasionally, 'Look at that fine stock of *foie gras*,' at which my companion would turn her head away, and plead, 'Don't! Poor things!'

Choucroute—known to the Germans as sauerkraut—is another invention of Alsace, where it is made with an elaboration that brings cooking to the standard of a fine art indeed. But if one started to enumerate the various dishes, all excellent, that are indigenous to Alsace and due to the skill of its clever cooks—including 42 different varieties of *pates* and innumerable fish, meat and fruit dishes; and add the wines, which differ from the wines of the Rhine and Moselle (the wine culture here dates from as far back as the 14th Century, and Froissart related that Alsatian wines were in his time much appreciated in England), to say nothing of the liqueurs made from plums and cherries—well, one could launch out into a long chapter all of itself—and in truth, a very fascinating one too!

The Lustrous Lenglen

(*Continued from page 7*)

furnished enjoyment and entertainment that no other individual, or group of individuals, in tennis possibly could.

Women flock to see Suzanne. They marvel at her gowns, the creations of Jean Patou, and the way she wears them. They note the straightness of her back. They comment on her splendid figure. Because of this one manufacturer paid $35,000 to Mr. Pyle for the right to name certain of his dresses after Suzanne. Stockings, coats, perfumes, racquets and other articles bear her name and for each and every one of them royalty is being paid to Mr. Pyle, the man who induced this favorite of Aix and Deauville, Dinard and Dieppe, to join the ranks of professional athletes.

One may say without much exaggeration that for several years Mlle. Lenglen has been the best known woman of Europe. Her words, always frank and frequently undiplomatic, her thoughts, her clothes, her visits, her friends and companions, her plans, her loves and hates, her choice of wines and foods, her general likes and dislikes, her tantrums, her figure and her play on the tennis courts, have been subjects for comment and discussion in newspapers and periodicals. When it came to other champions of sport, people concerned themselves only with their play, but where Suzanne was concerned they were interested in everything she did and in everything about her, for Suzanne is more than the best woman tennis player of all time; she is one of the most interesting personalities ever connected with sport, this girl who first gained attention while leaping high against the sunlight that floods the azure coast of the republic.

Churches Are Building Skyscrapers

(*Continued from page 4*)

way for the skyscraper business buildings, as did Dr. Parkhurst's famous church which at one time dominated Madison Square, or build the same type of modern structure, put a cross on its tower, an auditorium in its heart, a pipe organ in its auditorium, a preacher in its pulpit, social workers in its program, or quit.

I am not an old man, but I have lived to see the day when Dr. Parkhurst's beautiful church gave way. I can remember that structure with the most distinct impression. It has gone. In its place rises a great business building surmounted by a beautiful tower. That tower might have been the tower of a church if the church had cared or dared to remain on the front lines.

It is one of the modern romances of life. Some of us believe that it is to mark a new era, not only in church architecture, but in the spirit of the church life. We know that it will create a new era in church finances.

The Grand Avenue Temple in Kansas City, and the Mizpah Temple in Syracuse illustrate the successful outcome of the temple type of church from a financial viewpoint. The former had an old building of the Gothic type, with a discouraged and dying membership, financially dependent upon other churches and missionary boards. They borrowed enough money to erect an office block in connection with a church auditorium, and an income of more than $35,000 a year after interest and fixed charges are paid is rapidly repaying the loan in addition to providing a preacher and staff of workers. It is now considered one of the successful churches of America.

That other or more important spiritual justification is adequately expressed by Dr. Christian Reisner, pastor of the new Broadway Temple:

'The Towering Church' has influenced all communities whether in China, India, in medieval Europe, or modern America. The temple has always been the prominent, impressive structure. By physical dominance alone can adequate architectural expression be given to the idea of spiritual dominance. The house of worship in our cities has been belittled in presence by the overpowering masses of surrounding commercial structures. It has lost the impressive character essential to the spiritual and moral predominance of the church which is now so greatly needed.

One actually has a feeling of pity as one looks upon a church of the old Gothic design, squatted down between gigantic skyscrapers.

But one has a feeling of tremendous awe and respect as he looks upon such a colossal Gothic structure as the Chicago Temple, dominating, as it does, the entire city; by day, with its impressive tower, and by night with its illuminated tower and cross.

Use Your Hands

(*Continued from page 3*)

trunk was pried up by skids . . . the logs were sometimes cut into cross-sections fifteen inches long, which was the legal length for shingles. These were taken home in a pung, split with beetle and wedge, and then finished off with a drawshave on a shaving-horse, itself homemade . . . repairs were made during this season, and a new cat-hole beside the door with a lateral working drop-lid, which the cat operated with ease, was made one winter. . . . box and figure four traps for rats and squirrels; windmills; weather vanes in the form of fish, roosters or even ships; an actual sawmill that went in the brook, and cut planks with marino and black and white Carter potatoes for logs; and many whittled tools, toys and ornamented forms and puppets . . . *How much all this has saved me since, in the laboratory, in daily life, and even in the study, it would be hard to estimate.*

Colleges are worried about the supremacy of football, while they have offered nothing for the muscles of the vigorous, active students on their registers. It is most natural that football, which provides the fundamental and racially old use of muscles, should gain the supremacy as long as in the classrooms the head is the only instrument of education.

Sir Isaac Newton was considered a dullard by his teachers, who also neglected the hands. Out of school hours he used his hands in making a water clock, a windmill, and a carriage. It was his self-education of his hands which gave the world his inventions in physics.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'You'd think there was a nickel famine in New York,' growled ***the Traveling Salesman,*** as he breezed into the office. 'It's the worst nickel-grabbing city in the country. You can't seem to get anywhere without needing a half-dozen or so of the small round coin, and what with the slot machines in subway and elevated railway stations, automat restaurants, telephone booths, and so on, if you don't freight your pockets with the right change before setting out, you're likely to be held up in dreary lines at the change booths every time you want to make a move. You may have anything in your pocket, from a dime to a twenty-dollar bill, but it won't do you any good in rush hours: you're delayed sometimes as long as fifteen or twenty minutes waiting for the small change to start you on your route.

'Railroads, restaurants and telephone companies bewail the big sums they lose yearly through lead slugs that are dropped in slot machines. The turnstile boxes in the subway have round openings on the inner side, into which are fitted magnifying glasses. Whenever a nickel is dropped into the slot machine by a passenger, the magnifier shows up the lighted coin, about three times its regular size. Watchers stationed on the platform can detect in a second whether the object dropped is a genuine coin or a metal slug. It seems like the pettiest kind of graft to cheat a slot machine, but all sorts of people seem to work the game.'

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'When I go out, I shall walk out quietly,' announced ***the Retired Lake Captain,*** making his first visit to the office. 'I left the lakes without being able to solve one mystery: why people crowd and hustle so when they are leaving a boat or a railroad car.

'I have seen them, on excursion trips, begin to cluster around the gangway when the boat was five miles from the landing dock. They get in the way of the crew. They hamper all the activity of landing. They jam themselves together uncomfortably in the hottest weather. If they find at the dock that they have clustered around the wrong gangway, that the passengers are to be let off at another, they are distressed.

'They jostle at the last minute, and leap to the dock as if the boat were on fire. Then I have seen some of these hurried people quietly take their places among the loiterers on the wharf, and watch the others land. They were not in any hurry at all. I cannot understand why they didn't remain in their chairs on the upper deck, and watch the others land. Then they could have come down and walked out in comfort.

'That is, to me, the unsolved mystery of the inland seas; more of a mystery than the hiding of Captain Kidd's gold.'

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The Traveler told us this one: 'At the large French prison at Melun one of the activities of the prisoners is printing. The official cards carried by detectives and by officers have been printed at this prison. Further, the secret ciphers of the war department have also been printed by the inmates. Some of these printer-prisoners have printed for themselves detectives' cards and police cards. Recently it was found that a Russian Communist had possession of the war department cipher, obtained from a released prisoner. In this connection the Paris *Times* (*Le Temps*) asks, "If one can no longer place confidence in the inmates of the Melun prison, in whom indeed can one confide?"'

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The Young Man came in extolling the merits of a hair restorer his barber had just recommended to him. 'All joking aside,' he said, 'it is becoming painfully evident in these days when women are becoming younger and more charming with each birthday that the husband who cultivates a shining pink pate and a gently curving abdominal protuberance does so at the risk of his marital happiness. Mere man has however attacked the hair problem scientifically. And the problem is growing to be one for women to solve too. Bobbed hair and tight hats are causing many to lose their "crowning glory."'

Indexes for Volume 26 of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, *covering the period from October 24, 1925, to October 16, 1926, are available. The supply is limited. The price is ten cents a copy.*

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'I wonder if the gunmakers' lobby will be strong enough to procure the passage of the next shooting-ground bill,' pondered ***the Reformer*** as he seated himself in the dining car.

'They will if they make an effort to interest the right people,' replied the Politician.

'I suppose you think they didn't make an effort last year,' said the Reformer. 'Do you know that ammunition and gun manufacturers in the United States are doing an annual business varying from $33,000,000 to $46,000,000 and urging legislation favorable to the increase of that business? The American Game Protective Association is nothing more than an institution supported and maintained by the arms and ammunition interests. Dr. Hornaday says the Federal Government is in close agreement with the paid agents of the big corporations who make and sell guns and ammunition. And the lust to kill is being fostered by these ammunition makers. With the increase in the number of hunters, more deadly ammunition, more deadly arms, the powers of destruction, are increasing in inverse ratio to the number of birds and animals. Pump guns, telescopic sights and other improvements are going to mean the extinction of all game. They will all go the way of the Passenger Pigeon, which is now extinct.'

'Bill,' said the Politician, turning to the Sportsman at his left, 'You're a hunter and fisherman. What do you think about it?'

'I've thought a lot about it and sum it up in this way,' replied Bill. 'Perhaps the bill is subsidized by the munition makers. I don't know. I do know that some such bill should be passed or we will soon have no hunting at all. This thing is in the hands of the ones most interested, the sportsmen. The Izaak Walton League and the sportsmen at large, yes, even the ammunition makers, should combine for the common good and establish more game refuges. The ammunition makers and the song-bird advocates need to get together. And get this straight, friends. No conservation is real conservation that leaves out the sportsman. It is he who establishes reserves for game to multiply in, shooting only the overflow under restrictions. They watch their field and when it is too closely shot they pass laws restricting the bag limit, the season, and the like. Look at Pennsylvania. The state was practically denuded of game 30 years ago and today farmers are petitioning the legislature to let them shoot does because of their destructive tendencies. And in New York State, where sportsmen have brought back the game, the deer are thick as in days of old. Leave it to the sportsman.'

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'When I speak of conservation in Alaska I do not have in mind the dictionary theory of its meaning,' said ***the Old Prospector.***

'Except in name only, the dictionary meaning bears no more resemblance to the thing called conservation in Alaskan bureaucratic administration than a barren-ground caribou bears to a willow ptarmigan. Back in the nineties when I was in the university—oh, yes, I graduated from Yale in '95—conservation did not mean so much. We had plenty of natural resources and no one gave a thought to conservation. You ask me to state the present-day purpose of conservation in Alaska. I can say without hesitation that it has no other purpose than to supply a pretext, a sort of seeming justification, for the existence of bureaucratic jobs, and a plausible excuse for the innumerable junketing parties with which we are favored each summer under the guise of official business. It's the bunk. A fishing people look upon the Bureau of Fisheries as merely a useless adjunct to the fishing industry, with no one so humble as to do it reverence. Alaska has no friend at the court of public opinion in the States. There is a group, a business group, in the States opposed to Alaskan coal and timber and oil and their by-products coming into world competition with their own wares. Why we've got millions upon millions of feet of timber that is today dead and dying from old age and decay. But conservation keeps them from the ax. That's why so many come here, remain a little while, and then leave for places more remote where there is a chance to live a life untrammeled and unchecked by governmental red tape

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Did Columbus discover America? Is it not true that at least two men landed on America's shore before Columbus sailed from Europe?

ANSWER: A great many legends exist regarding European or Asiatic contact with the American continent prior to the 15th Century, and the landing of Leif Ericsson and his followers on the coast of Greenland, in the 11th Century seems to be fairly well established. These contacts led to nothing effective in the way of colonization or development, however.

QUESTION: What is the approximate amount foreign nations, industrial corporations, banking corporations and individuals owe banking corporations, trust companies, individuals, et cetera, in the United States?

ANSWER: American foreign investments total approximately $11,565,000,000.

QUESTION: How many spoken languages or dialects are there in the world? How many words are there in the English language?

ANSWER: There are said to be 3,424 spoken languages or dialects in the world, distributed as follows: America, 1,624; Asia, 937; Europe, 587; Africa, 276. The reputable English language contains approximately 700,000 words.

QUESTION: What is the area and weight of the earth?

ANSWER: The superficial area of the earth is 196,940,000 square miles—139,685,000 square miles of water and 57,255,000 square miles of land. The weight of the earth has been estimated at six sextillion tons, not including the atmosphere, whose weight has been estimated at more than five quadrillion tons.

QUESTION: Can you describe the President's flag?

ANSWER: The flag consists of the President's seal in bronze, upon a blue background, with a large white star in each corner. The design of this seal may be seen in the floor of the entrance corridor of the White House. When the President visits a vessel of the United States, the President's flag is broken at the main the moment he reaches the deck and is kept flying as long as he is on board. When the President is embarked on a boat he usually directs that his flag be displayed from the staff in the bow of his barge. When he passes in a boat flying his flag, vessels of the navy parade the full guard, four ruffles are given on the drum, four flourishes are sounded on the bugle, the National Anthem is played by the band, and officers and men salute.

QUESTION: Who was General Warren?

ANSWER: Joseph Warren, an early American politician, was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 11, 1721. He was a school-teacher, studied and practised medicine in Boston in 1764. The Stamp Act agitation aroused his interest in public questions. He soon became associated with Samuel Adams, John Adams and Josiah Quincy, Jr., as a leader of the popular party. He drafted the famous 'Suffolk Resolution' which urged forcible opposition to Great Britain if it should be necessary. He was a member of the first three provincial congresses and president of the third. During the war he took an active part in the fighting and was appointed major general of the Massachusetts troops in 1775. But before his commission was made out he took part as a volunteer in the Battle of Bunker Hill, where he was killed.

QUESTION: What is the sobriquet or by-name of Washington, D. C.?

ANSWER: Washington is known as 'The City of Magnificent Distances.'

QUESTION: Will you tell me how General Allenby was able to capture Jerusalem without firing a shot?

ANSWER: According to General Allenby's own account, with the taking of Gaza and Jaffa Jerusalem's defense was practically destroyed. The army rapidly advanced as the Turks were too much occupied on their extended front to concentrate vast forces on the new attack. With the news of the advancing British army, the Turks began to withdraw from Jerusalem. Finding the western entrance to the city unprotected, General Allenby and his army entered and without effort took possession of the city.

QUESTION: What are the ten longest rivers in the United States?

ANSWER: Missouri, 2,945 miles; Mississippi, 2,486; Arkansas, 2,000; Rio Grande, 1,800; Columbia, 1,400; Colorado, 1,360; Platte, 1,260; Red (south), 1,200; Tennessee, 1,200; Yellowstone, 1,100.

QUESTION: Is it essential that an alien reside in the same vicinity during the period between receiving his first and final citizenship papers?

ANSWER: No.

QUESTION: Does a foreign-born woman take the nationality of the man she marries?

ANSWER: No, not in the United States. She must take out naturalization papers.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Does an American woman lose her citizenship on marrying an alien?

ANSWER: No.

QUESTION: Article X in the League of Nations quite corresponds to Reservation V in the World Court, does it not?

ANSWER: No. Article X of the League of Nations reads as follows: 'The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression, or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression, the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.' Reservation V to the World Court reads as follows: 'That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly after due notice to all States adhering to the Court, and to all interested States and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given to any State concerned; nor shall it without the consent of the United States entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.'

QUESTION: What is the duty of the Controller General of the United States?

ANSWER: The Controller General of the United States, as head of the General Accounting Office, is charged by law with the settlement and adjustment, independently of the executive departments, of all claims and demands whatever by the Government or against it, and all accounts whatever in which the Government is concerned, either as debtor or creditor, and is vested with all powers and duties previously conferred or imposed by law upon the former Controller of the Treasury and the six Auditors of the Treasury Department. He superintends the recovery of all debts finally certified by audited settlements to be due the United States, and the preservation of all accounts, with their vouchers, etc., which have been finally adjusted, and countersigns all warrants authorized by law to be signed by the Secretary of the Treasury. It is the duty of the Controller General to investigate at the seat of government or elsewhere all matters relating to the receipt, disbursement, and application of public funds.

QUESTION: What was the total number voting at the presidential election in 1920?

ANSWER: 26,674,171. This does not include blank or void ballots, or votes cast for names not on any ticket.

QUESTION: How large is the British Empire? What is its total population?

ANSWER: The British Empire covers about one-fourth (13,406,103 square miles) of the world's habitable land surface; this excludes the Arctic regions. Its population totals, according to the best obtainable estimates, 441,595,965 people.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Under the heading, 'Academies, Universities and Schools,' the more important French dailies give academic notices. Since there are no football or baseball teams, in default of such real news, the academic side of the universities and learned academies receives attention. In the newspapers announcement is made of important discoveries in science, of completed literary works, of honors conferred and of appointments made; also of current lectures.

College News as It Is in France

Recently at the University of Lyon the chair of Greek Language and Literature became vacant. By a decree of the ministry of public instruction this chair has been transformed into a chair of English Language and American Literature. The first incumbent of the newly created chair is *Mlle. Villard,* made titular professor.

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Correct attire for the new Senator from Illinois when applying for admission seems to call for a couple of sliding pads.—Detroit *News.*

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Very modest are the claims of a Jewish rabbi of Montreal, who has just lodged before the privy council, supreme court of the British Empire, his claim to the ownership of Labrador. He says Labrador was given to his ancestor Joseph de la Penhe, wealthy Rotterdam merchant and shipper, by William III of England. During a storm at sea this 17th Century Penhe is said to have saved the monarch and several members of his family when the ship was wrecked. As a reward he says the king bestowed a charter upon him and his heirs whereby they became the owners of the great tract of 511,000 square miles. The claimant is Rev. Isaac de la Penhe, synagogue preceptor of the Sepharpi (Spanish and Portuguese Jews).

He Lays Claim to All of Labrador

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For twelve years Alvin Volberding, of Reinbeck, Iowa, was troubled with a continuous headache. While a soldier in the Philippines he had been kicked in the head by a horse. Doctors said he had an abscess of the brain and could not be cured. Recently the pain became unusually severe and upon blowing his nose vigorously he dislodged a piece of needle a half-inch in length which had become imbebbed in his nose. The pain ceased immediately. The needle had been left in his head by the army surgeon who sewed up the wound left by the horseshoe.

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There were Amazons in ancient times but they were not women. They were men who shaved and consequently looked like women to the bearded Greeks who first felt the sword at their hands. Archeologists have found representations of beardless men in the Hittite monuments on a plateau near the headwaters of the Sangarius River, the modern Sakaria, in Asia Minor. About 1250 B. C. the Hittites suffered reverses and no doubt thought this was due to their effeminate appearance. At any rate, from that date they shaved no more.

'My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends,
It gives a lovely light!'

So wrote a frail little woman during an illness that darkened her life for months. She sought the solitudes of the great American desert of the Southwest. There she recovered her health and is now hard at work in the old Spanish city of Santa Fe, finishing her most ambitious effort, the libretto of *The King's Henchman,* an opera with music by Deems Taylor. She is Edna St. Vincent Millay, who under the name of Nancy Boyd is also known as a satirical essayist.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

Reform of the calendar has proved too tough a problem even for the committee of the League of Nations appointed to deal with it. After many months of study of the nearly 200 schemes of reform submitted to it, the committee came to the wise conclusion that public opinion was not sufficiently ripe for any action under the auspices of the League. So the whole subject was referred back to the countries interested for further discussion.

Too Tough a Job for the League

Judging by the sources of the suggestions for calendar reform, France is more interested than either Germany or the United States, and far more than England, which had only five plans before the committee, as against 33 from France, 27 from this country and 24 from Germany.
—Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

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The early civilizations might not impress us if history had recorded their popular songs.
—El Dorado *Tribune.*

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'A man's mind is his kingdom,' is an excellent Scottish saying. This old adage is again brought to mind by the sale of Robert Burns' letter to his younger brother, William, containing general advice concerning garrulity. Walter M. Hill, of New York, is the purchaser. It was part of the autograph and document collection of the late John H. Gundlach and brought $850. Burns advised his brother in part: 'What mischiefs daily arise from silly garrulity or foolish confidence! There is an excellent Scottish saying, that "a man's mind is his kingdom." It is certainly so; but how few can govern that kingdom with propriety.'

Robby Burns' Advice to His Brother

Somehow we always visioned Benjamin Franklin as a quiet, retiring old fellow given over to bookishness and the making of proverbs; one who would fit in nicely in front of a cozy hearth fire with a cat beside his rocking-chair, or in a French court bowing and working his way into diplomatic circles. We are surprised to learn that he was a hardy, outdoor man and an expert swimmer. On one occasion he swam for four miles in the Thames at London, performing many feats of activity, both in diving and swimming. In fact, he won such a reputation as a swimmer that at one time he thought seriously of becoming a teacher of swimming. At forty he swam for two hours at a stretch. And in the print shop he astonished his fellow workers by carrying two forms of type to their one. In short, he was an all-round man in every respect.

Poor Richard as an Athlete

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The bear in the Edinburgh Zoo that devoured a bag containing fifty pounds in treasury notes has become an object of morbid interest to crowds of Scottish sight-seers.
—*Punch.*

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Franze Tielemans, a seaman, left his shi in New York, walking gingerly and wincin noticeably. Because he lacked the accus tomed devil-may-car swagger of the tru sailor, he aroused th suspicions of the hawk like customs guard He was arrested searched, and was found to have a quarte of a million dollars' worth of diamond concealed in his socks. He was in pai because the diamond points cut into th flesh pressed down by the weight of th gems. At the intersection of two uptow streets a man wearing a red handkerchi in his coat pocket was to meet him, Fran said.

Diamonds Made Him Wince

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Join the Marines and get a view of Nicaragua.—Boston *Globe.*

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One of our most unwelcome immigran is the Japanese beetle, a voracious, destru tive insect from Japan that works on fru and grains. Entomo ogists tried to di courage them by fee ing them geranic which is the unsat rated alcohol in t oil of geranium. Though some died throu contact sprays of this type, others mere considered it a bit of bad liquor and forag on. Japanese scientists suggested t importation of three high-power enem insects—two wasps and a fly. The was went to work with a will and soon clean up the beetles in the vicinity of Riverto New Jersey. The wasp burrows into t ground and stings the grubs of the Japane beetle. In each sting it lays one egg. T grub is paralyzed temporarily but soon r sumes feeding and recovers. The wasp e hatches out inside the beetle grub and t tiny wasp grub feeds on the living tissues the beetle larva, eventually killing it. that's that.

Bugs That Eat Beetles

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE *Pickelhaube*, or German helmet, has been replaced by the American police cap in the Swedish police uniform.

A FIRST EDITION of John Bunyan's *Book for Boys and Girls* which was bought by a woman at Hemel Hempstead, England, a few years ago for a half crown (about sixty-one cents) sold recently for $10,200.

THE 'LUNG' OF THE GAS meter that breathes in and out and measures the use of gas is made from sheepskin that has been especially prepared to make it impervious to the corrosive elements in gas.

AN INSTRUMENT CALLED a dendrograph has been invented by which a tree can write its own diary.

THE DIAMOND-BACK TERRAPIN, once so numerous in Chesapeake Bay, are nearly extinct. Although when they were plentiful they had little or no value, a single specimen today sells on the market for eight dollars.

A LONDON AVIATOR watched the sunset as he left London on his London-to-Paris flight, and saw it set again the same day while taking a passenger on an altitude tour of 7,000 feet.

THE ALMOST UNKNOWN phenomenon of snow for Christmas was experienced by the people of Lisbon, Portugal, last Christmas.

A SIX-FOOT SEVEN-INCH soldier at Fort Sheridan wears the largest shoes made for the United States Army—size 12 EE.

A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN of wood clothed in full uniform and helmet directs traffic twenty-four hours each day on a corner of a highway of Brandenburg Province.

THE MIRROR WAS OF great significance to the ancients. In Egypt, it was in the shape of the solar disk to indicate the connection between the mirror and the sun god; in China mirrors were placed in great numbers in graves; in Japan the mirror was part of the imperial insignia, along with the sword and the jewel.

FOLLOWING A NERVOUS shock, a Parisian turned blue all over. Physicians have been unable to restore him to his natural color.

WHAT WAS BELIEVED to be the oldest horse in the world died in Rushville, Illinois, recently at the age of forty years.

TALE HAS MADE A WOMAN a professor of psychiatric nursing, the first post of its kind to be created.

PIGEONS IN SEARCH OF gravel are damaging the masonry of some of London's public buildings.

BRONZE THIMBLES, OPEN at the top, were in use 2,000 years ago.

A PHILADELPHIA POLICEMAN asked that he be demoted when he learned that his promotion to a lieutenancy would mean parting with his horse, Dick. He had ridden the horse for nine years and he would rather remain a sergeant and keep the horse than have all the honors of the force.

WHEN A CHILD DIES in some parts of Greenland, the natives bury a live dog with it to guide the child in the other world, as it is claimed dogs can find their way anywhere.

'GENTLEMEN ARE REMINDED that they are not allowed to dine in this hall wearing what are vulgarly known as plus-fours and Oxford bags.'
—*Notice posted at Oxford University.*

ORIGIN OF TALKING ROCK, in Pickens County, Georgia, was as follows: A rock was found with the words, 'Turn me over' painted on one side, and on the other side was painted, 'Now turn me back and let me fool somebody else.'

IN BOHEMIA THE WILLOW is said to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself, and it is supposed to have a special attraction for suicides.

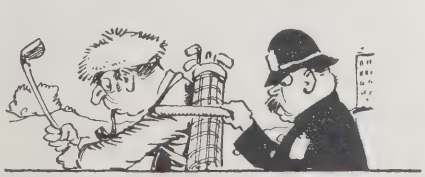
IN COLORADO, NEW MEXICO and Wyoming, bears climbing poles in search of honey or for the purpose of a view, are a continual cause of trouble on electric transmission lines.

THE HINDUS THINK IT brings a person ill luck to be openly admired or praised, and a child admired too openly will be hastily withdrawn, the mother often beating it to counteract the ill-omened admiration.

IT IS THE BELIEF along certain parts of the New England coast that a sick man cannot die until the ebb tide begins to flow.

THE TRANSMISSION OF PICTURES between Boston and San Francisco in seven minutes is now possible at a rate of $50, a telegraphic description being included.

PRIMITIVE RUSSIANS PLACE a certificate of character in a dead person's hand, to be given to Saint Peter at the gates of Heaven.



WHEN ROBERT LOCKHART of Dunfermline, Scotland, tried to play golf in Central Park, New York, in 1888, he was arrested.

THE NICKNAME 'Quakers' was originally applied to the Friends by Justice Bennett, a Derby, England, magistrate, in derision of George Fox, the founder, because he admonished the magistrate to 'quake at the word of the Lord.'

THE NAME 'midshipmen' for cadets originated in the British navy about 200 years ago. The men who were going through a course of training to become officers were assigned quarters amidships on the lower deck. Hence they came to be called midshipmen.

SCIENCE REPORTS THAT THE average American boy is two inches taller than the average American grandfather was as a boy.

AN ACRE FARM ON THE ocean front near the Boardwalk at Atlantic City is valued at more than $1,000,000. Truck produce is grown on the acre each year.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN in Moscow was assessed a duty of $11 a tube on tooth paste. He contributed the paste to the Russian Government and now cleans his teeth with ashes.

SILKWORMS HAVE AN active enemy in mice.

PAPER MONEY WAS MADE in China 500 years ago.

CITIZENS IN GLOUCESTER TOWNSHIP, Quebec, who do not pay their taxes are not permitted to vote.

OF AMERICAN WOMEN over fifteen years of age one in four is a breadwinner.

A DOG IN LEICESTER, ENGLAND, regularly visits a local motion picture show, jumping on a vacant seat in front and watching the performance until the close, when he jumps down and trots out again. He is never any trouble to the proprietor or visitors.

THE PREACHER OF A CHURCH in Houston, Texas, was arrested and fined $25 for disturbing the peace by his loud and frequent hallelujahs. The neighbors could not sleep.

EGGS PRESERVED BY a new process for a period of fourteen weeks produced chickens that were strong and healthy.

THE ADULTERATION OF WINE was punishable by death in Germany in 1752.

AUGUSTUS, IN THE DOCUMENT annexed to his will, mentioned that he had exhibited 8,000 gladiators, and 3,510 wild beasts.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL anthem has been in use for nearly two centuries.

AN ANCIENT BELIEF THAT possession of a hair from the face of the Chinese philosopher Confucius would impart great wisdom to the holder made necessary the passage of a law forbidding the plucking, removing or transporting of his whiskers.

AFTER THE HEART MUSCLE, the diaphragm muscle is the most important in the human body, as it is able to do all the breathing required to maintain life.

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the utilization of the Marines as the agents of the American people, not as a special police of the interests.

While the United States has been scrapping warships, other powers have been building more. Is this world disarmament, or is it the old fable of the fox and the goat? It will be remembered that the fox fell into a well and induced the goat to jump into the well also; then stepping on the goat's back the fox got out. The Navy Commission alleges that America has been made the goat. The 'Little Navyites' say no. But 'facts are chiels that winna ding,' thinks E. B. Jones. (p. 1)

Much sentiment has been spilt over the affinity of heart and hand. But head and hand, leaving out the sentiment, form a more important combination. Donald A. Laird works out this proposition by demonstrating that where the head alone is cultivated the hand lags, but when the hand functions the head acts in conjunction. (p. 3)

After all, the builders of the Tower of Babel had a big idea. They wanted to get as near heaven as possible. This is exactly what is now happening with the church builders in New York, Chicago, and other big cities. The sky pilots are erecting skyscrapers because material structures like these, when placed on a sound commercial basis, provide the means for carrying on and raising the standard of things spiritual. William L. Stidger finds this a congenial theme. (p. 4)

If men of middle age read Thomas L. Masson's article on the advantages of being just like that, without a thrill of rejuvenation, it will be surprising. Mr. Masson maintains that at middle age a normal individual has just stepped onto the road of greatest achievement. (p. 5)

Who has not heard of 'Suzanne,' the scintillating sylph of the ball and racquet? H. G. Salsinger provides some snapshots of her rapid-fire methods in the tennis game and explains how she attained them. (p. 7)

There is news that comes out of Washington and news that does not, says Aaron Hardy Ulm. We are left to infer that the negative side of this statement is the more important. (p. 8)

Following the Franco-Prussian War, France's greatest sorrow was the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. The Paris group of statuary symbolic of this province was draped in black. Following the World War this somber covering was removed. France's favorite daughter had been restored. Alsace, with its romance and chivalry, is depicted by A. M. Sommerville Story. (p. 12)

The remaining pages of this number are replete with subjects of interest. The final installment of 'Strange Men Who Could Not Keep Straight' contains a real human appeal. (p. 14) Burt McConnell, in 'The Balloon That Never Returned,' supplies all that is likely to be known about the Andrée polar expedition and its mysterious fate. (p. 16) Fred L. Holmes gives a graphic picture of Wisconsin's first circuit rider. (p. 21)

It is fine to have so many of our readers paying testimony to the manner in which this magazine lives up to its slogan of chronicling 'the neglected truth.' Here is a letter that shows gratifying appreciation:

West Grove, Pennsylvania.

Am sending my check for $1.50 for one year's subscription to your paper, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and want to say right now that we like it immensely—it is different from so many other papers and magazines—everything in it is interesting to such a large extent and we think that 'chronicler of the neglected truth' is a truthful slogan.

Have been much interested in everything about Abraham Lincoln as I am and always have been a great admirer of him and my husband has just been reading 'John Sobieski' with much interest. He was personally acquainted with him and heard him lecture here in our town over sixty years ago, and of course was delighted with the article, as it was correct in every detail.

I have frequently remarked that it was not often that one could find so much that was readable and interesting in one paper.

MRS. G. R. CHAMBERS.

Massinacac
Guinea Mills, Virginia.

Mr. A. H. Ulm, in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for December 25, 1926, quotes an historian as saying that, 'After 1638, scarcely any (immigrants) came but those who were brought as merchandise to make sale of,' that is, indentured servants. Mr. Ulm refers to the immigration into Virginia. Now, it is quite certain that the bulk of the Cavalier immigration took place after 1638, for after the beheading of Charles I great numbers of Cavaliers left England for asylum in Virginia, where they settled and raised families. One of my own ancestors, Capt. John Batte, a royalist officer, came with his family, and this is one instance out of a great many. Few of Cromwell's men came to Virginia, for the colony was in control of the Cavalier stock.

As to the servant class, in 1670 there were in Virginia six thousand white servants, but thirty-two thousand free people. And it must be remembered that these indentured servants were not of the dregs of society; they were largely adventurous, courageous men who were willing to try life in the wilderness, and because they had not sufficient money to pay their ship passage, bound themselves to some landed proprietor until the sum was paid.—So, however the fact may be controverted, it seems undoubted that Virginia was populated largely and controlled by the Cavalier, the gentry class, of England. There are very few families of decent standing in Virginia today that cannot link up with some of these English gentlemen, and the pride of Virginians in their family is possibly unexcelled by the inhabitants of any other state. It remains one of the last provincial cultures despite the depletions of the Civil War, and the economic depression succeeding that conflict.

Allow me to congratulate you on the increasing goodness of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It manages to have something vital to say every week, which is no small accomplishment where there are so many periodicals. I am glad to see that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT does this without lowering its standard.

WILLIAM SHEPARD.

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Fred L. Holmes

EDWARD DAVISON is a brilliant youn English poet and critic. Formerly associat editor of *The London Mercury*, he is this yea delivering a special series of lectures at Vassa College. He is best known in this country for hi book of poems, *Harvest of Youth*. (Facing p. 1.

E. B. JOHNS is a Washington correspondei and magazine writer. He has made a special stud of national defense questions. (p. 1)

DONALD A. LAIRD, psychologist of Colga University, is eminently qualified to define th real relationship between head and hand. (p. 3

WILLIAM L. STIDGER is pastor of Linwoo Boulevard Methodist Church, Kansas City. H is widely traveled and a keen observer of thin that matter. (p. 4)

THOMAS L. MASSON is too well known magazine readers to be introduced. In his essay this number he is at his best. (p. 5)

H. G. SALSINGER, as a sports editor a writer on sport generally, has a national rep tation. (p. 7)

AARON HARDY ULM is an able writer political and economic subjects. He comes purely pre-Revolution stock and knows A America well. (p. 8)

A. M. SOMMERVILLE STORY is a not journalist and author and a recognized authori on things French. His works include *The Fo of Pan* and *A Parisian Princess*. (p. 12)

BURT M. McCONNELL, of the editor staff of *The Literary Digest*, has an intimate a practical knowledge of polar exploration. (p. 1

FRED L. HOLMES is an entertaining and i formative writer on Americana and a wide rar of other subjects. (p. 21)

Craftsmanship in Various Arts

—*International Newsreel.*

Icon of the Virgin Mary and the Christ, embossed in pure gold, standing in the Russian St. Nicholas Cathedral, New York City. It is called 'The Icon of the Alleviation of Grief,' and is a possession precious to the parishioners.

—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

An adventure in stone. The sarcophagus, once containing the remains of Alexander the Great.

A Throne Room in which aliens, not angels, fear to tread. It is in the forbidden city of Peking, China.

—*Keystone View.*

Left—

Exemplifying ornate architecture in the East. A show temple in Mandalay, Burma.

—*Keystone View.*

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URBANA ILL

THERE are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be easiest.

If you are idle or sick or poor, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be harder to augment your means.

If you are active and prosperous or young or in good health, it may be easier for you to augment your means than to diminish your wants.

But if you are wise, you will do both at the same time, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well; and if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

—*Franklin.*

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27
Number 17

FEB. 12, 1927

Five Cents a Copy

Drawing by RAYMOND H. WARREN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN in his law office at Springfield, Illinois, studying preliminary drafts of his First Inaugural Address, just before his departure for Washington. The artist has endeavored to make every detail of this picture historically correct; he has reproduced exactly the desk and chairs, and the shawl and umbrella are taken from those Mr. Lincoln owned, now kept at the Chicago Historical Society.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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NOISE *the Destroyer*

By KNUD RASMUSSEN

Drawings by W. O. FITZGERALD

'I DON'T see how you stand the misery and bitter cold and arctic darkness.'

How often in my thirty years of polar work has this been said to me. My retort is always:

'Being buffeted by a polar blizzard can't compare with the assault of odors, sights and sounds of civilization!'

When I returned from my three-thousand-mile trip across the Arctic last year, King Christian of Denmark was kind enough to honor me. After the ceremony a man came up and said: 'You lucky dog! Even kings kneel at your feet!' Then he shook his head. 'But I would not pay the price you do,' he added with a shudder.

'What do you mean?' I asked mechanically. I knew, but was too fatigued to dispute him.

'Oh, the raw meat, the dirty Eskimos and the perils of the ice-pack,' he enumerated.

As I had just returned from New York after my trip down from Alaska I could not resist the temptation to throw his own words in his teeth:

'Raw meat, you say? My stomach prefers it to the overloading it gets now. Dirty Eskimos? At least they never jostle and crowd the way the white man does. And how about subways and taxicabs and elevators?'

He shrugged as if he thought my attitude an affectation. I went on:

'I don't deny the pleasure nor the honor of being a returned explorer. It is fine to have one's fellow man pleased with what one does. It is very warming to have the ladies admire one. But most of all this great pleasure is spoiled by the strain of contact with civilization.'

It is this strain, of which I am now so keenly conscious, that makes me realize so clearly under what terrific pressure the average man or woman is living today. I don't mean the strain of being agreeable to other people. That is a common handicap of society where two or more human beings are gathered together, whether it be in the arctic regions or in Times Square, New York. No, what I have in mind is something entirely different; yet something that concerns every man and woman in the civilized world today.

There are three things that assail me when I return after a long stay in the wilderness: my eyes are overwhelmed by the movement and variety of the kaleidoscopic scenes before me. My nostrils are wrenched by a thousand acrid odors of which the civilized man is not even conscious. My ears are deafened by the impact of myriad sounds.

Probably few persons realize that much of their fatigue and nervousness comes from eyestrain. Frankly, I never knew how unfair I was to my eyes until once when I came back from Greenland I happened to count all the different eyestrains in a day. My count ran up to a total of more than two hundred! Among the leading ones were: Reading in trains and taxicabs; watching traffic, both vehicular and human; reading while eating; street dust; bad light; reading advertising, night and day; watching flying landscapes out of train windows.

One would scarcely think there would be any sort of strain in catching and recording the innumerable smells, pleasant and otherwise, that reach the

The waiter collided with a brother servant. I half rose from my seat as the burden of crockery crashed to the floor.

I turned on the radiator. Instantly deafening reports issued therefrom.

nose in every day of city life. Yet I believe that this form of constant irritation plays a very definite part in wearing down the nerves of civilized men.

I remember a Dane going up to an Eskimo and saying, with a smile, 'I never smelled anything like you!'

The Eskimo promptly retorted, 'I wonder if I smell as bad as you do!'

I didn't realize what the native meant until I was away on a trip that kept me for more than two years completely out of touch with civilization. When I walked into a house on my return, I was astounded to find that I could pick distinctly from the mass of odors those of soap, fried food, bread, wood, stale grease, and a score of other things to which the civilized nose is numb.

But the most painful of all disturbances is noise. It is the Niagara of noise which pours from the city's gate which literally crushes me each time I return from the arctic regions. Primitive Eskimos whom I have brought back with me say the same thing.

'It's like the roaring of a great walrus herd!' one young savage put it.

There is first, of course, the din of traffic. Every vehicle that passes adds its measure to the cataract of noise pouring upon my eardrums. There is added to the surface traffic the roar of the elevated and the thunder of the subway.

In America I find myself shrinking from the constant tumult of building. I remember standing on a street corner in New York talking to a friend for some fifteen minutes. Above us riveters were hard at work on a thirty-six-story building. Despite the fact that I was not the slightest bit nervous either in temperament or in disposition at the time, I found myself forced to go and have a good cup of coffee after this experience.

Then there is the constant clatter of voices. People little realize how badly they pitch their vocal tones. They use more volume of sound than is necessary. They hammer the eardrums of their companions rather than titillate them.

My experience with the Eskimos has led me to realize how much better they use their voices than we do. In a snow igloo with twenty to thirty people around it would be perfect misery to sit or sleep if the natives shouted the way most civilized people shout. They talk in low, well-modulated tones; and if they are not heard they catch the attention of the other person with their eyes instead of hurling his name into the air.

I think a close-up of my sufferings in civilization would be enlightening.

It is because of my experience in coming back so many times after long trips that I feel myself, in effect, to be a laboratory case. I represent the human body naked to the agencies of civilized life. Through me the average person can see to what per cent his nerves and body are subjected by his daily passage to business and return.

I should like to add that my case is worth the consideration of the average man or woman if only because I find that physical and nervous strength are no true defense.

My own condition on returning from a long trip is usuall superb. My muscles are hard and my digestion good. My nerves and mind are as clean and sound as perfect health can make them. Yet the attrition of overworked vision, constantly annoying odors and noise, wears me out during the first few days after my arrival.

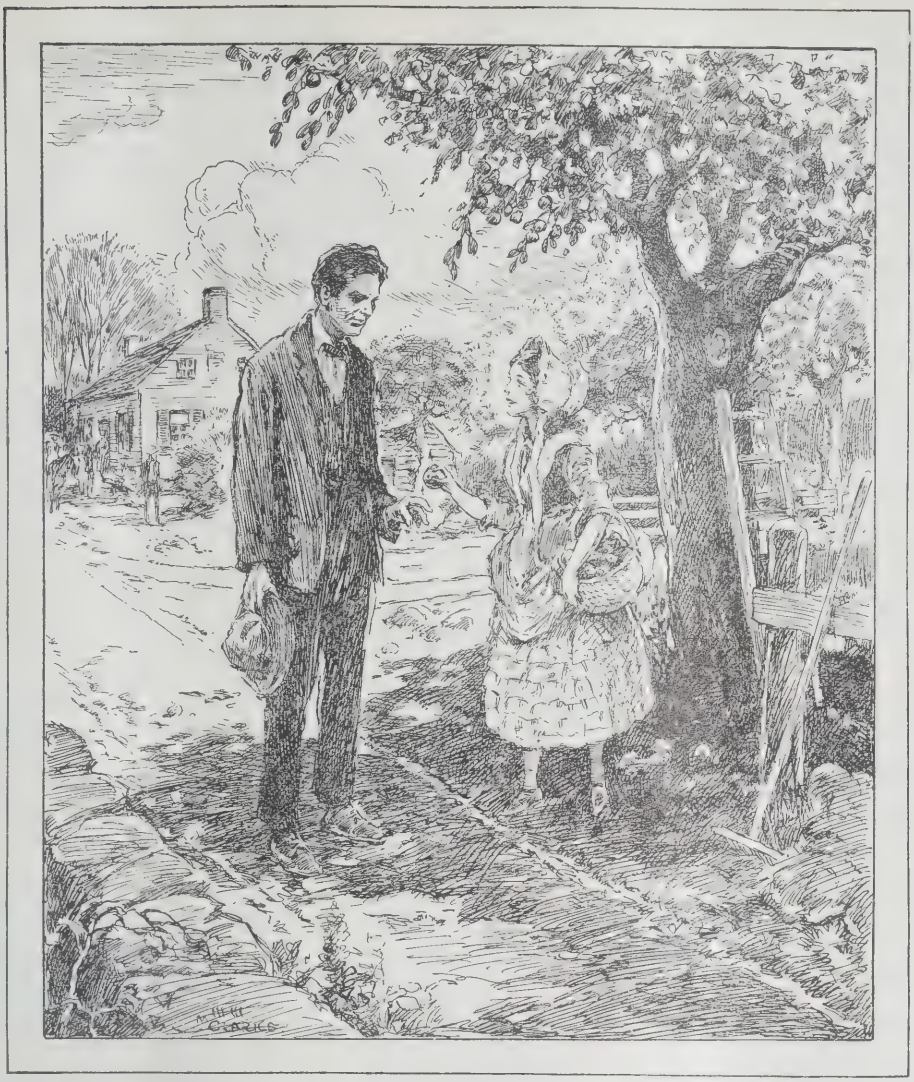
SOMETIMES, I seem to stand beside myself at such times and study how I feel. Two persons will engage me in conversation. Each will try to out-yell the other. One is talking to me about Greenland, the other about Denmark. I am quite unable closely to follow what both say. But the noise of their voices dins in my ears.

I watch myself stiffen slightly. If one ear is near one of the speakers I turn my head so that I don't get the full effect of the blast. The noise of the conversation not only takes the pleasure out of it, but reduces my ability to respond.

I sit in a taxicab. For a little while it is a relief to be out of the swirling movement. I feel as if I were in my padded cell. We stop. The creak of brakes behind me makes me sit up. A crash beside me makes me glance nervously out the window. When an elevated train goes overhead I shrink slightly. The peace *(Continued on page 20)*

I dine in a high-priced restaurant. The orchestra plays, making it necessary for me to yell.

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



Caroline Meeker was in the orchard. She met Abraham Lincoln, and offered him an apple.

The Girl Across the River
Lincoln's Friend at Court

THE case of Kentucky versus Abraham Lincoln was duly called, and the defendant answered to his name, and pleaded 'not guilty.' Both he and the complaining witness announced themselves as ready for trial, and the issue was joined. Abraham Lincoln was defendant in a number of lawsuits, in one of which he lost his horse and surveying instruments, but only once in all his life was he arrested, charged with a penal offense, and this was the time.

The magistrate, Samuel Pate, Esquire, justice of the peace in and for the County of Hancock and Commonwealth of Kentucky, took his office seriously. He had erected a large, double log house, somewhat recently completed before this trial, and he had built the east room of quite unusual size for the express purpose of holding court therein. In any reasonable weather, court might be held on the ample porch, and as a matter of fact was often held there; but the hewn log walls of Squire Pate's temple of justice suited his idea of the dignity of the law, and he preferred the trials to be held inside.

No sheriff or constable had dragged Abraham Lincoln into court; he had come voluntarily, but was guarded by the two complaining witnesses, or perhaps more accurately, by the complaining witness, John T. Dill, and his brother Lin.

It had not been the original intention of the Dill brothers that there should be a legal trial. They had intended to settle the issue out of court, and according to a method of their own. Lin Dill had stood on the bank of the Ohio River and hallooed across to Abraham Lincoln, and by repeated calls had induced him to row across the stream. The implication of the call was that some one wanted to cross the river and could not find the ferryman. That was a welcome call to Abraham Lincoln, and he got into his boat and crossed over. When he arrived, Lin Dill invited him to step out upon the bank, and Lincoln did so. Thereupon John Dill rushed out of the bushes where he had been hiding, and the two brothers seized the boatman with intent to duck him in the waters of the Ohio.

Although they had taken him at a disadvantage, and he was a prisoner in their hands, they held him in no such control as to assure them of success in ducking him.

He was a tough, tall, athletic fellow, and his muscles were like rawhide from chopping and rowing. If he was not a full match for two men, he was far more than a match for either one of his antagonists, and not helpless in the hands of the two.

Under these conditions a parley seemed logical, and with some heat on the part of the Dills, and good nature on the part of Abraham, it ensued.

John Dill declared that Lincoln had been taking away his customers, by running a ferry of his own across the Ohio River, Dill having a license from the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and being the only person legally authorized to convey passengers across. This, he declared, was contrary to law, and Lincoln was subject to arrest and fine; and he was due to receive a fine or a thrashing before he recrossed the river.

This suggestion Lincoln immediately acted upon. He told the Dills they might take their choice between the fine and the thrashing, but that if he stood trial, the worst that could happen to the Dills would be the losing of their case; whereas, if they attempted to thrash or duck him, something more serious might happen to them.

They told him that the house of Squire Pate was near; indeed, the ferry was operated from land owned by him. If Lincoln would go with them peaceably to the house of Squire Pate, and there submit to trial, they would not insist upon taking the law into their own hands. Abraham cheerfully agreed, and the three men climbed the bank together, and walked through the fringe of timber and the orchard, and past the little cemetery, to the big new house of Squire Samuel Pate.

Squire Pate was thirty-two years of age, and had a fertile and well-tilled farm. He owned slaves, and treated them well, and buried them, when they died, in a corner of his own little family

graveyard. He was a man who had inherited some property, and had added to it, and now, still in the vigor of his early maturity, was giving much attention to his duties as an officer of Kentucky. Some local magistrates make little of the honor or the office, but Squire Pate was not one of these.

Court opened without much ceremony, but not without a quiet dignity. The defendant waived service of a warrant, and the trial began.

John T. Dill, complainant, testified that he operated a ferry across the Ohio River, having license so to do under the laws of the Commonwealth of Kentucky; that he was the sole person who had legal right to set passengers across the river at that point for hire; that Abraham Lincoln, the defendant, had at divers times interfered with his business, notably in one case when he took a passenger from the Indiana side, and delivered

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

Court opened without much ceremony, but not without quiet dignity.

him aboard a steamer that stopped midstream, to the financial loss of Dill.

Lin Dill was sworn, and his testimony corroborated that of his brother.

Squire Pate heard this evidence with strong predisposition to find for the plaintiff. He knew the essential facts. The Dill brothers operated the ferry from land owned by him, and paid him rental. The Act of Congress under which Kentucky became a state gave that commonwealth jurisdiction of the Ohio River to high-water mark on the Indiana side. No Indiana license would have been valid. The Dill boys were neighbors, and the squire would prefer to please them; but he would not pronounce judgment till he had heard what the defendant had to offer.

Just then Squire Pate became conscious that others were present. A number of neighbors or strollers had heard of the trouble on the river bank, and had come over to see how matters were coming out. They were shown in by Squire Pate's negro servant, George, who was a year older than the squire, and outlived both the squire and his wife, serving the family till the war made him free, and still serving them and dying on the farm where he had spent his life, and being buried near his old master in the family cemetery. The little stone is there: George Pate, Colored, born April 23, 1794, died, May 29, 1867. That, and a hand pointing upward to the place where George had gone, tell the story of George.

Squire Pate suggested that if Lincoln would like to read the book, he might do so any time he cared to cross the river for that purpose.

But besides the neighbors and George, the squire was conscious of another presence, that of his niece, Caroline Meeker. She was an orphan, daughter of his older sister, and the squire was her guardian. She was seventeen, and had brown eyes, soft and winsome, eyes that sometimes lighted up with sudden fire. She had brown hair. It curled, and some of the curls fell over her forehead in rebellious fashion. Caroline was standing at the side of the room, and she was looking at the defendant, Abraham Lincoln. Her look caused Squire Pate to look again at Abraham Lincoln. And he was really deserving of the second look. The squire softened a little the judicial tone in which he addressed the defendant:

'Are there any witnesses for the defense? Does the defendant desire to testify?'

Abraham Lincoln rose to his full height. He almost knocked the floor beams above the court room, so tall was he.

He answered that he had no witnesses, and that the facts were as had been stated. But he would like to ask a question.

Squire Pate did not see what question there could well be, if the facts were beyond dispute; but he permitted the question.

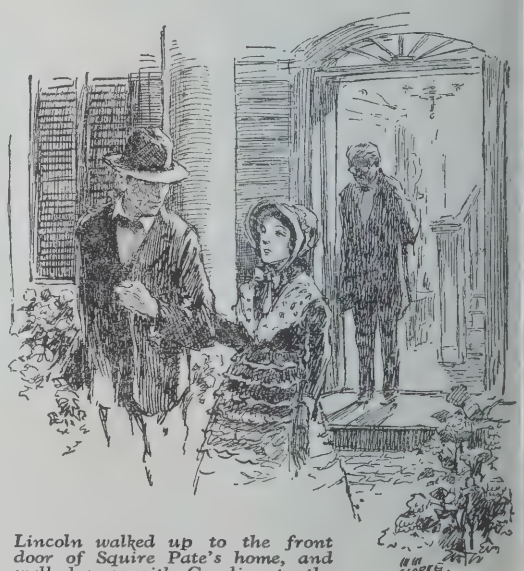
'The question I want to ask is, Do the rights of John T. Dill, under his license, forbid any other person to operate a ferry from the Indiana bank to the middle of the river?'

The squire replied that the entire width of the river belonged to Kentucky; but the defendant still pressed his point.

'It is not the right of the State of Kentucky to the whole width of the river that I question,' he said, 'but the extent to which the license of Mr. Dill applies to forbid traffic from the Indiana shore to vessels in the middle of the stream.'

The squire began to be interested. And Caroline was interested. She did not like the Dill boys, and it seemed to her that a very unmanly thing had been done in their setting upon Lincoln as they did.

'I did what these men say I did,' said Lincoln. 'A man came to the bank of the river to catch a passing boat. The boat could not land because of low water, but stopped in the middle of the river. John Dill was not in sight, and his boat was on the other side of the river. Somebody had to take that man from the Indiana shore to the boat, or the man had to miss the boat. The steamer would not wait. I was there, and the man offered to pay me to take him out to the steamboat, and I did. Now, it seems to me that it was not fair to expect me to sit there in my boat, and let that man miss his steamer, just because the Dill boys were not attending to their business. And I did not set the man across the river, as Dill claims the exclusive right to do; I only set him halfway across. And I'd like to know whether his license says that no one else must help a stranger to get on (*Continued on page 21*)



Lincoln walked up to the front door of Squire Pate's home, and walked away with Caroline to the husking party.

Are We Scrapping the Whole Navy?

By J. J. DEWEY

THERE has been a clash between the President and Congress. That is nothing new, but the country has witnessed the unusual sight of responsible men in the Republican Party openly disagreeing with a Republican President. It is all about the Navy. All is not well with our sea defenses and the men responsible under the Constitution for the national protection are anxious about the state of affairs. Who is right, the President or Congress? The facts will tell.

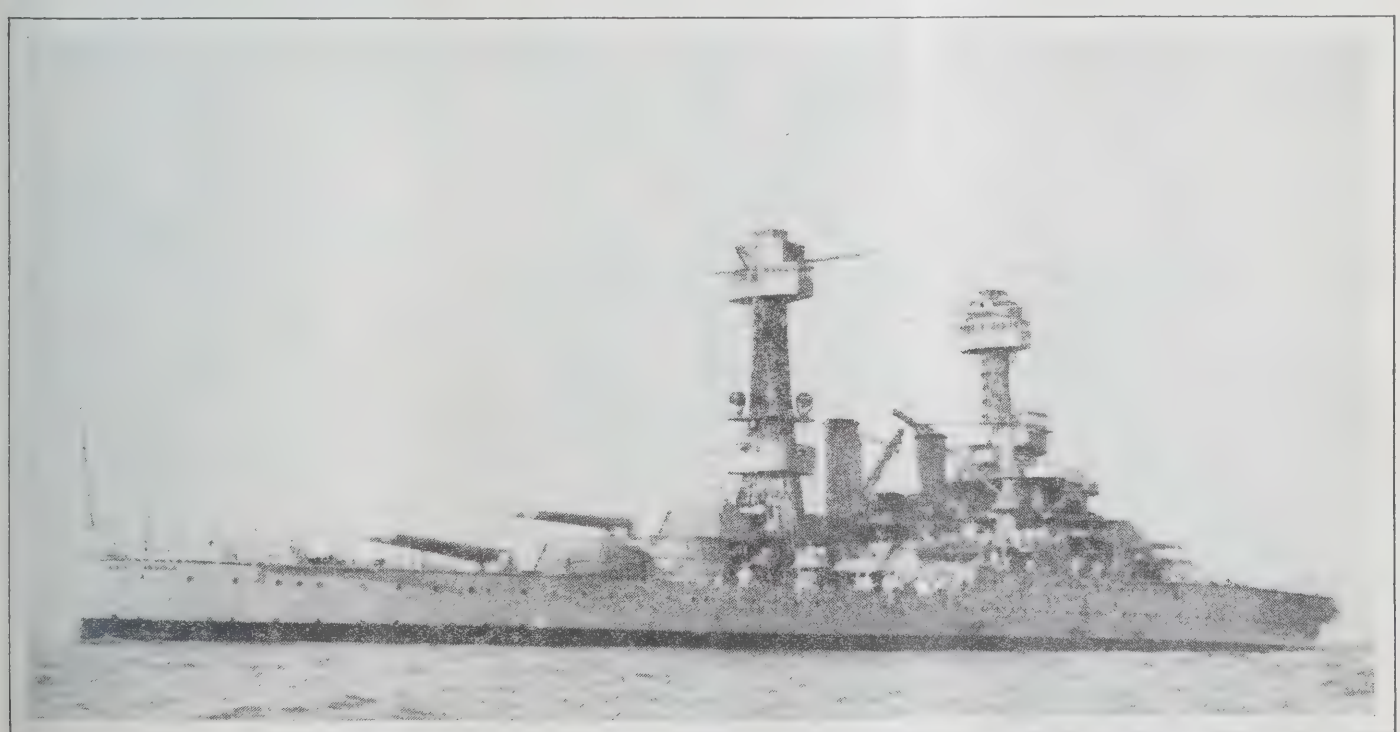
Gradually the people are coming to realize that the Washington Conference which was a step toward the attempt to abolish competitive armaments, fell very far short of its intention. While that failure may be attributed to a number of causes, much of it was due to a woeful lack of understanding of naval affairs exhibited by the American delegates and especially Mr. Hughes, and his inability to grasp the idea that Old World diplomats would naturally work along the lines of Old World diplomacy.

The completion of the 1916 Building Program would have given the United States Navy a sea force that *for the first time would have taken away supremacy from Great Britain.* A continuation of that program would have left Japan hopelessly out of the race, for at that time she was already spending almost fifty per cent of her total revenue on her military establishment. So the United States held the whip hand. That power was not abused; this country expressed a willingness to forgo its advantages if concessions would be made by all. The countries whose sea power was being eclipsed by the rise of the American Navy eagerly accepted. Then through inexcusable blundering and diplomatic cunning the American Navy was shorn of its power.

The excess of our strength lay in capital ships and destroyers, and our weakness was in auxiliary fighting craft, such as cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyer leaders, cruiser submarines, tankers and tenders. The problem was to cut down where we were strong and to cut down the others where they were strong so that an equality or proportion might be reached. The idea of a fixed ratio as evolved by Mr. Hughes was to apply it to all types of ships. The sacrifice of capital ships on our part would be balanced by the sacrifice of auxiliary tonnage on the part of England and Japan. What happened at Washington was that superior diplomacy enabled our two competitors to emerge from the conference without sacrificing their auxiliary tonnage, and to accomplish at the same time the loss to America of capital ship supremacy.

The first box represents in ratio numbers what Mr. Hughes wanted to do, the second box what he accomplished and the third, the ratio with the completion of the building programs unaffected by the conference. No method of comparing fighting ships has ever been discovered that has satisfied naval experts, so no claim is made that the above figures represent an absolute standard. We do assert, however, that they are fairly indicative of the navies concerned. (*Continued on page 24*)

I	Great Britain	United States	Japan
Battleships	5	5	3
Cruisers	5	5	3
Destroyer Leaders	5	5	3
Destroyers	5	5	3
Submarines	5	5	3
Aircraft Carriers	5	5	3
	30	30	18
II			
Battleships	5	4	3
Cruisers	5	1.65	1.65
Destroyer Leaders	5	0	0
Destroyers	3	5	1.25
Submarines	4.5	5	1.3
Aircraft Carriers	3	0	1
	25.5	15.65	8.15
III			
Battleships	5	4	3
Cruisers	5.5	2.5	2.9
Destroyer Leaders	5	0	0
Destroyers	3	5	2.25
Submarines	5	7.5	6
Aircraft Carriers	4.5	2.5	2.25
	28.0	21.5	16.40



—Brown Brothers Photo

U. S. S. 'West Virginia,' latest and largest battleship of the United States Navy. Its displacement is 32,600 tons.

Face of the Brenner Medal.

LINCOLN in Marble and Bronze

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Reverse of the Brenner Medal.

LORADO TAFT once said that what our American sculptors needed to do, to rise above the spirit of frivolity and foolishness that these post-war days have brought upon us, was to 'get the hint of eternity back into their work.'

One of the methods by which American sculptors, plaque makers, and temple builders have of getting the hint of eternity back into their work is to express Abraham Lincoln in marble and bronze. In doing that they have doubly buttressed themselves by taking as a model an enduring character, of whom Stanton said, 'Now he belongs to the ages,' and by putting that character into the kind of material that time does not destroy.

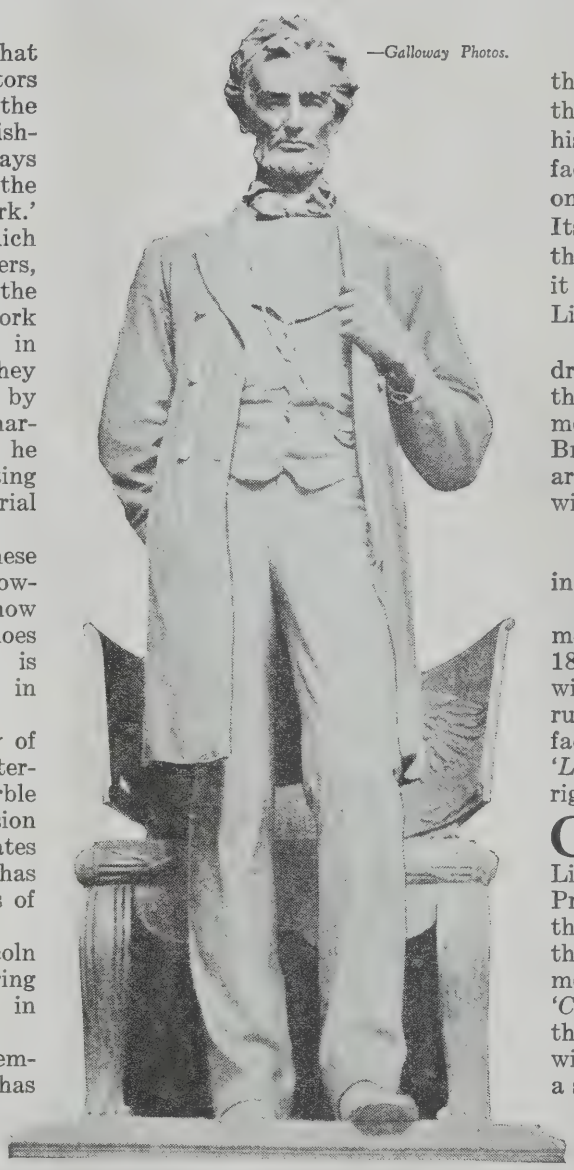
When Stanton made use of these memorable words, immediately following Lincoln's death, he little knew how true they were, for not only does Lincoln live in legends, but he is literally enshrined for the ages in marble and bronze.

One who makes a careful study of the penchant there has been to interpret Lincoln in bronze and marble comes to the immediate conclusion that the sculptors of the United States have never had a subject which has inspired so many truly great pieces of lasting art as Lincoln.

Sculptors have expressed Lincoln in three of the well-known enduring forms—in plaque, in marble, and in bronze.

The plaques of Lincoln are in themselves a fascinating story. America has celebrated every birthday of Lincoln with plaques. Some of them are masterpieces. Perhaps the best of them all, however, is the Brenner Bronze Medal of Lincoln, done by Victor D. Brenner. A poem on this medal, written by Frank Dempster Sherman, reads:

This bronze our noble Lincoln's head doth bear;
Behold the strength and splendor of that face,
So homely-beautiful, with just a trace
Of humor lightening its look of care.
With bronze. indeed, his memory doth share,
This martyr who found freedom for a race;
Both shall endure beyond the time and place
That knew them first, and brighter grow with wear.
Happy must be the genius here that wrought
These features of the great American
Whose fame lends so much glory to our past—
Happy to know the inspiration caught
From this most human and heroic man
Lives here to honor him while art shall last.



—Galloway Photos.

The celebrated statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens.

There is surely a hint of eternity in the Brenner Bronze Medal, a hint which the poet has caught and imprisoned in his verse. The Brenner Medal has the face of Lincoln in relief, with '1809' on the left side and '1909' on the right. Its very simplicity makes it great, like the simplicity of the model after which it was cast. Not even the name of Lincoln is engraved.

During the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's birth, the Grand Army of the Republic had a medal struck off which is similar to the Brenner Medal except that it has around its rim his own words of wisdom:

'With Malice Toward None: With Charity For All,'

in relief lettering.

There is also a beautiful bronze medal by Volk, with the dates '1809-1865' to the left of the Lincoln face, with a lighted torch about an inch high running through these dates, Lincoln's face in the center, and the word *'Lincoln'* circling the medal to the right in rather large letters.

ONE of the more democratic of the Lincoln medals was that done by Pratt in silver, bronze, and copper, with the date 1909 in Roman figures below the head of Lincoln, and circling the medal above the head the words: *'Centennial of Abraham Lincoln.'* On the reverse side is the figure of an eagle with outspread wings at the top and a scroll at the bottom.

These medals were distributed rather widely in New York City and may still be obtained for a dollar each in coin shops. They are just a little larger than a dollar in size.

A prominent manufactory has put out one of the most delicate and beautiful plaques of Lincoln—his head in bas-relief of white marble on an octagonal piece of blue tile, without any lettering whatever. There is also a bas-relief by James W. Tuft, of Boston, that is striking in its bare

outline and in its simple strength.

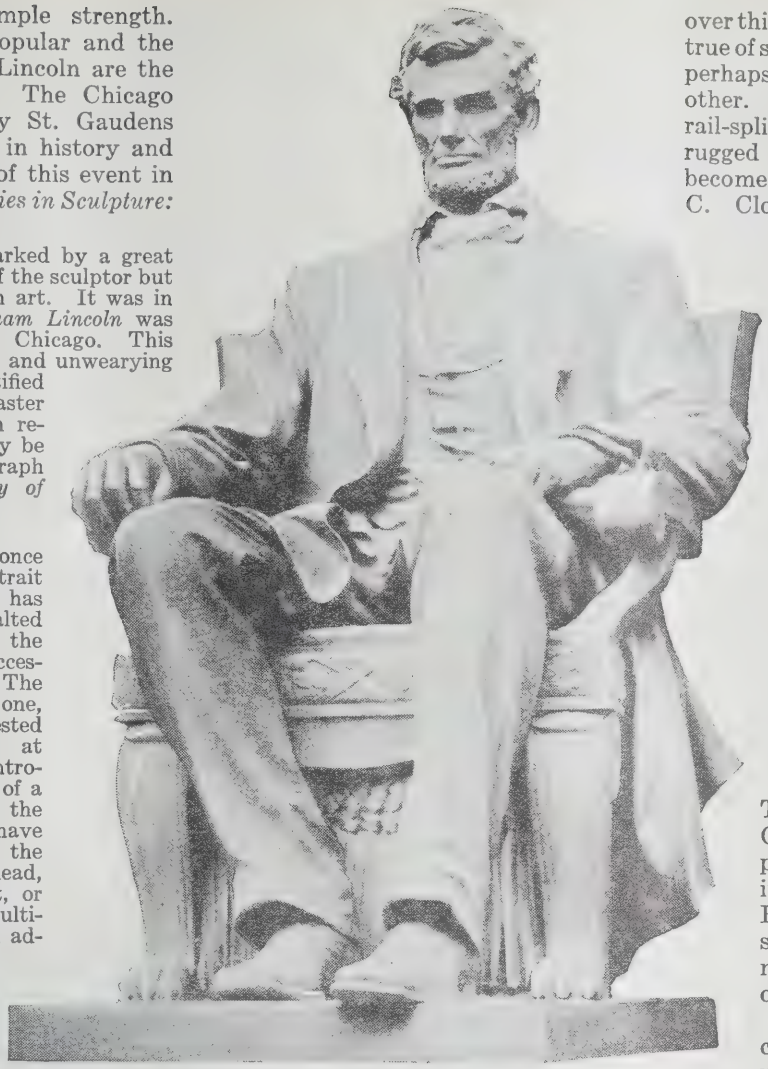
Perhaps the most popular and the best-known bronzes of Lincoln are the St. Gaudens *Lincolns*. The Chicago Lincoln Park statue by St. Gaudens was hailed as an event in history and art. Lorado Taft says of this event in his book, *Recent Tendencies in Sculpture:*

The year 1887 was marked by a great event, not only in the life of the sculptor but in the history of American art. It was in that year that the *Abraham Lincoln* was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago. This product of profound study and unwearying experiment instantly justified all of the toil which the master had lavished upon it. In regard to its reception I may be permitted to quote a paragraph or two from my *History of American Sculpture:*

'The *Lincoln* was at once hailed as the greatest portrait in the United States. It has remained so. From its exalted conception of the man to the last detail of its simple accessories it is a masterpiece. The sculptor's idea was a novel one, which may have been suggested by Mr. Volk's *Lincoln* at Springfield, Illinois. He introduces the striking adjunct of a large chair, from which the President is supposed to have risen. Before it stands the gaunt figure with bowed head, as though lost in thought, or preparing to address a multitude. The left foot is well advanced; the left hand grasps the lapel of the coat in a familiar gesture. The right is behind the back, affording an agreeable but inconspicuous counterbalance to the droop of the head. It has been pointed out that the bent arm gives interest to the lengthy front and at the same time suggests an arrested movement of the hand to the brow, thus reinforcing the idea of concentration of mind.

'But it is the expression of that strange, almost grotesquely plain, yet beautiful face, crowned with tumbled locks, which arrests and holds the gaze. In it is revealed the massive but many-sided personality of Lincoln.

'I remember what a surprise that empty chair gave us. It was so daring—so strange! One had only to image it eliminated, however, to realize promptly how essential it was in the composition. Seen from a distance the figure without it would show but a meager and attenuated mass. Reinforced by this accessory the silhouette becomes ample, monumental. The bowed head and the broad shoulders—that combination of tenderness and strength which is the greatest thing possible in art, as indeed it is in life—are the introduction to a completeness of expression appealing to every heart.'



Statue of Lincoln at Hodgensville, Kentucky, by Adolph Weinman.

A replica of the Chicago St. Gaudens *Lincoln* stands in the shadow of Westminster Abbey, London.

The next best-known *Lincoln* bronze is that by Barnard. It is better known than the others because of the controversy that raged over a replica of the original which was presented to England, and which was finally placed in the manufacturing city of Manchester; perhaps a most appropriate place for it—among the common working people whom Lincoln loved.

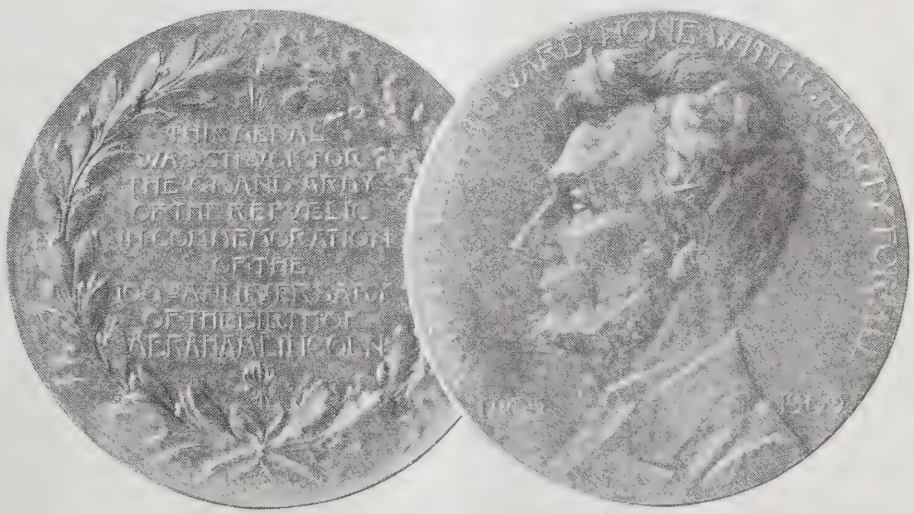
The original Barnard *Lincoln* was cast for the city of Cincinnati as the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft to the city of Mr. Taft's home. President William Howard Taft made the address at the dedication. An art war raged over this particular statue. This has been true of several of the Lincoln statues, but perhaps more over this one than any other. Barnard tried to interpret the rail-splitter in this gaunt, ungainly, rugged figure, with which we have all become familiar by this time. Robert C. Clowry, then president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, said of this Barnard statue:

'The Barnard statue is a beautiful piece of workmanship, and a perfect likeness of Mr. Lincoln. I was well acquainted with Mr. Lincoln during my residence at Springfield, Illinois, before the war.'

When the wind of war among the artists had finally died down, and the popular newspaper controversy had quieted, the Barnard statue was placed in Manchester, England, and the St. Gaudens statue near the Abbey. No person who loves the spirit of appropriateness will question the final decision on this matter. The more formal, stately St. Gaudens fits into the atmosphere perfectly, while the more informal, the more ungainly Barnard *Lincoln* has a perfect setting, and is in perfect harmony with the industrial city of Manchester.

Next in point of popularity comes the Gutzon Borglum statue of Lincoln, sitting on a bench—the lawyer—which is located in Newark, New Jersey, in front of the court house. This statue was unveiled Memorial Day, 1911. It was the gift of Amos H. Van Horn, whose will set aside a gift of $25,000 for a Lincoln memorial to be dedicated in memory of Lincoln Post, No. II, Department of New Jersey, G. A. R., of which he was a charter member.

This statue is *(Continued on page 19)*

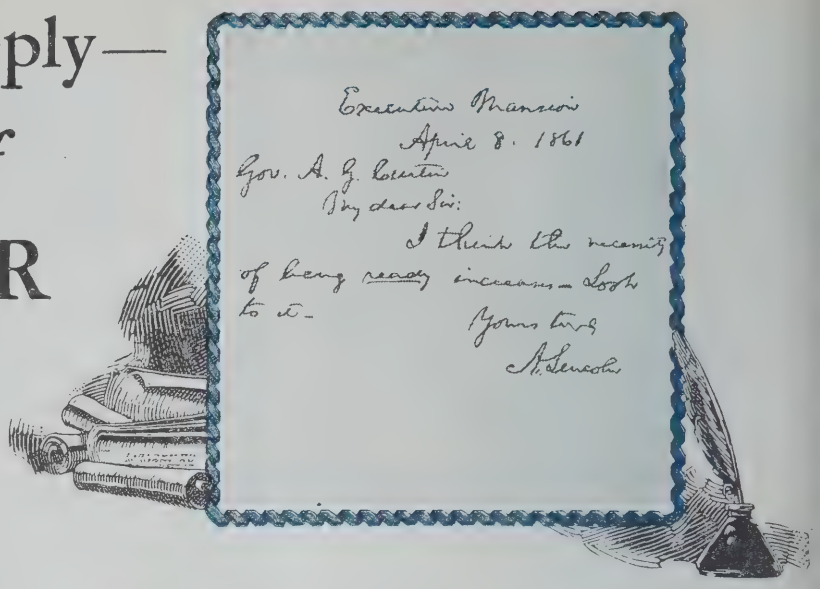


The faces of the J. E. Roine Medal.

A Letter and a Reply—

The Opening of the CIVIL WAR

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



THE LETTER

Executive Mansion,
April 8, 1861.

Gov. A. G. Curtin,

My Dear Sir:

I think the necessity of being *ready* increases. Look to it.

Yours truly,
A. LINCOLN.

THE RESPONSE

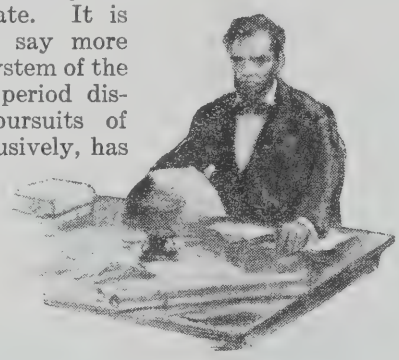
Governor Curtin's Message to the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Executive Chamber,
Harrisburg, April 9, 1861.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

Gentlemen:

As the period fixed for the adjournment of the Legislature is rapidly approaching, I feel constrained by a sense of duty to call your attention to the condition of the military organization of the State. It is scarcely necessary to say more than that the militia system of the State, during a long period distinguished by the pursuits of peaceful industry exclusively, has become wholly inefficient, and the interference of the Legislature is required to remove its defects, and to render it useful and available to the public service. Many of our volunteer companies do not possess the number of men required by our military law, and steps should be forthwith taken to supply those deficiencies. There are numerous companies, too, that are without the necessary arms, and of the arms that are distributed but few are provided with the more modern appliances to render them serviceable.



I recommend, therefore, that the Legislature make immediate provision for the removal of these capital defects; that arms be procured and distributed to those of our citizens who may enter into the military service of the State, and that steps be taken to change the guns already distributed, by the adoption of such well known and tried improvements as will render them effective in the event of their employment in actual service . . .

Precautions such as I have suggested are wise and proper at all times in a government like ours. But especial and momentous considerations, arising from the condition of public affairs outside the limits, yet of incalculable consequence to the people, and demanding the gravest attention of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, invest the subject to which your action is invited by this communication with extraordinary interest and importance.

We cannot be insensible to the fact that serious jealousies and divisions distract the public mind, and that in portions of this Union the peace of the country, if not the safety of the government itself, is endangered.

Military organizations of a formidable character, which seem not to be demanded by any existing public exigency, have been formed in certain of the States. On whatever pretexts these extraordinary military preparations may have been made, no purpose that may contemplate resistance to the enforcement of the laws will meet sympathy or encouragement from the people of this Commonwealth. . . .

Pennsylvania offers no counsel and takes no action in the nature of a menace. Her desire is for peace, and her object the preservation of the personal and political rights of citizens, of the true sovereignty of States, and the supremacy of law and order.

Animated by these sentiments and indulging an earnest hope of the speedy restoration of those harmonious and friendly relations between the various members of this confederacy which have brought our beloved country to a condition of unequaled power and prosperity.

I commit the grave subject of this communication to your deliberation.

A. G. CURTIN.

This was the response to Lincoln.

Other war governors began likewise to make the necessary preparation. There were sixteen governors of the northern states, the so-called war governors, upon whose services absolute dependence could be placed. Their names are worthy of honorable remembrance. They were:

Edwin D. Morgan of New York
Charles Olden of New Jersey—highly loyal
Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania
Oliver P. Morton of Indiana
Samuel J. Kirkwood of Iowa
Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota
Austin Blair of Michigan
Richard Yates of Illinois
Wm. Dennison of Ohio
Alexander W. Randall of Wisconsin
John A. Andrews of Massachusetts
Israel Washburn of Maine
William A. Buckingham of Connecticut
William Sprague of Rhode Island (led his troops to Washington).
Ichabod Goodwin of New Hampshire
Erastus Fairbanks of Vermont

Meanwhile dispatches were flying between Washington and Charleston, and between Montgomery, the capital of the Confederate Government and Charleston. These dispatches show the steps leading up to the 'war between brothers.'

The correspondence is taken from the New York *Herald* of April 13, 1861, and reads as follows:

Important Correspondence

Communications between the Confederate Secretary of War and General Beauregard. (*Continued on page 25*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE misuse of power is a constant note in the story of mankind. We may hope that so much misuse means a greater accumulation of knowledge concerning Right Use. The teacher whom we call Experience has taught every generation and many individuals that power misused is power destroyed. There has been through the generations a continuous growth of true power rightly used, and a continuous decrease of misused power.

The possession of power is not the sign of deserving it, but the right use of it is. And the right use does not mean a soft use; it means such a use of it as appears to be good after a careful appeal to one's best wisdom; it means a constructive purpose even in apparently destructive action. The right use of power has nothing personal in it, either for the satisfaction of ambition or revenge. He who turns aside to use his power for personal ends of spite or gain has set in operation the law by which his power begins to vanish.

It would be impossible without being pedantic to classify all the forms of human power, but they range from that of the parent over the child or the child over the parent, the power exercised by one in any group, however motley or obscure, to the more impressive exhibitions of personal, corporate or political power. But it is true of all of them that, used for purposes of personal selfishness in any form, power vanishes.

The probable reason for there seeming to be so much pettiness in power is that the contrast between the two is doubly emphasized by power being present. Plain instinct tells us that with power goes generosity of attitude, or that it should so go; and when it does not, the whole sensitive and sustaining thought of man with reference to power is broken.

And yet, if one were to gather up the abuses of power now evident throughout this country alone, the conclusion would almost be forced upon one that humanity shows more character when powerless than when powerful.

The instinct to crush a rival is the pettiest expression of power. It is more general than we would suppose. Here is a man, for example, who runs a bank. He is that type of banker who tries to understand the principles of finance. He is not satisfied merely to master the routine of deposits and checks, loans and notes; he wants to know the deep things of Money, solve if he can its mystery. There are some bankers content to do the daily business with as little thought to what lies behind it as a ribbon-counter clerk gives to the textile industry that lies behind the ribbon.

Such a man, unsuspecting, is putting himself in a splendid position to feel the pettiness of power. For there are certain to be presented to him proposals which could originate only in the broker and gambler type of mind, and as these are sometimes closely bound up with the desires or program of official banking authority, to refuse them marks a man as 'not regular.' He thinks for himself. He is a banker, not a clerk for a higher clique of men who call themselves bankers but who are often in quite another line of business.

Now, the story of such cases is full of illustrations which show how a waning power proceeds to act. It has but one rule in such cases—'crush him.' It is war, far less honorable, less humane, more horribly unfair than that waged by military forces. The encircling movement, the treachery and coercion, the quick pouncings at moments expected to produce the greatest confusion, the burglarious concentration upon taking away from the man all that belongs to him, would make a great novel if the people knew enough about Money to be able to read it.

That is one way in which power is misused, but it is not all one-sided. He who misuses loses more than he who is misused. For every misuse of power lowers the pressure of that power, stops up its sources.

Taking it generally, it is a misuse of power to impede a rival, because it is an interference in a field that does not belong to him by one who has no right to interfere. Every man has enough to do in his own field. There are certain laws which deal with these matters, and they deal harshly with anyone who seeks to usurp their place. The great danger of competition that has only the competitor in view is that both competitors sink to the level of an altercation, while the public seeks elsewhere. Competition in the sense of rivalry in service is another matter; it is competition with the good of the public in view, and under this form of competition all competitors and the public are benefited. But the 'crush my rival' kind is doomed to trip itself for a hard fall.

A pricking consciousness of power signifies that its possessor has very little; a boastful use of power signifies that the boaster will not have his power for long; a malevolent crushing use of power signifies that in the end a man's own power will crush him. He will be the ultimate loser.

THE 'crush my rival' kind of competition is bound to come to grief. A boastful use of power is a sure sign that the boaster will not long possess it. When power is used to crush, the one who ultimately suffers is the user. Nevertheless the right use of power does not mean a soft use; it means a deliberate use after due consideration of the constructive results. Power must be used for the good of the whole, not for the gratification of personal ambition or revenge. The surest way to lose power is to misuse it. A generous attitude should go with power; if not, the power will be broken.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

They Protected Landis

THE action of the American League in protecting Judge Landis from a face-to-face encounter with Ban Johnson showed great tenderness of heart and not a little anxiety lest too much truth should come out. Anyway, the club owners were much more charitable with the judge than the judge was with the players, Cobb and Speaker. The players were bawled out and scandalized before the public without a hearing; Judge Landis was about to be given a real hearing —in two senses—by Ban Johnson. But the club owners met the day before the show-down and prevented what might have been an epochal comedown for Judge Landis. The Supreme Court of the United States once made Landis look like a pygmy in reasoning and practice, and the Supreme Court of American Public Opinion has practically repeated the verdict.

It was due to baseball that after the scandal had been released to the public it should have been settled in public view. The removal of Ban Johnson the day before the expected settlement looks a little like cowardice. Owners of baseball clubs are not necessarily good sportsmen. But Ban Johnson has always been known as a real sportsman, which connotes an honest and courageous man.

What Is a Good Book?

LET a good book be taken to mean a book which achieves immortality for its maker.

Scanning the titles of books and the names of their authors, you will find that those which have lived are those with some outstanding character or characters. You think of Thackeray, and Becky Sharp leaps to mind. Dickens suggests Pickwick; Irving, Rip Van Winkle; Hawthorne, Judge Pynchon; Trollope, Bishop and Mrs. Proudie; George Eliot, Silas Marner. These, and other characters, are put upon the pages exactly as in real life, with their opinions, their very thoughts, as evident to us as if we lived in their presence. Their actions grow out of their natures, and the action of the book grows out of the collision of character with character, with subordinate characters influenced by them. And so it is in life, action growing out of conflict.

On the other hand, you will find yourself unable to remember any vivid character in books where the interest depends upon plot, and where, instead of real and living characters, the acting is done by lay figures and puppets. Who, offhand, can name the leading characters in Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland,* in Fergus Hume's *Mystery of a Hansom Cab,* in Frank R. Stockton's *Great Stone of Sardis;* in any book by D'Arblay, or Maturin, or Gunther, or Mrs. Roche, or George Walker? Yet all these had a vogue in their day.

Character makes the book as it makes the man.

China Whither Bound

PLEASANT or not, the reality must be faced that civil war is on in China—a civil war that may affect the course of world events as vitally as did the French Revolution a century and a half ago. It has passed the stage of mere banditry and has entered upon a new phase of international significance. Attempts to classify it with the Boxer uprising of twenty-five years ago are futile: that consisted largely of sporadic rioting, albeit of inhuman cruelty; this is a struggle for dominion of an empire. Whatever the outcome, the nationalistic spirit has grown to such proportions among men of all armies that foreign dominance will be seriously threatened, if not definitely challenged by arms. Students of world affairs tell us that the great war of the future will see the peoples of the East arrayed against those of the West in a struggle which will dwarf all those that have gone before. Whether their alarm is warranted or not, the present situation can easily sow the seeds of future hatreds and future wars. It is a situation demanding utmost diplomacy and utmost fair-mindedness.

Into this situation Secretary Kellogg's statement of American policy fits admirably. The sympathy of the United States for China's 'nationalistic awakenings' is expressed. The fact that this nation has no concessions in China such as are held by other nations is stressed. Strict neutrality is averred between warring factions. Special privileges, monopolies and spheres of influence are specifically rejected, and this Government is held ready to restore complete tariff autonomy to China. Further, the United States is ready to relinquish extraterritorial rights *as soon as China is prepared to provide protection by law and through her courts to American citizens, their rights and their property.*

This last phrase holds the nubbin of the American policy. For years no real government has existed in China; the country has either been ruled by war lords little better than the bandits they pretended to oppose, or it has been gripped by anarchy. When anarchy is suppressed and a government of law and order installed, the United States stands ready to recognize China as a sovereign nation and to abrogate unequal treaties. Until such time, this Government must reserve the right to protect its citizens.

Official Figures Tell the Story

THE official statement of the United States Treasury, as of November 30, the last issued at this writing, summarizes the condition of the bonded indebtedness to be on that day:

Gross debt	$19,524,071,481.96
Available cash	139,392,515.73
Net debt	19,384,678,966.23

Matured (not accrued) interest is included.

Approximately $520,000,000 of maturities were to be met in December. Revenues to December 15th quarterly settlement day, increased the available cash to a point which decided the Treasury that by borrowing $229,000,000 it could reach the March settlement day.

This information is printed for two purposes: to give an exact knowledge of the nation's bonded indebtedness, and to substantiate the claim this magazine has always made, that, instead of a surplus in the Treasury, we face a deficit all the time, and efforts to reduce Federal taxation should be confined to the correction of inequities and unjust assessment.

Because the Federal Revenues exceed normal expense, Secretary Mellon describes the balance available for debt reduction as a 'surplus.' Our disagreement with him has been merely to insist that if gross receipts are shown on one side of the balance sheet, gross expense requirements should be included on the other.

It will be seen that the Treasury itself takes our view of the matter, and sets off the 'surplus' against the gross debt.

Where Honor's Due

IT IS more widely commented in conversation than in the newspapers that the comic strips of the dailies are showing vast improvement; so much so as to render the adjective 'comic' no longer descriptive. There can be no such thing as a daily 'comic,' for comicalness is not of so frequent occurrence. It is incidental, even accidental, and does not partake of continuous quality and infinite variety as does humor. The comic strips, therefore, have apparently decided that it is a good bargain to exchange an uninteresting alleged comicalness for a genuine interest—for it is a fact that the new pictures gain interest. The comic strip lost public interest because it was not interesting; it was not interesting because it was not comical, any more than a mechanical clown is comical. The improvement has come in the way of increased interest-value, and this has been attained by a closer presentation of life as the majority of the people live it and think it. We now have the salient parts of history in 'strips,' the history of campaigns and sciences. Then we have the best kind of thrills, the thrills which come to an adventurous nature straight up against the difficult realities of life. Boys making their way in life have been the subject of 'strips' that have commanded the interest of millions of adults as well as youngsters, while Ella Cinders has a larger following than Lita or 'Peaches.' The old-time artificial 'comic' characters are falling into the background since the arrival of these newer and more natural characters.

Congratulations are due a good many dailies in this country for the improvement of their 'comic strip' pages. It is the duty of those of us who have been critics to make acknowledgment of the improvement.

The Chief Justice Speaks

THERE is something to be said in favor of Chief Justice Taft's suggestion that grand juries be abolished. In recent years the nation's judicial system has been growing increasingly ineffective. Political interference has seeped into the courts, particularly in the larger cities. Both corruption and intimidation have been attempted in the blocking of justice, with not a little success. The grand jury, as perhaps the weakest link in the chain, has been the focal point for many of the attacks from the outside. Cases are not unknown where grand juries have been tampered with, where indictments have been refused or the charges against criminals so mitigated as to be comparatively inconsequential. Insofar as it would remedy this condition, Mr. Taft's proposal to have indictments superseded by 'informations,' filed by state's attorneys following investigation, would no doubt prove beneficial.

But those who believe that the mere abolition of one functioning body such as the grand jury would prove a panacea for all judicial ills are living in a fool's paradise. Most remedies for the present intolerable situation center in the juries, petit and grand, as the most vulnerable spots in the whole system. But surely reform within the juries should be attempted before abolition. The elimination of silly court procedure and technicalities would do much to relieve the situation. Consider just one phase: the rule that prospective jurors shall not have read or heard mentioned the case to be tried. Why such a rule should still be in force in these days of newspapers and radio and public discussion—a rule which bars virtually all except morons and illiterates—surpasses the understanding of the lay mind.

One more element must be included in any consideration of the disintegration of justice. Observance of law comes through respect for the law, and for the courts which administer the law. When that respect is gone, one of the fundamental supports of good government is gone. Turning the courts into showrooms for the morbid and the salacious—witness the Hall-Mills and the Browning trials—goes far toward destroying that respect.

Mrs. Lincoln and her younger sons, 'Tad,' on right of picture, and 'Willie' on left.

Julia Taft Bayne *Recalls* Good Times *in the* WHITE HOUSE

IF THERE was any motto or slogan of the White House during the early years of the Lincolns' occupancy, it was this: 'Let the children have a good time.' Often I heard Mrs. Lincoln say this with a smile, as her two sons and my two brothers rushed tumultuously through the room, talking loudly of some plan they had for amusement.

And no less smiling and gracious was the great man half of us called 'pa,' and the rest of us (as we were taught at home) 'Mist' Pres'dent,' with no thought of its high import—this gentle, smiling father who played with us and told us stories when those whom Tad called 'plaguey old generals' gave him a little leisure.

When the President came into the family sitting room and sat down to read the newspaper, the boys would rush at him and demand a story. Tad perched precariously on the back of the big chair, Willie Lincoln on one knee, Bud Taft on the other, both leaning against him; Holly Taft on one arm of the chair—and I would find myself swept into the group by the long arm which seemed to reach almost across the room. I dimly remember the story—usually, I think, about hunters and frontiersmen chased by Indians—and I remember how he drawled impressively, 'They galloped and they galloped'—

'But they got away, pa, they got away,' interrupted Tad.

'Oh, yes, they got away.' Then suddenly rising to his full height, 'Now I must get away.'

'And we will get away,' shouted the boys as they scattered with jumps and laughter. I think of this when I see St. Gaudens' statue, and my memory supplies the four little wriggling figures, all gone now.

In a former story in the *Atlantic Monthly* I told how it came about that my brothers and I were familiar visitors at the White House. At their first meeting Mrs. Lincoln had asked my mother to send her two boys to play with the Lincoln boys, about the same age. A close friendship resulted, and for nearly two years my brothers, Horatio Nelson Taft, Jr., known as 'Bud,' and Halsey Cook Taft, 'Holly,' were the only playmates of William—'Willie'—and Thomas—'Tad'—Lincoln. I was kept pretty strict in the French school I attended, and I liked the good times the boys had, so I 'went along.'

Mrs. Lincoln was very kind to me always. She said she wished she had a little girl like me. I was in my early teens but small for my age and slender, with long curls, and usually wore a much beruffled white frock, and looked several years younger than I really was. I spent many happy hours with Mrs. Lincoln, she talking freely with me and I chattering as a young girl will.

As I was sitting by her one day with my lap full of silk pieces, out of which I was trying to make something for the Sanitary Commission Fair, President Lincoln came in.

I tried to rise and keep the pieces on my lap.

Mrs. Lincoln said, 'You needn't jump up every time Mr. Lincoln comes in the room.'

We were strictly enjoined at home to rise when the President entered. He would say, 'Sit down, Julie'—he always called me 'Julie.' As time went on, however, I think Mrs. Lincoln grew more tolerant of these little observances.

She often said when I left her, 'Go down to the conservatory and tell the bouquet man to make you a nice bouquet to take to your mother.' This functionary would take a perfect rose, hibiscus, or cape jasmine for the center, and then, as his assistant tied the short-stemmed flowers onto broom straws, he built up the bouquet to the shape and size of a cabbage, finishing the edge with maidenhair fern or forget-me-nots. It was then put in a stiff paper 'bouquet holder.'

One day I had a very fine one which Mrs. Lincoln suggested I might take to Governor Sprague.

When the Rhode Island regiments were, on arrival, barracked in the Patent Office, my father, Judge H. N. Taft, chief examiner of the Department of Steam, gave up his large pleasant room to Governor Sprague and his staff, only reserving one corner for his desk and his assistant. So I had become very good friends with the 'little governor.'

As I approached the door, proudly bearing the beautiful bouquet, Miss Kate Chase sailed down the hall, escorted by two officers. She asked, 'Where are you taking that bouquet, child?' I answered, 'Mrs. Lincoln gave it to me to take to Governor Sprague.' She took it from me, saying, 'I will give it to the Governor with Mrs. Lincoln's compliments.' I went back to Mrs. Lincoln with wrath and tears, but she comforted me, saying, 'Never mind, Julia, you shall have a finer one to take to the Governor when Miss Chase isn't around.'

The winter of 1861 was a wild and stormy time in the Capitol. I often attended the sessions of Congress with my mother. On one occasion, sitting

Suddenly the great doors of the House were thrown open and the sergeant at arms appeared bearing the mace before him, and as he proceeded slowly up the aisle toward the speaker's desk, those angry, turbulent Congressmen slunk into their seats and there was a great calm. That rather thick baton with the silver eagle on the top and silver bands about the Roman fasces is the visible token and symbol of the authority of the speaker, and back of him the power of the Government of the United States of America. If it is necessary to arrest a member of the House, the sergeant at arms taps him on the shoulder with the mace. There is no question or appeal from that touch.

All that spring, after the Congressmen and office-seekers fled northward, and before the soldiers came, Washington lay desolate, tracks torn up, wires down, the fear of a mob of the Baltimore 'Plug Uglies,' with the residents and negroes cowering under the great 'War Comet,' which was blazing in the sky. We shared the sorrow of the border people with interests on both sides, friends and relatives in both the gathering armies. Yet the 'good times' among the boys went on.

Tad ate up all the strawberries which were being forced in a special house, usually kept locked. Willie brought the news. His mother said,

'Now what made you do that, Tad? Major Watt hoped to have them for the state dinner.'

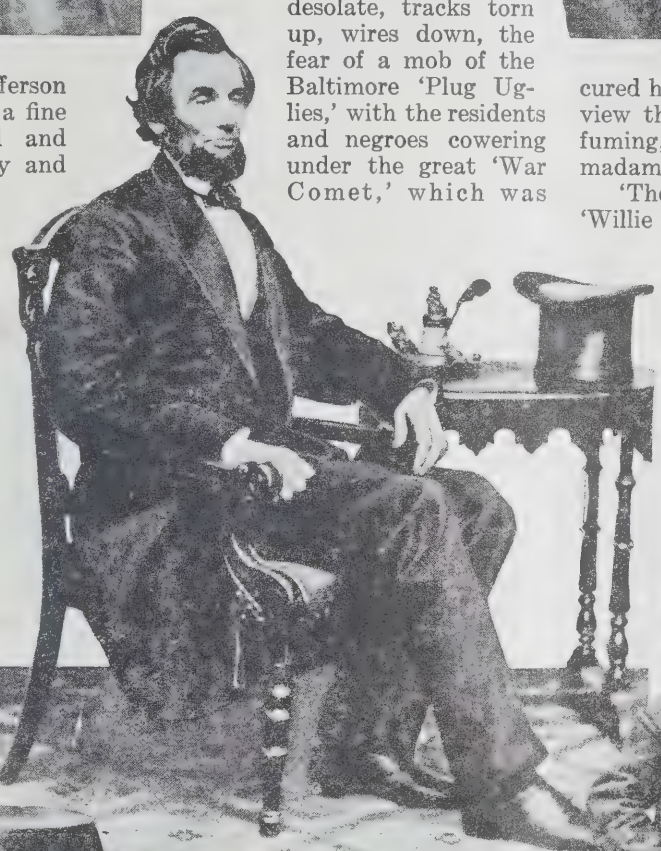
'Major' Watt was the head gardener. Mrs. Lincoln procured him a commission. I went out to view the despoiled plants. Watt was fuming, threatening to go to the madam.

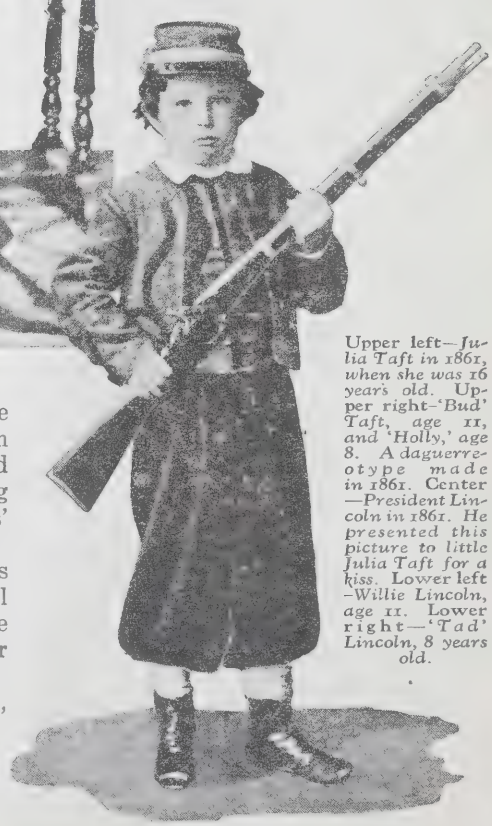
'The madam knows it,' I said. 'Willie told her'; and as he seemed in a great rage I added, 'He is the madam's son, remember.'

'The madam's wild cat,' snarled the head gardener.

Nearly every Sunday morning Willie and Tad appeared, to go to church with us. Once as we went into church (*Continued on page 26*)

in the Senate gallery, we heard Jefferson Davis' farewell speech. He was a fine orator, and as he stood, tall and straight, his words falling slowly and solemnly, he said, 'I shall never stand in this place again.' At another time, in the gallery of the House of Representatives, we listened to an 'animated debate' on the right of secession. Half the members were on their feet shaking their fists and yelling invectives at each other, while the speaker pounded on the desk with his gavel in a vain attempt to restore order.





Upper left—Julia Taft in 1861, when she was 16 years old. Upper right—'Bud' Taft, age 11, and 'Holly,' age 8. A daguerreotype made in 1861. Center—President Lincoln in 1861. He presented this picture to little Julia Taft for a kiss. Lower left—Willie Lincoln, age 11. Lower right—'Tad' Lincoln, 8 years old.

The Great Anneke Jans Delusion

Most Remarkable Lawsuit in American History

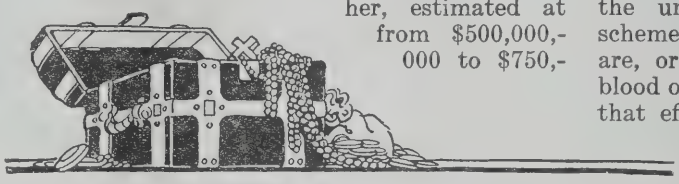
By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

A DECEPTION as illusory as the historic South Sea Bubble, and quite as ancient in point of years, has once more leaped into the spotlight. Through cities, towns and villages in the Middle West, there is creeping a rumor of untold millions that are awaiting the heirs of a resident of old New Amsterdam in the latter half of the 17th Century, when the present city of New York was a province of Holland. Indeed, the properties in question, now represented by the real-estate holdings of Trinity Church Corporation, are estimated to aggregate a value of more than one billion dollars, and bring in an annual income of some $1,250,000—for Old Trinity, which celebrated its 225th anniversary in 1922, is the most heavily endowed church corporation in the United States.

With this splendid prize as its goal, it appears that a body was organized in Toronto, Canada, about four years ago, with the cumbersome title of the 'Anneke-Webber-Jans-Bogardus and Edwards Heirs Association, Inc.' It has its president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary, and regular meetings are said to be held on the second Saturday in each month in a hall in Toronto. Emissaries from this association are now active in Ohio and adjacent states organizing meetings of alleged heirs of Anneke Jans Bogardus, and offering them an opportunity to join the Canadian society on payment of a $25 membership fee and an assessment of one dollar a month.

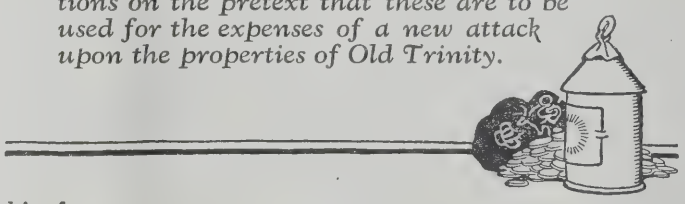
Under the stimulus of these great promises, hundreds of persons are digging up their ancestral records, poring over family Bibles, and, inspired by assurances that they have a legitimate claim to the great inheritance, which has been piling up its assets for the last few hundred years, are sending their fees and assessments to the Toronto organization.

The Canadian association is no new thing. For many years such groups have been organized in various parts of the country, from Portland, Maine, to San Francisco. Indeed, in the city on the Golden Gate it was announced not so long ago that the heirs of Anneke Jans, living there, would soon be in receipt of a portion of the vast fortune left by her, estimated at from $500,000,000 to $750,000,000, of which $80,000,000 was actual cash held by the Bank of Holland; that the heirs expected an adjudication any day of a suit brought against the Trinity Corporation. It was exactly the same promise that was being made by the Canadian organization which recently predicted that all the heirs 'were going to be made happy before Christmas.'



THE fact that in this, the first quarter of the 20th Century, there are persons who can be persuaded to give credence to the ancient Anneke Jans claim, shows that some inherent quality dwells in this delusion—based probably on the longing latent in every human breast to gather in the fabled pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. But the claim on the part of persons calling themselves descendants of Anneke Jans, to lands in the possession of Trinity Church, has been so often defeated by judicial decisions, as far back as the year 1749, that it has been conclusively established as a myth.

Yet the Anneke Jans fable persists, like the tale of Captain Kidd's treasure trove, and it is constantly kept alive by suggestions that new grounds have been discovered for making good the claims of the heirs. The delusion excites the hopes of the credulous and makes them part with their many contributions on the pretext that these are to be used for the expenses of a new attack upon the properties of Old Trinity.



Six years ago the offices of the district attorney of New York were deluged with inquiries relating to publicity literature of the Anneke Jans scheme, which had been broadcast from New York through the medium of alleged newspaper clippings. The police became active in trying to round up a gang that was apparently operating from New York City, the members of which had taken at least one million dollars from their dupes.

The authorities of Trinity Church have done what they could to dispel this perennial delusion and to protect the unsuspicious against mercenary schemers; but the men and women who are, or who imagine they are, of the blood of Anneke Jans, are so numerous, that efforts to warn them have been only partly successful.

In 1923, a Los Angeles newspaper published an article bearing the headlines, 'Los Angeles Heirs Battle for $850,000,000 New York Estate—Descendants of Old Gotham Family Claim Church Holds Property Illegally.' The story went on to relate that a portion of the world's greatest estate, the Peter Wyckoff-Anneke Jans properties, lying in the heart of New York City's financial district, and estimated in value at the aforesaid $850,000,000, might go to Los Angeles if some 250 descendants of the original owners of the lands succeeded in establishing their claims.

The celebrated Anneke Jans, whose name is being perpetuated in this curious manner, was the widow of Dominie Everardus Bogardus, the first preacher sent to the new colony of New Amsterdam by the Dutch West India Company. She died in Albany in 1663, Governor Stuyvesant having in 1652 confirmed to her a 62-acre tract left by her first husband, Roeloff Jansen. In the will of Anneke Jans, she institutes her children as her universal heirs, all her property, including the farm lying on the North or Hudson River, to be divided among them in equal shares.

This 62-acre farm, which afterward was to become the center of great dispute, was known as the 'Dominie's Bowery.' Above the original settlement of New Amsterdam, there were six farms or 'bouweries' laid out on the island, the one nearest to the fort on the Hudson River side, called the 'Company's bouwerie,' being reserved for the use of

the director general. The farm to the north of this, which had been deeded to Roeloff Jansen and his spouse, lay about the base of an elevation called Kolch Hoek or Chalk Hook. It was mostly marshland and practically uncleared. The will of Anneke Jans is written in Dutch and is dated January 29, 1663. So far as can be ascertained, it was never administered; no executors were appointed and no inventory of record has ever been found.

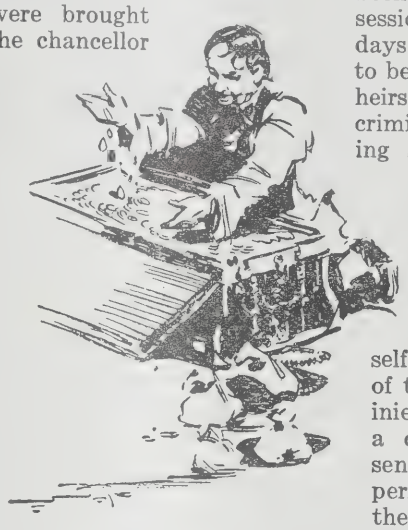
THE British laid claim to all the territory of the New Netherlands in 1664; the colony was seized, but the British governor is said to have confirmed to the heirs of Anneke Jans Bogardus the 62-acre tract of land. This was Governor Nicoll. He obtained his recall, and Colonel Francis Lovelace was appointed his successor. All the heirs of Anneke Jans Bogardus, with the exception of Cornelius Bogardus, the second son of Anneke Jans Bogardus by her second husband, at this time sold their land to Colonel Lovelace. It is held that the title was not absolute nor clear, since all the heirs were not represented in the instrument. It has also been maintained that the transfer of the property to Colonel Lovelace was made under duress, and that subsequent titles and grants were defective.

In 1672, Britain and France proclaimed war against Holland, and a Dutch fleet thereupon seized the opportunity of retaking possession of New Amsterdam. Later came a formal treaty of peace between Holland and Britain, and the territory of New Netherlands was ceded back to England. Lovelace, during whose administration New Amsterdam had been surrendered to the Dutch, was reprimanded by the Crown. The Duke of York confiscated his properties in America, alleging that Lovelace was heavily in debt to him. The Bogardus farm thus passed under the control of the Duke of York, and later became the possession of Queen Anne.

IN August, 1693, the Colonial Assembly provided for the building of a church in New York City, and Trinity Church was completed and dedicated for worship in February, 1697. Land upon which the church was built was acquired from the Corporation of the City of New York; later the land immediately surrounding the edifice was obtained for a cemetery. Then a land grant was made by Queen Anne, in 1705, that the church might have a permanent source of income and upkeep; in this wise the Trinity Corporation came into possession of the old farm of Anneke Jans Bogardus.

The first litigation with regard to the old Dominie's Bowery began in 1749, when Cornelius Brower, an heir, commenced an ejectment suit for the recovery of that part of the Jans-Bogardus lands leased to Adam Vandenberg by Trinity Church; the action resulted in a judgment in favor of the defendants. In 1757 Brower initiated another ejectment suit, which also resulted in his defeat.

A Colonel Malcolm, claiming heirship from Anneke Jans Bogardus, commenced a similar suit in 1800; it resulted, in 1807, in a verdict for the church. The ball had been set rolling in the round of long-continued litigation; other cases were brought into the courts; but the chancellor ruled that remedy to the complainants was barred by lapse of time before the filing of the bills.



Nevertheless, a suit in Chancery was begun in 1830 by one John Bogardus, in which William Berrian was made defendant, as rector of the church, and William Johnson as the controller. The complainant died, but the suit was reviewed on a bill of revivor on behalf of his heirs. The hearing continued for thirteen days and a large number of witnesses were examined in open court. The Vice-Chancellor then rendered a decision in favor of the defendants, due to the expiration of the 20-year law of limitations; the bill was dismissed with costs. Several other actions were begun, notably one by Christopher C. Kierstead, in 1851, which led to no definite conclusion.

IN 1896, John H. Fonda, of New York City, incorporated an association entitled 'The Union Association of Heirs of Harlem, Anneke Jans Bogardus, Edwards & Webber Estates.' Several years later, Mary A. Fonda, as one of the Bogardus heirs, began an action against the Trinity Corporation in the interest of the Union Association, to recover possession of one hundredth part of the property at No. 65 Vandam Street.

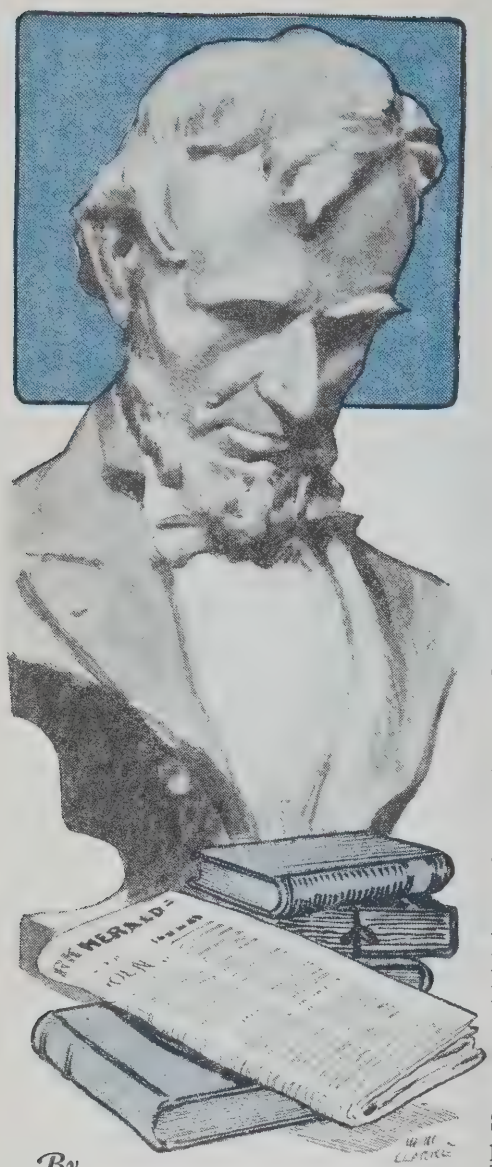
Attorneys for Trinity filed an answer, and referred therein to the Charter of 1697 and the Queen Anne Grant of 1705; they added that 160 years thereafter, the Trinity Corporation by deed conveyed the Vandam Street property to Benjamin Cooper; the mortgage being afterward foreclosed, the property again reverted to Trinity. The Supreme Court judge granted the application of the Trinity Corporation for an order directing the plaintiff to file a reply to the defense's answer, which set up the Queen Anne Grant. The plaintiff failed to file a reply, and early in 1913 warrants were issued for the arrest of Fonda and a Mr. Good, upon the grounds that they had been using the mails to defraud.

Fonda, who was then eighty-six years old, related in court the details of the twenty years' fight of the Anneke Jans heirs to recover the lands which they claimed as their rightful possession. Judge Hand, in the United States Court, in which the case was being tried, said that he would dismiss the fraud indictment against Fonda, it being evident to him that the old man had been prompted by an obsession from his childhood days, of enormous wealth to be gathered by the Jans heirs, and not by any criminal motives in seeking subscriptions for the prosecution of the claims. Good also was acquitted.

A New York attorney, with offices on Broadway, then took it upon himself to champion the cause of the heirs to the Dominie's Bowery. He caused a circular letter to be sent to a large number of persons, representing to them that they were legitimate heirs to the rich landed property in lower Manhattan Island, and as such, they had claims of immense value against the Trinity Church Corporation; he solicited money from them for the alleged purpose of financing an investigation of their claims. It was charged against him that he had persuaded one man to invest the sum of $25,000 in the chimerical project.

Among his contentions was one that the church had obtained its grant through false representations to Queen Anne; another that the transfer from the children or heirs to Colonel Lovelace was not even signed; a third that the letters patent of the grant were not properly signed. The plaintiff was tried in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and disbarred from the practice of the law. Since his disbarment, no claimants to the Anneke Jans estate have been able to get their actions into the courts of the state of New York, although two or three efforts were made to do so in 1923.

CONSIDERING the parlous experiences of litigants in recent years, it is very doubtful whether the Canadian society will ever make an attempt to bring the subject of the Anneke Jans claims to the attention of the New York courts. So it may not be amiss to caution those who actually are, or who imagine they are, descendants of Anneke Jans Bogardus, that they had better not throw away their money in membership fees and assessments to any association organized for the furtherance of a time-worn and fantastic scheme.



The Most Traced Character *in* American History

Little Lost Speeches *and* Anecdotes *of* Lincoln

By CARL SANDBURG

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S foot-tracks, relics, vestiges, have been tracked, traced and trailed more closely, more accurately, and more completely, than those of any other character in American history. The healthy curiosity with which men have sought out every scrap of paper he wrote, records of his casual utterances, off-hand remarks, his looks and ways, has no parallel in the annals of this country. And while there have been historical characters in America and Europe, and in present and past times, who have been more intimately recorded by their own writings and by the writings of a few others who wrote close up, there does not come to mind any other personality and personage in history who has undergone scrutiny and withstood reminiscence on the part of so many close observers across so long a period of time as in the case of Lincoln.

In the collection of Oliver R. Barrett, the indefatigable collector of Lincoln manuscripts and of essential material bearing on the Lincoln legend and tradition, I was shown a file of the New York *Herald* for the years 1860 and 1861, and there became acquainted with a correspondent who was sympathetic to Lincoln, and whose long letters to New York often had neat, swift, true little sketches of Lincoln.

Among other disclosures in this old file of the New York *Herald* are two speeches of Lincoln's, not included in the editions of collected addresses. Inasmuch as it seems they have not been printed since the week of their delivery sixty-six years ago, they are almost in the category of 'lost speeches.' The telegraphic dispatch containing these two speeches is dated Chicago, November 21, 1860, and in its opening paragraph refers to a Democratic sheriff placing four ironed convicts, one a murderer, in seats between the Lincoln family and the family of Lyman Trumbull, the Republican Senator from Illinois, on the railroad passenger car in which the party of the President-elect left Springfield. The dispatch reads as follows:

THE LINCOLN REGIME
WHAT IS DOING IN SPRINGFIELD
JOURNEY OF THE PRESIDENT ELECT AND FOUR CONVICTS TO CHICAGO
MR. LINCOLN'S SPEECHES ON THE ROUTE
HIS RECEPTION AT CHICAGO

Chicago, November 21, 1860.

Mr. Lincoln, the President elect, left Springfield for this city at eleven o'clock this forenoon, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, Senator Trumbull and family, and Don Piatt and wife, of Ohio. Mr. Lincoln purchased his ticket and traveled in a crowded and inconvenient car, like other democratic sovereigns, neither the company nor conductor showing him any courtesy whatever, although the same corporation recently titled a foreign Prince on a special train over their road with all the honors. The conductor permitted four ironed convicts, one a murderer, to enter the car and take seats between the families of Mr Lincoln and Senator Trumbull. The Sheriff having the culprits in charge is a Douglas democrat.

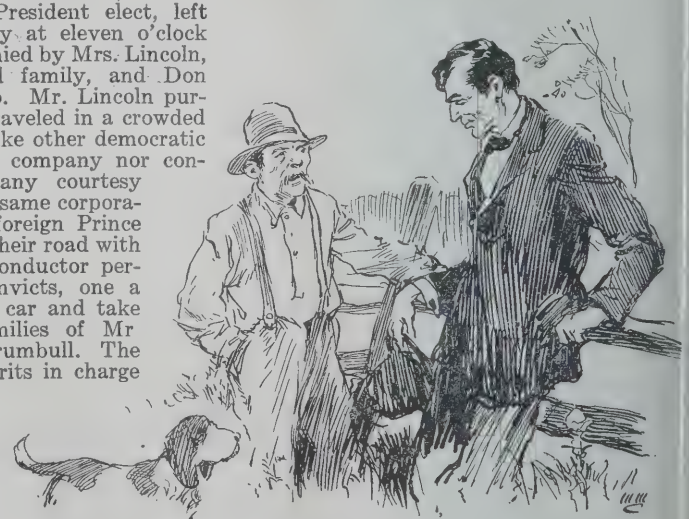
A large concourse of citizens were present at the depot in Springfield to witness the departure of Mr. Lincoln. He heard many a 'God bless you,' and 'Safe return.'

Although the visit of Mr. Lincoln to this city was not generally known in this State, yet crowds of people assembled at every depot, and congratulatory demonstrations of some kind were made at the town of Lincoln. Several hundred ladies and gentlemen assembled at the depot and shouted for Lincoln until he appeared, when some enthusiastic 'Sucker' introduced him as the President of the United States. The crowd cheered vociferously, when Mr. Lincoln said:

'Fellow Citizens—I thank you for this mark of kindness towards me. I have been shut up in Springfield for the last few months, and therefore have been unable to greet you, as I was formerly in the habit of doing. I am passing on my way to Chicago, and am happy in doing so to be able to meet so many of my friends in Logan County, and if to do no more to exchange with you the compliments of the season and to thank you for the many kindnesses you have manifested towards me. I am not in the habit of making speeches now, and I would therefore ask to be excused from entering upon any discussion of the political topics of the day. I am glad to see so many happy faces, and to listen to so many pleasant expressions. Again thanking you for this honor, I will pass on my journey.'

Bowing to the enthusiastic crowd, Mr. Lincoln entered the car, which was already in motion. At Bloomington a very large crowd assembled, and after many calls, Mr. Lincoln appeared and spoke again, as follows:

'Fellow Citizens of Bloomington and McLean County—I am glad to meet you after a longer separation than has been common between you and me. I thank you for the good report you made of the election in Old McLean. The people of the country have again fixed up their affairs for a constitutional period of time. By the way, I



An acquaintance met Lincoln and began remonstrating about paying men four dollars a day for 'talking and sitting on benches.'

think very much of the people, as an old friend said he thought of woman. He said when he lost his first wife, who had been a great help to him in his business, he thought he was ruined—that he could never find another to fill her place. At length, however, he married another, who he found did quite as well as the first, and that his opinion now was that any woman would do well who was well done by. So I think of the whole people of this nation—they will ever do well if well done by. We will try to do well by them in all parts of the country, North and South, with entire confidence that all will be well with all of us.'

A federal salute was fired while the train stopped at Bloomington. After Mr. Lincoln concluded his speech, Senator Trumbull was called out, and responded briefly. Mrs. Lincoln received quite an ovation at this point, as well as her husband. She bore herself admirably, bowing gracefully to the crowd, and shaking hands with those who approached her for that purpose in the car. On the arrival of the President elect at the depot in this city he was met by a few gentlemen, who took the party in private carriages to the Tremont House, where they are quartered.

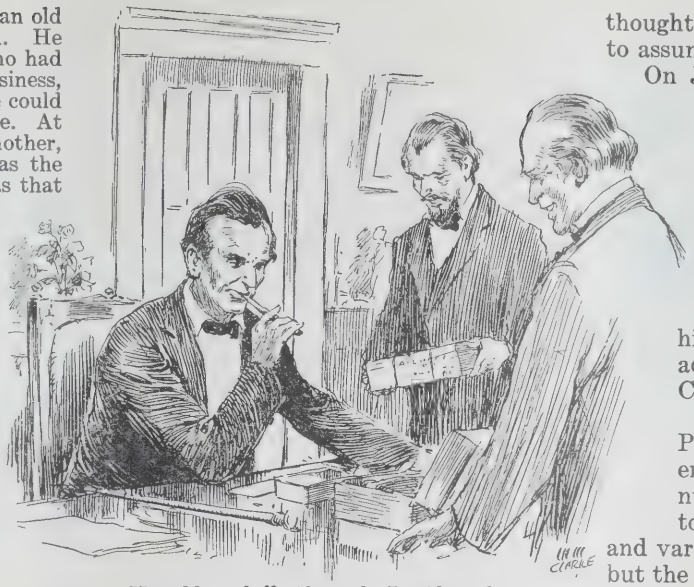
The coming of Mr. Lincoln was not known in this city except to a select few, until yesterday's *Herald* arrived here this evening, about an hour before the Presidential party. Hence there was no demonstration at the depot.

So far as it is known, the sole survivor of those who listened to the Bloomington speech is Mrs. Pammie L. Ricks of Chicago, widow of James B. Ricks, formerly a judge of the supreme court of Illinois. At the time of the speech, Mrs. Ricks, then a girl of seven years, was at the rear platform of Lincoln's train when Lincoln reached down and lifted her from her father's shoulders and kissed her.

A 'lost' anecdote of Lincoln arises from the shadowy framework of a letter dated November 29, 1860, wherein the correspondent is telling little day-by-day happenings at the Lincoln home and in the state capitol where Lincoln met friends and citizens daily. Says our correspondent:

SOME twenty-three years ago, when Lincoln was doing this state his first service, in the capacity of a member of the lower branch of the General Assembly, the legislators saw fit to raise their per diem from two to four dollars. The passage of this measure excited a good deal of feeling in those poor times. It was thought entirely uncalled for, extravagant, and an outrage upon the taxpayers of the state. Lincoln had to endure a good deal of denunciation upon that score after his return.

'One day an old acquaintance, in the shape of a blunt, hard-working yeoman, met him and also commenced remonstrating about the same matter. He could and would not understand why men should be paid four dollars per day for "doing nothing but talking and sitting on benches," while he averaged only about one for the hardest kind of work. Having fully given vent to his feelings, he wound up at last with an angry, "Now, Abe, I want to know what in the world made you do it." Nothing daunted by the dissatisfaction of his constituent, "Abe" replied instanter, "I reckon the only reason was that we wanted the money." '



The oddest of all gifts to the President-elect was a whistle made out of a pig's tail.

A letter to the *Herald* dated Springfield, January 18, 1861, supplies this oddity for historians to contemplate:

'A greenish fellow arrived here day before yesterday from North Carolina, and sought and found accommodations for himself and wife at one of our hotels. Entering himself and companion on the register, he astonished the clerk by adding the word "abolitionist" to his name. Being pumped, he confessed that he supposed "they were all abolitionists where Lincoln lived, ready to lynch any Southerner," and hence thought best, while among the wolves, to assume the airs of one.'

On January 20, the correspondent gives his readers personal information as follows:

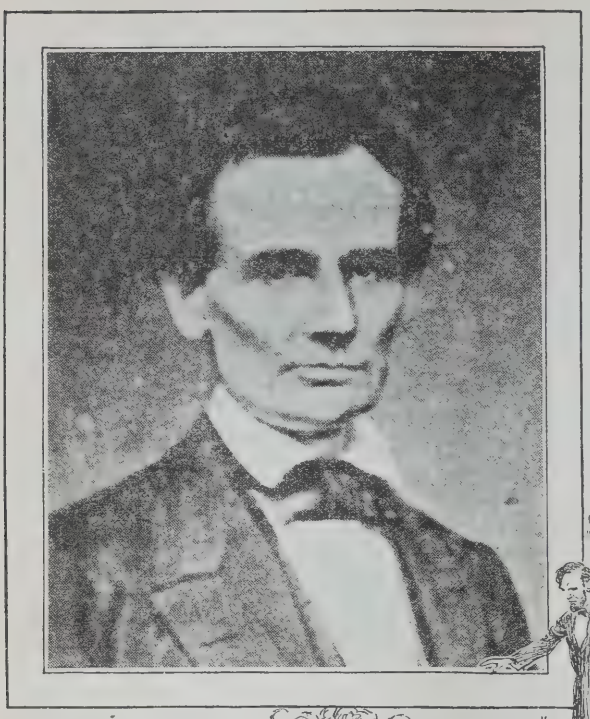
'I have just learned that about two weeks ago a scandalous painting on canvas was received by Mrs. Lincoln per express from South Carolina. It represented Mr. Lincoln with a rope around his neck, his feet chained and his body adorned with tar and feathers. Comment is unnecessary.'

On February 16, when the President-elect was in New York en route to his inauguration, a number of gifts were delivered to him. Canes, a suit of clothes, and varied items were among the gifts, but the reporter writes:

'The oddest of all gifts to the President-elect came to hand, however, in the course of yesterday morning. It was no more nor less than a whistle made out of a pig's tail. There is no "sell" in this. Your correspondent has seen the tangible refutation of the time-honored saying that no "whistle can be made out of a pig's tail" with his own eyes. The donor of the novel instrument is a prominent Ohio politician, residing at Columbus, and connected with the state government. Mr. Lincoln enjoyed the joke hugely. After practicing upon the masterpiece of human ingenuity for nearly an hour this morning, he jocosely remarked that he had never suspected, up to this time, that "there was music in such a thing as that." '

On February 20, as the train moved across New York State, the correspondent's unique pen portrait of Lincoln was published, along with what is believed to be the earliest versions in public prints of the famous 'abutments' anecdote, and the slow horse story. The news letter reads in part:

At Bloomington, a very large crowd assembled, although Mr. Lincoln's coming was known to few.



Lincoln at the time of his nomination to the presidency.

It was plain to see that the Lincolns are common-sense, home-like folks, unused to the glitter and flutter of society. Towering above all, with his face and forehead furrowed by a thousand wrinkles, his hair unkempt, his new whiskers looking as if not yet naturalized, his clothing illy arranged, Mr. Lincoln sat toward the rear of the saloon car. Putting prejudices a-one side, no one can see Mr. Lincoln without recognizing in him a man of immense power and force of character and natural talent. He seems so sincere, so conscientious, so earnest, so simple-hearted, that one cannot help liking him, and esteeming any disparagement of his abilities or desire to do right as a personal insult.

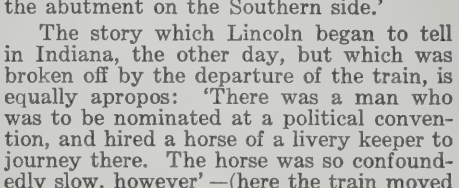
What will he do? All are asking. Mr. Lincoln says that he has not yet determined; he cannot determine until he shall get all possible light upon the subject; but he is sure that he will say nothing 'inconsistent with the Constitution'—his favorite phrase. Will he favor Weed or Greeley? Either Weed or Greeley would give a small fortune to know. Lincoln does not know himself as yet. He acts very cautiously and balances favor with favor. If he is closeted with Greeley one hour, he gives, soon, an hour to Weed. If he takes Greeley's arm, he walks upstairs by Weed's side. If he dines with Weed's governor, he sleeps at Greeley's hotel. How can Lincoln know which to choose, when to know would be to decide upon his policy, and that he keeps undecided?

With the rare argumentative and logical powers; with a great self-possession and self-control; with the intimate knowledge of politics and politicians, and with the uncommon, homespun common sense which his friends claim for him, Lincoln seems a man to act and decide for himself, and not be entrapped by either of his dear friends, who, like the fabled spider, would be glad to catch this presidential fly. He seems tremendously rough, and tremendously honest and earnest.

Lincoln talks excellently and with ease upon any topic, and tells a story with consummate tact. He seldom tells stories in his public speeches, however. When first in Congress he adopted the hifalutin' style, but has since changed this for that Spartan simplicity of manner and diction which all great orators have preferred. Of late, also, he tells fewer stories than usual in conversation. As a specimen of what his stories are—and for them he has a great popular reputation—he said, one day, 'I once knew a good, sound churchman, whom we'll call Brown, who was on a committee to erect a bridge over a very dangerous and rapid river. Architect after architect failed, and at last Brown said he had a friend named Jones who had built several bridges and could build this. "Let's have him in," said the committee. In came Jones. "Can you build this bridge, sir?" "Yes," replied Jones; "I could build a bridge to the infernal regions, if necessary." The sober committee were horrified; but when Jones retired Brown thought it but fair to defend his friend. "I know Jones so well," said he, "and he is so honest a man and so good an architect that, if he states soberly and positively that he can build a bridge to Hades—why, I believe it. But I have my doubts about the abutment on the infernal side." ' You should see Lincoln's facial contortions at this point. 'So,' Lincoln added, 'when politicians said they could harmonize the Northern and Southern wings of the democracy, why, I believed them. But I had my doubts about the abutment on the Southern side.'

The story which Lincoln began to tell in Indiana, the other day, but which was broken off by the departure of the train, is equally apropos: 'There was a man who was to be nominated at a political convention, and hired a horse of a livery keeper to journey there. The horse was so confoundedly slow, however'—(here the train moved off, amid great laughter, but Lincoln concluded the story at the next station)—'that the man arrived too late, and found his opponent nominated and the convention adjourned. When he arrived home he said to the stableman, "This is a fine animal of yours—a fine animal." "Do you think so?" "Certainly, but never sell him to an undertaker." "Undertaker! why not?" "Because if the horse were hitched to a hearse, resurrection day would come before he reached the cemetery." 'So,' concluded the President, 'if my journey goes on at this slow rate it will be resurrection day before I reach the Capitol.'

Such are the stories with which Lincoln delights his friends when in the mood, but of late the mood comes seldom.



The Lincoln Memorial at Washington.

At a reception in the Astor House i New York, Lincoln mistook a stranger face for that of one he knew, a thing tha happened rarely with Lincoln. The reporte wrote:

'Mr. Lincoln then bowed again to th several gentlemen who were then presente to him, all of whom he cordially receive He mistook one old gentleman for a perso who formerly used to call on him at Sprin field to sell illustrated copies of Shakespear but was set right by some person present

An eminent critic once declared himse in some such fashion as follows: After bein immersed in surmises, hazards, conjecture and speculations concerning an historic character, how we welcome to our hearts single concrete fact, if it be only the con vincing narrative of how he blew his nos and with which hand.

The array of contemporaneous new paper material bearing on Lincoln as a ma politician, statesman, is of sufficient exte to make an important book with man piquant pages. Such a work is under prep aration at the hands of Paul Angle Springfield, Illinois, secretary of the Lin coln Centennial Association.

The years pass and the Lincoln traditio marches and grows. Across the comin thousand years in America it will be a livin thing, a moving force in the hearts of me The documentation of this legend has gon so far and deep, is already so thorough accomplished, that it is safe to say tha Lincoln is to live as a luminous truth rath than a conventional or a controversi myth.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Carl Sandburg, in the preface to his tw volume biography of *Abraham Lincoln, t Prairie Years*, has this to say of Oliver Barrett and his Lincoln collection:

'The Barrett collection began more tha thirty-five years ago when Oliver R. Barre as a boy of fifteen started to gather letter manuscripts, photographs, of Lincoln an reminiscences from men and women who ha met Lincoln in life. There in Pittsfiel county seat of Pike County, Illinois, th old settlers had heard Lincoln deliv speeches, had sat at turkey dinners wit him, and had passed the Gillmer hous where Lincoln, going to a conference in th house, had lifted Lizzie Gillmer off the fro gate, kissed her and put her back on th gate; they remembered the little red-heade boy, John G. Nicolay, who was a printer devil at the office of the Pike Count *Free Press*, and the boy John Hay who wer to school and wrote "contributions" for th *Free Press*. There Barrett grew up; lat he was a Peoria lawyer, familiar with th "orgmathorial" humor and savor of the o Eighth Circuit Bar and the stump politi of central Illinois; then he moved to Chicag

Keen in the scrutiny of evidence an shrewd in his analysis of documents; man droll, inventive, quizzical and lovab in the company of children; a long distan walker, a fisherman, story-teller, bookma a man who takes a ten or fifteen mile hik at midnight or dawn when the impul moves him; a man who enjoys being u grammatical when with ungrammatic people; with the restless urge of the pon express rider modulated by the peacef preoccupations of the antiquarian—Oliv R. Barrett requires further portraiture.'

Lincoln in Marble and Bronze

(*Continued from page 7*)

opular because it is usually photographed ith children grouped in Lincoln's arms, r about him on the bronze bench. It is also requently photographed with negro boys nd girls and laboring men sitting with im on the bench.

The Adolph Alexander Weinman statue f Lincoln, in bronze, which is located in he public square at Hodgensville, Lincoln's irthplace, is a massive sitting figure. incoln sits in a chair with his ight hand on the arm of the hair and his left hand on his left nee, in repose, as if buried deep n thought. This humble, insig- ificant little town reminds one f the phrase, 'Can there any ood thing come out of Naza- eth?' A most insignificant entucky village, sleepy, dull, ninteresting, with a few one- tory business buildings on a ingle public square; the only hing that lifts the horizon is he *Lincoln* bronze.

The Emancipation Group, y Thomas Ball, is in Lincoln ark, Washington, D. C., and hows Lincoln a rather con- entional figure, with his ands lifted over a kneeling lave. This is one of the older nd better known, but not orceful bronzes of Lincoln. n Lincoln, Nebraska, is the amous French *Lincoln.* This ronze has one of the most mpressive backgrounds of ny of the memorials. It is on he capitol grounds. Directly ack of this statue is a mas- ive marble block, almost as arge as the cabin in which incoln was born, with the Gettysburg Address carved in etters two inches high.

In Springfield, Illinois, is he O'Connor *Lincoln,* which, n a way, reminds one of the Barnard bronze. It has run he latter a close race in the natter of discussion. Even oday there is a great differ- nce of opinion in Springfield ver this slender, awkward ronze. The artist intended o depict the Lincoln of the Farewell Address, how he ooked and what was in his spirit the day he eft Springfield for Washington, never to eturn alive.

The MacNeil *Lincoln,* a standing figure ith folded arms, is a different type of reatment and a most impressive one. In his bronze the Great Emancipator's tall ilk tile hat sits on a bench beside him, and is cape falls over that bench in graceful olds.

In addition to the French *Lincoln* in incoln, Nebraska, this artist has also one a sitting *Lincoln,* a figure in which oth hands are hanging rather gracefully ver the arms of the chair in which he sits. his bronze is in the Lincoln Memorial in Vashington, D. C., and is coming to be one f the most popular of all the Lincoln bronzes. The setting is most beautiful and stately, in the center of the great open temple.

Buffalo, New York, boasts of its Charles Henry Niehaus bronze of Lincoln. It is a figure sitting in a chair with the long legs crossed. This is the only treatment of Lincoln that calls attention to the legs. One is reminded of Lincoln's story in which he was asked how long a man's legs ought to be, and he replied, 'Long enough to reach the ground.'

Other beautiful bronzes of Lincoln include: that by Leonard W. Volk and the Lott Flannery *Lincoln,* which is set on a tall marble column pedestal in front of the Court House, in Washington, and was unveiled April 16, 1868, only a few years after Lincoln's death.

Perhaps the first inspiration to immortalize Lincoln in bronze and marble came from a colored woman, Charlotte Scott, of Marietta, Ohio. She gave the first five dollars the morning following the assassination of Lincoln. The five dollars, along with $17,000 more, all raised by popular subscription, were used to erect *The Emancipation Group,* previously mentioned. It was unveiled April 14, 1876. It was not the first to be erected, but it was, most assuredly, the first to be planned. And it was curiously appropriate that a colored woman should have the first thought of thus memorializing the man who set her race free, and that she should conceive the idea the day following his death.

Muskegon, Michigan, boasts of a sitting statue of Lincoln. It too was done by Charles Niehaus who did the Buffalo, New York, *Lincoln.*

The Randolph Rogers statue was erected in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia, on November 26, 1869. It shows Lincoln in a sitting position with his right hand raised as if speaking. It is erected on a pyramidal pedestal, about fifteen feet high. The figure of Lincoln by Vinnie Ream in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is a figure in a draped gown holding a manuscript, the only draped *Lincoln* the writer knows. The artist has pictured him in the attitude of delivering a stately academic address.

Burlington, Wisconsin, boasts of its *Lincoln* done by George E. Ganiere, and unveiled October 13, 1913. It is a beautiful figure, with the hands behind, crossed, as some poet has said of Napoleon,

'As if to balance that prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.'

It is a curious thing that every one of these many sculptors of Lincoln have achieved an original posture. No two of them are alike. Some are sitting, some standing, some with legs crossed, one draped, one with the hands behind, some in the posture of public address, some in the posture of private and intimate conversation, some in repose.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, on the Calton Hill, is the statue done by George E. Bissell. It is a bronze figure and rests on a massive granite pedestal. The figure at the base is that of a free negro holding up a wreath to Lincoln. On the face of the pedestal are the words of Lincoln: 'To preserve the jewel of Liberty in the framework of Freedom.'

This statue is a memorial to Lincoln, as well as a memorial to the Scottish soldiers of the American Civil War.

The three great memorials in marble to Lincoln are the beautiful Greek Temple which houses the humble log cabin in which Lincoln was born; the beautiful memorial in Washington, and the Lincoln tomb at Springfield, Illinois. Hundreds of thousands of people visit these sacred spots every year.

Ye Men of Power

Mrs. C. H. Wright

YE MEN of power
Lift your eyes from the gutter
And vision the stars.
Measure yourself by each other
And gaze upon Mars.
Like motes in the dust ray
A moment you stay and are gone.
Forget not the mote is invisible dust
In the ray of the sun.

Noise the Destroyer

(Continued from page 2)

that I had begun to enjoy evaporates. The few minutes of reflection which I had looked forward to, no longer exist. I am stunned and confounded by the din about me.

I get on a train. I travel with an interesting companion. We make an effort to converse. We shout to make ourselves heard above the shrieking of the axles and thumping of the rails. Presently the effort surpasses our ability to concentrate. Our remarks become trite and mediocre. The conversation compared with the same discourse in a quiet study is a failure.

I dine in a high-priced restaurant. The orchestra begins to play. The cello causes cold shivers to run up my back. The harmony of twenty violins, at first pleasing, makes it necessary for me to yell at the waiter. My friend and I brace ourselves against the noise. There is clatter of china and silverware. Chatter of voices. Noise—noise everywhere! Consider the day on which I am preparing this article. I should be fresh as a flower. I went to bed early last evening at an expensive hotel and in a room fitted with all the luxuries and comforts money could buy. There was even a little pasteboard sign for me to hang on the door, which read: 'Do not disturb.' 'Fine!' thought I to myself. 'Now I can get well rested for my lecture tomorrow.' As the room was chilly, I turned on the radiator. Instantly, a deafening series of reports issued therefrom. I was so startled that I glanced around involuntarily to see who had opened fire at me with a machine gun. Then I chuckled. It was, of course, just a little water in the iron radiator coils which caused a 'water-hammer.'

I took a shower in a beautifully appointed bathroom. When I turned off the hot water for a final cold spray I could have sworn that an ocean liner was blowing its whistle right outside the window. But it was only some kind of hydrostatic vibration in the water pipes that was causing the rumpus.

My room was many stories above the street. Yet I could hear the honking of taxi horns, the pounding of surface cars and the shrill whistle of porters far into the night.

I was awakened at early dawn by the raucous rattle of my telephone bell. Who could be calling at this hour? The bell dinned three times, long-drawn-out, nerve-racking jingles, before I finally roused sufficiently to answer it. When I could not understand the message and at last managed to convey my name to the operator, I was soothed by the following: 'Excuse it, please. Wrong number!'

This reads as if it were a libel on the hotel which lodged me. But I assure you it was one of the best in the world; also one of the quietest big-city hostelries at which I have ever stayed.

Having heard so much about American quick-lunch restaurants I went to one for breakfast. As I eat very little at the start of day, I thought I should not mind if everyone else was in a hurry. But I minded a lot of things about the place before I was through with it.

I seated myself in a corner to be out of the way of what seemed to be the main traffic. But even there I had to shout to the waiter to make myself heard. As he darted away to fill my order, he collided with a brother servant who carried a large tin tray loaded down with dishes. I half rose from my seat as the tray and its burden of crockery crashed to the floor. But the echoes of the catastrophe were lost in the general uproar. How the denizens of that place could stand beginning each day of their lives in such a riotous atmosphere was more than I could see.

There is the constant clatter of voices. People hammer the eardrums of their companions.

At ten I had a business engagement with a friend. I found him with three telephones on his desk and a secretary at his side. Two nervous messengers were teetering on one side of him. On his other side was a window open to noisy traffic below. He glanced up and spied me.

'Sit down, old man,' he said genially, reaching out for my hand with one of his. His other hand reached for a telephone which had just tinkled. 'Hello? Oh, yes.' He turned to one of his stenographers, holding one hand over the telephone receiver. 'Take a letter,' he said, and began to dictate. His dictation was interspersed with a casual word now and then to me. Twice he spoke to the messengers, dismissing one and giving the other instructions. How the stenographer knew which words were meant for her I could not see. 'Oh, hello,' he said into the telephone as that part of the circus began again.

As far as I could see, my American business friend was effectively entertaining me, dictating a letter, holding a conversation over a telephone, and handling two messengers. When he was through he had other telephones in operation. But with it all my feelings were not at all hurt, because his rapid-fire comments to me were both amusing and appropriate to our meeting and to the situation.

However, when the smoke of the situation cleared away and he engaged with me on the business in hand, I noticed he was no altogether at ease. When some one bumpe noisily against his door he glanced up, h mouth open ready to speak. A telephon bell outside jangled; involuntarily h reached for one of his telephones. Tw taxicabs bumped below his window, and i a trice he was on his feet peering down int the gathering crowd to see what had gone o

'This man,' said I to myself, 'is burnin himself up with attention to unnecessar sounds and disturbances.'

On my way out I stopped at a telephon booth and put in a long-distance call. Bu my success was only mediocre. Right in th middle of my conversation some one droppe a packing case outside the door. Twice m conversation was broken into by loud nois on the line. The shriek of a fire engine sire was another noise that leaked into my s called soundproof booth. I thought, ' this is soundproof, then it would take grave to eliminate the noise of ma kind.'

I went to a musical recital after lunc The party was held at a private hous As I stepped inside I thought the must surely be a fight or some sort excitement. I have never heard such buzz and clatter of voices. They we mostly women. They chattered lik so many birds in a cage.

But when the artist took up his violi his listeners' appreciation was shown b the hush which fell over the room. He bega to play. The spell of his sweet melody w in a few moments cast upon tho about him.

Then the inevitable noise of civilizatio began to interrupt. A tramcar passed ou side. A horn tooted. A telephone ran From the depths of the house came th shout of some ill-mannered servant. traffic whistle filtered through the windo A thoughtless child turned on a radio another room. A door slammed. An an bulance went clanging by outside. Instea of listening to the violinist I found myse wondering what form the next noise wou take.

I could go on through that day and th next and the next, and they would all be th same: noise, noise, noise; noise disturbi people; noise unnerving people; noise crus ing people.

The effects of civilization on me after return from an arctic trip are brought o particularly in my nerves and digestio As I take most excellent care of myself, can attribute my troubles only to consta irritation of the sights, sounds, and smel which assail me.

I find myself irritable over small thing I find that I can eat less food proportio ately and that I have a considerably le appetite than I would normally in th Arctic.

It might be suggested that this is b cause I am taking less exercise, and becau I have more work to do. On the contrar there are long periods in a storm-bour igloo when exercise is absolutely impossibl Also during work periods there is a gre deal more work. Yet there is none of th lack of appetite nor the increasing ir tability. I sometimes (Continued on page 2

Lincoln's Friend at Court

(Continued from page 4)

his boat, when the boat is there and there is no other way.'

Was the defendant quibbling, or was this a valid legal distinction?

Squire Pate looked at Caroline; she had no doubt that the defendant had expounded good law. Squire Pate began to think so also.

He looked into his book of statutes, read the license, and said:

'I find that John T. Dill has the exclusive right to operate a ferry at this point from the Kentucky shore of the Ohio River, and to set passengers across the river in either direction; but I do not find that the defendant is forbidden to convey a passenger from the Indiana bank to the deck of a passing steamer. The case is dismissed, and the defendant is discharged.'

At least three persons present heartily approved the verdict. These were Abraham Lincoln, defendant; George Pate, of color; and Caroline Meeker, niece and ward of the magistrate.

THE Dills returned to their ferry, ruefully grumbling over their defeat. The few neighbors scattered. Abraham Lincoln lingered, and the squire invited him to sit for a little while on the porch.

'That was rather a nice point of law you raised,' said he. 'You seem to me to have a legal mind. Have you ever thought of studying law?'

Then Lincoln told him about his life. He had a very meager education, obtained under great difficulty, with little prospect of being able to use it. He was not yet of age, was helping his father, who lived sixteen miles inland, and he had little incentive to study. But he liked to read, and had an ambition to be something more than an ordinary laborer.

He told Squire Pate that he was a Kentuckian by birth, but had lived in Indiana since he was seven years old, and he was now nearly nineteen. His father's home was sixteen miles from the river, but Abraham had come to work for Green Taylor, at Troy, nearly opposite where Squire Pate lived. His work was partly in Taylor's store, and partly on the flatboat which Taylor operated as a ferry across the mouth of Anderson's Creek. Abraham was getting six dollars a month and board, and was taking most of the money to his father.

He told the squire that he had inherited from his father some liking for the water; Thomas Lincoln had constructed a flatboat and on it made his first journey from the mouth of Knob Creek to that of Anderson's Creek, and so from Kentucky to Indiana. From him also Abraham had inherited some skill in the use of tools, and he had built for himself a flat-bottomed rowboat of his own. It was this offending craft that had got him into trouble with the Dills. Indeed, as he afterward told William H. Seward, it was with this clumsy little boat he had earned his first whole dollar in a single day, conveying two men and their luggage to a passing steamer. The sums he gathered in this way were infrequent, for usually Dill was alert to his own interests; still, Abraham had earned an occasional fee in that manner, and it was the easiest money he had ever pocketed.

But this did not satisfy him. He wished he knew enough to do something else. His father had taught him to work, but not to love work. He wished he had education enough to be a clerk on a river boat, or something other than a farmer and splitter of rails.

He picked up the volume of Statutes of Kentucky, and Squire Pate suggested that if he would like to read the book, he might do so any time he cared to cross the river for that purpose. The squire could not lend it, as he needed it in his judicial business.

Abraham thanked him, and promised to return. He bade the squire good day, and walked past the little cemetery and down through the orchard toward the river.

Now it chanced that Caroline Meeker was in the orchard just at that time, gathering some apples for her uncle and for the family use. She met Abraham Lincoln, and offered him an apple.

That was the way the trouble began, a long time ago, back in the Garden of Eden. And it might almost be said that there is no prettier way for trouble of that kind to start.

'I'm glad you beat them,' she said. 'It was mighty mean of them to call you over the river in the lying way they did, and then both jump on you, two to one.'

'It was sort of double-teaming it on me,' laughed Abraham, 'but they did not duck me, and they did not fine me.'

'I think it was right clever,' said she, 'the way you showed that setting folks out from the shore on to a boat was not the same as setting them across the river.'

'It seemed to save me from a fine,' observed Abraham.

'If Uncle Sam had fined you, I would have scolded him,' said Caroline.

Oh, Caroline, with your hand in the basket, filling Abraham Lincoln's pocket with apples, and your rebellious brown curls behaving just the way they ought not, or maybe ought, and your brown eyes looking out from under your slatted sunbonnet, had I been there in Abraham Lincoln's place, I should have kissed you under that sunbonnet; I know I should! What did you mean, you naughty minx, meeting him there under the apple tree, and letting him see how pretty you were, and how much you admired him, and how little you liked the Dill boys?

After the husking had made some progress, George Pate, accompanied by Moses Thrasher, produced their musical instruments, then known as a fiddle and a banjo.

And, now that I am scolding you, why did you contrive to tell him about the corn-husking that was to occur the very next week in Eli Thrasher's big barn? Did you not know that he would offer to cross the river and escort you there? And I, even while I am scolding you, don't you know I am wishing I had been there in his stead?

No wonder Abraham Lincoln became interested in reading out of Squire Pate's big book of Statutes of Kentucky. And no wonder people said that he was not so much interested in law as he was in Caroline! I, too, studied law in my youth, and I would have crossed the Ohio River several times for the sake of reading law on Squire Pate's broad porch and drinking a glass of buttermilk as Caroline brought it sweet from the churn.

And as for the husking—I cannot say I ever enjoyed it. It is hard on the hands, and it is wearisome for the back, but I would husk till my finger tips bled for the joy of walking to the party and back with a girl with brown eyes and curly brown hair like Caroline, or another I once knew. I verily believe Eve had hair and eyes like that. They stir deep memories in me, and they stirred the rather sluggish spirit of Abraham Lincoln. On the night of the corn-husking, he was there. He had rowed across the river, hiding his boat where the Dills were not likely to discover it and play any tricks upon him, and he walked up to the front door of Squire Pate's home, and walked away with Caroline to the husking party.

The Thrashers were kin-folk of the Pates. Squire

The crowded and overgrown little cemetery.

Samuel Pate's wife's name was Arretta Thrasher. She was a sister of Eli Thrasher; that is, she was a sister of one of the long procession of Eli Thrashers; there was always an Eli Thrasher, and sometimes there were as many as three, all in a row. They crowd their corner of the little old cemetery below Squire Pate's house. But the Eli Thrasher who was a brother of Squire Pate's wife was very much alive, and would inherit a large farm, and a number of slaves, and a good family name. And he looked a little surprised and not wholly pleased when he saw Caroline Meeker enter the barn under the competent escort of Abraham Lincoln.

THE corn had been pulled from the stalks, and lay in a long, oval pile in the middle of the barn floor. Two judges, skilled and experienced and supposed to be impartial, walked several times around it, and agreed that 'the end to-*wards* the river was a leetle mite the biggest, but the other end had a heap the most nubbins in it,' and the rail was laid accordingly.

Then they chose sides, two captains selecting in alternation, both men and women joining in the husking. Caroline was soon selected, not, presumably, so much for the corn she would husk as for her popularity, and Abraham happened to be chosen on the same side, which did not offend either of them.

Then there was a drawing of lots for choice of the two ends of the pile, and the captains, after much advice from the men of their respective sides, looked the pile over, and the fortunate one chose.

At a given signal they set to work, each side determining to be first to the rail, and each admonishing the other not to hide too much unhusked corn in the husks, and each one boisterously declaring that the pile was not divided fairly, and each young man surreptitiously hunting for red ears. For the young man who found a red ear was permitted to kiss a girl, and to make his own selection. If it chanced to be a girl who found the red ear—but that is part of this very story. And besides, girls were not so bold then as they are alleged to be now.

After the husking had made some progress, George Pate, a person of color, accompanied by Moses Thrasher, a gentleman a trifle darker, produced their musical instruments, a violin, then known as a fiddle, and a banjo. Some of the time they sang, and one of the songs had to do with the time-honored denunciation of the man who laid the rail, and of dire threats for his security and peace of mind:

Hit's a mighty dry year when de crab-grass fail;
Oh, rho, rho, rho, who laid dat rail?
Hit's a mighty dark night when de nigger turn pale,
De big-foot nigger dat laid dat rail!

Chorus:

Oh, rho, rho, rho, who laid dat rail?
Show me de nigger dat laid dat rail!
I'll hit him wid de hoe and I'll hit him wid de flail—
De big-foot nigger dat laid dat rail!
Hit's a mighty pore crap when de red ear fail,
Oh, rho, rho, rho, who laid dat rail?
An' I'se gwine to get de ear an' I'se gwine to kiss de gal,
An' I'll find hit dar right under de rail!

Thus with maledictions on the man who laid the rail, and with keen search for the red ear, the husking proceeded. And if too much corn was not pushed back into the shucks, the more fast and furious the husking went, the better. And no man there husked more rapidly or threw more bushels of yellow ears into the pile than Abraham Lincoln. And he did not find one red ear the whole evening, except—

I do not want you to think Caroline bold, but what was a girl to do? She found a red ear, and she quickly hid it under her apron. She was not bold enough to display it and select a man and kiss him before that crowd. But she waited till she had opportunity to pass the ear to Abraham Lincoln, unobserved, as she hoped, and he knew a red ear when he saw it, and he did his duty. So far as I am aware, that was as well as she could have managed the matter. And it is too late to make any complaint about it now. For it would indeed be a poor crop of corn that produced no red ears: no one more fully shared that opinion than Abraham Lincoln. He had an unmusical voice, but he had a good ear for rhythm, and the song that George and Moses sang was joined in by many of the huskers, including Abraham. Perhaps you would like to know that 'rail' and 'gal' in the pronunciation of these choristers made a nearly perfect rhyme, and that they gave to the word 'ear' the present fashionable and aristocratic pronunciation, as they sang:

Hit's a mighty pore crap when de red yaw fail,
An' I'se gwine to find de yaw an' I'se gwine to kiss de gail.

Abraham Lincoln did both those things. He had help about the finding of the ear, as I have told you, and possibly some also with the remainder of the undertaking.

But, when Abraham Lincoln walked home with Caroline Meeker, and bade her goodnight on her uncle's wide porch, did h repeat the performance?

He did not.

It had been a part of the play, before but this would have been something mor serious.

Not but that he wanted to.

But what right had he to kiss thi beautiful young woman, a member of on of the most aristocratic and prosperou families along the Kentucky bank of th Ohio? What had he to offer her? He lacke two years of being of age. And when h became of age, he would be landless an penniless. And her people had their lan and their slaves and their pride. Non sense! He was a fool for thinking of such thing!

HE CONTINUED to visit Squire Pate' home, but not so frequently as he ha planned. Before very long he made hi trip down the Ohio and Mississippi t New Orleans. Then, he worked for a whil on the canal at Louisville. And in crop tim he had to assist his father, and the farm wa sixteen miles from the river.

Moreover, if you must know the whol truth, Mrs. Pate did not wholly approve Abraham Lincoln. She wante Caroline to marry her brothe Eli Thrasher. Then Carolin would have a good home, wit land and servants, and a gooc prosperous, steady husban To be sure, Eli was eigh years older than Caroline, bu what of that? Why should man of twenty-five be though too old to marry a nice girl seventeen, going on eighteen Arretta Thrasher Pate did n like to see Abraham Lincol coming to study law on h husband's porch, and Carolin taking him buttermilk fres from the churn. Why shoul he be studying law? And if h had to study it, why shoul he come there to study it? F Caroline ought to marry E Thrasher, and not be bothere by landless young men fro the backwoods of Indiana.

That was the way Mrs. Pate felt about i

Abraham Lincoln quickly felt this o position to his coming, and was ready t assent to the justice of it. He had no righ he said to himself, to thrust his attentio on this lovely girl. And he did not.

After his return from New Orleans h was not at the river for any long period and he saw less and less of the lovely gi with the brown eyes and the curly brow hair. In the spring of 1830, when he w barely twenty-one, he removed with h father and stepmother to Illinois, and h never saw her again.

But she did not forget him. She hear that he had served as a captain in a Indian war, and she was sure he was th bravest of them all. And after a while sh heard from people who visited the Illino country that Abraham Lincoln was member of the legislature. She often wo dered if he would not come back some da and she put off her near-at-hand lover, E Thrasher, till Abraham Lincoln had bee home more than three years. Then sh married Eli Thrasher, just as every one ha always expected that she would.

Now, please do not ask me whether th

THE WHITE HOUSE *by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

; all true that I am telling you, or whether am making it up. And yet, if you must now, I will tell you. I am not making it up; may be adding a touch of color here and iere to fill in the scant and faint outline of radition, but my part in the creation is a ery modest one. Why, I cannot even end as I want to do. Don't you know that if were making it up, there would be a appy ending? And that is just im-ossible.

Come, then, to where I learned this radition, and we will finish the story with ie most solemn and indisputable docu-ientary facts. We will go to the solid old g house of Squire Pate on the Kentucky iore of the Ohio, and push our way through ie tangle to where Caroline gave Abraham ie apple, and we will find the crowded and vergrown little cemetery, and get some of ie living Pates and Thrashers to help us lentify the names we do not know.

HERE is John Beauchamp, his grave iarked by a stone of unusual size, and he ad no relation to this group of families. Ie was a passenger on a river steamer, and as taken off, desperately ill of pneumonia, own there at the landing where Abraham incoln used to tie up his boat. John eauchamp died in his twenty-ninth year, ied in the hospitable home of Squire ate, died a stranger, but not friendless, nd they buried him here with their own in. That was the kind of hospitality Squire ate believed in.

And I have told you about George ate, colored, who refused to be set free, nd was buried here with the family after ie war had closed, with an upward point-ig hand to tell that the Pate family be-eved he had to gone to heaven just like hite folk. And the long line of Eli hrashers; and Samuel Pate, Esq., and his ife, Arretta Thrasher Pate. They are all iere.

But what about Caroline, wife of Eli hrasher?

She is there, too. She died December 5, 1835, aged twenty-five years, five months id fourteen days, which makes her a year id a half younger than Abraham Lincoln. nd her husband did not live many years. .e died June 6, 1842, aged thirty-nine ears, six months and twenty-six days. He ever recovered from the tragic death of aroline. The memory of that sorrowful hristmas shadowed him till he lay down eside his wife, whom he had loved for any years and possessed for less ian two.

THERE is one other stone we must read. aroline, daughter of Eli and Caroline hrasher, did not live to repeat her mother's mance, but died June 2, 1851; and when e set down the fifteen years, five months id nine days that were reckoned as be-nging to her earthly life, we know how er mother died. Little Caroline was born i Christmas Eve, and her mother died ext day.

I wonder if Abraham Lincoln ever knew out this. I wonder if, in the winter llowing the death of Ann Rutledge, some ie who had come from near his old home in diana brought word that Squire Pate's ece, the one who married Eli Thrasher, ed giving birth to her first child.

But I do not know. I have told you all know about it, and a very little besides. it not very much.

Noise the Destroyer

(*Continued from page 20*)

wonder if noise isn't wrecking humanity. We all become numb to it. After three months I cease to notice noises any more than anyone else. But I realize that the noises are still having their effect on me; and that at the end of a long day my fatigue has come as much from the constant din about me as from any other single factor.

I think the drawn faces and high-strung nerves of the average American are due to noise more than to the high speed at which he lives. Cowboys and Indian hunters and forest rangers often live at high speed. But their nerves are never so taut as those of the same type of man submitted daily to the uproar of the city.

Noise must play its share in bringing about divorce, disease, and other evils of modern civilization. It must have its effect on small children, on mothers and on elderly people.

What can we do about it? What did we do about the flickering of motion pictures, or the failures of gas engines, or the static in radio? We put our best minds on the problem and in each case eliminated the defect.

Nobody seems to be giving any real attention to eliminating noise today. A scientific study of the problem might lead to a very considerable elimination after a year or so, or sooner.

We might put into the hands of our policemen some power for reducing noise on streets. We certainly should have city ordinances all over the world regulating the amount of noise any citizen can make.

You Americans are removing smoke from the air overhead. It is my prediction that in ten years you will remove the noise from the air about your ears.

Think what it would mean to have a radio concert on every corner, strains of sweet music instead of the din of traffic!

. . .

There, see how the disease has gripped me. I cry out against noise, demand its removal, and then suggest another form!

The Visitor *From* Paris

THE visitor who had been to Paris said that the way to make a stay in Paris (or in Europe) expensive is to go to places marked 'American,' or 'English spoken here.' An American newspaper agency will purchase your theater tickets for you and will tell you that the charge is about 10 per cent. However, actual investigation shows that a thirty-six-franc ticket is sold for forty-five francs, making a 25 per cent charge. If you are wealthy, or if your stay is extremely limited, you may do well to use these American agencies, but the visitor from Paris noted that you pay a fee ranging from 25 per cent to 33⅓ per cent on prices used to keep up the American offices in Paris. Further, it is always desirable to do such things in person, as you learn the ways of the country and see more of the real Paris and the real Europe than you do from the top of a sight-seeing auto-bus.

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Are We Scrapping the Whole Navy?

(Continued from page 5)

Take the first comparison, for instance, the ratio of 5-4-3 in battleships left by the treaty. We are supposed to be on a parity with Great Britain, but actually we are not, for thirteen of our eighteen battleships are deficient in gun ranges and four of the eighteen are only twelve-inch gun ships, the only twelve-inch gun ships in the three navies. Of this class of battleship, H. C. Bywater, the leading naval author of England, said *before* the conference: 'Since the twelve-inch gun is no longer considered equal to the tactical requirements of the future, *capital ships armed with this weapon have ceased to be reckoned as first-class fighting units.*'

Then again, the six classes of ships listed are not all of equal value in a fighting fleet, battleships being the most valuable, then cruisers, and so forth, and so objection might be raised to adding them all together to obtain a fleet value. Notwithstanding this, the results are considered fairly accurate for the reason that the table takes into consideration the condition of the vessels listed, their seaworthiness, their reliability, the condition of their machinery and, what is very important, the crews that operate them, something no purely mathematical formula has ever done.

What the conference did was to deprive us of our big battleships and restrict their future building, insure our weakness in the other types by refusing to agree to their limitation, and to put no limit on future construction except to set the standard for cruisers at 10,000 tons and eight-inch guns. The significance of this will be apparent when we see that England's advantage in cruisers and destroyer leaders was far greater than ours in battleships, for she possessed more than forty of a comparatively recent type of cruiser compared to ten we had only started to build and eighteen destroyer leaders, a class of vessel our Navy did not have. Japan had on the way sixteen cruisers, sixty-two destroyers, and eighty-four submarines. These ships were all completed.

The totals for ships built and building since the conference are:

The United States, sixteen ships; Great Britain, thirty-seven ships; Japan, 101 ships. According to data on file in the Navy Department, the modern light cruiser standing is as follows:

	United States (*tons*)	*Great Britain* (*tons*)	*Japan* (*tons*)
Built and Building	12– 95,000	51–304,290	25–156,205
Authorized	6– 60,000	12–106,000	4– 40,000
Total	18–155,000	63–410,000	29–196,205

Those who have contended that the world needed only the good example of the United States and disarmament would follow, have their answer in the events of the past few years. Despite the superiority given in auxiliary tonnage by the treaty, Japan and England have gone on just the same with warship construction.

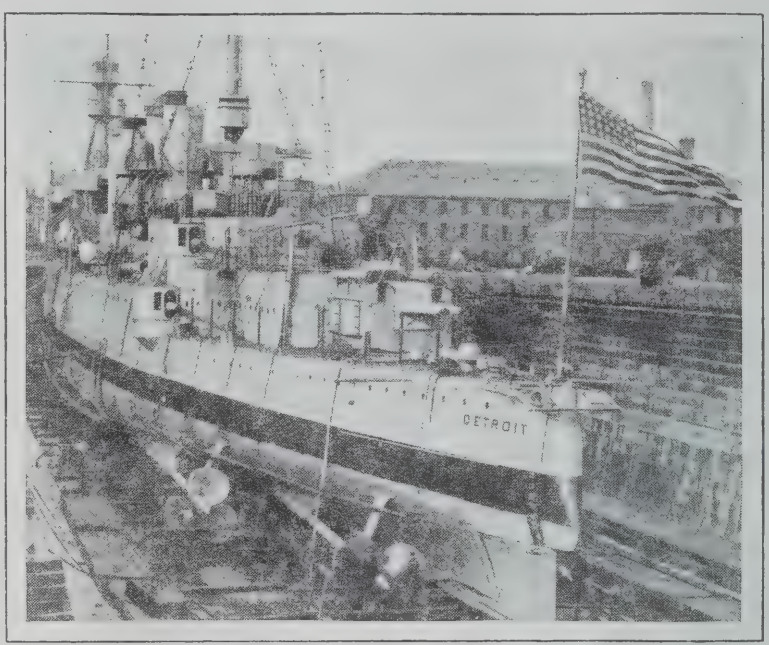
It is very obvious that instead of making good the discrepancy in standing, the United States has been steadily growing weaker. As far as the treaty is concerned, both England and Japan have observed it just as faithfully as we have. It failed to limit auxiliary tonnage, and that failure has been taken advantage of. The peace inoculation did not take. In the light of the facts presented, that is, in view of their great superiority in auxiliary craft and their inaugurating wholly unnecessary building programs, England and Japan cannot be said to have caught the spirit of the conference. In that endeavor, at least, the meeting seems to have been bitterly disappointing, a good point to remember should another conference ever be called. Another conference *must* be called if the armament race is to be effectively stopped. Europe is slowly drifting back into her old ways. France is building sixty-five vessels for her navy and has authorized twenty-four more. Italy is now working on forty-seven vessels of war in addition to laying the foundation of a splendid merchant marine. With these facts before us, the conclusion is inevitable that the movement begun at Washington in 1922 has not made much headway.

The forward progress of the two foreign navies we have discussed has been matched to a certain extent by our decline. First of all we have retrogressed by not keeping pace with the powers mentioned in the addition to the navy of vessels not forbidden by the treaty. As we have demonstrated, our poor position in this respect has thus become worse. Secondly, under the guise of economy we have allowed what we have to deteriorate to such an extent that well-informed officers expressed the opinion in December, 1926, before the House Naval Committee, that in all-round strength the United States Navy was not even equal to the Japanese.

In a report sent to the House of Representatives and submitted by Representative Britten in May, 1924, Secretary Wilbur admitted there was not a single submarine in the whole Navy that could accompany the fleet. Two of the first three built for that purpose have since proved a failure. Three T-class boats designed for the same duty and commissioned in 1921 have been put out of service as unsatisfactory. Nineteen boats of the H, K, and N class had to be laid up to furnish men for the S boats. Four of the I class were offered for sale thirteen of the O and P class are what the Navy Department called in the report 'not so good,' and scarcely half of the S class have given anything like satisfaction. The secretary further admitted that in comparison with that of Japan, the submarine power of the United States had a paper rating of 7.6 to 7.2. He also listed other facts to show that the Navy was being neglected. Either the latest modern practice is not incorporated, or the latest equipment, or the latest type of ships is not provided in the following list:

(A) Gun range of thirteen battleships
(B) Deck protection of six battleships
(C) Under-water protection of thirteen battleships,
(D) Kind of fuel on six battleships,
(E) No mine-laying or cruiser type of submarines,
(F) Cruisers: shortage in numbers,
(G) Destroyer leaders, none,
(I) Material readiness of ships out of commission especially destroyers and submarines,
(J) Auxiliary ships: speed and radius limited in certain auxiliary ships converted from the merchant marine.

Of these nine items none have been completely eliminated as yet and only three have received any attention, namely, (B) Deck protection of six battleships; (C) Under-water protection of only six battleships; (D) Kind of fuel on six battleships. In his annual report just sent to the President, Secretary Wilbur again calls attention to serious deficiencies. He says: 'On account of the expenses which would be required for the complete upkeep of the fleet, it has been necessary to apply available funds to repairs and to limit alterations to be undertaken on any ship to those for which specia



—*Herbert Photo.*

U. S. S. 'Detroit,' a modern and speedy cruiser, in drydock. It is being thoroughly overhauled—the repair work including installation of four new propellers.

allotments were made by the bureau concerned . . . The general result has been that the material condition of the ships in and out of commission as a whole has been improved *somewhat*.

'Many alterations of military value have been held in abeyance, however.' Summing up, Mr. Wilbur says: 'The material readiness of the vessels of the fleet is principally controlled by age, and dependence on funds available for upkeep. With limited funds it has been necessary to concentrate on necessary repairs rather than on alterations required to keep the vessels up to the development essential to military efficiency.' In other words, the department has not been able to keep the Navy in shape because of funds barely enough to maintain it afloat.

In 1924 Congress provided a modest little construction program of eight scout cruisers, on which the work was to be spread over a period of three years: three for the first, two for the second, and three for the third. It also sanctioned, after the loss of the *Shenandoah*, two new dirigibles, as the *Los Angeles* could be used only for peace pursuits according to a previous agreement with the Allied Powers. The President signed these bills. The occasion of the outbreak in the House against the ruler of the White House was the lopping off by General Lord, Director of the Budget, with presidential approval, of the appropriation needed for three of these cruisers and the dirigible, and the knifing of the funds necessary to carry on the five-year aviation program. Money for the dirigible and cruisers was stricken out of the naval appropriation and the amount for naval aviation was cut from sixteen million to four million.

By the same hands the personnel or man power of the Navy was again reduced. This will make it necessary to withdraw from service one battleship, one light cruiser and six destroyers, in addition to the three battleships already laid up for alterations. *Progressively we are scrapping the whole Navy.* If the country is satisfied, then what England, Japan or France does need not worry us and we might as well go the limit and keep just enough of a sea force for police purposes. If it is not, then it is time to act. With a $500,000,000 surplus in the Treasury it can hardly be urged that the few millions the Navy needs this year are more than the country can bear. A penny-wise, pound-foolish policy cannot be called economy, and there is much evidence of that in the budget.

THE House Naval Committee has lodged a formal protest at the White House. Either maintain a Navy that will defend us and win us a victory in time of war, or reduce the Navy to a mere police force. What happened to the German Navy is example enough of a navy that *is not good enough* for the task assigned it. It is true, it prevented actual invasion of the home-land by the sea route, but it is also true that its inability to close the sea to the enemy did as much as anything else to lose the war for Germany.

America wants further reduction in competitive armaments; Europe is cold to our wishes. The House Naval Committee believes Europe will harken more quickly to the swish of the big stick than to honeyed words, and at this writing is considering another monster building program providing for twenty-two cruisers and other auxiliary vessels. Such a program would eventually bring us to the same superior position we held in battleships before the conference. Europe could not find money to pay us when it came to the question of settling the debts, yet has plenty of money to spend on armaments. It is time for a showdown. Words are of little value in the diplomacy of the old school, except to conceal your real meaning. Military power is the trump card they all respect. That idea worked in 1921-1922; why not try it again, since other means have proved ineffectual?

The Opening of the Civil War

(*Continued from page 8*)

Charleston, April 12, 1861.

The following is the telegraphic correspondence between the War Department at Montgomery and General Beauregard immediately preceding the hostilities. The correspondence grew out of the formal notification by the Washington Government, which is disclosed in General Beauregard's first dispatches:

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 8, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably, or otherwise by force.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to General Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 10, 1861.

Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard, Charleston:

If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation; and if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it. Answer.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 10, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

The demand will be made tomorrow at twelve o'clock.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to General Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 10, 1861.

General Beauregard, Charleston:

Unless there are especial reasons connected with your own condition, it is considered proper that you should make the demand at an early hour.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 10, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, Montgomery:

The reasons are special for twelve o'clock.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 11, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

Demand sent at two o'clock; allowed till six o'clock to answer.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to General Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 11, 1861.

General Beauregard, Charleston:

Telegraph the reply of Major Anderson.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 11, 1861.

To L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

Major Anderson replies:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say in reply thereto that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligations to my government prevent my compliance.

He adds:

Probably I will await the first shot and if you do not batter us to pieces we will be starved out in a few days.

Answer. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Secretary of War to General Beauregard.

Montgomery, April 11, 1861.

General Beauregard, Charleston:

We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter if Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate, and agree that, in the meantime, he will not use his guns against us, unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumter.

You are thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be the most practicable.

L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War.

General Beauregard to the Secretary of War.

Charleston, April 12, 1861.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War:

He would not consent. I write today.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

The Confederate States Congress.

Montgomery, April 12, 1861.

An extra session of the Confederate States Congress has been called for April 29.

On April 12 the General Press Dispatch for Charleston gave the following message: 'The ball has opened—war is inaugurated. The batteries of Sullivan's Island, Morris Island and other points were opened on Fort Sumter at four o'clock this morning. Fort Sumter has returned the fire . . . '

Four years almost to the day passed, and on April 9, 1865, from Appomattox Court House, Headquarters of Armies of the United States, 4:30 p. m., General Grant telegraphed to the Secretary of War:

'General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon, upon terms proposed by myself.'

Five days later the most representative American of all our history lay dying from an assassin's bullet. But his work was finished. The Union was preserved.

Good Times in the White House

(*Continued from page 13*)

Willie said, 'I s'pose he'll pray a long time, preachers always pray so long for pa.'

Bud answered, 'You know your father is President of the *whole* United States, don't you? And if anything happened to him, the whole country would go to smash! 'Course they have to pray for him a lot.'

When my father cast his eagle eye over the pew we all had to put our heads down, so perhaps Willie found the 'long prayer' long. Our church, the Fourth Presbyterian, had old-fashioned pew doors, and Tad enjoyed drawing the bolt; locking us in, he called it. He usually sat on the floor, amusing himself with whatever he had in his pockets. A young officer with us gave him his knife, thinking he could not open it; but he did and cut his finger and I had to bind it up with my best embroidered handkerchief. I hissed, 'You shall never come to church with us again, Thomas Lincoln.' He hated the name Thomas, and I never called him by it unless I was angry.

Tad replied (to my horror, out loud), 'You just keep your eyes on Willie, sitting there good as pie.'

Then began the constant tramp, tramp of regiments through the streets, and Washington became a vast military headquarters, encircled by forts and camps. My father took the boys with him as he visited these camps, carrying with him a basket of oranges, apples or large white onions, which were very acceptable.

THE sixteenth of July was the grand advance 'On to Richmond,' and all day, to the music of many bands, the regiments marched through the streets and over the long bridge into Virginia. There were German regiments, not the Kaiser's goose-steppers, but of the Great Frederick's traditions, and they sang not *Deutschland ueber alles*, but the lively *Ach, du lieber Augustin*, and after they had passed came rolling back Luther's grand hymn, *Ein' feste Burg*.

There was the 69th New York Regiment of Irish-born, who bore the green flag of Erin, with the Stars and Stripes, and the 79th New York, the Highlanders with their kilts and bagpipes; then the 55th New York, the French regiment, and as they swung along they sang that song not loved by czars and emperors, for when its wild minors whip the air thrones fall and kingdoms pass away:

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

Other regiments chanted 'John Brown's body lies a'mold'ring in the grave.'

So they passed, elate, triumphant, flags flying, the guns wreathed in flowers. They came back, most of them, the morning after that Sunday when Washington listened to the guns of Bull Run. Willie and Tad were at our house when we returned from church, Holly and our littlest brother, Willie, clutching their pennies and shocked that 'they dismissed the Sunday school without taking up the collection.'

Willie Lincoln, much excited, said, 'Pa says there is a battle in Virginia; that's big cannon going off that sounds like slamming doors.'

It was a disorganized mob that entered the city next day in the drizzling rain. Many of the New York boys knew where Judge Taft lived and remembered his visits to their camps, and they came to our house, 448 L Street, till it was filled, overflowing to the piazza and the pave. My father was at his office, my mother had gone somewhere with Miss Dorothea Dix, and we children were alone with the servants. Larney, our parlor maid, said, 'I allers done spec Yankee sogers got horns, but dese yere ain't got nary horn'; yet she took refuge in the coat closet under the stairs and howled for the Lord to save us.

I heard that Mrs. Lincoln had two brothers in the Confederate Army, but she never spoke of them, though we wept together over her little son, Edward, who was between Robert and Willie, and who died in infancy. Once I spoke of a boy friend who had joined the Confederate Army. 'Yes, dear,' said she. 'It is sad when our friends are in the rebel army.'

We went to the White House quite early one morning because the President was to review some soldiers from the front portico. We were upstairs when Tad snatched my cherished new parasol and ran down the hall. I flew after him and as we whisked past the door of Mr. Lincoln's room I had a glimpse of him sitting with his coat and shoes off, reading a book. The rather old, worn Bible which always lay on a small table was gone, and I thought, 'He is reading the Bible.'

Once as I passed through the room where he was sitting I went up to say good morning. He placed his large hand on my head and whirled it about, making my curls stand out in all directions; then he laughed, smoothed them down (of course the wrong way), and dropped a kiss on the top of my head.

RESTING his hand, inclosing mine tightly, on his knee, he seemed to fall into a deep reverie, looking far away. I followed his gaze but could see nothing but the tops of some trees through the window. He sat perfectly motionless and I stood by him, it seemed to me for an hour, but I presume only some minutes. I wanted to go, but felt it would 'not be polite' to pull away if I could. Suddenly he gave a little shake and said, 'Why, Julie, have I been holding you here all this while?' released me, and off I ran.

I wandered around looking for the boys, and finally found them in the East Room. Tad had a new ball which he was throwing up and catching. He finally broke a large mirror, not in the East Room, if I rightly remember, but in the vestibule, where the Marine Band used to play at receptions. We looked on with horror. Tad kicked a piece of the mirror on the floor.

'Well, it's broke,' he said. 'I don't b'lieve pa'll care.'

'It is not pa's looking glass,' Willie said. 'It belonged to the United States Government.'

Tad seemed rather impressed, especial as Holly added, 'Aunt Kitty says if y break a glass, you'll have bad luck for fi years 'less you throw salt over your le shoulder and say the Lord's prayer bac ward.' Tad darted out and returned with handful of salt, with which he besprinkl the velvet carpet over his left shoulder.

'How do you begin? Amen first, s'pose, n'ever n'ever,' but before he pr ceeded further with his difficult task, wo came from the stables that Nanko h escaped. Nanko was a goat that had be given the boys a few days before and th were training him to draw a small wago Immediately the whole ménage was inte to catch the goat and it was finally corrall in a flower bed.

IT does not seem fair to tell so ma stories about Tad and none about the oth boys. Holly was a close second to Ta but Willie and Bud were usually quiet a well-behaved. But I remember one c casion when Mrs. Lincoln had forbidd them to go over the river to a review, as was cold and windy and they all had col and the President departed without the Just after the presidential cortège pass down the line, there came clattering aft a cart drawn by a big, old, scraggly mu driven by a small, ragged, grinning darke and Willie and Bud with Tad and Holly it with some old condemned infantry swor which General McClellan had given the held at salute. Willie said he and Bud hir the darkey with their 'circus mone They had made quite a sum with a 'circ in the White House attic some time befo

About the limit in 'letting the childr have a good time' was Mrs. Lincol allowing them to attend a 'state dinne They sat near the foot of the table. M mother was properly shocked when Wil and Bud told her next day. The boys h stayed at the White House the night bef because it rained. Mrs. Lincoln alwa kept them and sent my mother word, wh it stormed.

'Why, Bud,' said mother, 'did you ev have fresh blouses?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Bud. 'You know y sent us a lot when we stayed with Wil and Tad the week their ma was in N York, and we put them in the drawer a now they are all mixed up and we do know which is which.'

'I've got on Bud's,' said Willie proud 'I know 'cause it's got tucks on the si I told ma when she took them out of t drawer, but she said, never mind, it fitt me better than it did Bud and mine fitt him better.'

I asked about the state dinner. 'I t you,' boasted Tad, 'those 'bassadors w all tied up with gold cords; they glitter grand.'

Willie added, 'Pa looked pretty pl with his black suit, but ma was dress up, you bet.'

Willie gave me a little watch cha someone had given him. He said, 'I w give you my little gold dog, Julie, becau I love you, and you must keep it alway

Dear Willie! He was pure gold if t little dog was not. But I have always kept

New Salem of Abraham Lincoln

How *the* Future President Clerked *in a* Store *and* Whipped a Bully

By J. T. FARIS

A TALL, awkward young man lived, during the winter of 1830 and 1831, near Decatur, Illinois. After a spell as a farm worker and a rail splitter, he was employed to accompany two other men with a flatboat from Beardstown to New Orleans. He was under contract to meet his employer, Daniel Offut, at Springfield, in early spring. But the spring rains were heavy, and travel by land was therefore impossible. So the young man rowed down the Sangamon River to Springfield. There Offut told him that he had not yet secured a flatboat, and hired him, with his companion, to build the needed craft.

The work was done at Sangamontown, a little community that disappeared long ago. And the most dependable of the boat builders was the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

After four weeks of steady work the boat was ready, and the long voyage was begun—on April 1, 1831. The journey was just begun when the mill dam at New Salem interposed objections to progress. On this the boat stuck for nearly twenty-four hours. During this time the entire village turned out, and jeered and encouraged by turns the men who were trying to get the boat off. Young Lincoln was not disturbed. With perfect unconsciousness of his would-be tormentors on the bank, he worked out an ingenious plan, and succeeded in getting the boat over the dam.

Offut, who watched the performance, was so taken with Lincoln that, when the voyage was over, he asked him to become his clerk in a store and mill at New Salem, which he proposed to open. The period of employment began in July, 1831.

Ida Tarbell has described vividly the little community in which the future President found himself:

'New Salem, founded in 1829 by James Rutledge and John Cameron, and a dozen years later a deserted village, is rescued from oblivion only by the fact that Abraham Lincoln was once one of its inhabitants. The town never contained more than fifteen houses, all of them built of logs, but it had an energetic population of perhaps one hundred persons, among whom was a blacksmith, a tinner, a hatter, a schoolmaster, and a preacher. New Salem boasted a gristmill, a sawmill, two stores, and a tavern, but the day of hope was short. In 1837 it began to decline, and by 1840 Petersburg, two miles down the river, had absorbed the business and population. Salem hill is now only a green cow pasture.'

Offut's store at New Salem soon became a popular loafing place, largely because the clerk, Lincoln, had such a wonderful fund of stories, which he was always ready to tell. When it was discovered that he was as good a fighter as a story-teller, enthusiasm for him was unbounded. He won his spurs when he was victor in a contest, not of his own seeking, with the chief bully of the notorious gang from Clary's Grove, a settlement nearby. The victory was won in spite of the bully's attempt to 'foul,' and Lincoln's ability won plaudits of foes and friends.

The Lincoln Museum at New Salem. Next to it is Rutledge Tavern, one of the buildings which, after lying desolate three-quarters of a century, was rebuilt to appear as when Lincoln knew it.

One of Lincoln's biographers has told how he used his prowess for decency and order. Sometimes he found visitors to the store who annoyed women and children. When they refused to behave when told to do so, the mighty clerk thrashed them well, and so enforced the law. Once he asked a man to stop swearing in the presence of women. When the man persisted, and later abused him, Lincoln said, 'Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I might as well whip you now as any other time.' The victory over the foul-mouthed man was as complete as over the bully.

The stay in Offut's store was notable also for the famous stories illustrating Lincoln's honesty and integrity, as well as for the records of his studious habits. He studied grammar, and he studied public speaking. The village schoolmaster aided him whenever possible, and the cooper made him free of his shop at night. By the light of a fire of shavings many books were read.

The people were interested in him and his progress, and they were most sympathetic when, in 1832, he announced that he would be a candidate for the general assembly.

The chief event of the campaign was the visit to the Sangamon of the Steamer *Talisman*, from Cincinnati, which ascended the river from Beardstown to Springfield. Lincoln himself was the pilot of the boat, which was thought to be the forerunner of a line of boats that would bring prosperity to all the towns—and many towns to be laid out—along the river.

But in spite of proof of the contention of the candidate that the river was navigable, the clerk from Offut's store was defeated, although his own district voted for him almost solidly. This was the only time he was ever defeated by the direct vote of the people, he afterward proudly said.

The campaign whose issue was so unsatisfactory to Lincoln was interrupted by the call of the governor of Illinois for troops to go out on the trail of Black Hawk, the Indian chief, who had repudiated a treaty giving the lands of his tribe to the government. He had taken the warpath, was terrorizing the people of Northern Illinois, and was threatening further devastation. Lincoln volunteered for service, and, while the company of which he was a member was trailing to the Illinois River, he was chosen captain.

Lincoln and his men had no part in the conflict, though they marched to the northern part of the state.

A term as postmaster and a season as surveyor helped to vary the experiences of the ambitious young man. And it was testified of him that whatever he did, he did well. His records were kept properly, and his lines did not have to be run over.

The next attempt for the legislature was successful, and in 1834 Lincoln went from New Salem to Candalia. By this time he was not so much interested in the navigation of the Sangamon as in measures to provide canals for the state. His service was creditable, but not spectacular.

In 1835, when Lincoln returned to New Salem, he resumed his duties as postmaster and deputy surveyor. He also resolved to study law with greater energy.

A second term in the assembly, the completion of his law studies, his admission to the bar, were events of the later residence in New Salem. And at length, in 1836, he moved to Springfield, where the capital of Illinois had been moved from Candalia, and began the practice of law.

Students of history have sought out the site of the little town where he kept store, and at length have succeeded in setting apart the site as a state park.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Canada,' said ***the Man from the Northwest,*** 'has one of the most remarkable educational institutions in the world—the Frontier College. It has between 20,000 and 25,000 students; yet it has no buildings, no campus, and, of course, no stadium. It is twenty-five years old, non-demoninational, and is supported by grants from some of the provincial governments. ("States" in Canada are called "provinces," you know.) The classes are held at night in box cars, in barns, in shanties, in lumber-camp shacks; and during the quarter-century of the Frontier College's existence, they have been held in more than eleven hundred different localities. The students are mainly foreigners—Slavs, Italians, Scandinavians, French, Orientals—people who can speak little or no English. Often it is necessary for the instructors first to win their confidence before they can help them along the path to a little learning, for they are by nature suspicious and distrustful.

'And the instructors themselves deserve the highest praise. There are some threescore of them. Most are graduates of Canadian universities. Others have degrees from American institutions, some from English, and a few are still enrolled in college, and take on the work between terms. The pay is nominal, and the work itself extremely difficult. They go into the mines and the logging camps under the most trying conditions, but their enthusiasm seems to remain undaunted. English is taught, and the three R's, and talks are given on forestry, politics, economics and allied subjects. The courses are, of course, largely elementary, but the foundation for solid citizenship is laid among the students.'

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A Paris Correspondent has this to say about 'The Professorial Manifesto':

The professorial manifesto, while emanating from a group of economists and publicists, does not read like an economic document. The arguments resemble those that were used in favor of paying tribute to the Moroccan pirates a hundred years ago. The justice of the proposed Berenger-Mellon settlement with France does not depend upon whether it is amiably received by the French or not.

If the French can by making faces and making protests reduce the billions owing to America to a pittance of payment, the French campaign will be in their own eyes justified.

The time may come when it will seem advantageous for America to remit not only the war debt but a portion of the post-Armistice debt as well. Possibly at that time the debtor nations may return to some appreciation of the fact that American assistance was not a negligible factor in the war. But bluffs and threats of French displeasure and sneers at American participation in the war should be received with the contempt which this attitude deserves.

No other nation has ever contributed so much financially to a war as the United States did to the Great War. No other nation would consider further gifts of the magnitude of those requested of America.

In all of the discussions in Europe there is no mention of the tremendous sums spent by the United States in prosecuting the war, nor of the colonies grabbed by others in terminating the war. Only the tremendous profits made by America in munitions and supplies are mentioned. Here every cent received by American manufacturers and producers is regarded as clear profit. The absurdity of such computations is beyond words. Nor is the naïve assumption that American prosperity is due to war profits worthy of discussion. American prosperity is based upon sound economic principles relating to American commerce and industry. In the past American prosperity has not depended upon Europe, nor will it in the future.

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'Solly Joel is worried,' remarked ***the Englishman*** as the discussion turned to precious stones. 'So are Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and Sir Abe Bailey, and others potent in the affairs of the great De Beers Mining Syndicate, which until recently dictated not only the price but the output of the world's diamonds. For too many diamonds are being produced. Adventurous diggers with no other capital than a spade are actually putting more carats on the market, from newly discovered alluvial deposits, than the great central mines. Diamonds will soon be as common as artificial pearls if something isn't done. And so the three gentlemen have arrived in South Africa from England to see that something *is* done. "Something *must* be done to alter the present situation," says Mr. Joel. "The alluvial diggers actually are producing more than the great producers. If this continues a collapse of the industry is sure to come."

'No pity need be wasted, however, on the poor diamond magnates, for there is little doubt that something will be done, and done quickly. They have a way of getting matters like this attended to, and in this instance they want the government to limit the output of the alluvial deposits by law. But it is interesting to conjecture just what would happen if the government didn't "do something." Suppose the price of diamonds were *not* bolstered by the devious devices known to Mr. Joel and his associates. Suppose diamonds really did become plentiful. How great a calamity would that be? The present value of the diamond is an artificial value; it is due not to its usefulness but to its controlled rarity. But the diamond has an actual as well an an artificial value. Even with its present exorbitant price it is being put to many uses in industry. With the output plentiful and the price fractioned it could be utilized in countless other ways. Like gold the diamond might acquire *real* value if its price became low enough.'

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'A great Indian convention was on in a western city,' explained ***the Western Visitor.*** 'It was the second day, and the great auditorium was crowded. Red men representing many tribes sat, grav eyed, listening to the men who spoke fro the platform. There were some who picturesque attire was so colorful they mig have passed for imitation movie Indian while others, perfectly tailored, might ha been mistaken for soda dispensers on the vacations. All the speakers had mention the city's hospitality in a laudatory fashio had dwelt at length on the beauty of t city and the kindness of its residents.

'Then, almost without warning, a r man climbed to the platform and began denounce the congress and everythi connected with it. I wish I might descri the fire which glowed in his eyes, t eloquence which came from his lips. I wi I might tell of his lack of self-consciousnes of his meaningful gestures. But I can For minutes—I don't know how many that Indian held his brothers spellboun He said they should be ashamed of ther selves: not of their progenitors or the dress or their congenital dignity, but of t fact that—he charged—they were allowi themselves to be paraded for profit. H declared that the average white man woman cared nothing for the Indian, exce as an advertising feature, and he added th the city's business men were merely e ploiting him. It was his opinion that t convention had been promoted only to dra crowds.

'It was interesting to observe the r action of his listeners. Chiefs from far-o states leaned forward in their seats, whi others nodded their approval. Apparent it never had occurred to them that possib what their brother had said might be tru Certainly hundreds of Indians were great impressed; what the outcome will be, cannot predict. In all probability, howeve that city will, next year, again invite r men from various parts of the Unit States to attend the congress. Whether will again be a success or whether th eloquent Indian accomplished his purpos I am unable to predict.'

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'If you have ever wondered, either id or as a matter of interest, why a h moves its head back and forth when walks,' said ***the Scientific Farme*** 'your concern has been based on a fal premise, for the fowl does not move i head backward. It only moves it forwa and then walks until the head gets l behind and has to be brought up again wi a jerk.

'It has been supposed for a long time those whose thought has adverted to t idiosyncrasies of the hen that the he motion is for balancing purposes. But th theory has been disproved by close analy which reveals that the head moves forwa only, remaining fixed with respect to t ground at points when it appears to b backward. According to authority, a us ful scientific principle enters into this, f in the fixed position the eyes are focused the surrounding territory in search of food a most natural inclination. Other domes fowls make use of the same principle, well as a number of other birds.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: What is chiefly used in the manufacture of paste for luminous watches and clocks? Can you quote me the market price per ounce?

ANSWER: Zinc sulphide treated with radium bromide is chiefly used. It costs about $100 a pound.

QUESTION: How much is spent per capita annually in the United States for the following items: Tobacco in all forms, chewing gum, theaters, motion picture shows and dancing?

ANSWER: Cigars, cigarets, tobacco, snuff, cigar and cigaret holders $16.241
Theaters, movies, other amusements, dues, etc. 8.213
Chewing gum 0.765
As far as is known, no data has been prepared for the other item mentioned.

QUESTION: Is it lawful for any civil service employes or postmasters to take any part in a political campaign, such as talking for or against any candidate, entertain or help any candidate?

ANSWER: Civil Service rule 1, section 1, is as follows: 'No person in the executive civil service shall use his official authority or influence for the purpose of interfering with an election or affecting the results thereof. Persons who by the provisions of these rules are in the competitive classified service, while retaining the right to vote as they please and to express privately their opinions on all political subjects, shall take no active part in political management or in political campaigns.'

QUESTION: What state is the coldest when reckoned on a basis of the average actual temperature of the whole state?

ANSWER: The Weather Bureau advises that North Dakota has the lowest average temperature.

QUESTION: Is it true that the average age of criminals entering the penitentiaries of the United States is getting lower? What is the average age now compared with twenty years ago?

ANSWER: The census figures show that for the United States for the first six months of 1923, 51.6 per cent of those committed were between 18 and 34 years of age, and the prison population on January 1, 1923, indicated 64.7 per cent to be in that group. Comparing the percentage distribution of commitments by age for 1910 and 1923, we find an increase of 3.7 per cent in the group under 34 years of age.

QUESTION: How many turrets has the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* and what size?

ANSWER: The U. S. S. *Pennsylvania* has four 14-inch gun turrets. Three guns in a turret.

QUESTION: What were the names of the Confederate prisons of the Civil War, their location, number of prisoners and their death figures during the war?

ANSWER: Confederate prison statistics are not complete, accurate records not having been kept of the deaths and their causes. Union soldiers captured during the war numbered about 211,411; of these 16,668 were paroled on the field and 30,218 died while in captivity. The prisoners were confined in Richmond, Belle Island (in the James River), Savannah, Charleston, Florence (S. C.), Salisbury (N. C.), Millen (Ga.), and other places. Conditions at the prison camp at Andersonville (Ga.) were probably the most deplorable, 10,000 federal prisoners dying there between February and October, 1864, or about one-third of the number confined in this prison during this period.

QUESTION: Was the Monroe Doctrine ever passed on by either upper or lower house in Congress and do foreign nations recognize it?

ANSWER: The Monroe Doctrine was first given formal announcement by President Monroe in his message to Congress in 1823. It is not a part of the statutory law of the land though its policy has been generally accepted and its principles have been given repeated recognition during the past half-century in our foreign policy. The Monroe Doctrine was effective for the purpose for which it was enunciated. It prevented the Holy Alliance from giving aid to Spain in the attempt to recover her revolted colonies. It also answered Russia's pretensions in the Northwest. The principles of the doctrine were employed in 1866 to compel France to withdraw from Mexico and in 1895 President Cleveland, invoking the doctrine by name, forced Great Britain to submit to arbitration a boundary dispute she had with Venezuela. An important result of the Venezuela incident was the official adoption of the Monroe Doctrine by Congress in its indorsement of the executive policy. At the outbreak of the World War Count von Bernstorff felt it necessary to assure the Department of State that should Germany come out victorious she would not seek expansion in South America.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: What percentage of the world's gold is held in the United States of America?

ANSWER: Approximately 50 per cent of the total gold monetary stock of the world.

QUESTION: How does British foreign trade for last year compare with the year 1913?

ANSWER:

1913	General Imports:	£768,734,739
	General Exports:	£634,820,326
1925	General Imports:	£1,320,715,190
	General Exports:	£927,418,501

The difference between the value of visible commodities exported in 1926 and the value of goods bought from other countries is £465,000,000 or more than $2,000,000,000.

QUESTION: What happened to the Czar Nicholas and his family?

ANSWER: The Czar Nicholas II and his family were murdered during the night of July 16 to July 17, 1918, in the Ipatieff House in Ekaterinburg. Their bodies were carried out of the city and burned in the forest near the village of Koptiaki.

QUESTION: When and where were the last national nominating conventions of the two large parties held? Who were the nominees?

ANSWER: The Republican National Convention met at Cleveland June 13, 1924. Calvin Coolidge was nominated for President, Charles Dawes for Vice-President. Frank O. Lowden was nominated for Vice-President, but he refused the nomination.

The Democratic National Convention met at Madison Square Garden, New York City, on June 24, 1924, but did not conclude its work until July 10, 1924. John W. Davis was nominated for president and Charles W. Bryan for Vice-President.

QUESTION: What is the Rock of Gibraltar composed of?

ANSWER: The promontory or Rock of Gibraltar is composed of gray primary marble.

QUESTION: Were the *Pennsylvania* and the *Arizona* built on the same plans, and known to the fleet as sister ships?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: Was the U. S. S. *California* built and commissioned with 14-inch gun turrets and have they changed them and put 16-inch ones aboard?

ANSWER: The U. S. S. *California* was built and commissioned with 14-inch gun turrets and still has them.

QUESTION: Where can information be secured about public lands and homestead laws?

ANSWER: Write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Under the heading 'No Magic in Coöperation,' the New York *Times* prints the following editorial without mentioning the name of Aaron Sapiro:

'No Magic in Cooperation'

'Agricultural coöperative associations are much to the fore in Washington and elsewhere. Many public men believe that the only real help which the Government can extend to the farmers is in the form of aiding, financially and otherwise, their coöperative societies. The record of such organizations is not wholly favorable. While some of them have been brilliantly successful, as in the case of the fruit growers of California, many have failed and gone out of business. None of the latter class can have crashed more disastrously than the Tri-State Tobacco Growers' Association, now in receivership.

'The details, as sent from Raleigh, N. C., to the Greensboro *News*, are eloquent of the real causes of the failure. During the four years of the association's existence, it took in some $98,000,000, but laid out no less than $20,000,000 for "expenses." No business could hope to stand up under such an operating cost as 20 per cent. There is no charge of squandering the funds of the Tobacco Growers' Association, although it paid a good many suspiciously high salaries and made certain outlays which were pretty nearly of the nature of a dead loss. The tremendous and unbearable overhead was due to bad management and lack of grasp of the market situation. In effect, as the Greensboro *News* says, "the people who did not know how to market paid the people who 'thought they did' " a tribute of about $5,000,000 a year. The whole showing is pretty sorrowful, and while it does not prove that agricultural coöperatives are necessarily inefficient, it does serve as a warning that there is no magic in coöperation as such.'

And yet we can't help sighing for the good old days when men were men and women weren't.—Windsor, Ontario, *Border Cities Star*.

Serving on the jury is a citizen's duty, but very often the juryman feels that it is a thankless job, for which he has to sacrifice his time, his money and his business interests without reward. Recently a defendant tried to overturn a jury verdict on the plea that during the course of the trial argument, one of the jurors had fallen asleep in the box. The indignant juror maintained that he wasn't sleeping, but that he had merely closed his eyes the better to mull over the legal problem presented for his adjudication. The judge sustained the juror. A jury sat with a lunacy commission in a New Jersey court; when the time came for them to deliver their verdict as to the sanity of a woman, they refused to render their judgment until they had been paid a higher fee. Commissioners, attorneys, medical experts and court attachés waited in dismay, while the twelve good men and true held out for three dollars apiece instead of the two dollars which was offered them. The foreman voiced the grievances of his associates by explaining that the jurors were losing money by serving all day 'when you take so long about it,' and that they refused to give a verdict 'until you pay us all three dollars.' The commissioner suggested that the sheriff was the only person with authority to grant the jurors' demands, whereupon they marched out to deliberate. On returning they demanded and received the regular two-dollar fee, but refused to sign the vouchers until the sheriff had paid them the extra dollar. 'We reached a verdict before we left the courtroom,' said the foreman. 'We're not going to sign those papers until we get our three dollars. But we'll give you a chance and get our money afterward. The lady is insane.'

Cash-and-Carry Jury Service

By this time Europe probably believes that the money she borrowed here was hers in the first place.—Detroit *Free Press*.

In an attempt to reach worthy boys in remote places, such as isolated ranches and farms, the Boy Scouts of America are trying something new. A scout survey has shown that there are many youths who promise much in scouting but who live too far from their neighbors to make troop organization and control possible. The Boy Scouts plan to have 'mail troops' which will take care of such cases, welding the widely separated 'lone scouts' into a working organization. Possibly two or three times a year there will be a gathering of these widely separated scouts into district centers where they can compare notes in camp and plan for future meetings and activities. The 'correspondence scoutship' is an application of the extension university system, and if properly handled should develop into something worth while. Life on the farm and in the forest offers little social outlet for the lonesome boy and the scout plan will help to fill that need.

'Mail Troops' Latest Scout Idea

Wooden canoes, hastily constructed by old-timers, saved the day for inhabitants of Hartsville, Tennessee, when the river went on the rampage there. A local lumber yard furnished the lumber for the hastily improvised boats and the following day a small fleet plied across more than a half-mile of turbulent water to the farming regions for provisions. Thrown on their own resources, their pioneering instincts asserted themselves.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

One time-cherished institution of Middletown, New York, has been forced to succumb to the march of progress. The historic Montgomery Horse Thief Detecting Society has disbanded because the coming of the automobile has caused members to feel that the society has outlived its usefulness. There is $1,000 in the treasury which will be divided among the seventy members. In the old days the society was largely instrumental in sending large numbers of horse and cattle thieves to prison.

Auto Thief Displaces Horse Thief

The five United States Army planes participating in the Pan-American good-will flight are now some distance beyond Nicaragua.—New York *Times*.

Dusky Bedoins and Arabian slavers will wonder at the monster which will some day traverse their deserts. A gigantic motor vessel nearly 300 feet long, 38 feet wide and standing 50 feet high, resting on four huge wheels nearly 40 feet in diameter, may sometime cover the desert miles at a rate that will put the camel to shame. Extremely soft sand will not interfere with its progress, according to engineers working on the plans. It will operate independently of high roads or trails, taking an airline from start to finish. Three hundred persons may ride with fifty tons of freight. Pilothouse, bridge and searchlight will further its resemblance to a gigantic ocean liner. Mighty gasoline engines will supply the motive power.

A Future Ship of the Desert

It would help some if the Senate, after rejecting an application for membership, should arrange for the applicant to get back his initiation fee.—Buffalo *News*.

The Milwaukee bookworm need not bundle up and make his way to the library through the winter's storm or suffer the summer's heat in the open. He merely reaches for the telephone and orders his library books which are later sent by mail. This is part of a program to make it as easy as possible for the public to get good reading. It applies at the main library and the fifteen branches. Those who wish quick service on books at hand may have them stamped for special delivery and receive them a few hours after placing their order by telephone. This, in most instances, is less than the cost of the reader's car fare to the library.

Library Books Sent by Mail

The price to be paid for the Cape Cod Canal may seem more than it is worth to us, but it must be remembered it is a great convenience to a codfish in a hurry.—Detroit *News*.

Telephone girls on the Burwash trunk line out of London are kept busy telling the world that Rudyard Kipling has no phone. Kipling detests phones and won't permit even as much as a telephone pole on his property.

BRIEFLY TOLD

T WAS BELIEVED IN the 11th Century that horn ring worn on the fourth finger was a rotection against epilepsy and a pure gold ng a cure for pains in the side.

MONG THE MANY WAYS that Sir Walter aleigh spelled his name were Rewleyghe, awlygh, Rauley, Ralegh, Rawleigh and awley, but never Raleigh.

INCE THE BEGINNING of the Christian Era ss than fifty white elephants have been aptured.

OMPULSORY SCHOOL ATTENDANCE laws, equiring all children to attend school full me until at least fourteen years of age, ave been passed by every state in the nited States. Eleven states require part-me attendance until eighteen.

N FORMER TIMES BAKERS made little paste nages with currants stuck in for eyes for eir customers at Christmas. If this image as kept unbroken throughout the year e owner would not be injured by fire or ater or slain by the sword.

HE DALAI LAMA, or ruler of Tibet, has nposed a tax based on the size of each sub-ect's nose.

HE MUNICIPALITY OF ALTDORF, Bavaria, increasing the ecclesiastical tax, imposed tax of fifty centimes on women with obbed or shingled hair.

IN THE SEMI-BARBARIC Malay Islands chess is a favorite pastime. The game is played on boards carved on the floors of the village meeting huts.

IM, A MULE, SERVED on the towpath of the Morris Canal in New Jersey for thirty-six ears.

R. JOHNSON UNDERTOOK to learn the utch language only a few years before is death; the Marquis de Saint Aulaire egan to write poetry at seventy-three; haucer wrote *Canterbury Tales* between he ages of fifty-four and sixty-one; Ludovico Monaldesco wrote the memoirs of his times t one hundred and fifteen; and Benvenuto ellini wrote his autobiography at fifty-eight.

HEN A WINNIPEG man opened a news-aper sent him from Honolulu, a blue and hite butterfly dropped out and fluttered out the room. It had traveled more than 000 miles through the mails.

NE OF THE LATEST novelties in the world of minine fashion is the musical dressing own, which carries in embroidery the mblance of symphonic sound, sometimes ithout regard to harmony, but in other stances real music is transcribed.

VELOUR HAT HAS appeared in London at is light on one side and dark on the her, capable of being reversed according the weather.

OSWALDUS NORTHINGERUS of England made 1,600 ivory dishes, complete and perfect in detail, so small that all of them could be put into an ordinary-sized cup.

IT IS LAW AMONG THE Eskimos that if a man kills his neighbor he must care for the wife and family of his victim during the rest of their lives.

A TON OF CANDY A week is required to fill the demands of the coeds at the University of California.

COVERING 17,300 SQUARE MILES, Canada's new national preserve, Wood Buffalo Park, is half the size of Scotland. It contains 6,000 buffaloes.

TIGER SKIN IS RIVALING the fur of the leopard for trimming ladies' dresses and hats.

THE EARLIEST FORM OF the printing press is the seal, used to mark official documents, which dates back at least to 4,000 B. C. Usually cylindrical, seals were first made of bone, ivory and alabaster; later, rock crystal, jasper and semi-precious stones were employed.

BECAUSE THESE COLORS are to be found in the national flags of Armenia and Greece, girls and women of Turkey are forbidden by governmental decree to wear blue or orange ribbons with white dresses.

TOTAL PRODUCTION OF SOAP in the United States in 1925 exceeded 4,678 million pounds, an average of more than 40 pounds per person. Its value was 230 million dollars, an increase of 5 million dollars over 1923.

AESOP'S FABLES were written and compiled by a Graeco-Italian named Babrius several centuries after Aesop's reputed death in 564 B. C. Socrates and later writers, revising the Babrian fables, gave them Aesop's name.

FOOTBALL PAID THE UNIVERSITY of Pennsylvania $314,956 in profits during the season just closed, officials of that institution report.

NEW YORK IS THE CHAMPION cabbage-growing state of the Union.

FARMERS ON THE ISLE of Wight complain that a newly installed foghorn frightens their milch cows so that they do not give as much milk as formerly.

RECENT STATISTICS SHOW there are more automobiles than kitchen sinks in the United States.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY is one of the few large institutions in the world that invariably operates on a cash basis. All its bills are paid monthly.

THE DELAWARE RIVER BRIDGE between Philadelphia and Camden, New Jersey, has been crossed by nearly 2,500,000 motor vehicles in its first six months of operation, beginning July 4, 1926. Tolls of more than $1,000,000 have been collected.

MORE THAN 2,000 YEARS ago an Egyptian barber discovered that in moving a mirror air was forced through the tubes common in mirrors at that time, causing a sound to be emitted. Constructing an instrument on this principle, he produced the first known organ.

MOSCOW THEATERS ARE presenting a Bolshevist version of *Cinderella*, entitled *The Red Cinderella*. The play ends with the victory of the proletariat and the singing of the 'Internationale' by the audience.

BUFFALO MILK IS BEING tried as human food in parts of China.

JOHN SAMUEL FRANCIS DALTON claims the eating championship of the world, having established the record of eating at one meal twelve dozen and eight oysters, three cups of coffee, one and a half quarts of wine, a box of crackers and two slices of jelly cake.

AFTER THEIR MESSENGER dog had been seriously burned while carrying orders from one sector to another during a forest fire, California forest rangers made an asbestos coat for him.

DURING 1926 THE UNITED States deported 10,904 aliens found to be unlawfully within its limits, while 20,550 were debarred from entering the country.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER INTERVIEW dates back to 1859 when the New York *Herald* sent a reporter to see Gerrit Smith, an anti-slavery advocate of Peterboro, New York, believed to be implicated in the John Brown raid. His remarks were published in conversation style.

THE OREGON BALL, HELD each year in County Cork, Ireland, is sponsored by a large group which insists that the state of Oregon in the United States was named after an Irish explorer named O'Regan who discovered it.

IN CHINA THE RAZOR is used not for the face but for cutting the hair, the Chinese being beardless. Neither soap nor lather is used but the Chinaman's head, after a hair cut, looks as though it had been sandpapered and polished.

WHEN WRITING A BOOK, Balzac sometimes worked from eighteen to twenty hours each day for weeks.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the misuse of power.

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This number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT appears on the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. It is therefore appropriately a Lincoln number in which many incidents in the great President's life are given to the public for the first time.

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The cover design consists of a portrait of Lincoln with character in every line. It has been cut in linoleum by Dwight C. Sturgis. Facing page 1 there is also a striking and original picture of Lincoln in his law office at Springfield, by Raymond H. Warren. This is a picture with a history.

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Quite appropriately it is an episode in the early life of Lincoln that is first presented in this number. William L. Barton relates a delightful story of how Lincoln when a struggling youth was haled into court on a charge of poaching on the rights of two ferrymen on the Ohio River. It was then he found 'a friend at court' in Caroline Meeker, the niece of the magistrate. (p. 3)

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A man like Lincoln required not the aid of marble or bronze to perpetuate his memory. The good he did 'lives after him' and was not 'interred with his bones.' Nevertheless, not only his own country but foreign nations as well have honored him by erecting statues of bronze and of stone. William L. Stidger, who has traveled much, gives an interesting survey of them. (p. 6)

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It was at the period of the Civil War that Lincoln showed more particularly the man he was. What could surpass in directness his letter to the governors of states just before the first shot was fired at Ford Sumter: 'I think the necessity of being ready increases. Look to it.' No words wasted here. Caesar might have written it. Louis C. Karpinski tells this story. (p. 8)

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From the storm and wrack of war Julia Taft Bayne takes us to the peaceful atmosphere of the White House. Here her two brothers were the playmates of the Lincoln boys. Mrs. Taft Bayne affords some delightful glimpses of the domestic life of the Executive Mansion at this time, drawn from her own personal recollections. (p. 12)

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Carl Sandburg calls Lincoln 'the most traced character in American history.' He means by this that since Lincoln's death, and particularly at the present time, biographers and paragraphists have been hunting up every shred of information regarding Lincoln's career from the nursery to the necropolis. Carl Sandburg has unearthed some incidents that all will read. (p. 16)

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Returning to Lincoln's earlier days J. T. Faris gives some close-ups of his life in New Salem where he clerked in a store, thrashed a bully, and acted as postmaster. It was the period following his farming and rail-splitting career, and it all formed part of the training which made Lincoln what he was—the greatest figure in American history. (p. 19)

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On page 5 of this number appears a timely article by J. J. Dewey, the main thought of which is, 'Are we scrapping the whole Navy?' It is an article of which Lincoln would have approved. A man of peace, he took prompt action when the Union was threatened. American integrity still demands adequate safeguards. The Navy is one of the most important. (p. 5)

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Knud Rasmussen, who has many times returned from prolonged explorations in the polar regions, finds the noises of the cities more distracting then the roars of platoons of walruses. His analysis of city smells and sounds is startling. (p. 1)

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As a super-example of losing the substance while grasping at the shadow the great Anneke Jans delusion stands alone. (p. 14)

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Here are a few reasons why people read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT:

8516 Apricot St., New Orleans, La.

I find your paper the most interesting paper published today. It uncovers a lot of hidden things which the daily papers don't publish and which the public ought to know.

J. JOACHIM.

Hood River, Oregon.

Just want to tell you how much we enjoy THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT Although we are regular subscribers to seven of the best magazines we pick up THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and read it through.

There is a world of information concisely told and we feel that it is authoritative.

MRS. WALTER JOHNSTON KNIGHT.

Athens, Illinois.

I am glad to subscribe to a magazine whose publisher has backbone enough to tell the truth.

GEORGE W. BOYD.

Walters, Oklahoma.

I take much pleasure in reading the Dearborn, considering it a clean, educating magazine, devoid of crime, which makes it a desirable paper to have in one's family. I do not fail to read every article in the paper.

J. W. BROOKS.

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J. T. Faris

DWIGHT C. STURGIS, designer of the striking delineation of Lincoln on our cover, is staff artist of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

KNUD RASMUSSEN, the famous Danish explorer, has made numerous expeditions to the arctic regions and has been repeatedly honored by the King of Denmark.

WILLIAM E. BARTON, as an authority on Lincolniana, has dealt with almost every phase of the President's life. But he is constantly making new discoveries.

J. J. DEWEY is a writer who at an early age was connected with the United States Navy and has since made a special study of warships and their equipment.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Methodist Church, Kansas City, has traveled extensively in all parts of the world, and in doing so has particularly noted things American.

LOUIS C. KARPINSKI, professor of mathematics in the University of Michigan, has made a special hobby of old maps, old books and old letters. His 'finds' are always interesting.

JULIA TAFT BAYNE is a cousin of Chief Justice Taft; also of Admiral Willard H. Brownson, of the United States Navy, retired. In her youth she was on intimate terms with the Lincoln family and a frequent visitor at the White House.

CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN is well known as a publicist and writer on financial subjects.

CARL SANDBURG'S life of Abraham Lincoln entitles him to be ranked as an authority on this great American, but there were left untrodden paths in the biographical field which Mr. Sandburg still explores to advantage.

J. T. FARIS, editor and clergyman, has been director of the editorial division of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church in the United States since 1923.

Spanning *the* Water

Perils *and* Problems *of* Bridge Building

This bridge at Acanbarro, Mexico, is so many centuries old that its beginnings are obscure. It is of the arched masonry variety, which was used over a very long period of time before perfection of modern construction methods. The early builders were often so accurate in grinding the stones that no mortar was needed.
—*Keystone Photo.*

Above—*Man projects his genius into one of nature's lovely scenes, Multnomah Falls, Oregon.*—*George F. Paul Photo.*

Oval—*Over the Jordan is this one at Dan. Bridges are not mentioned in the Bible, possibly because even in Biblical times people had begun to take good bridges for granted. Back to 4000 B. C. brick arches were constructed in Babylon, without scientific knowledge of stresses.* —*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Left—*Bridges and castles seem to go well together. This one leads to Conway Castle, North Wales.* —*Keystone View.*

Suspension bridge over a natural bridge in Algeria. —*Publishers' Photo Service.*

Crossing ropes stretched over the Indus River, in Tibet, is easy for the practical natives but a dizzy operation for foreigners. —*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

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URBANA ILL

NO ONE can explain Lincoln. He came out of the invisible, walked up to his task, performed it, and went back into the invisible again ~ America will always have such a man in such a crisis ~ We cannot analyze such men but we know the soil in which they nourish their roots ~ It is the common soil of the earth and the common thought of the race ~ They will give rootage to another such as Lincoln when the time of need, the time for his appearing, comes again ~ ~

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The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

EBRUARY 19, 1927

Five Cents a Copy

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PHYSICAL necessity moves man to labor. ∾ Mental necessity moves him to reason. ∾ Spiritual necessity moves him to believe that life has a meaning, hat the method of it is progress. ∾ The wind of destiny blows him ever toward a large ıopefulness. It also drives him to see that his direction is upward. ∾ Equality ıy degradation has proved a failure; equality of ascending opportunity has lifted the world.

THE FRIENDLY DOOR

Richard Newman

A WELCOME portal! Worn by passing feet
Is the threshold which for a century or more
Behind its shelter has offered a retreat
For youth and age alike—the friendly door.

A silent sentinel it stands, holding the place
It held through all the years, and o'er
It clings a quiet dignity and grace;
Time's softening touch—but still the friendly door.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

FEBRUARY 19
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ECONOMY—*the* Poor Man's MINT

Does the Installment Plan *Represent the Best That* American Business *Can Do?*

By HENRY LAKET

LIKE the snows of yesteryear, which have melted and gone, the ancient maxims which sought to teach us to be economical and thrifty have disappeared. Ancient is the proper term—thrift has been the theme of the wisest minds of the past. Today but few new voices are raised in favor of *economy for individuals and families*, although there are hundreds who urge its precepts in connection with the management of *business and industry*.

It is a new age, of new things, of course. But are conditions today so different that it would raise a laugh if Cicero's words, 'economy is a great revenue,' were quoted, or that 'economy is the poor man's mint'? Benjamin Franklin's wisdom on this subject, popularly quoted in past decades, has been strangely quieted in recent years. Once we saw on every hand reprints of his famous thrift sayings, such as 'beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship,' or that more pungent one, 'ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.' Clearly appropriate to the present times of general prosperity is Franklin's wise warning that 'gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live expense is constant and certain, and it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.'

Confucius some 2,550 years ago warned that 'he who will not economize will have to agonize.' This subject has attracted the finest minds among men. Emerson said, 'a creative economy is the fuel of magnificence.'

The old-fashioned lessons of thrift are not forgotten but are in obscurity today. Suppression fits better the needs of those who are at the present time most concerned with the widespread installment selling system whereby intensive methods are applied to selling things to people on 'easy payments.' Almost anything which falls into the luxury class can be bought today for a small down payment or often without a down payment, and paid for thereafter in small weekly or monthly installments. But it is likewise one of the outstanding features of the present situation that only 'luxuries,' so-called, can thus be easily obtained by anybody and his brother on the installment plan, and that *necessaries of life are sold today strictly for cash*, or its equivalent.

IF ANYONE wants a luxury today—a ring, a brooch, or jewelry of any kind, or fancy furniture, a high-priced automobile, a musical instrument or talking machine, or an ice machine to displace the 'old-fashioned' ice man, or a fur coat, or anything else which at the present time cannot strictly be classed as a necessary of life—the way is wide open and made extremely easy for such purchases on a financial plan which its opponents have called 'mortgaging the future.' This definition of the throttling hold which installment selling puts on future income, earnings, wage and salaries, could be offered only to a generation that does not know the horror with which its forbears heard the very word 'mortgage.'

It is contended that the very basis of our continued prosperity rests on the huge spendings by the public on the installment plan and the consequent increased demand for manufactured goods and raw materials to supply it, thus creating great business and industrial activity and continuous employment throughout the nation at high wages—which are in turn spent freely, making a complete and self-perpetuating prosperity cycle.

Granting for sake of argument that some installment selling is benevolent in its primary aspect—that is to say, that it enables people who will not or who *cannot* save, to obtain more and better comforts and to pay for them as they use them; and calling it what you will, the fact remains that he who buys must toe the mark regularly and that his income is indeed mortgaged; that another hand has a grim grip on his purse and thus holds him until the just dues of his creditors have been settled in full. There is no doubt of the enervating and discouraging effect on wage earners and salaried and small professional people if this condition is long sustained.

There is a tendency to put everything on the installment basis, under the growing system today, with the exception of *staple products* and *necessaries* of life. For important reasons these have failed to be included in the current installment plan. The business of supplying the necessaries of life may thus construct for itself a substantial foundation at the expense of the growing insecurity of the business which deals with sheer luxuries. Huge paper assets are involved in the in-

stallment system, in the sequence of transactions from factory to consumer; the discounting of these would be so great as virtually to wipe out a large section of the present business structure—that part, that is to say, which is addicted to chronic installment selling.

Carlyle said, 'There are but two ways of paying debt—by increasing one's industry to raise one's income, or increasing one's thrift in order to pay out.' But where all of one's income is mortgaged against installment purchases, thriftiness and the saving habit, when they have been forced home as a crucial necessity, are almost impossible—it is too late then.

Franklin was full of sound advice on this subject. 'A man may,' he says, 'if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life on the grindstone and die not worth a cent at the last.' Bacon's idea was that 'if a man will but keep an even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but the half of his receipts; and if he thinks to wax rich, but the third part.' Dr. Johnson calls it the 'science of sparing.' 'Without economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor,' he says.

DOES the installment plan represent the very *best* that American business can devise? Does it mean that sales cannot be made any more for 'cash,' that American business has been forced to fall back on the 'convenient payment' plan to subsist? And if so, what may happen when—as may occur—even the 'hothouse method' of selling on the installment plan ceases to be effective?

What will happen to business and industries based solely on installment selling should the American public generally fail to be induced to buy their goods even on 'easy payments'? Does the prevalence of installment buying at the present time mean that people cannot buy for cash, and if that is the case, with their future income largely mortgaged by deferred payments on installment purchases, how may they be expected to return to a cash basis?

The whole system started from the selling end. It is clearly installment *selling* which is uppermost, and not installment *buying*. The urge is *not* from the people; it is wholly a salesmen's campaign. It began as a system of selling which would reduce sales resistance to a point where *the total price of an article was of less significance to the buyer than the terms of payment.* It was not, and is not today a question primarily with the customer of how much the *price* might be, but how much must be paid weekly or monthly to effect its purchase.

THE problem has taken the form of 'how much can I afford to pay each week, or each month, for this thing which I want, and which I want mainly because of wonderfully attractive advertising and clever salesmanship, and because I am told that we as a nation are so prosperous and that the standard of living is so high that we can all afford to own these things. The final cost is not the point with me so much as the question of paying every week, or monthly, a sum which I can afford or which sounds so reasonable that I think I can afford it.' The high cost of living—'old H. C. L.' it was called—has of late been cleverly translated into the newer and flattering term, 'the high standard of living in America.'

To maintain the superstructure of the installment business it is necessary to put it as soon as possible upon a one-price basis, that is to say, to assure the buying public that the article is sold only at one price, the same price to all, whether for cash or on the 'easy payment plan.' Thus there is ceasing to be, in some lines today, anything like the former 'cash' or 30-day payment price. The cash price is now set, in such lines, at what it costs to sell on the installment system. This naturally must be higher than a cash price. Credit is a very expensive commodity. It is never given free. Indeed, it is always sold very much above cost.

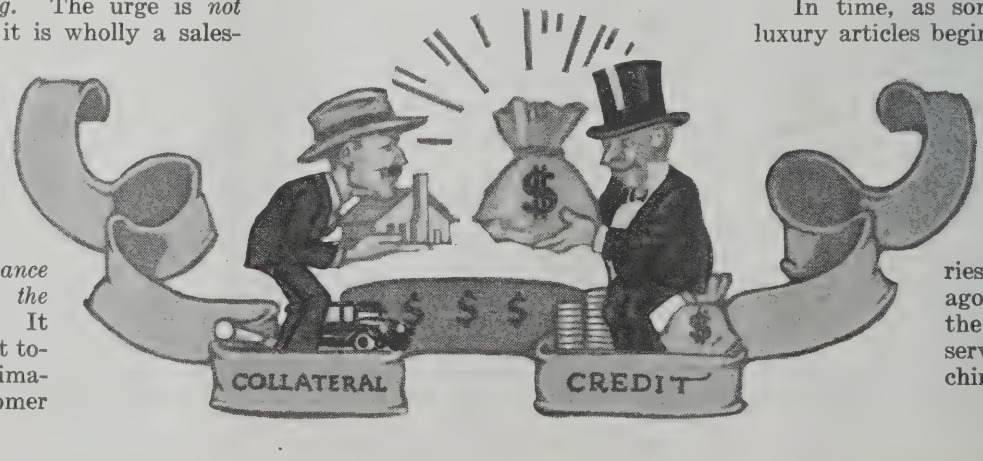
On some products, such as sewing machines and some talking machines and pianos, the chronic method of selling these necessaries—once upon a time they were luxuries—on the time-payment plan, dating back some forty-five years or more, has become so deep rooted that it is probable that there are few manufactured articles which could show a greater disparity between actual manufacturing cost and final selling price. And this state of things, under widespread installment selling, is spreading to other commodities. Selling credit is becoming, proportionately, a more profitable business than manufacturing goods. Creating debt pays better than creating tangible values. The public can never hope to get the monetary benefit of scientific production, larger volume or of better materials and methods of manufacture, or improved means of distribution and handling, and generally lower costs. The easy-payment plan tends to wipe out much of the progress which marks the development of American business and industry to date.

The installment plan as yet is peculiarly distinctive of the marketing of that class of merchandise and things which are definitely included in what may be termed 'luxuries'—with the exception already noted of the sewing machine. Of course many of the luxuries of today will be the necessaries of tomorrow. Necessaries of life, however, such as groceries, drugs, electric light and gas service, clothing (for utility), foods in general, telephones; these have, since the war, been put on a strictly cash basis. People pay immediately for these things to a greater extent than was ever before the case.

THE reason for the change may be many-sided, but one of the paramount reasons certainly was the consciousness by retailers of the fact that the credit-buying human being had a strong inclination to neglect payment for these necessary purchases—these genuine necessities—in favor of payment on luxuries or less-essential purchases. The merchant who dealt in specialties and articles bordering on the luxury class was able to compel payment by an annoying follow-up collection system which brought results. The seller of genuine necessaries of life found for some unexplained reason—probably the familiarity of old custom which bred contempt—that such collecting methods did not bring in the money and if it did it also served to make the customer 'mad' and caused an indirect loss of business in that way. Hence generally after the war the introduction of the 'cash and carry' stores and other factors permitted the placing of the business of selling necessaries on a substantial cash basis which is now well established throughout the country.

In time, as some of the present luxury articles begin to enter the class of 'necessaries of life' it will be found that payments will slow down and can be kept going only by forcible means. Luxuries of twenty-five years ago—the automobile, the telephone, dental services, sewing machines—are urgent ne-

(Continued on page 27



The Way We Suppress Crime in Milwaukee

By DANIEL W. HOAN

J. G. Laubenheimer, chief of the Milwaukee police department.

On September 30, 1925, Roy Little, Paul Hurtt and Lawrence Walsh, professional criminals, arrived in Milwaukee.

At about seven o'clock in the evening they held up a jewelry store, slugged the proprietor and escaped with a big haul.

Fifteen minutes later they were arrested by a Milwaukee detective.

Next morning they were sentenced in the municipal court to a minimum of twenty years' imprisonment.

By night they were in the penitentiary.

Stanley Lubinsky, with aliases, arrived on March 13, 1926. He committed eight holdups. The same night he was arrested.

On the morning of March 15 he was sentenced for three to thirty years. *The delay of one day was due to the intervention of Sunday.* Lubinsky had been sought by police of Detroit and elsewhere.

William Knight, John Valaitas, Clarence Fitz and John Malloy held up a pawnshop in Milwaukee on April 1, 1926. They were arrested the same day.

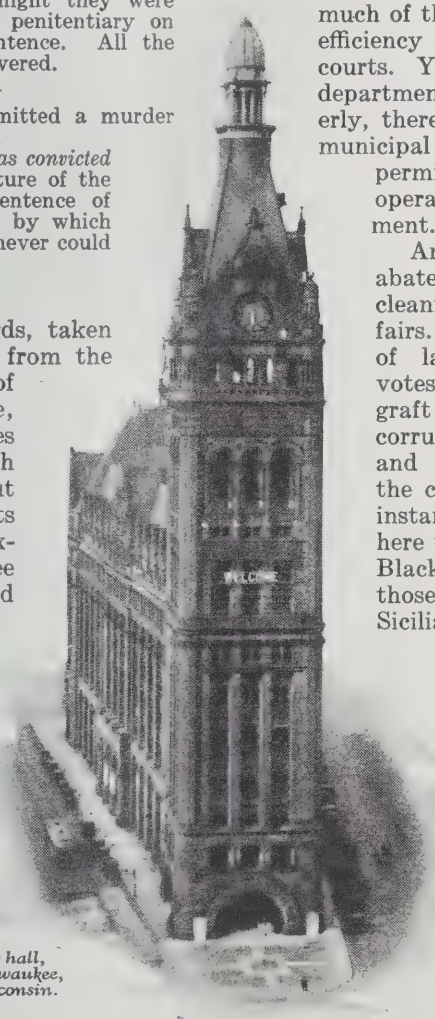
By the following night they were residents of the state penitentiary on three-to-thirty-year sentence. All the stolen goods were recovered.

John Steinert committed a murder on December 17, 1925.

Two days later he was convicted and because of the nature of the crime was given a sentence of life and twenty years, by which it was assured that he never could be pardoned.

THESE records, taken at random from the police files of Milwaukee, are examples of the manner in which this city metes out justice and protects its citizens. In part it explains why Milwaukee has come to be called 'the crimeless city.'

Milwaukee, of course, is not wholly without crime. No city ever will be. But statistics tell us that this city has the lowest crime record of any large city in the world. It is as safe for women and children to traverse the streets of Milwaukee as it is of any small village. 'Gangs' have vanished. During 1925 every other large city in the United States experienced an increase in burglary insurance rates of twenty to one hundred per cent. *Milwaukee received a reduction of twenty per cent.* No other city enjoys such a low rate of automobile theft insurance. And while the country is said to be in the surge of a 'crime wave,' Milwaukee is steadily reducing its record of crime and lawlessness.



City hall, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

On being asked why this city is thus blessed, I have suggested that much of the credit is due to the efficiency of our police and courts. Yet in order that these departments may function properly, there must be a complete municipal program that will permit the free and sure operation of law enforcement.

Any effective plan to abate crime must start with cleanness in municipal affairs. Winking at any form of lawbreaking to gain votes, campaign funds or graft will inevitably lead to corruption of police officials and brazen activities by the criminal element. For instance, it was observed here that certain suspected Black Hand leaders were those who lined up the Sicilian vote on election day. All favors from the city hall, whether for parade permits, for municipal jobs, or for employment on railroads, were passed out through these leaders. They were consequently feared by their countrymen as pagans feared their gods. This situation sealed the lips of these overawed people when they had knowledge of crimes committed. The police were powerless to ferret out the guilty.

Diplomatic relations with these leaders were then severed. The city administration dealt directly with the honest element among the Sicilians. They soon began to feel a new independence. Black Hand crime disappeared.

Milwaukee tries to abate crime by getting at its roots, and realizes that halfway measures will not suffice. The local issue is: 'Honesty and Progress versus Corruption and Crime.'

In the police department it is made more profitable for an officer to be honest and efficient than dishonest and inefficient. These methods have almost eliminated the crimes of those who expected immunity, and the crimes of transient criminals who expected to escape through police inefficiency. Between the police department and the courts there is also the greatest coöperation.

Besides the handling of persons already possessing criminal tendencies there is the equally important problem of preventing the development of such tendencies. With this object in view, Milwaukee has centralized supervision of playgrounds and social center work in a bureau under the educational department. All supervisors of recreation are selected under a merit system and schooled regularly in promoting efficiency in their work. Programs of play, recreation and instruction are mapped

Daniel W. Hoan, mayor, city of Milwaukee.

out to meet neighborhood conditions, to take advantage of local voluntary talent, to give as large a measure of self-government as is compatible with the rules, to promote character forming, and to make the most of the energy and money expended.

The greatest advantage is taken of public parks, piers, beaches, schools, halls and facilities of whatever nature to provide an intelligent recreational and instructive program. Expansion takes place in such things as band concerts, zoo facilities, racing of any nature, wading pools, playground apparatus, baseball, football and golfing fields, tennis, croquet and picnic grounds, bathing beaches, dancing in parks. The most is made of winter sports, and wholesome civic demonstrations are provided on holidays and other occasions.

Everywhere that playground activities have been introduced, juvenile lawlessness has decreased 70 to 80 per cent.

Theaters, dance halls and gambling engage police activities. Milwaukee's theater program includes a system of censorship of motion picture films under the supervision of a board coöperating with the exhibitors. Features likely to incite persons to crime or immorality are eliminated. Revocation of license is the penalty for nonobservance.

Private dance halls and gambling are under the supervision and control of the police. Each dance hall is licensed and the police department is charged with making reports as to the advisability of granting these permits. Commercialized gambling has been suppressed in Milwaukee. This must be done if crime is to be abated and the demoralizing effects of protection money effaced.

The development of the educational program is important in the matter of law enforcement, and in Milwaukee includes the establishment of prevocational schools. Entering such institutions where a combination of industrial, educational, and recreational methods are employed, those children marked dull in regular grades become enthusiastic scholars and develop into high-type citizens. The continuation school program furnishes practical and industrial education one full day a week at the employer's expense. This is for children of fourteen to seventeen years who are forced through circumstances to be employed.

Since crime is committed mostly in idle hours, it is essential that employment be furnished to all seeking it. Under the joint auspices of the city, county and state, there is a free employment bureau. This institution holds out a helping hand when most needed. In times of depression this bureau unites employe and employer. Its duty is to provide employment for the largest number by apportioning it in different shifts. It also creates employment by urging activities that would otherwise lag.

Quite important is the matter of improved housing in which most cities are woefully lacking. More than 75 per cent of crime may be traced to poor housing districts. Milwaukee has a commission whose duties are to improve housing conditions in congested districts; to do everything possible to keep rents low; to promote ownership of homes, to assist citizens of small means to obtain building plans free, and to direct them to the proper building and loan or similar organizations where funds supplementing their own may be secured.

The foregoing does not, of course, more than sketchily outline the program which Milwaukee has followed and which must be credited with the low crime record and wholesome living conditions.

Milwaukee has taken the dollar sign out of civic affairs and in its stead has written the word *service*.

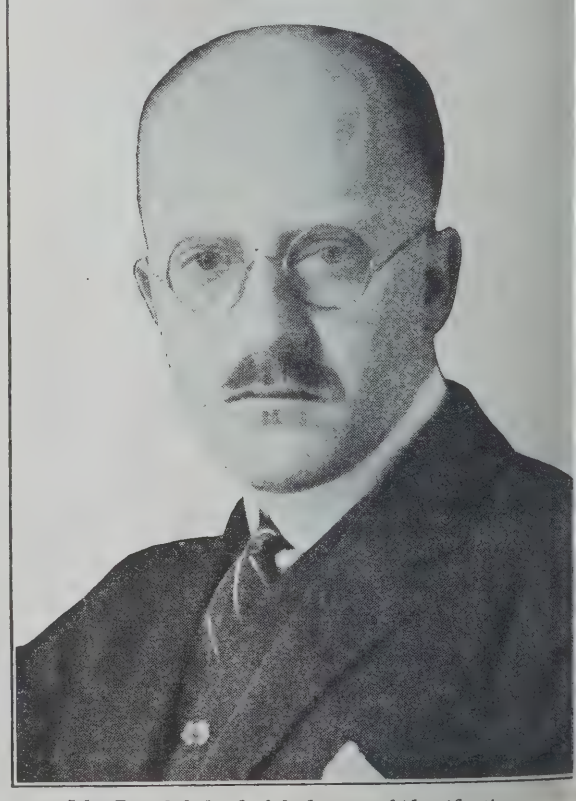
One of the reasons for Milwaukee's police efficiency is that the department is a 'business institution instead of a political clubhouse.'

Under the direction of John Bauschek, head of the bureau of identification, the work of the police department has become thoroughly organized. Unlike most police departments, all work, such as identification, automobile theft investigation and crime records, are under one department. Whatever the investigation or variety of crime, all matter pertaining to it is promptly filed for reference.

An example of this is found in the fact that card records of all cars stolen throughout the country are kept up to date, and in the same department are complete card records of every reported crime.

Dealers in used automobiles, as well as pawnbrokers, must make daily reports of their transactions. These reports are checked against current stolen property lists.

A thorough system is applied to the operation of detectives and uniformed men. Each must make out a daily form telling of his activities and disposal of cases. Officers are furnished with a daily printed bulletin describing stolen property or law- *(Continued on page 21*



John Bauschek, head of the bureau of identification.

The BEST BOOKS Are the CHEAPEST

How You Can Get a Library at Slight Cost

By THOMAS L. MASSON

THERE is no occupation in the world more fascinating than reading, and none which is surrounded with more pitfalls for the unwary. Last year I found myself in possession of something over five thousand volumes, most of which were in sets. In going over these sets, many of them of standard authors, I discovered that while they had been taking up valuable space in my library for ten to fifteen years, I had actually used only one or two volumes in each set.

I had three large editions of Shakespeare, and for ten years I had confined my reading to about four of his plays, and these I had read in pocket editions, for which I paid eighty cents a volume, whereas for the sets—heavy ponderous books most of them—I had paid all the way from thirty to one hundred dollars a set. For one set, for which I had paid one hundred dollars and which I was told by the publisher at the time would steadily increase in value, I was offered so little that I concluded to keep it. For another set, for which I had paid one hundred dollars, I was offered eight dollars by one dealer, and finally disposed of it for eighteen dollars. Since I bought all those sets, the price of books has steadily increased, nay over-doubled, yet I sold them for less than half of what I paid. And in practically every instance I was given to understand at the time that they would steadily increase in value. I am glad to note, however, that there were —among say fifteen or twenty sets— one or two exceptions.

I thus sold about fifteen hundred volumes for $600—what had cost me fully $2,000 and which during ten or fifteen years I had scarcely opened (they were such pretentious books that I preferred small editions) and the loss of which I have not since regretted for a moment.

But on the other hand—and this is important—the dealer who bought them sniffed about among those I would not sell and told me he would give me the best prices for these; indeed, he wanted them very much and was quite ready to bid up on them. What were they?

Well, they were odd volumes, histories, biographies, classics—in short, real working books of reference.

This article, of course, does not deal with book collecting as such. That runs up into the thousands, nay into the millions, and is a sport for plutocrats. It is, however, among the élite a most precarious sport, and even if you have a lot of money to squander and time to reflect, you are likely to get stung many times before mastering the subject. Occasionally the first edition of a contemporary novelist, which you might have bought at the time, will increase in price, but the occasion is rare. Then you must remember that you are never sure that it is a first edition.

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

H. G. Wells' novel, *The World of William Clissold*, now retails in this country in two volumes for five dollars, but this is the American edition and if you wanted the first edition you would have to send abroad for it. Similarly Theodore Dreiser's *American Tragedy* is in two volumes and sells for five dollars, but this is not the first edition, for which as I recall I originally paid seven dollars and a half. This book, autographed by Dreiser, sells for twelve dollars and a half, but I think it is a question whether the autograph will make it any more valuable. Some of Dreiser's first editions, however, have advanced in price.

All this is incidental to my main theme, and I merely make mention of collecting and first editions in order to set them aside, and to get down to the practical problem before us, which is, briefly: What are the best and cheapest and most valuable books I can buy for my money? And I will state at once offhand that for about twenty-five dollars anybody can buy enough books to give him practically all he needs to know. Take Shakespeare alone—a world of reading in itself. There are a number of Shakespeares in one volume. The Globe has generally been considered the best, but I myself like the Oxford edition on India paper which can be purchased for as low as three dollars and a quarter* and if you like a better binding all the way up to seventeen dollars and a half. Some people object to the India paper, for while very durable and tough, it is thin, but personally I like it very much as it saves so much space.

Before going further into the matter of these cheap books, however, let us consider the flood of contemporary literature being poured out, each volume of which is widely proclaimed by the publisher as a masterpiece, an 'epoch-maker.' You can buy few current novels for less than two dollars and during the past year the prices have advanced so that now many single-volume novels sell for from two dollars and a half up to four dollars. I have already mentioned Wells and Dreiser. Galsworthy's *Silver Spoon** sells for two dollars; Arnold Bennett's *Lord Raingo* for two dollars and a half; Sherwood Anderson's *Tar* for three dollars and the autograph edition for ten dollars, which is a nice way for Anderson to make seven dollars by a stroke of the pen.

When it comes to non-fiction, the prices are very much higher. Roy Chapman Andrews, who recently made his trip through Manchuria and has written a very interesting book (*On the Trail of the Ancient Man*), charges six dollars for the privilege of reading it. It will cost you ten dollars if you wish to possess *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*, and Brentano's has just issued a two-volume edition of Milton's poems for ten dollars, whereas in a

*The prices given here are subject to change, as some of them are taken from catalogs where the books may since have been advanced in price. For instance, the books of the Home University Library (Holt) originally sold for fifty cents, but have been advanced to one dollar.

pocket edition (which you will not be afraid to read if you care for Milton) you can buy him for eighty cents. Hervey Allen charges ten dollars for *Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe* and Noel Baker's book on disarmament sells for three dollars and seventy-five cents. Most contemporary travel books, many of them sumptuous. sell for even higher prices, because of the expense of illustrations.

The reason for these high prices is that the cost of bookmaking has never been so high, and also, as the public has more leisure and more money, it demands better-looking books. But for you and me, as I take it, while we may occasionally take a flyer in an expensive book, we are looking for the most for our money. And here it must be remembered that the publishers have not failed us. For alongside these flaunting best and moderate sellers of high degree, there has come a kind of underground line of pocket editions, which in cheap available form cover practically every standard book and all the classics. Also, it is comparatively easy to locate these books, with a little study.

IN 1925 there were published in England 13,202 different editions of books, of which 8,520 were new. In August, 1926 (Publisher's Weekly), there were published in this country 722 books, 510 of which were new editions. Among these, seventy-six were fiction, thirty-four biography, forty-three juvenile and thirty-nine poetry and drama.

Of this vast number of books, probably not one per cent will survive.

Also it must be remembered that any book which does survive is invariably published a few years later in a cheaper edition. Several publishers (notably A. L. Burt and the Crowell Company) make a specialty of reprinting these books in cheaper editions, and indeed the original publishers themselves also reprint their own books in cheaper editions, after they have run their course. Originally Wells' *Outline of History* in two volumes sold for ten dollars and a half; later it was issued in one volume and it has been growing steadily cheaper ever since.

It will be readily seen, from what I have written, that if you and I, who are merely people ambitious to improve our minds in the most practical way, are puzzled as to what books to buy, what the problem must be for librarians. Most libraries, large or small, have to manage on a regular budget. The problem before them is to meet the public demands immediately, at the same time investing in those books only which are likely to endure. The waste in fiction is enormous. A year ago the public took hold of a book by Margaret Kennedy (*The Constant Nymph*) and thousands of copies were sold. One of the largest booksellers in the United States told me that in one day the sale of this book stopped as if by magic. Thus works of fiction rapidly succeed one another.

I have piled in my library hundreds of novels issued within the past year or so which nobody will ever hear of again. Yet from these it is undeniable that a few books come which are necessary if you wish to do that lively thing, 'keep up with the times.' Among these, in my opinion, the books of John Galsworthy stand first among English novels of today, and his *Forsyte Saga* (two volumes in one) at two dollars and a half is well worth placing in one's library. Personally, among American writers of fiction, I incline to the books of Harry Leon Wilson, Ring Lardner, Edith Wharton, Joe Hergesheimer, Booth Tarkington. Still, the test comes by asking yourself whether you would care to read their books over again.

Years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt went to Africa on a hunting trip, he took with him what was termed a 'pigskin library.' Unfortunately, I do not happen to have at hand a list of these books, but as I recall them vaguely—or rather the impression—there is not one of them I would care to read today.

Mark Twain used constantly to read Carlyle's *French Revolution*, and I believe it was the only book which accompanied him to his deathbed. I have never been able to read this book through, and also I have always felt that it was inaccurate. Still, most books of history are full of errors, and one has to read between the lines. The fact is, no list of books compiled by one man will do for all men. And here again are various considerations, chief among which is that of temperament. Are you a literal-minded person, or an atypic? By atypic I mean one so liberal in his thought that he likes anything provided it is well done. Such a mind will revel equally in the poetry of Milton and the description of Greece by Pausanias. These two opposite types of mind may be defined as the idealist and the realist. Also, much depends on one's education and taste.

MY own children have been brought up surrounded by all the poets, yet none of them will read a line of poetry, while I myself am a poetry addict. If you like poetry and want to get a new point of view, read a little book on Walt Whitman, in the 'English Men of Letters Series' (an excellent series, by the way, published by Macmillan at a dollar and a quarter), written by John Bailey.

And this leads me to the heart of my theme, the pocket editions.

I made my own discovery about pocket editions many, many years ago in Kansas City. I was passing through that even then lively town and chanced to stop before a bookstand and for twenty-five cents snatched up a Temple edition of one of Shakespeare's plays. The volume was so small and the type so good that by inquiry I got more, so that in time I had nearly all of them.

One day I picked up a catalog of books issued by a London publisher and became fascinated by its contents. I decided to try an experiment, so just for fun I dropped a line to this man in London and asked him please to mail me a book (it was a very cheap book, I think only about a dollar). In about a month the book came. From this on I became interested in book catalogs and especially publishers' catalogs and this is what I mean fairly when I speak of the underground currents in book buying. You do not need to have anyone give you very much advice about books, because for a very little you can make a fine start, and from then on the thing unfolds itself. Let me here suggest just a few books and a few of the most notable series.

YET even here I was caught napping. I wanted to get a copy of Buckle's *History of Civilization* in England. I knew that Arthur Brisbane had published an edition in this country, with a preface of his own. But on trying to get this book, I was told it was out of print. I then ordered the regular edition, in two large volumes, and I am ashamed to say how much it cost me. A few days later I discovered that it was published by the Oxford Press in their World's Classic series, in three volumes for two dollars and forty cents, or eighty cents a volume. These little books are a trifle more than three inches wide and less than six inches deep and are easily slipped into the pocket.

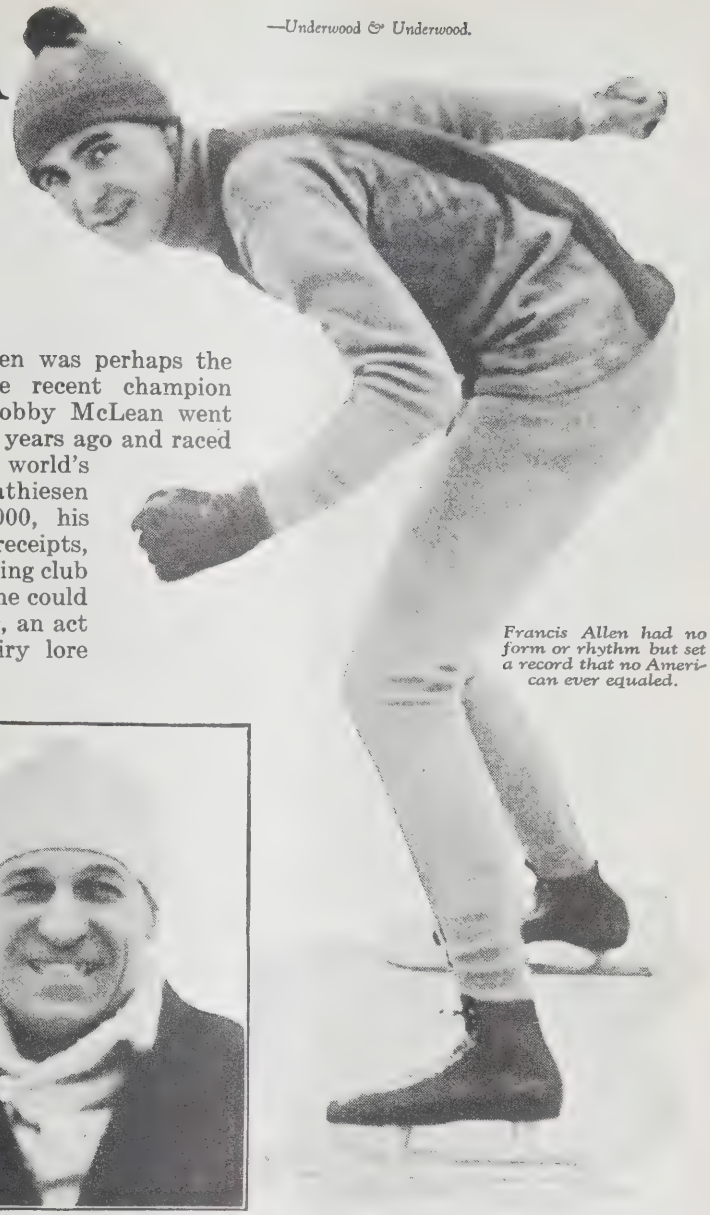
More than three million of this series have been sold. Among them are Darwin's *Origin*, Emerson's *Essays*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* (in seven volumes at eighty cents a volume), Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, and Longfellow's *Hiawatha*. Also, almost identical with these volumes are Plato's *Republic*, translated by Jowett, for five dollars and thirty-five cents, and the *Electra* of Euripides, translated by Murray, for ninety cents. In the Modern Library (New York) we have a book six and a half inches long and four and a quarter wide, printed in larger type than usual with flexible covers. In this library, the price of each volume of which is ninety-five cents, are such books as *Alice in Wonderland*, Poe's *Best Tales*, and Hudson's *Green Mansions*, which I think will prove an enduring work of fiction. Other publishers who specialize in pocket editions, (Continued on page 2

CHILLED DRAMA

Streaks on Ice

By H. G. SALSINGER

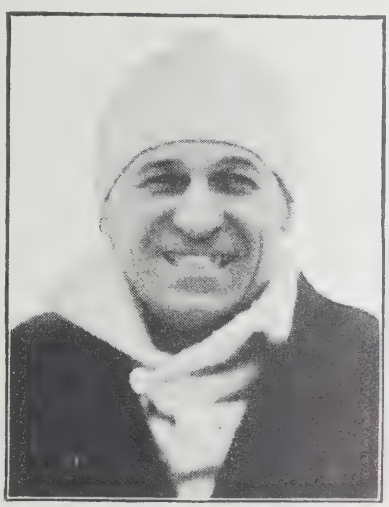
—*Underwood & Underwood.*

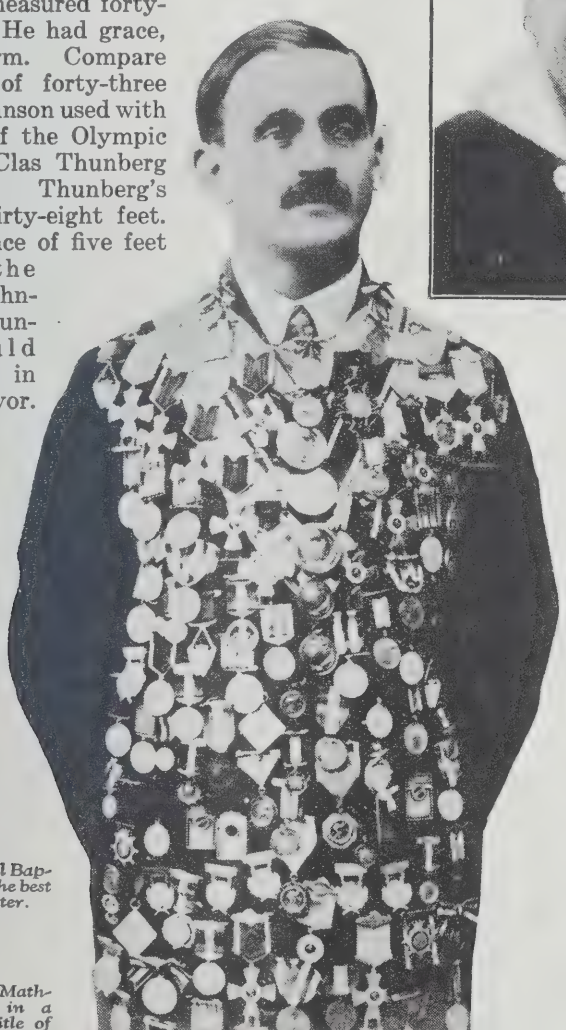


Francis Allen had no form or rhythm but set a record that no American ever equaled.

SPEED skaters have increased in number year by year, but to select the best skater of all time one might have to travel back nearly half a century. Records, unfortunately, will not supply a definite answer to the argument. Speed skates of forty years ago are curious relics today. Skates have been constantly improved by science. They have been made lighter, finer, and with perfect balance. The modern skates are responsible for clipping seconds from the records of distances under two miles. Who knows but that some of the men that raced on those queer blades thirty-five or forty years ago could not shatter all present-day marks if they were in their prime?

John S. Johnson was the leading speed skater back in 1889. His stride measured forty-three feet. He had grace, rhythm, form. Compare the stride of forty-three feet that Johnson used with the stride of the Olympic champion, Clas Thunberg of Finland. Thunberg's stride is thirty-eight feet. The difference of five feet between the strides of Johnson and Thunberg would mean much in Johnson's favor.





Center—*Norval Baptise is probably the best all-round skater.*

Below—*Oscar Mathiesen can put in a claim for the title of greatest speed skater.*

Oscar Mathiesen was perhaps the best of the more recent champion skaters. When Bobby McLean went to Norway several years ago and raced Mathiesen for the world's championship, Mathiesen turned over $30,000, his share of the gate receipts, to the national skating club of Finland so that he could remain an amateur, an act that reads like fairy lore in the United States. Incidentally, Mathiesen beat McLean for the world title.

If the best skater of all time were to be elected by a jury, Mathiesen could put in a strong claim. He was, at least, the best judge of pace that ever engaged in speed skating. He had the same uncanny judgment of pace in skating that Paavo Nurmi has in running. He was just as fast skating alone as in competition. He broke record after record, chiefly because of his knowledge of pace. Norval Baptise can lay claim to being the best all-round skater of all time. Baptise was born on a farm near Bathgate, North Dakota. He learned to skate on a mill pond near his home. At fifteen he won the championship of North Dakota. In 1898 he defeated John S. Johnson, but Johnson, at that time, had slowed down considerably. The following year Baptise met Johnny Nilsson, regarded as the best skater of the day. He beat Nilsson. On the last two days of the year Baptise cracked two world records. He cut the quarter-mile mark to 28 1-5 seconds and reduced the one-mile record to 2 minutes 8 seconds. Six years later Baptise met Nilsson, Harley Davidson and Peter Sinnirud at Montreal for the world championship. Baptise won the title.

Baptise engaged in many other events, set several more records and won various minor titles on both sides of the border. He engaged in freak numbers. He skated (*Continued on page 24*)

HAS Our Country a Father?

Need *for the* Restoration *of the* Real Washington

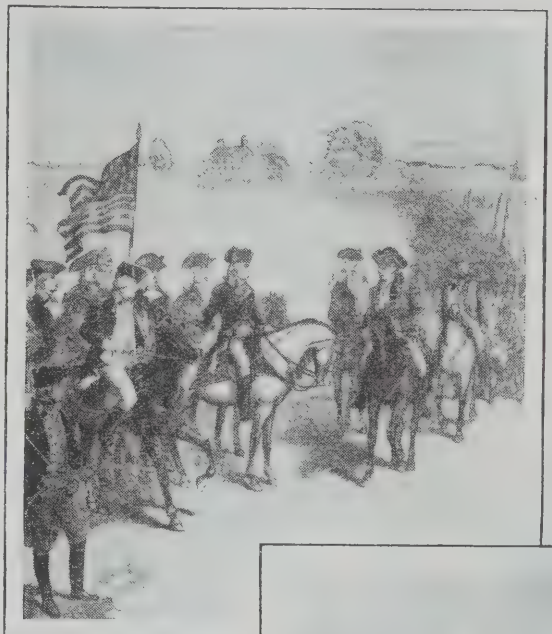
By WILLIAM E. BARTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON was first in war and first in peace. There was a time when he was first in the hearts of his countrymen. That time is past. A vote taken among school children, politicians or men of affairs would generally rank Abraham Lincoln as the first American. My own admiration for Abraham Lincoln is on the whole greater than that which I feel toward George Washington. But I count it a distinct loss to American thought and especially to the idealism of American youth that his name now serves in almost any typical American gathering primarily as the occasion for a banal joke about the cherry tree and little hatchet. George Washington has suffered at the hands of his idolators, of the 'realists,' and of the joke-smiths. This article is a plea for a renewal of reverence for America's first President.

He deserves our reverence. He has been starched and frozen and dehumanized by those who have sought to make him a demigod; he has been vulgarized and cheapened by those who have professed to undo that wrong; and he has been made the butt of the slap-stick comedian at banquets and in formal orations. What we need, and what our children ought to have, is a Washington who is human and a hero. When we find him we shall find the real Washington. We shall not discover him in the pages of the vulgarized realists.

The first printed biography of George Washington appeared in the year 1800, in a pamphlet of 82 pages. It ran through about five editions with little change in form, and none, so far as I observe, in subject matter. In the sixth edition, as I suppose, it underwent marked modification. It was greatly enlarged as to bulk, partly by making the pages smaller and partly by the addition of new matter. It became a work of 244 pages, and it ran to over forty editions. In this article I speak with some flexibility of the pages and editions. There is some uncertainty as to the precise number and order of some of the editions.

I have recently examined the large collection in the New York Public Library, where my friend Mr. Nichols holds these rare volumes under lock and key. They were collected by Paul Leicester Ford, Worthington C. Ford and their father; and I am informed that the work which the father began and the two sons continued is to bear fruit in a volume by a sister of these two younger men, and this work will contain as accurate an account as is humanly possible of the evolution of this noted book. Until her work appears I speak with some care as to exact editions. But I have seen and examined all of the books in this notable collection, and my knowledge is sufficiently exact for purposes of this article.



Reproduction of a print in 'Leslie's Weekly' of 1881, depicting General O'Hara (right) in behalf of Lord Cornwallis, surrendering the army to General Washington, 1781.

Right—*General Washington firing the first gun in the bombardment of the British defences prior to the surrender of the enemy at Yorktown in 1781.*

It was about the sixth edition, i 1805, that first related the story George Washington's childhood. Th earlier ones had begun with his ex perience in the French and India War. It was this edition that wi nessed the emergence of the work fro the pamphlet to the book stage. I this form the work ran through it more than thirty subsequent edition The author of this work was Reveren Mason L. Weems, who at one tim served as rector of Pohick Churc which Washington attended. Weem knew Washington and dedicated h book to 'Lady Washington.' Gener Richard Henry Lee and other friend of Washington gave his work a some what guarded commendation.

Judged from the standpoint critical biography, it is a poor enoug piece of work. It is eulogy, apotheosi not critical biography. But it does no deserve the cheap scorn of the historia or the brayed contempt of the moder after-dinner speaker, neither of whom apparently, take th trouble to read it.

Mason L. Weem was a jolly, fiddlin parson, who peddle books and delivere lurid warning against drink an adultery. He was regularly ordaine Episcopal ministe but in the first ed tions of his work h was more careful t display on the titl page his membershi in Kilmarnock Ma sonic Lodge than h standing in th church.

But while he wa a tavern-fiddler h was not a dissipate man, and while h was not a man deep piety, his cha acter, so far as I a aware, has not been successfully a tacked. Bishop Meade in his *O Virginia Churches*, influenced in par as has been suggested, by the fact tha Weems was as willing to preach i churches of other denominations as h was in his own, has questioned th regularity of Weems' ordination, bu this I believe has been investigate and his standing in the ministry ha been found regular. (*Continued on page 2*

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

KILLING a man is the most useless thing that can be done with him. That is the attitude of this Page toward the proposal to restore capital punishment. To stop killing by killing is not to stop it at all, but only to multiply it. Justice is not established by killing the murderer; it is force that is thus established. There is, however, an approximation of justice in compelling him for the rest of his life to take up as far as he can the responsibilities of the one he killed—to labor for the support of his victim's dependents, if any, or to mend as far as discipline and labor can mend it the rent which his lawless deed has torn in the fabric of society.

It does no good to the criminal to kill him, and it does no good to society. A society that turns to rope or gas or electric chair to solve its problems is simply dodging them. Society cannot get rid of its mistakes by killing them. It cannot get rid of the conditions that produce criminals by snuffing out the products of that system. 'A life for a life' is an excellent rule, but it does not mean a death for a death.

So that it is not mere sentiment or sympathy that dictates this opposition to capital punishment, but a solemn regard for society and its duty to itself. There is no criminal problem by itself; it is only one aspect of the general social problem. Social imperfection shows itself under many forms—*crime, poverty, disease, unemployment, war, vice.* And of these *crime* is the least important and the least prevalent. It is probably the least depressing too; at least one cannot fail to note that it is far more entertaining to the newspaper and theater public than any display or discussion of those greater wickednesses—*unemployment, poverty, disease and war.*

Nor is this to give quarter to crime; it is only an attempt to get the proper proportion of the facts. When public opinion is in a panic because of local occurrences, it is easy to paint crime as the greatest and most pressing problem of the times, so great and pressing as to justify the State in turning criminal itself, when the very agencies that pander to the excitement dare not, at least do not, mention the greater evils in society.

But it is always a bad thing for society to throw up its hands in the face of any of its problems and turn it over to the hangman for settlement. That is not the way to meet the problem, nor the way to find a solution. Or, if it is the way, then let us be consistent and go full length with it—let us turn the Money System over to the hangman too, and disease-creating conditions, and war-making systems, and industry-destroying conspiracies. Let them all go to the hangman and let that personage stand as society's highest discoverable method of progress.

There are, however, too many persons who will not agree that the hangman is our highest development in progressive methods. The majority are against such an idea. If any one is in doubt of this, a popular vote would soon dispel it. And a popular vote should be the only means by which, in these enlightened days, such a matter should be settled.

HERE is a straight discussion of the question, Can you cure a criminal by killing him? Can you cure wrong social conditions by killing the miserable victims thereof? Every little while some community gets into a panic because of crime conditions, and then there is a general cry for the hangman to rescue it. If the hangman is good for the victims of a system, he is good for the system itself. Of all the evils of society—unemployment, poverty, disease, vice, war—the disease we call crime is the least prevalent and the least important. Why not turn the Money System over to the hangman, as well as its unfortunate victims? Every time we take hold of these questions by the wrong handle, we postpone our discovery of the right handle.

Consider: what the State does, every citizen is responsible for. We cannot say that our State killed a man; we must say that you and I killed him. We share the moral responsibility for every condition to which we consent.

More than that: what the State considers necessary and proper to do, every citizen should stand ready to do with his own hands. We cannot always relegate to hired hands what we approve as a proper thing for the State to do. If it were known that every citizen is a potential hangman as he is a potential juror, there would be no capital punishment. The man in the street does not want to go into the killing business. He would not vote for that honor for himself. And since it so directly concerns his moral responsibility, it might be well to give him the opportunity to vote upon it before it is foisted upon him.

None of the arguments offered in favor of capital punishment is found to be provable in experience. In some places where capital punishment exists there also exists a high crime rate, and in some places where capital punishment does not exist there also exists a notable freedom from crime. On the other hand, there are countries which practise capital punishment and are famous for the general security of the citizen's life and property. And there are states where capital punishment does not exist which show a large percentage of major crimes. These facts destroy the only respectable argument for capital punishment, which is that it acts as a deterrent on the criminally minded. Crime seems to bear a relation not to capital punishment, but to economic conditions, the fiber of the population and the efficiency of local authorities. These contain the causes of crime, and these are the three elements which are most persistently neglected in all public discussions and in all public action.

We have taken hold of our problems by too many wrong handles to leave room for any more. To consent that a wrong handle be tried is simply to delay the time of finding the right handle.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Free Thought and Speech

IT IS admitted that in no civilized country is freedom of speech more widely suppressed than in the United States. Suppressed, not by the laws or the police, but by the insistence of organized minorities. All kinds of political, religious, racial and organizational inhibitions exist, most of them operative through the motive of fear. Three choices are open to the man who knows what is going on: he may choose to be what is fallaciously called a 'liberal' who embraces all and sundry within the arms of a superficial philosophy that everything and everybody is good, and their little differences do not matter; he may choose to keep silent from prudential reasons, and know himself to be silenced by fear—a slave to others' prejudice, and curse himself for a coward; or he may exercise his American right of independent thinking and free speech and be called a 'nut,' or a 'bigot.'

It is not asserted here that all independent thinking is right thinking, or that all free speech is wise. But it is asserted that independent thinking is necessary to right thinking, and that there can be no wise speech that is not also free. Thinking that takes its mold and color from a propaganda of custom or of fear, speech that takes its tone from fear of what organized minorities will do in retaliation, are valueless and worse—they are active agents of deterioration in our national life.

It should be explained that the reference to retaliation is not to retaliation in kind. Such retaliation would be welcomed, and would be a cleansing influence in our national life. If free speech though unwise were met by equally free speech though equally unwise, great good would be served—much more than good is now served by a silence of punitive action without reference to the ideas expressed. A man is known in the neighborhood to hold certain ideas; perhaps he expresses them. The procedure is, not to deal with his ideas with a view to showing their fallacy but to deal with the man in punishment for holding such ideas. He may be attacked in his job, in his economic relations or obligations, in his social connections. The object is not to explode the ideas, or to change the man's mind by showing the unreasonableness of what he holds, but to punish him for presuming to use such mind as he has and for daring to avail himself of the freedom of speech which the Constitution guarantees him. Lower than this uncivilized retaliation cannot go; it holds in essence every savage excess.

Yet thoughtful persons know that such a condition brings good in its train. It is wrong, of course, but its very wrongness works for right. It works, first, for a more responsible use of thought and speech. Thought that can be deflected by organized propaganda, speech that can be silenced by fear of the kind of retaliation practised, are just what they are—they *can* be deflected, they *can* be silenced. They are weak. They are based on prejudice, not on facts or reason. What then? This very ease of defeating them works toward a more strongly based thought, a more spiritually imperious speech. Suppression is the training bars on which Freedom trains to gain its strength to overcome suppression. The very efficacy of a gag rule creates the power that defeats it. Secondly, the power that works by punitive means against independent thought and free speech, and succeeds, is thereby weakened—it is led to rely on its weakest weapon. Its weakness and ultimate doom are prophesied by its having such a weapon in its armory. Its use of that weapon dates its doom as imminent. When you see power and prejudice allied against independence of thought and freedom of speech, it is a sign of the times—a sign the evil coalition is near defeat. In this sense the seeming dominance of some influences in this country is to be welcomed. Just beyond them is a new time.

The Monks for Example

RECENT investigations into the causes of cancer have discredited the opinion that a vegetable diet is a preventive of this scourge, by actually demonstrating that the consumers of vegetables exclusively are no more immune from the disease than those who include a meat diet.

A trio of London specialists, with the coöperation of Cardinal Bourne, have studied the effects of systematic abstinence from flesh food on members of certain religious orders who followed a prescribed vegetable diet. The conclusion arrived at by the investigators is that *fatal cancer occurs in populations abstaining from flesh food* and that the contention that such populations are less liable to cancer finds no support in their work. They say that:

> No scientific value whatever attaches to assertions supported merely by the vague pseudo-statistical evidence which is customarily cited respecting the rôles of certain articles of common consumption in the genesis of cancer.

Food preservatives have long been blamed, among other agencies, as cancer producers, but the food eaten by those monks whose vital statistics were under examination is generally of a character which does not need the use of any preservative.

These researches into the causes of cancer are successful even though their immediate result seems negative. It is the progress through many negative facts that finally opens the way for discovery of the dominant positive fact which ends the search in victory.

Out of Focus

A GENTLEMAN who was in Mexico City when religious riots were supposed to be at their height returned to the United States and was eagerly questioned about them. He replied that there had been none. Surprised, his host produced files of New York and Boston newspapers showing that Mexico City, on the date in question, was the scene of frightful tumult between troops and people. The gentleman remained firm in his statement that he was frequently in all parts of the city, knew intimately the condition referred to, and that there was nothing even remotely resembling the situation which people of the United States were led to imagine from the reading of newspaper reports.

An American gentleman was in Europe and, of course, eager for American news. He sought the European newspapers eagerly, both those in foreign languages and those printed in English. He gathered from their columns that the American people had abandoned all other business to go out man shooting. His home happened to be Detroit, and in Paris he read day after day exciting stories which almost led him to believe that the entire population of the city was in battle with highwaymen and bank-robbers. On reaching home, he looked up the local newspapers of the time and was left wondering why such pains were taken to cable so much local news across the world. But he understood better than he had ever been able to do before the foreign idea that the Wild West begins at the borders of New York City.

Thousands of Americans in the Orient have wondered why respect for the white man is breaking down, but they cease to wonder after they have seen the movie films shown in the Orient. If this is America shown in the films, the tribes of the African forest are infinitely preferable. Of course it is not America, but it is all the America that huge sections of the earth ever see.

So that it seems we have to be on our guard against overzealous journalism just as we ask other nations to be on their guard against misrepresentative pictures. The newspaper is the true movie, the real giver of pictures to the mind of the multitude, and if those pictures are all out of focus, mistaken ideas are born, from which mistaken actions may flow.

Medicine or Evasion?

READING the reports of the United States Treasury for the year 1926, one is surprised to note the extent to which medicinal spirits aided to ward off epidemics in our larger cities. For example, in the states of New York and Illinois, about one-half of all the prescriptions used in the United States were written. Chicago and New York City were thus presumably saved from great loss of life through the Permit Cure for fatal maladies.

We can hardly blame the doctors or druggists alone for this. It cannot be assumed that they forced the 'medicine' down the throats of their patients. It is far more probable that the patients themselves were responsible for this consumption of spirits, and in more than one instance used this means to evade the prohibition law. And yet, someone wrote each prescription. Otherwise, the large number of prescriptions which were filled in the two states mentioned, as well as in the three next in line, Pennsylvania, California and Massachusetts, could not have been made.

The difficulties Uncle Sam has met with in trying to enforce the prohibition law might be lessened materially if a few side issues, such as medicinal permits, were more carefully controlled. The Treasury Department has enough to do without safeguarding the public health.

A Fall Upward

'WE ARE likely at any time to go tumbling straight back to fundamentals.'

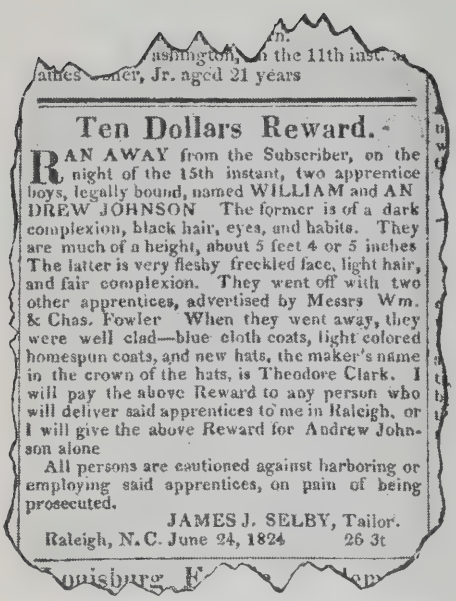
This is an arresting statement by Dr. Clarence Cook Little, President of the University of Michigan, a man whose academic relationships have not severed his vital connection with the growing life of his time. He was speaking to farmers. He thinks that the farmers are very close to the fundamentals. They have hardships, he says, but he more boldly asserts that he hopes they will never be entirely without hardships, because that is an indispensable condition of raising men. We might add to what Dr. Little said, that we still look to the farm for men. *Who's Who* is filled with men from the farm. The mass of college men today will find themselves bossed in the future by men from the 'back forty.'

But the statement that the rest of the world is 'likely at any time to go tumbling straight back to fundamentals' has a prophetic quality. There is a strange sense of expectation in the world today. Men who have tried to peer into the meaning and tendency of our times feel that they can see a new threshold looming up through the mists of the immediate future. Some great change is upon us. Another veil between our understanding and the reality of life is to be removed. Man is thrusting toward the core of things. He feels that his progress in humanity and justice has lagged behind his progress in knowledge. We have penetrated near the heart of the mystery of matter, we cause the ether to be the messenger of our voices, we master hitherto invincible foes of health, but in the daily affairs of men, in the establishment of economic freedom, we have progressed hardly at all; and all because a barrier of self-interest has prevented men from walking straight into the heart of the problem and working from that outward.

It is in that region of experience that change may be expected. Leaders and followers, managers and men are all feeling it. They are asking, How long can it go on? They are invaded by foreboding and fears. More men than are likely to be vocal on the subject will feel an answering movement of the mind to Dr. Little's statement—

'We are likely at any time to go tumbling straight back to fundamentals.'

When a Reward Was Offered for the Capture of A Future President of the United States



...ashington, on the 11th inst. a... James ...ler, Jr. aged 21 years

Ten Dollars Reward.

RAN AWAY from the Subscriber, on the night of the 15th instant, two apprentice boys, legally bound, named WILLIAM and ANDREW JOHNSON The former is of a dark complexion, black hair, eyes, and habits. They are much of a height, about 5 feet 4 or 5 inches The latter is very fleshy freckled face, light hair, and fair complexion. They went off with two other apprentices, advertised by Messrs Wm. & Chas. Fowler When they went away, they were well clad—blue cloth coats, light colored homespun coats, and new hats, the maker's name in the crown of the hats, is Theodore Clark. I will pay the above Reward to any person who will deliver said apprentices to me in Raleigh, or I will give the above Reward for Andrew Johnson alone

All persons are cautioned against harboring or employing said apprentices, on pain of being prosecuted.

JAMES J. SELBY, Tailor.
Raleigh, N. C. June 24, 1824 26 3t

...nisburg F... ...ier

Facsimile of the notice inserted in a newspaper when Andrew Johnson ran away.

By J. G. de ROULHAC HAMILTON

PART I

FIFTY years ago there passed from the American scene one of the most remarkable figures in the history of this country. Born in poverty and utter obscurity, denied every opportunity of early education, he rose by sheer ability and untiring determination, step by step, filling offices of greater and greater importance until finally he attained the highest of all—the Presidency of the United States.

His administration was one of bitter storm, and as a result he holds the additional and normally doubtful distinction of being the only President against whom articles of impeachment were brought—an indictment upon which he was acquitted by a margin of one vote, a margin, however, more narrow in appearance than in reality. Impeachment of high crimes and misdemeanors might be expected to carry with it disgrace, even if accompanied by acquittal, but such were the circumstances of this that it increased rather than lessened his later reputation. And as the years have passed, and political passions have cooled, Andrew Johnson has slowly but surely found a large measure of vindication.

Fortune, indeed, did not attend his birth. Born December 29, 1808, he was the son of Jacob Johnson of Raleigh, North Carolina, whose rise in life had been so little that tavern hostler, sexton, and porter of the state bank represented the extreme height of his worldly position. And yet, humble as this station was—far more humble than it would have been elsewhere than in a slave state—he made an impress upon his community. He was a captain of the city watch. He had friends in every walk of life, who liked him because of his stanch character, his devotion to whatever task he undertook, and his sunny, human friendliness. He never knew what it meant to have an enemy.

When the boy was born, the wife of the tavern keeper, so it is said upon somewhat doubtful evidence, suggested that he be named Andrew Jackson. The father disliked long names but accepted Andrew.

When Andrew was four years old his father died, as a result of overexertion in saving two men from drowning. His family was left in complete poverty, and the boy learned, all too soon, to work for a living. He received no education, and as soon as he was old enough to learn a trade he was bound out, apprenticed to James J. Selby, a tailor, to whom his older brother, William, was already bound. Here he began to learn the trade which he followed until public service left him no time for it. The boy was full of life, a harum-scarum youngster.

At seventeen, with a companion he 'chunked' the house of a lady who had objected to their association with her two pretty daughters, and was detected. Andrew saw in this a proper occasion to leave, and, with his brother, ran away. Setting out westward, he walked on the first day the twenty-eight miles which separated Raleigh from Chapel Hill, the seat of the state university. In the little village a kindly old couple gave him supper, bed, and breakfast, and the following day he resumed his journey. The very next time he saw Chapel Hill was forty-four years later when, as President of the United States, he attended commencement.

From Chapel Hill he went down into South Carolina, and, finding work at Laurens Court House, he remained there two years. Here according to current rumor he had a love affair which, hopeless from the beginning on account of the difference in his station and that of the lady in the case, served mightily to stimulate his ambition. In consequence he returned to make his peace with Mr. Selby, who had advertised a reward for his capture. He found that Mr. Selby had retired and left Raleigh. When Andy walked to Mr. Selby's new home twenty miles away, he readily got a release from the apprenticeship.

ANDY, as he was generally called, now determined to go to the West where a less rigid social and economic caste system would give him a chance to rise. Few men have ever set out to seek fortune and have won it with less equipment. Of education he had little. He could not write, but thanks to the kindness of William Hill, the secretary

Drawings by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Andrew took with him as he set off to the West his mother and his stepfather. A wagon drawn by a blind pony carried their few possessions.

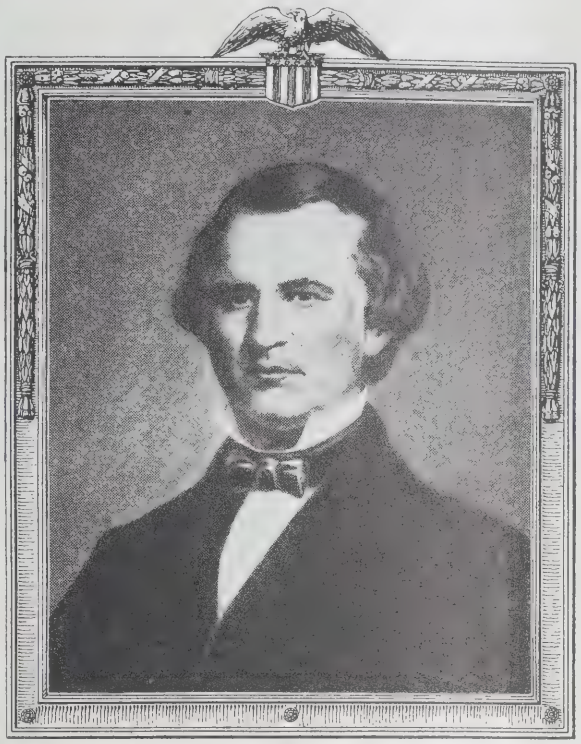
of state of North Carolina, and to his own ambition, he could read. Mr. Hill was in the habit of going to Mr. Selby's shop and reading to the men at work from *The American Speaker: A Selection of Popular Parliamentary and Forensic Eloquence.*

Andy was so carried away by what he heard that he determined to learn to read for himself. With the aid of some of his fellow-workmen he learned his letters, then progressed to simple reading, and finally proudly asked Mr. Hill to lend him the book. The latter, highly pleased, presented him with it, and here was formed Andrew Johnson's taste in literature and political speaking. As an offset to his lack of education, then, the young fellow had a passion for knowledge and an ambition to rise.

He took with him as he set off to the West his mother and his stepfather. A wagon drawn by a blind pony carried them, and their few possessions. As for Andrew himself, 'a tailor's kit, his thimbles, and his needles were probably the sum total of his possessions.' In September, 1826, the little party reached Greeneville, Tennessee, and here it was decided to stop. A little log cabin twelve feet square was rented for a shop. Andrew had found a home.

Andrew Johnson never forgot his lowly origin and rarely made a speech in which he did not allude to it, usually proudly and always somewhat defensively.

The new tailor shop was welcomed. Work came in and before long furnished a good living. Within a year he married Eliza McCardle, the daughter of a Scottish shoemaker, a woman of great beauty, fine native intellect, and splendid character, who proved to be for the rest of his life his greatest blessing. She had considerable education and she not only taught him to write, but directed his reading and studies generally. She would sit in his shop and read to him the history and biography for which he was mentally ravenous, and always she kept alive and stimulated the ambition which was to carry him so far forward. It is interesting to recall that their marriage ceremony was performed by Squire Mordecai Lincoln, a near relative of Abraham Lincoln.



While Johnson kept busy at his trade, his mind was busy in other directions. Hearing that there was a debating society at a school some miles away, he obtained permission to join it and attended the meetings regularly. Later he organized one in Greeneville. His shop by now was a center for political discussion among the plain, laboring men of the town. Johnson, sitting cross-legged on his bench and plying his needle, was the moving spirit of the group and in time he became its leader and oracle. And this group without his knowledge started him on the road to political fortune.

Prosperity came. He had to employ a number of assistants. He settled his mother and her husband on a farm in the country near Greeneville, and he bought a home. In 1831 he built the best house in Greeneville. Four children were born to him and he found infinite joy in smoothing their way and giving them educational advantages.

Prosperity did not serve to separate him from the friends he had made in poverty. From first to last he was the advocate and representative of his class and was always at home with the plain people. Most self-made men who have risen high politically in the United States have owed their advancement to the favor of the landed interests, to law, or to military glory.

Johnson had none of these to help him on. He is in this respect in striking contrast to Jackson and Lincoln, who also came from obscurity to the Presidency. Both of them left the class from which they had sprung.

His political training began soon. In 1828 he was, without being a candidate, chosen an alderman of the town, and in 1830, mayor, serving in the latter capacity for three years. From 1835 to 1839 he was a member of the lower house of the Tennessee legislature. In 1840 he 'stumped' a large part of the state, winning many friends and gaining considerable reputation as a speaker. In 1841 he was sent to the state senate and in 1843 to the national House of Representatives, where he remained for ten years. In 1843 he definitely gave up his tailor shop.

In 1853 his district was 'gerrymandered' to prevent his election to Congress. Instead of retiring from politics, he ran for governor, and in spite of the violent opposition of conservative and aristocratic interests, was elected. He was reëlected in 1855 for a second term.

These two campaigns gave him a taste of what political storms might be. He was savagely attacked by his opponents and in retaliation he turned upon them with such vigor and plain speaking that before long he was the aggressor and they were on the defensive. Presently they began to send challenges to duels (*Continued on page 24*)

The Future of the TANK

By GEORGE H. RAREY
Captain U. S. Infantry Tank Corps

PART I

French tanks bought by the American Army. They carried two men, machine guns and one-pounders, and weighed 15,000 pounds.

THE excellent record made by tanks during the World War was such as to insure for this weapon a remarkable development. Making its first appearance on the Western front during the Battle of the Somme, on September 15, 1916, the tank had to fight its way to official approval and support through many difficulties.

Tanks were brought forth as a result of a definite need and their arrival upon the Western front was so opportune that one is reminded of another armored weapon which made its appearance in an earlier war, the *Monitor*, with its revolving turrets and guns, the forerunner of our armored battleships of today, just as the crude but quite effective tanks produced by the British in 1916 were the forerunners of our future fleets of fast land cruisers. The advent of the *Monitor* headed a revolution in naval warfare and the tank bids fair to accomplish an almost equal change in land warfare.

—Press Illustrating Service.
Tank temporarily hung up in a trench on the British Western front in France.

Throughout the history of warfare all armies have endeavored to find or devise some means whereby they could 'strike without being struck.' From the days when the fighting man carried a shield, down to the present day, the object has been to strike at the enemy with some degree of safety to the attacker and thus secure as cheap a victory as possible. This idea of security in action has followed two general lines: to strike from a distance, and to get among the enemy, with some degree of safety to the attacking force. As a result of this idea, we find in history accounts of many types of war chariots, war carts, battle cars, land ships and battle tractors and we learn that many people have in the past had the 'tank idea.' However, the present tank is the first battle car that actually worked.

The main problem of the World War was how to make an advance against the most effective defensive methods ever used in warfare. Methods of defense were perfected during the early stages of the war until it had become impossible for the offense to overcome them without ghastly and almost prohibitive losses.

Germany introduced gas as a weapon designed to overcome the methods of defense, but partly due to the lack of confidence in gas as an offensive weapon, on the part of those who believed that masses of men would win and partly due to impatience on the part of the gas-weapon advocates, it was tried too soon, with the result that before Germany could make gas really effective, the Allies produced and used the new weapon, checkmating Germany at her own game.

The opposing armies again settled down to the struggle, each against the other's highly developed methods of defense—machine guns, barbed wire, great trench systems, artillery in great quantities, high-explosive shells, smoke shells, mortars and grenades, to all of which gas had now been added.

It was, however, the use of machine guns in great quantities together with the barbed-wire obstacles which presented the most serious problem to the Allies and caused them to seek a weapon capable of overcoming these devices.

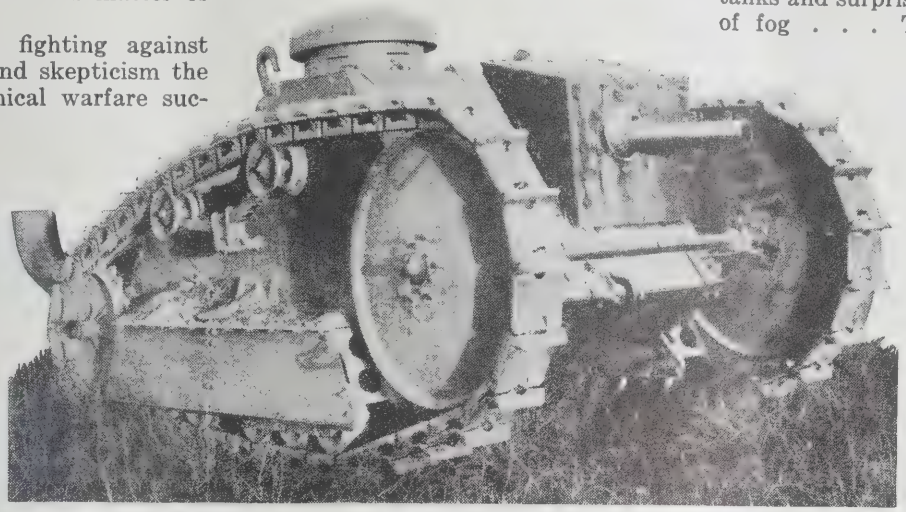
There were three solutions to this problem: the expenditure of thousands of lives and millions of dollars to make an advance; the use of great quantities of artillery and ammunition, over a long period of time, to blast away the enemy wire and defense system before an advance; or the use of armored vehicles capable of crushing the wire obstacles and machine-gun nests, and neutralizing pill boxes or blockhouses and other strong points.

That the first alternative was given

a fair trial, the acres of white crosses in France bear silent witness. That the continued use of the second alternative, on a scale equal to the usual practice on the Western front during the last two years of the war, would have seriously depleted the resources of the wealthiest nation, is evident.

That the third alternative was *the answer* to the problem is a matter of history.

After months of fighting against official indifference and skepticism the advocates of mechanical warfare succeeded in having a few of the first type of tanks built and shipped to France. From September 15, 1916, until the close of the war, tanks were used in action under all possible conditions, and, although severely handicapped during a considerable part of this time, on account of the ignorance of all concerned regarding the proper method of using the new weapon and owing to many mechanical defects, the war lasted long enough to enable the Tank Corps of the British, French, and American armies to experiment with their machines, and thus gain much valuable information concerning them during the acid test of service in battle.



—Keystone View.

American three-ton, or 'Baby' tanks, very speedy on the field of action.

Six or seven types of tanks were tested upon almost every conceivable kind of terrain, the muddy swamps of Flanders where their value was at a minimum; the rolling, chalky ground at Cambrai; the wooded Meuse-Argonne; and the desert wastes of Palestine.

The net result of the Allies' twenty-six months of tank experience was to prove to even the most skeptical that the tank was a first-class offensive weapon.

When properly used it was a great life-saver, in that it made possible the taking of enemy positions at a great reduction in casualties among the attacking troops.

When used to destroy enemy wire entanglements it performed the service quicker, easier and at far less cost than the old method of tearing down the wire by shell fire.

Due to its mobility, fire power, and protection, it was the best weapon to use against machine-gun nests.

With the aid of tanks in sufficient quantities, fighting in the open was again possible, while without them, no relief from the detested trench warfare was in sight.

When properly used, the tank was a real morale builder for the infantry who were fortunate enough to have tank support; while its effect upon enemy troops was such that thousands of them surrendered upon the approach of the tanks.

In his report upon the operations of the First Army during the Meuse-Argonne offensive, General Pershing said: 'The terrain just beyond no-man's-land was ill adapted to the employment of the limited number of tanks (189) at our disposal, particularly the small type we were compelled to use, and most of our infantry was without experience in coöperating with them. Nevertheless, the tanks rendered effective assistance during the early period of the battle, particularly on the 26th and 27th, but casualties, mechanical troubles, and the relief of French units reduced their number to eighteen by the end of the first ten days. *An adequate supply of tanks*, such as were being used by the French and British at this time, *would have materially quickened our advance* and *reduced the number of casualties suffered by our infantry in penetrating the thickets of machine-gun nests.*'

The writer has italicized certain portions of these statements for the purpose of emphasizing those parts which are most important *now*.

What was the opinion of the enemy?

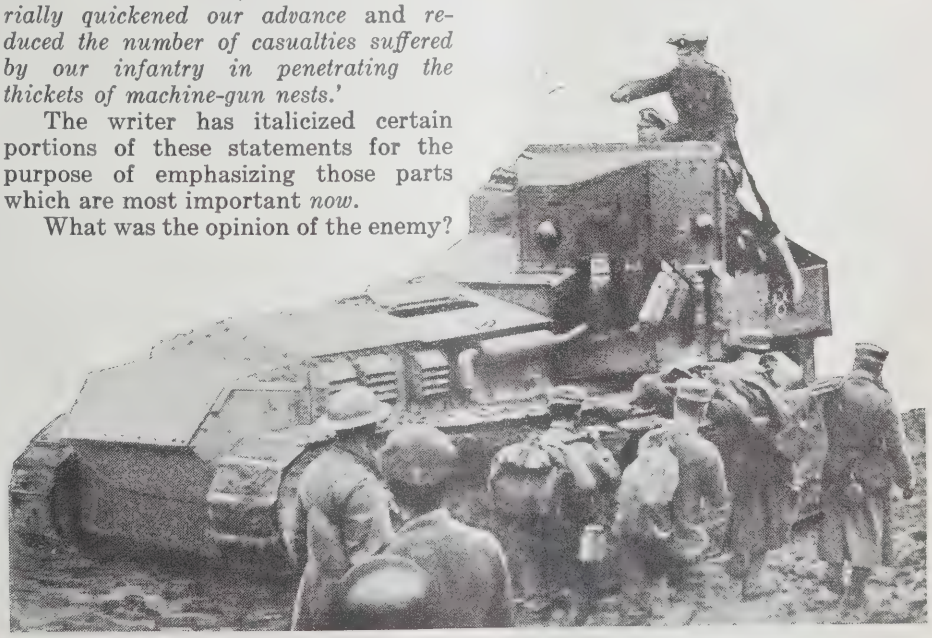
The views of the German Minister of War were expressed by General Wrisberg, in the Reichstag, as follows: 'The attack on August 8th between the Avre and Ancre was not unexpected by our leaders. When, nevertheless, the English succeeded in achieving a great success, the reasons are to be sought in the massed employment of tanks and surprise under the protection of fog . . . The American armies should not terrify us . . . More momentous for us is the question of tanks.'

General von Zwehl stated: 'I am of the opinion that it was not the genius of Marshal Foch that defeated us, but "General Tank," the new engine of war, in conjunction with the extensive American support.'

Of one thing we may be quite sure: the tank is a weapon we will have to deal with in a war with any of the leading powers. Whether the next war is to be one of position or of movement, tanks will be of great value to the army which has them *in sufficient quantities when they are needed.*

That the nations consider the tank an excellent weapon is shown by the great increase in speed of those built since the war. These modern tanks have low speeds, of course, for use when the machine supports an infantry advance; high speeds are provided for other contingencies.

(*To be continued in an early issue*)



British Medium Mark A tank, or 'Whippet,' has a speed of 8.3 miles an hour.

PART I

The Adventure of the

By HUGH WALPOLE

YOUNG CHIPPET and I had many funny times together. Out of many adventures that we had I have chosen this affair that I have called 'The Adventure of the Imaginative Child' because of the strange figure who is its center. I cannot hope to give any satisfactory explanation of John Borstal Clay. I am only stating the case as I saw it. There is, perhaps, no explanation of anybody in this strange and casual world. I sometimes think that the Potter simply throws odd pieces of material together and then lets come out of it what will. It takes more than Dr. Freud to explain John Borstal Clay.

One day in the middle of spring, when the trees were budding and the very streets humming their pleasure under the April sun, a Mr. Fortescue Bumpus paid me a call. I had had so many strange visitors within the last few weeks that it was rather comforting to see anybody so completely normal as Mr. Bumpus. He was one of those little men who wear their clothes like armor, who are so cleanly shaven, save for a little neat mustache, that their cheeks gleam like billiard balls, who are right and tight in their person, upon whose bodies there is no speck of dust, and upon whose souls there is no sign of any abnormal curiosities.

MR. BUMPUS, it was plain to see, was a man entirely without imagination, fifty-odd years or so, kind in the English fashion, making, one must suppose, a satisfactory income, having ten minutes' Muller exercise in his bedroom of a morning before the open window, abusing gently each day at breakfast the socialistic tendencies of the Labor Party, calling, in all probability, his wife 'mother,' and arranging what he was going to do with himself and his family on Bank Holiday months and months before the event. Mr. Bumpus, in fact, is what is known as the backbone of England. It was all the more deplorable, therefore, to see that he was in a state of very considerable distress. When something distresses a man of Mr. Bumpus' type, he is like a lost dog with a tin can tied to his tail. He has no idea where to go, to whom to speak—above all, he has no one in the world with whom he can be intimate. With his wife he has lived so long and so complacently that possible intimacy between them lies buried deep 'neath layers of domestic dust. The friends of his own sex are only on billiard, golf, or drinking terms, and his children he probably approaches in alternate gusts of anger and sentimentality, boxing their ears one day and giving them too many chocolates the other. He knows, deep, deep down, that the world is a rum place, but it is his natural tradition to set up around himself a kind of Crystal Palace hung with dark green blinds, and to sit inside it, and although he may feel the warmth of the sun beating upon the glass and sometimes hear torrents of rain like thunder on the roof, he cheats himself into believing that there is no world outside, or that, if there is, like Noah in his Ark, he has been forbidden to encounter it.

All this long explanation is necessary for my story.

Chippet was just then away, engaged upon some affair of his own. My friend Borden and I consoled Mr. Bumpus to the best of our abilities. He sat down, pulling his trousers a little above his knees, laying his plump hands upon them, and looking forward at us with a pathetic eagerness, rather as an infant bird in the nest opens its beak for an expected worm.

Illustrated by
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

'You're very young, gentlemen,' was the first thing he said.

'We are not so young as we look,' I replied smiling at him encouragingly. 'At any rate, tell us what we can do for you, Mr. Bumpus, and if it's beyond our youth, you can be sure of our discretion, and we will not, of course, charge you a penny.'

OH, THAT'S all right, that's all right,' he answered nervously, 'that's really quite all right. Lovely weather today, isn't it?'

'Spring,' said Borden very solemnly, 'is upon us. It is the period of the year when youth is at its best. We take your coming to us on such a spring-like day as the best of omens.'

'Yes, yes, quite so,' said Mr. Bumpus, gazing desperately around the room, suffering all the agonizing terror of one who must speak of intimate matters to a couple of strangers to whom he has really never been properly introduced.

'It was a Mrs. Fleming,' he began at last, 'who recommended me to ask your advice. She told me that a fe months ago you helped her in a seriou domestic difficulty. It is a domesti difficulty of my own about which have come to speak to you, but reall you are so young—' He broke off an ended with a rather foolish smile 'I might be your father, you see.'

I saw that this was the moment t exert our authority. 'Excuse me fo speaking plainly, Mr. Bumpus,' I re plied, 'physical age has nothing to d with this matter at all. We may b able to help you or we may not. Te us your trouble, and we will see wha we can do.'

'Well, it seems so foolish,' said M Bumpus, 'to come to anybody abou such a matter as this, but Mother i nearly distracted. She loves he children, gentlemen, with a devotion have never seen equaled elsewhere Mrs. Bumpus is one in a million.'

'Is it about your children that yo wish us to help you?' I asked.

'In a way, yes,' he answered nerv ously, and then, taking courage ap parently from Borden's muscular an thoroughly British appearance, h plunged straight in.

'Some three years ago a brother mine, who lived in South Africa, wa killed with his wife in a railway acc

IMAGINATIVE CHILD

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dent. He was my favorite brother, and left an only child. This was a boy, then nine years of age and now twelve. My brother, in his will, as though he had a premonition that something might happen to him, left the boy to us in case of any disaster, with a very handsome sum of money for his upbringing. Mrs. Bumpus and I were proud and delighted to assume solemn charge. The boy arrived just three years ago this very month, and became, of course, as one of our own. It is about this boy that I wish to consult you.'

'The boy is extraordinarily old for his age, and he knows much more about all of us than any boy has a right to know.'

He coughed, looked at us piteously as though he were begging us to tell him that no further information was needed. That, of course, we were unable to do, and we could only look at him with an intelligent and kindly interest.

'The boy's name,' he continued, 'is John Borstal Clay.' He repeated these words over again as a sort of solemn incantation. 'He was a bright little fellow, nice-looking, intelligent, and amusing. We sent him to Dulwich School.' He paused, then, leaning forward toward us, repeated with the greatest solemnity: 'That boy, gentlemen, is wrecking our beautiful home life.'

'Dear me,' Borden remarked, 'so young a boy and so wicked?'

'Not wicked,' said Mr. Bumpus hurriedly. 'I don't want to say a word against the child.'

'You must tell us the truth, Mr. Bumpus,' I said. 'We cannot possibly help you unless you tell us everything.'

'But it is just that,' said Mr. Bumpus, 'that it is so difficult to tell. The boy's not a wicked boy—at least, not in the accepted term of wickedness—he doesn't steal nor tell lies.' Then again, with the utmost solemnity: 'He is not a real boy, gentlemen, at all. Not like any other boy in the whole world. We are afraid of him—all of us—and when you've seen him you will know why.'

This was very interesting, and I saw Borden, who likes boys and thoroughly understands them, lean forward and watch Mr. Bumpus with renewed interest. 'Would you mind telling us,' he asked, 'about the rest of the family? How many children have you?'

'Three,' said Mr. Bumpus, 'Emmeline, Gertrude, and little Percival.'

'What ages are they?' asked Borden.

'Emmeline is thirteen and a half, Gertrude is twelve, and Percival eight.'

'And are they also in terror of your nephew?'

'They are indeed,' said Mr. Bumpus. 'And yet it is hard to say why they are. If it were simply a case of John's being unkind to them or ill-treating them, it would be comparatively simple. You see, gentlemen, I loved my brother

John was not present, but the three Bumpus children were all there. They presented a very happy, domestic picture.

dearly, and what Mrs. Bumpus and I wish, above all things is to be just.'

'If the boy is upsetting your family,' said Borden, 'why don't you send him to a boarding school?'

'We did, sir,' said Mr. Bumpus. 'He went to Rugby for a term, but we were almost more uncomfortable when he was away from us than we were when he was with us. What we want,' he cried, 'is for John's attention to be directed toward somebody else. We shall have no peace until he loses interest in us. That is where I want your help.'

'Loses interest in you?' asked Borden. 'That's a strange phrase to use about a small boy of twelve.'

'I know it is,' repeated Mr. Bumpus, almost in agony, 'but when you see the boy, you will understand what I mean. He is extraordinarily old for his age, and he knows much more about all of us than any boy has a right to know. He is not a wholesome boy.'

'Do you mean that he is a nasty-minded boy?' asked Borden. 'Does he tell your children nasty stories and put wrong ideas into their heads?'

'No, not in the accepted way,' said Mr. Bumpus, 'and yet he does tell them stories, too. But no, I can't explain what I mean. You must come and see him for yourself.'

'Then what you want us to do,' I summed up, 'is to turn this boy's attention from yourselves into some other channel?'

'That's it,' said Mr. Bumpus. 'Oh, if you only would, how happy and grateful we'd all be!'

The conversation ended in our making an agreement with Mr. Bumpus on our usual terms, namely, that if we were successful he should pay us a certain sum, and if we failed, only half that sum.

The very next day I took tea with the Bumpus family. They lived in West Kensington, and their house was as right and tight as little Mr. Bumpus himself. Mrs. Bumpus was a charming, stout, friendly woman, considerably older, I should imagine, than her husband, with hair turning gray, rosy cheeks, and a voice like a kettle on the hob.

John was not present when I arrived, but the three Bumpus children were all there. They were the quietest, demurest children you ever saw. Emmeline and Gertrude would be stout and rosy-faced like their mother. Little Percival was in a velvet Fauntleroy suit, and was doing something with a set of bricks in a corner of the drawing-room. They presented a very happy, domestic picture, all of them talking in low tones, Emmeline stitching away at a small piece of cambric, Gertrude, who wore spectacles, reading a book, the clock ticking, the windows open to let in the beautiful evening sun, Mrs. Bumpus being kind and smiling at Borden and myself as though she had known us for years.

WE HAD been there, I suppose, some half hour when John came in. He came in very quietly, closing the door behind him, shook hands with us, took his place near the tea-table in the properest manner possible. He was a short, thick-set boy with a strangely foreign appearance. This arose, I think, partly from his jet-black hair, his deep black eyes, fringed with heavy dark eyelashes, and a rather sallow complexion, in which there was, nevertheless, the color of excellent health. I noticed at once his hands, which were remarkably clean for a boy of his age, with well-kept nails and thin, beautiful fingers. He moved with admirable grace, not at all with the clumsy awkwardness of a boy of his age, and yet he was a quite natural boy, not effeminate, nor mannered, nor artificial. He said very little. Borden, after a time, began to talk to him, asked him questions about his school, whether he liked football, and so on, and to all this he replied politely, completely at his ease. I soon noticed, however, that the family were all strangely disturbed at his appearance. Percival seemed to be no longer happy with his bricks, and Emmeline and Gertrude glanced nervously toward the tea-table, and an air of constraint crept into the comfort and homeliness of the scene. After a while John got up and walked very quietly over to Percival, knelt down on the carpet, and began to help him to arrange his bricks. Once or twice Mr. Bumpus glanced at us to see whether we noticed anything peculiar. Conversation halted. We ourselves felt awkward and uncomfortable. We were about to get up and go, but suddenly a wail from Percival drew all our attention.

'I don't want them that way!' he cried. 'That's a nasty way. I was building a cathedral.'

'All right,' said John quietly. 'Let's build a cathedral, then.'

'But I want to build my own cathedral,' Percival wailed. 'I don't like your cathedrals.'

'Now, now, Percy darling,' said Mrs. Bumpus, getting up and going toward him, 'it's very kind of John to help you.'

'I don't want John to help me,' said Percival, getting up and suddenly bursting into a flood of tears.

'Well, then, I won't help you,' said John smiling.

THEN, seated as he was on the floor, he looked up at Mrs. Bumpus, and that glance was the first revelation I had of what might be disturbing the tranquillity of the Bumpus family. It was the oldest glance I have ever seen a child bestow upon another human being—a strange glance to see in that young and innocent face. It seemed to say: 'Well, and what are you going to do about it? I know you better than you know yourself, and I want to see, just for my own amusement, to what lengths of folly you are likely to go.'

There may have been, of course, some imagination on my part; after events, however, were to prove to me that I was not far wrong. Percival was led from the room. John got up and came across to us. Mr. Bumpus tried to cover the uneasy effect of this little incident by saying in an unnatural, jocular tone: 'Well, my boy, and how's the work been today?'

'All right, Uncle Henry, thank you,' said John quietly. He looked at him as though he were going to say something more, then gave Borden and myself the strangest glance of amused curiosity, and left the room. No further allusion to him was made during the rest of our visit.

WE HAVE in these days the habit of discussing in learned terms and all the latest German technique the psychology of children. By this parents are influenced, and become morbidly anxious about the ethical state of their little ones; friends are perpetually bored by discoveries made by anxious mothers of the new tendencies in their darlings' little souls; the only beings entirely uninfluenced by this modern movement are the children themselves. Children form the only portion of the earth's population entirely untouched by the development of so-called civilization. Children, like their elders, are cruel, malicious, mean, treacherous, tyrannous, greedy, remorseless, selfish, but, unlike their elders, they make no sort of pretense of pretending that these unpleasant emotions are anything but what they are. Ask a cherub of twelve and a half what during last term he did to another cherub aged nine and a half, and if he discovers that you are to be trusted, he will show you that the head-hunters of Tsavo are not in it with him for the frank indulgence of cheerful cruelty. But, more than that, small boys live so entirely in a world of their own that we cannot begin to realize what they are really doing and thinking unless we become small boys ourselves, and we do not become small boys by sitting neatly dressed in amiable drawing-rooms and talking in dulcet tones to charming old aunts, but rather by going out boldly into the boy world, stealing all we can see, eating everything we can lay hands upon, being as cruel as possible to everybody weaker than ourselves, and allowing ourselves to be torn into very small pieces rather than betray a fragment of the truth about some friend whose possession we would instantly lay hold upon had we a moment's opportunity. There are some men and a few women who are often praised for 'never growing up'; these remain among the nastiest and most dangerous of their kind. On the other hand, there are some boys who grow up at once and are a great deal older than their elders. It was at first this that I supposed had happened to John Borstal Clay. 'He's simply,' I told myself, 'been living with grown-up people and is old before his time. The Bumpuses, on the other hand, are younger than they've any right to be, simply because they allowed their imagination to die a natural death, and have developed such a strain of English prudery that they are quite incapable of seeing what's in front of their noses.'

FOR a week or two this explanation sufficed me. Borden and I, in the arrogance of our young hearts, agreed that it would be very easy to detach the youthful John's mind from the Bumpus family and to fix it upon something or someone else, even, if need be, upon ourselves. I suppose that there's no one in the world who dislikes boys of John's age more thoroughly than I do myself, but John was an exception. He had none of the noisy, greedy, unattractive habits of his kind. He did not interrupt his elders when they had just reached what they considered the earth-compelling portion of their narrative. He did not beg for food that would, he knew, be denied him unless he made a terrible noise. He was not uncleanly in ways that I need not more minutely define, and he watched life with a curiosity that was quite astonishing. It was this last quality in him that gradually absorbed my attention. Nothing seemed to escape him. I soon saw that there was no foolishness nor weakness in the Bumpus family that he had not observed, and from that I began to see why it was they were so anxious to be rid of him. We can support with comparative ease those friends of ours who realize only the weaknesses that we have not got, but so soon as anyone puts his finger upon even the tiniest of our real faults, we begin to dislike him and think that we had better have somebody kinder in his place.

John knew perfectly well that Emmeline was cultivating, as fast as she could, all the domestic virtues because she was lazy, and found that those same virtues brought in the quickest and most tangible rewards. She lived, so to speak, for aunts, uncles, cousins, and elderly friends. She ran messages, spoke in sweet tones, and loved to group herself at the feet of some short-sighted relative and lay her head against that relative's knee and look ecstatically comfortable. John knew that she was not comfortable, and if that particular relation did not speedily produce something in the way of a gift or an invitation, Emmeline grouped herself elsewhere.

Gertrude, on the other hand, was all for estheticism. What she wanted to be was strange and peculiar, so that people coming to tea said to Mrs. Bumpus: 'That's an original child you've got there; she should do something when she grows up.' So Gertrude was learning the piano in a quite excruciating fashion, was ready to recite *We Are Seven* and *The Wreck of the Hesperus* on the slightest invitation, and very often on no invitation at all, and loved to sit on a small stool in the very middle of the drawing-room floor, staring in front of her, gazing into nothing. Little Percival was the only one of the family who pursued his gentle way without artificiality, but in his case you could not but wish for a little affectation, his natural habits, manners, and customs being of the noisiest, most provocative kind. Mrs. Bumpus was a sweet woman, with the intelligence of a very kind sheep. She just managed to get through the duties of the day without any actual disaster. These duties left her but little time for the development of her brain; she liked novels and read, on an average, one new one a day. She had never the slightest idea of the names of the authors of these novels, and had been known to read the same book three days after an earlier perusal without the slightest notion that she had ever met it before. She was, however, a very good woman, being far too stupid to be anything else. Mr. Bumpus adored her, not so much because she was good or sweet or kind, but because she was so stupid that he had no fear of anyone thinking her cleverer than himself.

Emmeline loved to group herself near some shortsighted relative and look ecstatically comfortable. John knew that she was not.

Now, all these things John perfectly knew, and I soon perceived that he played with these qualities and defects, not apparently with any malicious intent, but only

'It really is most uncomfortable, feeling that a boy of his age is watching you all the time, and regards you rather like animals in the Zoo,' said Mr. Bumpus.

because he was so anxious to see what, in the circumstances, they would do. He would, for instance, ask Mrs. Bumpus very quietly where she thought Uruguay was. She would probably say hurriedly: 'Why, in Africa, dear.' He would say, 'Thank you,' very quietly, and then, days later, when relations and friends were gathered together, he would remark, still more quietly: 'Uruguay isn't in Africa, auntie—I looked it up in my atlas.' Mrs. Bumpus was always terribly upset at any exposure of non-intelligence, it being her theory, studiously developed through many years, that she knew just as much about anything as a good woman had any right to know. Mr. Bumpus also was distressed, and would look at her with surprise, saying: 'Why, surely, mother, you didn't say that Uruguay was in Africa, did you?' She would then be all in a flutter, and her eyes would fill with those large, warm tears that seemed to contain some composition of grease in them, so heavy and thick and slow were they.

With Emmeline, John had a glorious time, taking pleasure, but not a malicious pleasure, in betraying her to aunts and uncles and any others likely to be too easily captivated.

When Emmeline was nicely seated upon a cushion on the floor, her flaxen head resting against a bony knee, uttering in a soft dreamy voice, 'And now, auntie, please tell me what you were like as a little girl,' John would look at her with such a curious, inquisitive smile that the aunt, too, would wonder whether all were well, and instead of the natural impulse to burst into sentimental reminiscence there would come forth a rather snappy: 'Not now, child. After all, there can be very little about my youth that anyone would want to know.' Also, when John was alone with Emmeline, he would say softly: 'Emmy, Uncle Henry's coming tomorrow; he is good for a box of chocolates, but not more than that. I shouldn't bother about him.' And Emmeline, who cheated herself, as we all do, into believing that she invariably acted from the purest and most beautiful motives, would get one of those nasty little glimpses into reality which kind friends in a temper sometimes give us, which are, indeed, almost the only link with reality that we have.

I need not emphasize this further. It will now be seen by anybody who is interested in the Bumpuses why they wanted to get rid of John.

At the end of the first fortnight I decided that I must get to know John better, and I asked Mr. Bumpus if he would have any objection to John's coming to spend a night with me in my little house in Westminster. Mr. Bumpus was delighted. 'I do hope,' he explained, 'that you don't think that we wish to be unkind to the child; it's simply that—that—well, to put it frankly, that he upsets the tempers of my wife and the children.'

'Yes, I understand that,' I answered, 'but what is still a puzzle to me is that you tell me that he upsets you as much when he's away from you as when he's with you. That, I confess, is a mystery to me.'

'It's a mystery to me, too,' said Mr. Bumpus. 'I think it's a little this way—that we feel as though he always had us in his mind and was thinking the worst of us. Not exactly that he dislikes us, you know, but if I may put it personally, suppose I'm dressing in the morning, and lose my collar-stud and go down on my knees after it, and am, just for the moment, in the condition that—well, you know what a man's like when he loses a collar-stud.'

'I do,' I assured him.

'Well, I feel as though John had watched me, even though he's as far away as Rugby, and ten to one I get a letter from him the next day with something in it that seems to me to hint ever so slightly at that very incident. Now, you'll say that's absurd. I dare say I'm over-sensitive about John—I think we all are—but it would have astonished you to have seen the numbers of letters that John liked to write while he was at Rugby. Boys of his age don't like writing letters, you know, but he seemed to enjoy it, and every letter made one a little uncomfortable some way. Now, all we want is for him to fix his attention upon somebody else. It really is most uncomfortable, feeling that a boy of his age is watching you all the time, and regards you rather like animals in the Zoo. Mrs. Bumpus doesn't like it, and although she wouldn't say an unkind word about the boy, and, indeed, never says an unkind word about anybody, still, she isn't comfortable when he's in the house, nor, indeed, when he's out of it, and it's for her sake, more than my own, that I have asked your assistance.'

(To be concluded in an early issue.)

The Best Books Are the Cheapest

(Continued from page 6)

or editions so small that they sell for a dollar a volume or less, are the 'Little Books on Religion' (Macmillan), the Lambskin Library (Doubleday), the Lotus Library of Continental Masterpieces (Brentano's—these sell for a dollar and a quarter a volume), the Home University Library (Holt) and the 'Today and Tomorrow' series by Dutton. Besides these, in fiction, the Nelson Company makes a specialty of standard authors in cheap editions. Pocket editions of Dickens can be bought for a dollar and a quarter in single volumes.

I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of reading in each branch of thought one or two of the source books, and this for the reason that once these source books have been read, they render superfluous a very large proportion of the books on that subject issued today which are so loudly proclaimed by the publishers as 'the latest thing.' It will be discovered that the writers of these books have obtained most of their ideas from these very source books.

As an instance, on the subject of art, if one reads the first two volumes of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which is published in Everyman's Library (Dutton), together with a short essay of Tolstoi's *What Is Art* he will learn from these masters more about art than if he read half a dozen late books, which may sell all the way from four dollars to ten dollars.

I am by no means depreciating the value of the late books; neither is it necessary for us to agree with either Ruskin or Tolstoi. But the fact is that these men were two of the world's greatest. Particularly is this true of Ruskin, with regard to his style. His English prose is unexampled in its simplicity and clarity. For this alone his books are worth reading.

I was deterred many years ago from reading Ruskin by the cynical observations of several friends who declared that all Ruskin was trying to do was to 'play up' Turner. That is, or may be true, but it does not detract from the value of his work.

Similarly, if you wish to know the importance of art in fiction, you must begin with Fielding, and because it is shorter I recommend the reading of his *Joseph Andrews*. Such books as Fielding's, together with Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Jane Austen's *Emma*, Thomas Hardy's *Jude*, and others, may seem rather slow and old-fashioned compared with the rapid delivery of today.

Be not deceived. Do not be overcome by the speed control. You will discover, if you care to go into it, that most of our modern literature is merely a rehash, jazzed up to suit modern palates.

The big writers depend almost entirely upon nouns and verbs to carry them through. When they use adjectives and adverbs, they use them unerringly and sparingly, taking their cue from the King James Version of the Bible. The modern, half-decadent writers, in striving for applause, try to get the crowd by striking combinations of bizarre words. That is the reason such a large proportion of modern 'epoch-making' books fall by the wayside.

The Way We Suppress Crime

(*Continued from page 4*)

breakers who are sought. The next day's bulletin tells of any cancellations. In this way no officer can plead ignorance of any cases. A work sheet of all crimes is maintained concurrently with information as to the disposition made of all such cases.

In 1925 Milwaukee had 139 fewer burglaries than in the previous year, while the record grew in other cities. In the same period there was $328,109 less loss through crime than in the previous year. Ninety-three per cent of all stolen autos were recovered, and sixty-five per cent of all general property.

It is to be expected that such an efficient police department as that of Milwaukee should have at its head a man of genuine executive ability, wide experience and a thorough knowledge of criminology and the handling of lawbreakers. Such a man is J. G. Laubenheimer, chief of the Milwaukee police department.

View of business section, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Here are some of his views:

'If crime thrives in any city, the police department is finally responsible. This is a most important fact for any crime-ridden city to realize. But no police department can function unless it is backed by a politically clean and well-governed city such as Milwaukee. Then if crime continues to exist the blame is upon the police department and it is certain that this branch of the city's system is not functioning properly.

'Milwaukee's enviable low record of crime is largely due to the fact that its police department seriously realizes its responsibility. As a department we feel that if crime exists within our limits it is the fault of the department. As individuals our officers feel that if lawbreaking grows in the districts under their control, the blame is personal. We have succeeded in building a genuine conscience into the department.

'This has been possible for the reason that Milwaukee's police department is divorced from politics. In many places the police department has always been considered as a political football; a handy favor-granting instrument for varying political parties in local power. Nothing is more certain than the fact that politics and police efficiency are absolutely incompatible.

'Our police headquarters is not a political clubhouse, but a business institution in which we endeavor to apply the same sound principles that must go into the making of an industry.'

'Although I believe that no cruelty should be practised on even a hardened criminal, I still feel that in most places wrongdoers are too kindly dealt with. And although the prisons are more comfortable than criminals deserve, still that is the place for them—and that is where they go promptly if they attempt to pause in Milwaukee. When any of our men encounter a well-known crook in the city he is brought at once to headquarters.

'It makes no difference whether he has "actually pulled a job" here. We assume from his presence that his intentions are doubtful. By means of a vagrancy law we are able to send him to the House of Correction for a sentence up to ninety days. And we tell him that when he gets out he is to get out of our city and stay out.

'We believe that no crook can be trusted. In this belief we vigorously impress upon the criminal class that Milwaukee is a good town—but only for honest people. Every man on our force is doing his utmost to keep this city clear of crime at all times. Our records show that we have succeeded better than have most cities, but we do not intend to stop. We have found that "eternal vigilance is the price of safety," and Milwaukeans want and shall have safety.'

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Why the Anglo-Saxons *Are the* Descendants *of the* Lost Ten Tribes *of* Israel

By MARK JOHN LEVY

IT WAS on the high seas between Australia and San Francisco forty years ago last summer that I first met the late George O. Barnes, the well-known Kentucky evangelist. He believed that the Anglo-Saxon peoples are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, and manifested warm friendship for me as a son of Levi whose ancestors had cleaved to the House of Judah. I had been converted mentally to the belief that Jesus is the Son of David, and the Messiah, but had been deterred from an open confession of faith because I had seen no evidence of spiritual power in the lives of Gentiles whom I had judged mistakenly to be Christians. Mr. Barnes, however, revealed a degree of love, joy and self-sacrifice in his ministry beyond anything seen among my own people, although I had previously associated with some of the most religious and philanthropic Jews in London, my native city.

A careful study of the New Testament soon convinced me that the Church had committed a great wrong against Judah since the Council of Nicea (A. D. 325) by teaching Jewish Christians that they must necessarily forsake the national and social customs of Israel to prove their faith in Him who came 'to confirm the promises made unto the fathers.' It became my purpose to counteract this error, which is the greatest stumblingblock to Jewish entrance into Christianity. Shortly after I returned to London, in 1890, where I organized the Hebrew Christian Patriotic Alliance, my attention was drawn to an article in the *Banner of Israel* wherein I was severely criticized because I would not acknowledge that the British are Judah's blood-brothers. The editor had not sought my opinion on the question and I had not given it serious consideration up to that time, but out of gratitude to Mr. Barnes I began studiously to read the evidence in its favor from the ethnological, philological, archeological and scriptural standpoints. My inquiry into the facts convinced me that the Identity of the Anglo-Saxons with the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel was established.

Scripture narrates that the Ten Tribes were taken captive to Assyria by Shalmaneser (721 B. C.) one hundred and thirty-four years before Judah was taken captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar (587 B. C.) and that they never returned as a representative body to Palestine. Led by Dan, the northernmost tribe, they gradually wandered from Media, by way of the Caucasus Mountains, to the western part of Europe—Dan as a waymark stamping his name (*Judges* 18:29) on that continent; Dar-*dan*-elles, *Don*, *Dan*ube, *Dan*aric Alps, Scand*in*avia, *Den*mark, Lon*don*, and so forth, and so forth. Consonants only are arbitrary in the Hebrew language.

First from Saxony and later from Normandy, the Ten Tribes crossed to Great Britain, where they have been unconsciously fulfilling a remarkable series of prophecies concerning Ephraim and Manasseh foretold by Jacob when he blessed the two sons of Joseph, and declared that Ephraim should be 'a nation and a company of nations,' namely, Great Britain, and her self-governing colonies; and Manasseh should be 'a great people,' namely the United States. (*Gen.* 48:19) The unwisdom of applying these and other prophecies to the Jews, as representing the whole twelve-tribed house of Israel, has resulted in great spiritual confusion, and is responsible for much of the present-day so-called higher criticism of the Bible.

The Jews acknowledge that they represent only two tribes and a remnant of all tribes (*Jer.* 3:18; *Isa.* 11:10-13); and a careful reading of the fifteenth to the seventeenth verses of the thirty-seventh chapter of *Ezekiel* proves conclusively that, whereas some of all the tribes are included among the Jews, without the possibility of identification except in the case of Levi, the bulk of the Ten Tribes are still separated from Judah, and have become Gentilized nationally. But the unveiling of the prophetic word during the past century by those who have patiently searched sacred and secular histories has caused hundreds of thousands of Anglo-Saxon Christians to rejoice in the knowledge of their being naturally participants in an anciently pronounced destiny: 'Moreover, thou son of man, take one stick and write upon it, for Judah and for the children of Israel his companions; and take another stick, and write upon it, for Joseph, the stick of Ephraim, and for all the house of Israel his companions; and join them one to another in one stick.' This prophecy is being fulfilled before our eyes as Great Britain and Judah are reoccupying Palestine previous to the battle of Armageddon (*Rev.* 16:16), referred to in the thirty-eighth chapter of *Ezekiel* and other Scriptures.

Herein we have two groups of nations pictured as fighting against each other: Gog, namely, Russia, and Gomer, namely, Germany, and their allies, against the merchants of Tarshish and the young lions thereof, namely, Great Britain and her self-governing colonies ('the young lions,' v. 13), the United States, and the Scandinavian nations, and a part of Germany probably in the last great war of the

Christian dispensation, immediately preceding the Golden Age, when the swords will be beaten into plowshares, the deserts will blossom as the rose, and the lions and lambs will feed together. (*Isa.* 2:4; 11:6-8; 35:1-10)

Great Britain has possession already of the Sinaitic Peninsula and Palestine, and practically controls all the Promised Land from the Nile to the Euphrates. Her names, too, reveal in part the identity: B'rith is the Hebrew word for covenant; Ish is the Hebrew word for man. Prefix *Saxon*, the ancient *Saace*, with 'I' and we have *Isaacson*. The Court of St. James, from which British ambassadors are accredited to foreign countries, reads in Hebrew *Court of St. Jacob*. The symbols on the British Royal Standard are exclusively Israelitish, namely: the lion of Judah, the unicorn (wild ox: *Deut.* 33:17) of Ephraim, and the harp of David; and her national colors, 'red,' white' and 'blue' with 'gold' occasionally, were four of the five prominent colors in the ancient temple worship. The national colors of the United States are identical with those of Great Britain.

OUR standard is adorned with the 'eagle' of Dan; and the 'man' of Reuben is discovered in 'John Bull' of England and 'Uncle Sam' of the United States. The lion, eagle, ox and man were the four faces of the Cherubim in the Holy of Holies and the symbols on the four main standards of Israel, when our fathers marched through the wilderness under discipline and victoriously across the Jordan. (*Ex.* 25:18; *Num.* 2:3, 10, 18, 25; *Ezek.* 1:10)

Moreover, two of the significant numerical symbols of Israel are stamped on the birth-history of the United States; the *thirteen* tribes (Joseph, which in Hebrew means *added*, having two tribes: *Josh.* 14:4) corresponding with our original thirteen states. It was the Sixty-fifth Congress which self-sacrificingly declared war on Germany. The Armistice was signed in the one hundred and forty-third (11x13) year of our independency. 'Eleven' is the numerical symbol of incompleteness and warning in Scripture; and the four 'elevens' relating to the *hour*, the *day*, the *month*, and the *year* (11 a. m., on the eleventh of November which is the eleventh month), associated with the signing of the Armistice by the United States, indicates that the late war was left unfinished; and our part will not be completed until we face, in alliance with Christian nations, the armies of the Antichrist at the battle of Armageddon (Mount of Slaughter) in Palestine. We discover, too, a significant scripture referring to 'an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year' (*Rev.* 9:15), when men repent not of their evil deeds, just previous to the great battle, in spite of God's more judgments on the earth. (vv. 16-21)

Furthermore, 'thirteen,' a symbol of blessing when linked with humility and self-sacrifice, was definitely associated on several significant occasions with President Wilson, our Commander-in-Chief of the late war, and most noticeably when the thirteen votes of California gave him victory in his last presidential election. 'Old Glory' recalls the baptizing of the red, white and blue' with the Shakinah when the glory of God filled the Tabernacle in the wilderness; and the pyramid on the reverse of our national seal is another link to our identity with Manasseh, the thirteenth tribe of Israel, whose mother was an Egyptian woman. The symbolism of our seal is Hebraic in other details.

The significant fact, too, that practically every great event of the war coincided with red-letter days in Israel's history is another link in the chain of evidence proving the identity, running parallel as it does with the focusing of so many lines of prophecy into one brilliant ray of fulfillment. The war was commenced by the Emperor of Germany on the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem, August 1, 1914; on the fourth anniversary of this day, lunar time, the allied armies began to beat back the Germans at the second battle of the Marne; on Palm Sunday, 1917, the American Jews organized their Congress to petition the Gentile powers to grant them a safely protected homeland in Palestine; on Good Friday, 1917, President Wilson declared war on Germany. Solar and lunar time coincided on this day, Passover Day, falling on Good Friday.

On the Jewish Feast of Lights ('Dedication': *John* 10:22), 1917, General Allenby took Jerusalem. This day was probably Christ's birthday (Chevlev 25—December 25). He is the 'Light of the World' and was circumcised on the eighth day, January first, the last day of the Feast of Lights when solar time and lunar time coincide. On the Feast of Tabernacles, 1918, General Allenby took the upper part of Palestine, Nazareth surrendering on the anniversary of the last day of the feast when Christ cried in the temple, 'If any man thirst let him come unto me, and drink.' (*John* 7:37)

Truly, it is not by accident that the great events of the late war occurred on these red-letter days and that the great Anglo-Saxon nations exclusively possess the symbols and colors bestowed by Almighty God on Israel for holy worship and militant service; nor was the sign of the cross accidentally made over the heads of Ephraim and Manasseh when our father Jacob crossed his hands when blessing them in Egypt for prophetical light on our present-day destiny and duty. (*Gen.* 48:13, 14) The ten-tribed house of Israel is mentioned before Judah in Jeremiah's great prophecy, 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make (Hebrew; cut, implying the shedding of blood) a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah.' (*Jer.* 31:31)

Careful reading, too, shows that the first part of this chapter refers exclusively to 'Ephraim my first-born' (v. 9); and we are commanded in verse seven to 'sing with gladness for Jacob among the chief of the nations.' This cannot refer to Judah in her despised exile; nor can the following prophecies, which the ten-tribed house of Israel, represented by their Anglo-Saxon descendants, are evidently fulfilling: 'Let them give glory to the Lord, and declare his praise in the islands' (*Isa.* 42:12); 'the isles shall wait for His law' (*Isa.* 42:4); 'hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock' (*Jer.* 31:10); and similar texts, as 'Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.' (*Gen.* 24:60)

Great Britain and the United States possess the 'gate' of practically every enemy, namely, Gibraltar, Panama, Malta, Aden, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, Cape of Good Hope, West Indies, Philippines, Samoa, Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico; and Constantinople is now virtually under the control of the great Anglo-Saxon maritime-nations. Their own gates have been open hitherto to the oppressed of all lands, as is implied in the millennial prophecy. (*Isa.* 60:11)

Israel was forbidden to take 'usury' from brethren (*Ex.* 22:25; *Deut.* 23:19) and was to 'lend unto many nations but thou shalt not borrow.' (*Deut.* 15:6) The Anglo-Saxons borrow of one another; lend to all nations, and borrow from none. The seed of Abraham was to become a vast multitude, after they had become Gentilized (*Gen.* 22:17; *Hos.* 1:10), and the 'stranger' who joined Israel was to be as the 'homeborn.' (*Ex.* 12:49) They were to 'push the people together to the ends of the earth' (*Deut.* 33:17), a prophecy that cannot possibly apply to Judah, either now or after her restoration to Palestine. They were to be in the 'midst of many people as a dew from the Lord' (*Mic.* 5:7)—exclusively true of the 'missionary remnant' of the Ten Tribes.

They were to be superabundantly blessed in cattle, fish, corn, fruit, and in mines of gold, silver, tin, coal, precious stones, oil wells, and so forth (*Gen.* 49:22-26; *Deut.* 33:13-16), blessings possessed by the Anglo-Saxons in a tenfold degree above other nations. And they were to be a Sabbath-keeping people (*Ezek.* 20:12), a prophecy fulfilled primarily by orthodox Jews and orthodox Anglo-Saxon Christians. And sad to relate, the pronounced vice of Ephraim is drunkenness (*Isa.* 28:1); and a difficulty in 'h' (*Judg.* 12:6) still clings to his posterity.

No League of Nations, no World Court, no International Abritration Treaty, no peace plan, however wise from a purely human standpoint, can successfully devise or authoritatively enforce a program for world peace unless based on the prophetical Scriptures in the clear light of their inclusive command to holy living in national and international life. 'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable.' (*Jas.* 3:17) There can be no peace without purity, and there can be no purity without the cleansing blood of a spotless sin-offering.

Every noun in the Hebrew language is derived from a verb-root. The verb-root for peace is 'to be complete,' 'to be safe.' The supreme obstacle to international peace is the lack of assurance of complete safety between nation and nation—and chiefly where international boundaries meet. Men should learn through the Scriptural revelation of 'safety' as related to 'peace' why we have enmity between brother and brother, city and city, nation and nation. What is true of individuals is equally true of nations, and the United States cannot intelligently co-

öperate with the divine plan to establish world peace without a knowledge of her place in the divine purpose as anciently enunciated. This truth is the golden key that unlocks the door of prophecy to a clear understanding of our national duty in the present-day world perplexity and peril.

Therefóre, it is evident to the author of this paper that without prophetical light it is impossible to formulate intelligently a practical plan for World Peace, and that no Bible study is more important for right understanding of the present-day world conditions than that which proclaims the identity of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel with the great Anglo-Saxons of Great Britain and the United States; and, in his judgment, it demands a continuous unity of action on their part similar to that which brought the late war to an end that has not brought peace, because nations which dethroned their earthly kings did not enthrone the heavenly king.

The European nations are so weakened by the Great War that a confederation will finally result for mutual protection under a supreme ruler, the Antichrist of Scripture (*Dan.* 7:8; 2 *Thess.* 2:3-8; *Rev.* 18:1-8, 19:19-20), who at first will favor Judah but later will turn against them and gather his armies against Jerusalem after they refuse him blasphemous worship, when he places his image in the newly erected temple there and commands all men to worship him. (Will this come out of Russia—or whence?)

Chilled Drama

(*Continued from page 7*)

on high stilts, a stunt both difficult and dangerous. He did acrobatic feats of various kinds and beat all competitors skating backward and dodging. Then he became a figure skater. Few men who engage in speed skating ever become successful at figure skating, due to difference in strokes. The long stroke has no place in figure skating and the speed skater, so thoroughly trained in the long stroke, finds it next to impossible to change his style permanently.

Harley Davidson, while never as good as Baptise either in speed or figure skating, was just as versatile. In the days of high wheels Davidson was a crack bicycle rider. Then he became a star roller skater. Later he turned to steel skates. After several seasons of speed skating he became a figure skater. He originated a number of figures that still bear his name.

Speed skating does not require special gifts. Any boy of sound physique should be able to skate fast. Francis Allen was, like Davidson, a bicycle rider. In 1923 he decided to learn to skate. Two years later he appeared in competition. He won the Chicago city title, then the Illinois state title, then the Tri-State title. He won the United States championship at Lake Placid and the international title at Saranac Lake.

Allen is probably the most awkward speed skater of all time. He bears no semblance of form or rhythm. His is the most unorthodox style imaginable. When he takes a turn you marvel how he manages to keep his feet; you cannot understand how he prevents his legs from becoming tangled. But with all his awkwardness and lack of form Allen came from behind both at Lake Placid and Saranac Lake and passed the best skaters that the season produced.

Reward for Future President's Capture

(*Continued from page 13*)

that their outraged feelings might be salved. To their horror, Johnson declined in every case to 'give the satisfaction customary among gentlemen,' not because he was afraid, but because he thought dueling was a foolish and wicked relic of barbarism. As a matter of fact, fear was left out of his entire make-up and he could say with entire truth, 'These two eyes never looked upon any being in the shape of mortal man that this heart of mine feared.'

UPON one occasion he was warned that if he spoke at a scheduled meeting he would be killed. At the appointed time he took his place upon the stand and laying a pistol upon the desk said, 'I understand the first business before the meeting is shooting me. I move the meeting proceed to business.' Nothing happened and nobody moved. Johnson replaced the pistol, remarked with a smile, 'I have evidently been misinformed,' and proceeded with his speech.

In his second campaign Tennessee was full of Know Nothing activity and sentiment and his opponent was a Know Nothing. Johnson made Know Nothingism the issue. He was a Protestant and not prejudiced in favor of the foreign-born, but he did not think religion should be a political issue, holding that to make it one was an offense against the most sacred of American principles. Also he detested the very idea of secret political societies. Intense as he was, Johnson was essentially tolerant and Know Nothingism meant to him political and religious intolerance. When the smoke of the campaign cleared away, Know Nothingism was no longer an issue in Tennessee. It was dead.

At the conclusion of his second term as governor, Johnson was elected to the United States Senate. By this time his character was fully formed and he had reached full mental stature. He had mature convictions upon public questions, based upon thoughtful consideration. Normally a Democrat, he never wore the yoke of a party, declining always to surrender his right of individual conviction and decision to party considerations.

IN TENNESSEE he was a power. As a public speaker he was wonderfully effective and he swept his audiences. Thanks to the carefully prepared newspaper stories and false reports of his speeches during the stormy days of his Presidency, the American people then and since have been given an utterly false impression of him as a speaker. Far from being a buffoon who could not speak grammatically or make a point in an argument, he was the master of an unstudied but trenchant eloquence.

He had a superb voice, low and sympathetic, which carried without effort on his part and without being raised. He spoke calmly but with emphasis, assurance, and authority. His manner was quiet and easy and, as a rule, dignified. But he was a born fighter and never hesitated to engage in verbal tilts of a personal character with his opponents or auditors in which he was tremendously aggressive. He had, in his career before he became President, many political but scarcely any personal enmities.

Johnson never forgot his lowly origin and rarely made a speech in which he did not allude to it, usually proudly and always somewhat defensively. This is characteristic:

'Adam, the father of the race, was a tailor by trade, for he sewed fig-leaves together for aprons. Tubal Cain was an artificer in brass and iron; Joseph the husband of Mary, the mother of Jesus, was a carpenter by trade, and the probability is strong that our Saviour Himself followed the same. The Apostle Paul was a tentmaker; Socrates, the distinguished Grecian philosopher, was a sculptor, but abandoned the fashioning and polishing of the stone for the purpose of cultivating and instructing the human mind. Archimedes, by the exercise of his skill in mechanics, made the enemy declare, when they attacked Syracuse, that he was a modern Jove hurling his thunderbolts upon them. King Crispin was a shoemaker, as was Roger Sherman, who helped to form the Constitution of the United States, and so was Daniel Sheffy of Virginia. General Greene, of Revolutionary fame, was a tinker, while General Morgan, his compatriot, was a blacksmith.'

IN APPEARANCE he was distinctly fine looking. He was of medium height, with broad shoulders and a compact figure which indicated great physical strength. He was erect and walked with an elastic step. His head was finely shaped, with an impressive forehead. He was dark-haired, dark-skinned, and dark-eyed, with almost

an Indian-like appearance. His eyes were small and deep-set, but keen and luminous. His expression was normally grave and at times severe, but his intimates were familiar with a rare, slow smile of considerable sweetness.

He was careful and neat in dress, and it is said that until the war he always made his own clothes. He wore regularly a black broadcloth coat and vest, black doeskin trousers and a silk hat, and regarded them as the proper garb of a statesman. While he was governor, so the story goes, he made a suit of clothes and sent it to another state official whom he had known years before as a blacksmith. The latter at once made a shovel and pair of tongs and sent them to the governor 'to keep alive the fires of early friendship.'

In Congress, particularly after he reached the Senate, Johnson was an important and

powerful figure, though scarcely a leader of first rank. His independence of party control alone would have prevented that. He was, in strangely prophetic spirit, a strong defender of the veto power of the President. He was the author of the Homestead Bill which he introduced first in 1846. The South was bitterly opposed and it was defeated. In the Senate he proposed it again and had the satisfaction of seeing it pass both Houses and the chagrin of seeing it vetoed by President Buchanan. The Republican Party made it one of its pledges in 1860, and it finally became law.

A STATES' Rights Democrat, a slaveholder, with no illusions in regard to the negroes and with something of the dislike of them characteristic of the class from which he was sprung, Johnson was never able to accept the doctrine of secession, not because of his dislike of secessionists, but because of his passion for the Union and the Constitution which to him always typified that Union. The Constitution provided no means of secession and therefore there existed in his opinion no right of secession. And so, during the dark days when Senator after Senator announced the secession of his state, and bade farewell to his colleagues, Johnson stood firm against all pressure and, alone of the Southern Senators, kept his seat, realizing fully the possibility, if not the probability, of thereby condemning himself to perpetual exile from the home of his choice and of his love. His feeling is best expressed in his own words. Speaking on February 16, 1861, he said:

'I have been told, and I have heard it repeated, that this Union is gone. It has been said in this chamber that it is in the cold sweat of death; that in fact it is really dead, and merely lying in state waiting for the funeral obsequies to be performed. If this be so, and the war that has been made upon me in consequence of advocating the Constitution and the Union is to result in my overthrow and in my destruction, and that flag—that glorious flag, the emblem of the Union, which was borne by Washington through a seven-year struggle—is interred, I want no more honorable winding-sheet than that brave old flag, and no more glorious grave than to be interred in the tomb of the Union.'

A contemporary thus explains Johnson's political faith:

TO HIM the creed of creeds was the famous synopsis of principles in the first inaugural address of Thomas Jefferson. To him the greatest toast ever drunk was Jackson's "The Union! It must be preserved." To him the most solemn prayer ever lifted up was Webster's peroration in his reply to Hayne. And to him the greatest blasphemy ever uttered was the saying, "There is a law higher than the Constitution." '

While he remained in the Senate he supported President Lincoln in every move he made for the preservation of the Union, and the two men were drawn into a close sympathy destined to have important results later. In their view of the nature of the Union and the purpose of the war they were in full accord, and the Johnson Resolution declaring the purpose of the war, which passed the Senate, embodied the views of Lincoln as well as those of Johnson. It was:

'That this war is not waged on our part in any spirit of oppression, nor for any purpose of subjugation, nor purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired.'

In 1862 Lincoln appointed him military governor of Tennessee, with the rank of brigadier general, charged with the task of restoring in the state a civil government loyal to the United States. The difficulties in the case were tremendous but Johnson met them with courage, ability, and tireless energy, and was in the end successful. Hated already by the secessionist element, this new Union activity vastly increased their hostility. As he became a real factor in securing Union success the feeling against him was very strong. But he gained strength and slowly organized Union sympathizers until he had the nucleus of a Union population in Nashville itself.

Two years later, through the efforts of Lincoln, Johnson was selected as his running mate in the campaign of 1864. His reasons for selecting Johnson are fairly clear. Apart from the fact that Johnson had become before the war a sort of idol of the mass of the people, particularly in the West, who saw in his rise promise for themselves and their children and in him a never-failing advocate and friend, his stand for the Union made him a unique figure in the United States. Both of these made him exceptionally strong as a vote-getter.

BUT there were even more important reasons. The choice of Johnson was dictated by a desire to show the outside world by the nomination of a Southerner that the seceded states were still part of the Union, and a desire to express to the country, by the choice of a Democrat, the reality of the name Union Party which the Republican Party now assumed. There was probably still another reason. Lincoln's whole soul was absorbed in his plan of reconstruction and Johnson was whole-heartedly in agreement with his policy.

Triumphantly elected, Johnson came to Washington for the inauguration. His inaugural address was delivered with stammering tongue. All the later stories of his drunkenness originated here and had no other basis. The explanation was entirely satisfactory, but few people ever heard it. Johnson suffered from an acute affection of the stomach and had a severe attack during the night preceding the inauguration. He was so weak when morning came that the attending physician gave him a drink of brandy to enable him to attend the ceremonies. In his weakened condition it went to his head and ever since he has, in spite of his very temperate habits, been painted as an habitual drunkard. There is no evidence to prove that he was ever intoxicated at any other time.

A few weeks later, in the early morning of April 15, he became President of the United States.

Questions might be raised as to his suitability for the office under existing conditions. There was room for doubt if his was the temper that was necessary for the task before him. But of his mental quality, his honesty, his patriotism, and his courage, there was no room for doubt. He was, every inch of him, a man.

(*To be continued in an early issue*)

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Has Our Country a Father?

(*Continued from page 8*)

I undertake no defense of Parson Weems. The story of the cherry tree and little hatchet, which appeared in his sixth and all subsequent editions, and the story that his father, in order to teach George that events have causes and that the great first cause is God, planted cabbage seed in a bed so arranged that the little plants should spell the name GEORGE WASHINGTON, are told in pompous language such as Parson Weems thought appropriate in a book about so great a man, but they are not inherently improbable.

IT IS said that Weems got the cabbage-seed story out of another book, and adapted it to his own use; perhaps Mr. Washington got it out of the same book, and thought it would be a good lesson for his own son. But even if Parson Weems invented the story, that would be a minor matter. Biographers do more inventing than their readers suppose, and Parson Weems was not the first or last offender in that regard. But so far as I can learn there is no proof that the incident is not substantially true.

As for the little hatchet story, this, at least, is to be said, that George Washington was remembered by those who knew him in youth as a truthful boy. Mr. Weems said he got the story from an aged and distant relative who was a frequent visitor at the Washington home. So far as I am aware, no one now living is prepared to prove that he did not so obtain it, and my own impression is that he tells the truth in this detail at least.

As for the conversation between George and his father:

'I can't tell a lie, pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my little hatchet!'

'Run to my arms, you dearest boy; run to my arms! Glad am I that you killed my tree,' and so on; that need not cause us more than a passing smile. Of course the boy and his father did not talk in that stilted style. But if the incident ever got into grand opera, it would be told in some such bombastic manner, and musical experts would not be troubled, any more than they are at the present preposterous absurdities imposed by the mutual limitaticns of singing and acting.

The heroine in real life dies with voice so weak as to be quite inaudible, but on the stage she dies on high C fortissimo. No heroine ever died on high C, but a heroine must so die in grand opera. The original readers of the little hatchet story were not deceived into supposing that George and his father said those actual words; that was the proper way for a father and son to talk in a book in the year 1805.

But, sifted down to its essential elements, 'an aged lady who was a distant relative and when a girl spent much time in the family' told Parson Weems that George Washington when a lad injured a choice young tree belonging to his father, and when the injury was discovered did not lie but acknowledged that the fault was his, and his father did not punish him for the hacking of the tree, but commended him for telling the truth. That is a good story and not an improbable one.

With all its faults, and they were many, Weems' *Life of Washington* made a profound impression on the minds of American youth. The character displayed may have been too good to be true, but not too good to be admired and emulated. And I maintain that it is not good sportsmanship in modern biographers to kick-off with a cheap fling at Parson Weems.

'No life of George Washington,' says William Roscoe Thayer, on page two of his biography, hardly waiting to record the birth of his hero and the names of his parents, 'no life of George Washington should fail to warn the reader at the start that the biographer labors under the disadvantage of having to counteract the errors and absurdities which the Reverend Mason L. Weems made current in the *Life* he published the year after Washington died. No one, not even Washington himself, could live down the reputation of a goody-goody prig with which that officious Scotch divine smothered him. The cherry-tree story has had few rivals in publicity and has probably done more than anything else to implant an instinctive contempt of its hero in the hearts of four generations of readers.'

And no life of Washington now appearing omits the duty which Thayer enjoins. Henry Cabot Lodge thrice vanquished Parson Weems and thrice he slew the slain, and we shall not mention the biographies of 1926.

I recall my own boyhood, and know that I was unlike Washington. I could tell a lie, and now and then I did. When caught in mischief, my first impulse was to lie, and more than once I escaped punishment by doing it. Nevertheless, I was habitually a truthful boy, and I remember an incident which I have never related in which I had an experience with my father.

I had free access to the money drawer in my father's little store and office, and while I was expected to ask permission to take money, or to give account of it afterward, the taking of a cent for a stick of candy was not considered a theft, although even that would not have been approved. Some larger boys wanted money to buy powder, and at their urgent request I took a dime, an old shinplaster dime, and we bought the powder. We made some experiments with noise and flash, and our powder was gone. I took another dime and bought more.

A FEW days later we repeated the process, and we found our work the more interesting because it was dangerous. The merchant from whom we bought the powder, a quarter pound for each dime, told my father he would do well to see what his boy was doing with so much powder, and father investigated and we were caught in the act. The other boys promptly disclaimed all responsibility. I had stolen the money and had bought the powder. I had to admit it. I would have lied if there had been any way out.

I was sent to my room and locked in, a prisoner, and at supper time I was furnished with a slice of unbuttered bread and a glass of water, the proper fare for a thief.

That was, as far as I recall, the longest afternoon and evening of my life. After I had partaken of my supper and found that it choked me, my father came to me and cross-questioned me. Was this the first time I had ever stolen? I assured him it was. He counseled me to be frank with him, but I stuck to the lie.

None of the other boys were standing by me; my only refuge was that of my own falsehoods. And the falsehood worked. The other boys, fearful of what might come to them, when questioned separately, agreed that we had never played with powder before and that I had never before stolen any money in whose guilty benefits they had shared. My father, I think, did not believe me when he left me, but after talking with the other boys again, he accepted the story. He gave me no word of forgiveness that night. I lay down in my guilt, and if I slept it was not because my conscience was clear but because I was a boy and tired out.

NEXT morning I went down to breakfast, and there was no mention of the event. After breakfast my father called me aside and reminded me that I had always been trusted, but now he must insist on a strict accounting for every penny. And this I accepted as just.

So far as any fear of further punishment was concerned, I was out of the woods. And I was most unhappy. I do not know how long I carried my guilty secret. I only remember that one morning as father was building the fire in his store, before breakfast, I went to him and told him all.

I am not foolish enough to try to put our conversation into type. It might read as badly as that of Parson Weems, but this I know, that from that minute my father trusted me completely and that I never lied to him again.

I had a wise father, who could be stern and was stern in condemnation of wrongdoing, and who used the whip with some severity. But when I went to him on that chilly morning, and told him that I had stolen money before the time of which he knew, we were in each other's arms and both in tears, and it was the first time I ever saw my father cry.

I do not therefore make any cheap jokes about the cherry tree. Shorn of its stilted language, the incident seems to me very similar to the one I am relating. But I doubt if George said he could not tell a lie.

I have been reading two recent books about George Washington, and each of them has some merit. But each of them takes great delight in setting forth the fact, as alleged, that George Washington swore at Monmouth, and that he wrote a love letter to Mrs. Sally Fairfax while he was engaged to marry Martha Custis. I should like to say a word about each of these.

As for his swearing at Monmouth, he may have done it; I do not know. He was depending upon General Charles Lee to make an advance, and he came up at the moment when that movement should have been making a victory complete, and he found that much lauded general, whom half the army believed superior to Washington, in cowardly retreat. Brave men were dying, and others were facing death that day—my

great-grandfather among them—and their sacrifice would have been successful if Lee had done his duty. But Lee failed, and Washington was angry.

I have been told that he was furiously angry, and I hope that is true. It is alleged that he expressed his opinion of General Lee in terms not suitable for use in Sunday school. The story is alleged to have come down to us on the authority of General Lafayette, in 1824, and he is declared to have said that was the only time he ever heard Washington swear. But the man who told this story said Lafayette told it to him when Lafayette was visiting in this man's home, and it appears that Lafayette never visited that man in his home.

LEE did complain, at his court-martial, of the language of Washington, and Washington in reply said his language was such as he deemed suitable to the occasion.

I am not sure myself just what language might have been deemed suitable for an occasion of that character, and if Washington felt sure that he knew what words Lee deserved, I have much confidence in the judgment of George Washington. I will not say he did not swear; if he did he had no little provocation.

Comes now the Sally Fairfax letter, hidden from historians till comparatively recently. For nearly a hundred and twenty years after its writing it was unknown, and it has become public property just in time to delight a number of critics. 'George Washington at the time of his marriage to Martha Custis loved another woman, and she was the wife of his friend!' So we are informed. And the letter looks a little as though that was the case. Certainly it was an ardent letter for a man about to marry, and writing to a married woman. It is no part of my business to explain it.

Judging of it on its face value I should say that if Washington had not been engaged to marry the rich but commonplace Martha, and Sally had been free, he might have preferred Sally, and Sally must have known it when she read that letter. Probably other young men, pausing on the brink of so momentous a choice as that of one woman out of the whole community of womankind, have had some searchings of heart as to whether, under some conditions, he might have preferred someone else. But George Washington did not elope with Sally Fairfax. She lived and died the trusted wife of her wedded husband, and visited Mount Vernon when Martha had measles, and neither Martha Washington nor William Fairfax appears to have been jealous.

THE letter, which I wish Washington had not written, or wish had been somewhat differently phrased, was written September 25, 1758, and was published in the New York *Herald* March 30, 1877. If Washington loved Sally Fairfax as much as this letter appears to indicate, and she loved him enough to preserve and cherish the letter, they both must have behaved with no little self-restraint to keep their affection from the gossip-mongers and slanderers of their own day. For these persons were numerous and active.

But now, after all our research and muckraking, where is George Washington the hero? There was such a man. No commonplace man incarnated the spirit of the new republic, and kept it alive through the seven years of war and the more dangerous years that followed. Only a great man could have done that, and our boys and girls need to know about that great man.

What recent life of Washington makes him seem truly great? Which of them is capable of kindling in the spirits of American boys and girls that thrilling admiration which some of us learned to cherish for Washington?

I am no opponent of historical criticism. In another and a kindred field I am doing and am yet to do my share of it. I have had to dispel not a few myths concerning Abraham Lincoln. But the Lincoln I have discovered under the fierce light of historical investigation is a greater, nobler Lincoln than the Lincoln of the myth.

Abraham Lincoln in his boyhood read with avidity Weems' *Life of Washington*, and it did him lasting good. The story of the cherry tree never seemed to him to indicate that Washington was a prig. That inference was reserved for more subtle minds in later years. What life of Washington that our boys and girls are reading now is capable of producing on modern American youth the effect which Weems' *Life of Washington* produced upon Abraham Lincoln?

If there is no such book, there ought to be one. Our boys and girls need a Washington who is no joke, and especially who is not to be accounted a prig because he faced punishment rather than tell an untruth. They need a Washington who is both human and a hero. I want our boys and girls to know a Washington who was great enough and good enough to have been the father of his country. There was such a Washington. He was, in my judgment, the real Washington, human, but a hero.

Economy—the Poor Man's Mint

(*Continued from page 2*)

cessaries today. And so from time to time the installment situation in such 'transition' lines, of what may be termed semi-luxuries, must undergo reorganization, conforming to their changing status from that type of goods to the class of staple requirements.

Installment selling and buying, like anything else, is not to be condemned wholesale. Some things which on account of the large sum involved in their purchase would ordinarily be impossible of acquirement by people of average or relatively small means, except by intensive saving over a period of years too long to be practicable, properly belong to the field of monthly payment financing.

Of these the buying or building of a *home* is the chief and best example. A family must pay rent somewhere and pay all the time, therefore its payments on the installment purchase of a home are in the nature of payments of rent which would have to be paid, to a greater or lesser extent, anyway. This is not in the same category as buying luxuries or things which can be done without. Rent, or a home, cannot be done without; whether or not you want to buy a home you must pay rent or the equivalent to someone, and that continuously. Buying a home simply shifts the expense to one's own advantage usually. The mortgage on real estate is one of the most ancient forms of business dealing; it is derived from the very immovableness of the land and buildings generally, and the continuity therein of basic values.

Domestic unhappiness often results where one or more members of a family are harassed by relentless debts brought constantly and sometimes insultingly to their attention by the creditor concerns which were glad, doubtless, originally to push the sale. One judge of a divorce court recently attributed by far the largest percentage of the cases handled through his court to this one source—to 'installment buying,' as he terms it.

THE banks generally have not taken a definite stand on the question; some have announced views for or against installment selling. But practically all of them have blown cold by fits and starts when the measuring possibilities of 'too much installment' have loomed.

There is a way whereby banks might participate and benefit themselves—and others—by utilizing the current fashion of selling things on the easy-term plan. For this class of business the banks need not require their customers to come to them; they would on the contrary send out solicitors, high-pressure men and women sales people, to sell savings accounts to persons in offices, stores, manufacturing plants and in the homes; to sell them accounts of say $100 or $500, or more, on the popular installment plan, to be paid for weekly or monthly in 'easy payments.'

The banks must not in these cases depend on their customers to come around to the 'store,' as it were, to make payments, but must employ collectors to go around and collect them on the dot when due, and use such vigorous means as may be possible to keep the 'debtor' lined up, to make him 'toe the mark' with regularity. Suppose the collection cost to amount to upward of one per cent, using salaried and bonded collectors, it is merely to be understood with the 'buyer' of the savings account that this cost is deducted from the amount of the interest due him on his savings account. Whereas if he pays at the bank window he will get the full amount of interest on such payments.

The advantage of selling savings accounts is that *the banks would really be selling something which would be worth the full sum, and more,* of the installments paid in. Such installment purchases would be very worth while, would not deteriorate with time or depreciate, but on the contrary by the usual system of interest charges would become steadily more valuable. The apparent public craving to 'buy' something on the installment plan would be gratified, and it might test out the question at any rate of whether the confirmed installment buyer is interested in buying something truly worth the regular payments of money he is asked to make in this case.

DEBT is the worst poverty,' it has been said; a man in debt and insolvent is in a sorrier plight than he who is moneyless but without debts. Franklin never ceased to preach the joys of being debt-free. 'Rather go to bed supperless,' he said, 'than to rise in debt.' Another has strikingly said that 'debt is like any other trap, easy enough to get into but hard enough to get out of.'

Does the installment plan represent the very *best* that American business men can devise?

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

Will Rogers dropped into The Office the other day, same old Will, wearing the same old brown suit in which he interviewed all the rulers of Europe. Will may be making money, but there is no theatrical flashiness about him, none of the lingo of the Hollywood crowd. The reason for this is, of course, that he is not a theatrical man. He is simply Will Rogers. Typing his 'Self-Appointed Ambassador' stuff on the train—he uses one finger of each hand to run his typewriter—sitting in private and talking offhand about anything at all, or doing his two-hour stunt on the stage, he is precisely the same in voice, thought, speech, gesture—simply and only Will Rogers. Somebody who knows how to do it should classify Will with our times as the ancient satirists were classified in theirs. I saw the other day a book review in which John Jay Chapman says that Peter Finley Dunne (you know—the Dooley man) was the modern prototype of Lucian. Well, I think Will Rogers will stack as high if not higher. Neither Dunne-Dooley nor Rogers is a clown. Take Ring Lardner, for example, or some other of the Sunday weekly humorists; they are forever clowning. But Will Rogers is serious. Did you ever see him tackle a subject for comment that was not serious? And did you ever feel that he had failed to get at the very heart and nub of the matter and split it open with a laugh? The answer is twice in the negative. The fact is, Will Rogers is a philosopher; so much of a philosopher that he has left the mechanics of philosophy far behind and has graduated into the higher region of humor. The so-called philosophers of our universities are not philosophers—they are merely students of systems of philosophy. If they were real philosophers in operation they would be tackling life instead of textbooks. Will Rogers tackles life, because he can. Humor is the highest gift; it is without alloy; Rogers has it. The editorial last week, or whenever it was, in this paper, that suggested making Will Rogers Secretary of State for Pan-American Affairs is no joke. We need a serious-minded man like him in public affairs.

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'Smuggling seems to be an ineradicable trait in human nature,' said ***the Former Customs Inspector.*** 'It was my business to study it for years, and it still keeps going strong, for I see that a half-million dollars was paid to the Collector of the Port of New York alone, in 1926, in fines, seizures and forfeitures. You'd think that poor folk would be the ones most likely to try the game, to add to their income, but it's just the other way about. Smuggling is a weakness of wealthy people.

'On the summer tourist ships, that offer low rates to school-teachers, college students and other people of moderate means, you'll rarely uncover an attempt to smuggle contraband. On the contrary, this class of travelers declares everything, no matter how insignificant it may be. But it's when the crack liners come into port that the customs men confiscate the pearl necklaces, the fur coats, the French perfumery, the diamonds and costly shawls that wealthy persons, and mostly women at that, are trying to get into the country duty free. Most of these people have no true reason for trying to take such risks. They simply can't resist the temptation; probably they get some sort of thrill out of the game.

'Often women are caught because they can't resist bragging to their friends about what they're going to do. Sometimes these friends aren't quite so friendly as they appear, and secretly tip off the customs men. It's a usual thing, and this I've often witnessed myself, that in trying to smuggle in an expensive fur coat, the smuggler boldly wears it, and when she's caught, she makes the plea either that she supposed wearing apparel was exempt, or that some friend of hers hadn't paid the duty and she thought therefore she didn't have to. In a case of this kind, the Government not only seizes the article, but if the owner wants it back, she has to pay the current American price for it, plus a 100 per cent fine. In other words, she has to pay exactly twice as much for the smuggled article as she would have paid in a New York store. Of course the big money to smugglers is in jewels and precious stones. The duty on set stones is at the rate of $800 on a piece valued at $1,000, while if they are unset it is not so high, being at the rate of about $200 to the $1,000 purchase. So where the real jewel smuggler is successful, the professional, I mean, he is in the way of making considerable profit.'

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'There are all sorts of opinions about advertising,' said ***the Advertising Man*** who had dropped into The Office, 'and the only answer is—look at advertising. When men made things by hand, they could sell by hand; mass production has made mass selling a necessity. Word-of-mouth advertising is excellent, but it is the last phase—the result of successful advertising of another kind, and not a substitute for it.

'The romance of our work is endless. I remember a New England manufacturer who has now a national reputation—has had, for years. [He told the name, but obviously it cannot be printed.] One of our boys stopped off in his little town to see him, but it was no go; he had thrown so many advertising men out of his office that he thought he had at last found the only unbeatable system. Our man got out, all right, but he didn't quit. He asked to see the plant. It was shown him. "But," said he, "I don't see where you pack your goods." "Oh," said the manager, "we don't pack them here; we send them in bulk to the people of the village; they pack them." I should explain that the product was a semi-medicinal candy edible. Our man got the names of twelve families that packed in the village, and set out to visit them. He found sickness and dirt, coughing and spitting, and every kind of unsanitary condition surrounding the handling and packing of those candy medicinal things that were going into customers' mouths wherever the product was sold. He took a package from each home and went down and weighed them on the apothecary's scales of the village drug store. He found that every one was overweight. There was no system in the packing.

'So he went back to the manufacturer, who told him more angrily than ever before that he did not believe in advertising. Then our man described what he had found in the homes of the packers. It was at the time that *Collier's* and other magazines were making their great drive for purity in products. "You would believe in advertising if *Collier's* should discover the conditions under which your goods were packed, wouldn't you? Ten lines telling the truth about you would close you down forever." The man agreed that it would look bad. "Well, that's advertising," said our man, "but it is not the kind you want. After what I have seen, our company would not handle your advertising if you wanted it. But I will tell you something else. If I can save you enough money to put in decent packing machinery, will you spend that amount in advertising?"

'The man agreed but he could not see how the money could be saved. "I'll tell you," said our man, "there are one or two drops too many in every hand-packed package. Save the overweight and it does the business." Again the manufacturer would not believe, but again the hard facts were shown him. And he put in the machinery.

'The result is that you and everybody in this country know that man's product. His total business when our man first saw him was five tons a day. Now it is twenty-five tons a day in his nearest big market alone—not to speak of the rest of the country.'

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'I went to one of these tolerance meetings in my home city on the invitation of the Jewish rabbi,' said ***a Minister from the Middle West*** who had dropped off between trains. 'The rabbi asked me what I intended to speak about. I told him that I had been thinking of giving an address on "Henry Ford, the Friend of the Jews." He was quite surprised, and I told him that I knew some things that I thought would make for greater tolerance if they could be understood, for there was no stronger neutralizer of intolerance than the truth.

'My rabbi friend did not take kindly to the suggestion—I put it that way to be well within the facts. He wanted tolerance, but apparently not too much. When I got up to speak, I jocularly called attention to the lack of tolerance in that Tolerance Meeting. Here I was, ready to deliver myself of statements that would make for Tolerance in one of our most fretted questions but I was prohibited by the chairman.'

'Exactly,' said I, 'it is always those who holler loudest for tolerance who are most set against giving it. The history of tolerance is that it is always and everywhere extended to the intolerant, but never assimilated by them. Tolerance is a condition of mind they wish to create in others' minds, but not in their own—like European pacifists who wish to disarm the United States but not themselves. However, no need to worry about that. The people who are wise enough to be tolerant are also intelligent enough to keep their eyes peeled.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Why is the letter 'w' called 'double u' when in form it is a 'double v'?

ANSWER: The form 'w' is what is called in French 'double vay' or 'double ve,' but in sound it is for us what its English name denotes, that of 'double u.' 'U' and 'v' were formerly used interchangeably.

QUESTION: Why do the British figure one hundred twelve pounds to the hundredweight while the symbol they use, 'cwt.,' indicates hundreds only?

ANSWER: In England a hundredweight is equal to eight stone, a stone being fourteen pounds. A ton is equal to one hundred sixty stone and a bushel to four stone. Likewise the British avoirdupois or commercial weight considers twenty-eight pounds a quarter, and four quarters a hundredweight, although in reality, one hundred twelve pounds.

QUESTION: What are the five countries having the largest air and naval forces in the world?

ANSWER: Great Britain, United States, Japan, France and Italy.

QUESTION: When did the present immigration law become effective? What are the European quotas?

ANSWER: July 1, 1924. The annual quota from each country until July 1, 1927, is 2 per cent of the number of persons born in that country who were residents of continental United States as shown by the 1890 census; but the minimum quota is 100.

QUESTION: Was the territory acquired by the United States in the Louisiana Purchase ever claimed by England?

ANSWER: France held explorer's title to the entire Mississippi Valley, including the land in the Louisiana Purchase. This, however, was ceded to Spain in 1762 (England refusing it, preferring the Floridas), but was retroceded to France in 1800, from whom the United States got it in 1803.

QUESTION: Where does Eastern and Central Time begin?

ANSWER: The United States adopted Standard Time in 1883. The meridians of 75°, 90°, 105° and 120° west from Greenwich are the time meridians of Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific Standard Time respectively.

QUESTION: How did the word 'dad' originate?

ANSWER: Of the actual origin there is no evidence, but the forms dada, tata, meaning father, originating in infantile or childish speech, occur independently in many languages. It has been assumed that our word is taken from Welsh tad, mutated dad, but this is very doubtful; the Welsh is itself merely a word of the same class which has displaced the original Celtic word for 'father.'

QUESTION: Which party is the strongest and how many members are there of each in Congress?

ANSWER: The 69th Congress: 42 Democrats, 53 Republicans, and 1 member of the Farmer Labor Party in the Senate; 248 Republicans, 182 Democrats, 1 Independent, 2 Socialists and 2 Farmer-Labor members in the House of Representatives.

An unofficial list of the 70th Congress which will convene in December of this year gives 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Labor in the Senate; 237 Republicans, 194 Democrats, 1 Socialist and 2 Farmer-Labor members with 1 vacancy in the House.

QUESTION: How old does a person have to be to join the Navy with his parents' consent?

ANSWER: He must be eighteen years of age.

QUESTION: Where can information be procured concerning employment with government surveyors?

ANSWER: An inquiry addressed to the Board of Civil Service Examiners for Engineering, Department at Large, Chicago, Illinois, or to the Board of Civil Service Examiners for Engineering, Department at Large, Rock Island, Illinois, should bring the information desired. Or a letter may be addressed to the Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Could you tell me how many soldiers the United States maintains in Alaska?

ANSWER: At the end of June, 1924, there were 392 soldiers stationed in Alaska.

QUESTION: How are appointments to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis made?

ANSWER: The students of the Naval Academy are styled midshipmen. Three midshipmen are allowed for each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress, and fifteen appointed each year by the President from the United States at large. The selection of candidates, by competitive examination or otherwise, for nomination for vacancies in the quota of Senators, Representatives and Delegates in Congress is entirely in the hands of each Senator, Representative and Delegate in Congress having a vacancy; and all applications for appointment or inquiries relative to competitive examinations should be addressed accordingly. Two examinations for admission are held each year, the first on the third Wednesday in February, the second on the third Wednesday in April.

QUESTION: Why is Philadelphia called 'The City of Brotherly Love' and at what period of its history was this name first applied to it?

ANSWER: The word means 'brotherly love' or 'loving the brethren,' derived from a Greek word of that meaning. It was first so designated by William Penn.

QUESTION: What is the drop of Niagara Falls and how far is it across?

ANSWER: The Horseshoe Falls have a total width of 2,950 feet measured along the curve, or 1,230 across the chord. The American Falls are 1,060 feet wide. The drop is 164 feet.

QUESTION: How many people are working for the United States Government?

ANSWER: At the end of the nation's fiscal year, June 30, 1926, there were 560,705 civil service employes on the federal payroll.

QUESTION: What state does each star on our flag represent.

ANSWER: On October 26, 1912, the executive order of President William H. Taft was made concerning the specific location of the stars and their definite representations; they were to be arranged in six rows of eight stars each, the stars to symbolize the states in the order of the states' ratification of the United States Constitution.

1. Delaware
2. Pennsylvania
3. New Jersey
4. Georgia
5. Connecticut
6. Massachusetts
7. Maryland
8. South Carolina
9. New Hampshire
10. Virginia
11. New York
12. North Carolina
13. Rhode Island
14. Vermont
15. Kentucky
16. Tennessee
17. Ohio
18. Louisiana
19. Indiana
20. Mississippi
21. Illinois
22. Alabama
23. Maine
24. Missouri
25. Arkansas
26. Michigan
27. Florida
28. Texas
29. Iowa
30. Wisconsin
31. California
32. Minnesota
33. Oregon
34. Kansas
35. West Virginia
36. Nevada
37. Nebraska
38. Colorado
39. North Dakota
40. South Dakota
41. Montana
42. Washington
43. Idaho
44. Wyoming
45. Utah
46. Oklahoma
47. New Mexico
48. Arizona

I READ IN THE PAPERS

At Antioch College students may some day obtain degrees without attending classes. Arthur E. Morgan, president, is planning a system of autonomous courses under which regular classroom work would be dispensed with. Classrooms would be altered into small libraries where references on particular subjects would be available, and professors would schedule office hours during which students would confer with them and exchange ideas. The student would accept the entire responsibility for the arrangement of hours of study, and the completion of the necessary labor would be placed on him. It is believed this will instill a sense of responsibility instead of the feeling of compulsion which now prevails in all colleges. In the end this will prove its value provided the students will coöperate. Next semester a small number of students will apply for the special course. If it proves successful, others will be admitted.

Antioch College Plans Novel Course

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Statisticians have figured the time lost in every other business operation. Now they might figure the time wasted in figuring statistics.—Chicago *Daily News*.

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Bankers have been interested in Mexico before the present fracas. Some sixty years ago Mexico was prostrated with internal strife. Napoleon III of France had long cherished the idea of a Central America under his control. The Monroe Doctrine was in force but the Union was weakened and in the throes of the Civil War. He pictured an interoceanic canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The time to strike was auspicious. But he had no legitimate excuse to act. So he turned about to find one. A Swiss banker named Jecker came forward, stating he had a claim against Mexico. By royal decree he was turned from a Swiss to a Frenchman. Then Napoleon assumed Jecker's alleged claim and announced that Archduke Maximilian of Austria, brother of the emperor of Austria, would be put on the throne of Mexico as king. Maximilian sailed with his wife Carlotta, a daughter of the king of Belgium. But the Mexican people revolted and Maximilian decided to abdicate. Not so Carlotta who 'had drunk deep of the joys of power and tasted the glories of a golden crown.' Maximilian remained on the throne while Carlotta hastened to Napoleon for succor and assistance in the form of military force. But Napoleon was not anxious to oppose the Monroe Doctrine too strongly. Who knows what a united north and south might do to back that doctrine? Carlotta then appealed to Pope Pius, but her entreaties fell on deaf ears. It was then that Carlotta's reason snapped and she became a raving maniac and was taken back to her father in Belgium. That was sixty years ago. Carlotta died but recently. Maximilian without her was helpless. Abdication, flight, capture and the Hill of the Bells at sunrise. That was his just desert. The story of Maximilian, Carlotta and Jecker is just another chapter in the unfinished and unending book of conquest. There is no evidence that Jecker, the banker, risked his neck. He is believed to have remained in safety on the Continent.

Mexico and the Banker's Claim

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The Federal Bureau of Entomology is preparing a list of every known economic pest on the North American Continent. A place should be reserved for the idler who has a half-hour to spend and who spends it with some one who hasn't.—Seattle *Times*.

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It is quite the thing to play golf with your grandmother at St. Andrews, Scotland, where almost everyone plays golf, and there is no age limit. On all holidays and half-holidays you may see the butcher or baker going out with his clubs and quite boldly shouting 'Fore' to the aristocrat or millionaire who has also come along to take part in the game.

When the Lion and the Lamb Golf Together

There is also at St. Andrews a children's golf club and course, and little tots go out to play with their nurses. All the nurses—St. Andrews girls—can, of course, play golf, and it is generally the child with the best nurse-coach that wins. A match, granddaughters versus grandmothers, is a possibility.

Visitors can play the famous 'old course' for fifty cents, on the New and Eden courses for twenty-five cents, while for a fourth course, called the Jubilee, the green fee is six cents. Residents may play on the 'old course' free, and this probably accounts for their all-round proficiency.

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A contemporary points out that cabbage contains the ingredients of gun cotton, yet no motorist ever takes the trouble to ascertain whether his pedestrian happens to be a vegetarian.—*Punch*.

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'Tra-a-a-i-n n-u-mm-b-e-e-r ninety-six on track seven now ready. A-a-al a-board for Borax Flat, Cottonwood Canyon, Funeral Mountains, Hearse Hill, Dead Man's Well and all points south in Death Valley. A-a-l Aboard!'

All Aboard for Death Valley

For an enterprising railroad is penetrating that most gruesome of America's unexplored regions—Death Valley in California. There the best-behaved thermometers froth at the mouth and blow up with a bang. Old-timers such as Death Valley Scotty and Dad Fairbanks aver that even the rattlesnakes fear sunstroke. The shimmering veil of mystery that has hung over a land of horror is about to be raised so the pop-eyed tourist from the East may look at nature in its wildest form. Accommodations are being prepared on the edge of the valley for travelers who care to visit it over the new rail and bus routes. The mighty Panamint Range frowns down from the west. Here the dying prospector saw the false mirage; saw the green, verdant valleys of another land with sparkling brooks and singing birds; ocean liners warping into port, and cool, glacier-fed streams dashing down the mountainside. Eagerly he would hasten toward them only to have them dissolve into thin air and soon in weakness he would be crawling. Perhaps he found a well but the bones of other men and animals lying about warned him of its poisonous waters. But no more will there be the drama of men caught in the desert and expiring on the baking and unheeding expanse, for the trip may soon be made in comfort and safety.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. 1, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

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All any citizen of the United States could possibly desire is as much protection by his Government at home as he gets in Nicaragua. —Detroit *News*.

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Furnaces roar in the department of Yonne, France. The sky reflects the glow of the open hearth as it eats the ore to make steel. The ore is slag residue left by the Romans in the early centuries after Christ. Near Troyes there are huge slag deposits with an iron content of more than sixty per cent. This slag contains more than twice as much iron as ordinary Lorraine ore. Italy has experimented with similar slag and in exchange for this exceptionally high grade of slag Luxembourg producers are sending their steel scrap to Italian mills. Charcoal iron made by the Romans did very well for that day but they could not get the intense heat in the furnaces that is possible today and simply cast the slag aside.

Slag of Ancient Romans Made Into Iron

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New planets have been named Arequipa, Cantabea, Totolphia, and Portlandia, and if that isn't stealing the stuff of the Pullman Company, what is?—Louisville *Times*.

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A trusty convict at Sing Sing carelessly left a window open in the potato cellar in the main building. Snow drifted in and caused a fuse to blow out. This shut off the lights on the wall and most of the buildings of the prison for two hours. It also started a fire in the electrical apparatus at three o'clock in the morning. Extra keepers were rushed to guard the walls in pitch darkness. There was a great heap of coal inside the wall which would have made ascent easy for any who had attempted to escape over the frozen river to liberty. But not only did the 275 who have sleeping quarters in the building where the fire occurred make no attempt to get away, but they coöperated with other inmates in the prison fire department and helped to preserve order and subdue the fire. The final check-up revealed every one of the 1,600 prisoners.

Convicts Display Loyalty to Their Prison

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE THIRD SENTENCE in the annual report of President Butler of Columbia University contains 1,743 words, 125 commas and 32 semicolons.

THE BUREAU of STANDARDS in Washington has devised a paper that is said to be able to withstand the wear and tear of folding twice as long as the paper now used in United States currency.

OF THE TWENTY-TWO million dolls made in the United States during 1926, only about one million were blonds.

MEMBERS OF A RELIGIOUS sect in Siberia reside underground from the age of forty till death. The cave dwellers call themselves 'Subterranean Dwellers.'

PATENTS FOR A MICROPHONE built by a German inventor, Emilo Berliner, were filed in the United States nearly fifty years ago, two weeks before Edison announced his invention of the carbon transmitter.

ACCORDING TO SIR W. ARBUTHNOT Lane, noted British surgeon, fair-haired persons are more able to fight against disease than dark-haired ones.

THE ARC WELDER IS supplanting the noisy riveter in the erection of modern steel buildings.

ALMOST ALL OF THE WORLD'S supply of camphor, an important ingredient in the manufacture of modern explosives for high-power guns, comes from Formosa.

MANY MODERN WORDS and figures of speech are based upon the devouring of food. The word 'nag' originally meant to gnaw or nibble; 'fret' meant to eat or devour; 'remorse' meant to bite, and 'worry' to strangle.

THE PETREL, WHICH obtains its food by seeming to run on the surface of the sea, is named for Saint Peter, who, through faith, tried to walk on the Sea of Galilee.

THE EARLIEST MEASUREMENTS were based on parts of the human body. The 'inch' developed from the length of the thumb joint, the 'hand' was the four inches across the human hand and the 'span,' nine inches, was the space from the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger.

EACH INDIAN ON THE tribal roll of the Osage Indians was allowed $2,300 with which to do his Christmas shopping.

ANTS ARE FOUND TO MOVE at a much faster speed in warm weather than in cold.

WITHIN FOURTEEN MILES OF London, the Kentish village of Downe has neither gas nor electricity, no main drainage, no doctor, no movie, and no omnibus, or street car.

STEAM SPRAY IS NOW being used by paper-hangers to remove old wall paper.

BOYS PLAYED MARBLES EVEN in the early days of the Indian mound builders.

THE ARGENTINE CAPITOL at Buenos Aires, rising impressively above an extensive plaza, was constructed, with true Latin-American magnificence, in three months, with an expenditure of five millions.

PUPILS ATTENDING rural schools in Oxfordshire, England, are provided with bicycles by the school board.

THE FIRST WALL PAPER factory was established at Albany, New York, in 1790.

THE INSTITUTO BOUTANTAN in São Paulo, Brazil, is one of the most remarkable of the world's establishments. Here are housed thousands of snakes for the purpose of determining antidotes to their venom.

FAKE INDUSTRIAL AND CORRESPONDENCE schools take $35,000,000 annually from the public according to the Federal Trade Commission.

THERE ARE STATED TO BE 3,000,000 human beings still held in slavery.

WIDOWS ARE MORE SOUGHT after as wives than spinsters by the men of Ulster, both bachelors and widowers.

WOMEN WITH RED HAIR USUALLY keep their fair complexions unblemished to a more advanced age than those with darker hair.

ONLY ONE PERPETUAL pension is now being paid by the British Government. This is the annual sum of $25,000 to the holder of the Nelson earldom.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST disasters by fire were: London, 1666; Moscow, 1812; Chicago and Paris, both 1871; Boston, 1872; Baltimore, 1904; San Francisco, 1906; and Salonica, 1917.

THE PROPRIETOR OF AN INN at Dikovina, in the Trans-Baikal territory of Siberia, provided her customers with 'whale steaks' from a mysterious source of supply, which on investigation proved to be the carcass of a mammoth preserved by the arctic cold for nearly 20,000 years.

A GERMAN SHIP LOADED with beans collided with another vessel on the Yangtze River. The loaded ship sprang a leak and the beans swelled, bulging the decks and opening the seams. A salvage raft came to the rescue but the boat was almost a total loss.

THE LATEST EVOLUTION in the line of fancy singing birds is a pure white canary, not an albino.

THE TENANT OF THE Foulis estates in Scotland, in accordance with an old feudal agreement, is supposed to pay for his lands with a bucketful of snow.

EVERY CITIZEN OF MONTPELLIER, France, claims that he is entitled to call himself baron. In 1537 the Baron de Caravette, who lived in Montpellier, bequeathed his title and estates to the city. Hence, it is argued, every child born in the city may adopt the title.

SIXTY-TWO PER CENT OF Canadian families own their own homes.

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS of experiment a young French mechanic has invented a bicycle which can be transformed into a small monoplane and fly to a height of 150 feet.

NO FORMER BRITISH CABINET Minister now draws any pension.

A FIBER ROPE THAT IS unsinkable has been produced in Holland. The rope includes a core of 'foam rubber' that has a specific gravity only one-fourth as great as that of cork.

A CLAUSE IN THE Detroit laundryman's union contract gives permission to the employer to launder his own shirt provided 'he does not employ any other shirt ironer and is not assisted by any other person or persons.'

PRINCIPAL CROPS GROWN in the United States during 1926 reached a total farm value of only $7,802,114,000 as compared with $8,949,321,000 in 1925.

BOBBED HAIR IS BANNED in the Chinese Province of Chihli by order of the military governor.

STARTING AS A MAIDSERVANT, Miss Sillanpaa is now Assistant Minister of Industry in the new Socialist Cabinet of Finland.

AT THE DEPTH OF A mile the ocean bed is well illuminated by the luminous organs of the fish living there, according to one scientist.

TWENTY-EIGHT DISTINCT mountain ranges can be seen on the journey across Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon.

REYKJAVIK, CAPITAL of Iceland, will be heated by hot water from nearby hot springs, if plans of the prime minister materialize.

MORE FURS ARE WORN in the United States than in any other country in the world.

MUKERJI, A STUDENT AT the King Edward Medical School, Indore, India, is said to have run 100 yards in nine seconds, and 220 yards in twenty seconds. This would make him the fastest human being on earth.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses capital punishment.

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The cover design of this number is by W. A. Dwiggins. It is one of the most striking yet reproduced, representing construction and destruction, order and chaos, building up and tearing down.

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Do people buy things they do not want or have no immediate use for? This thought is developed in an article by Henry Laket who devotes special attention to the installment plan business. (p. 1)

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Daniel W. Hoan, mayor of Milwaukee, tells us how crime was suppressed in that city. The elimination of banditry and lawlessness is the objective of other big cities. Milwaukee's plan has worked well. (p. 3)

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Are the best books those that serve as library ornaments or those that are really read? Thomas L. Masson asserts that the best books are the cheapest books. (p. 5)

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Skating is the most popular winter sport and one of the oldest, but there is an immense distance between skating as it is practised now and as it was a century ago when the Pickwickians reveled on the ice at Dingley Dell. H. G. Salsinger chats about some of the modern marvels of the frozen speedway. (p. 7)

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William E. Barton thinks that there was a George Washington great enough and good enough to be the father of his country. But that Washington seems to have been lost sight of. (p. 8)

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Like King Robert the Bruce, a future President of the United States once was a fugitive with a reward offered for his capture. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton relates this incident in the first of a series of articles of rare interest. (p. 12)

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Centuries ago the crafty Greeks moved on Troy in a wooden horse, captured, and sacked the city. The World War saw the wooden horse reborn—in the tank. It is difficult to exaggerate the rôle played by this new weapon in the Allies' final victory. But possibly more interesting is the rôle the tank will play in the future. (p. 14)

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Some believe it will be a veritable dreadnought of the land, moving with all the stateliness and power of a battleship at sea. Others vision the tank as the cavalry unit of the future, darting about with speed and protection never possible to a horse. Here is an authoritative article, written by an army officer whose experience and training fit him particularly for the task. (p. 14)

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Another of Hugh Walpole's delightful short stories appears in this issue. It is one of his best and is sure to have a wide appeal. (p. 16)

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Many believe that America's greatness is because the American people are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel; that the line of continuity is Israelites, Anglo-Saxons, Americans. With this as his theme an illuminating story is told by Mark John Levy. (p. 22)

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1226 W. Walnut St.,
Kokomo, Indiana.

It is very interesting and especially refreshing to have news come to your subscribers by such recognized spokesmen as Bishop George E. Miller, of the Protestant church, and Bishop Pascual Diaz, of the Roman Catholic church in Mexico, in your issue of the 15th of January. Judging by my own hunger for the facts in the controversy, your fairness by putting the two articles side by side for a waiting public's choice fills a long-felt desire.

For some reason or other our daily papers leave this very interesting question severely alone, or else color it to the point where one feels like he is reading propaganda. You have done the job creditably and you are deserving of the public thanks if you succeed in arousing an indifferent or misled public to a true sense of justice in the matter.

RUSH P. CRAWFORD.

The Adams Publishing Co.,
Hull, Texas.

May I commend your editorials in general and your 'Boobs and the Ballot' editorial in particular?

Certainly you have rightly evaluated the situation, placing the whole hopeless mess where it belongs, on the shoulders of the 'boob citizen.'

He is in every local meeting. He will hear the proposition discussed, pro and con, then sit like a dumbell when a vote is taken.

Truly 'Boobery cannot be abolished, nor intelligence increased, by law.'

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT appeals to me as being the best edited journal in America.

S. W. ADAMS.

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23 Tenney Building,
Madison, Wisconsin.

As to the origin of the name Wisconsin—

The French explorers came up Green Bay and into the mouth of the Fox River, where a few miles up they encountered rapids, and from there on rapids, and again rapids repeatedly. They called the locality *On-s-quon*—descent, meaning where it descends, or where one descends. Speak these words rapidly, giving the vowels their French values. Let Indians slur them and English-speaking nonscholarly men interpret and you would soon easily and naturally evolve Ouiskonsan and Wisconsin.

Have seen many conflicting versions of the origin of Wisconsin name. This seems to be the only rational and probable one. It is not original with me; I found it in an old magazine forty years ago.

ALLAN D. CONOVER.

3264 Enderby Road,
Shaker Heights, Ohio.

Please renew my subscription for the only publication, which dares to hold to the truth. It is indeed refreshing to read your paper Saturdays (the day received) after reading the 'yellow' daily papers thru the week. Give us the truth about the recent baseball scandal. I have played and loved the great American game for over forty years, and want to see it stay out of the hands of gamblers.

Yours for the truth although it hurts.

J. E. SCHELL.

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Mark John Levy

HENRY LAKET is the pen name of a prominent business man of New Orleans who has interested himself in analyzing the results of intensive advertising and high-pressure salesmanship.

DANIEL W. HOAN has been mayor of Milwaukee since 1916. He is a successful and experienced lawyer, having practised in Milwaukee since 1907. He takes a special interest in the welfare of workmen and in social questions generally.

THOMAS L. MASSON before he was sixteen crossed the Atlantic Ocean sixteen times, and has visited Spain, France, England and Russia. By his travels and his years of experience as an editor he knows a lot about men and books, especially books.

H. G. SALSINGER is sports editor of one of the big dailies and a recognized authority on outdoor recreations of all kinds.

WILLIAM E. BARTON, so familiar as an authority on Abraham Lincoln, and a prolific writer on historical subjects, both Biblical and modern, has lately been devoting some attention to George Washington.

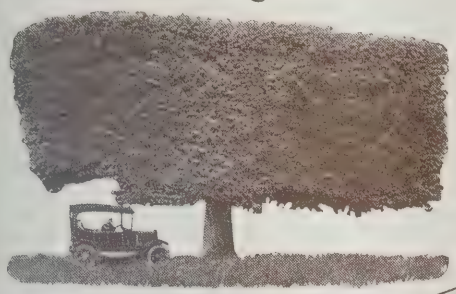
J. G. de ROULHAC HAMILTON has been professor of history and government in the University of North Carolina since 1920. He is the joint author of a life of Robert E. Lee and an extensive contributor to magazines and reviews.

CAPTAIN GEORGE H. RAREY has made a special study of the use of tanks by the British, French and American troops. He has served as instructor in charge of both the Heavy Tank School and the Light Tank School at Camp Meade and represented the Tank Headquarters during the tests of American and French tanks at the Ordnance Proving Ground. He is also the author of a complete review of tank history appearing in the *Infantry Journal*.

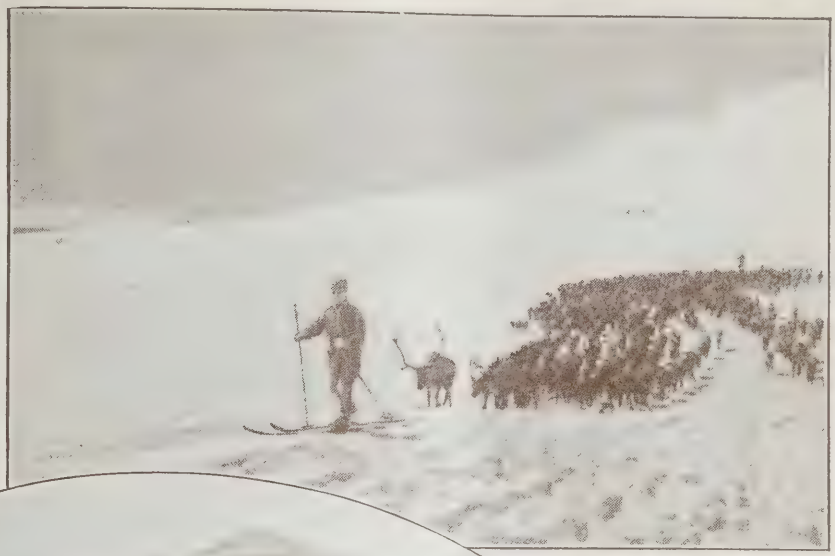
HUGH WALPOLE is a novelist whose work holds their own in popularity through years of change. As a lecturer he is, like Dickens, equally successful.

MARK JOHN LEVY is a distinguished English Jew and a well-known writer on subjects pertaining to the history of the 'Chosen People.'

Along the WORLD'S BYWAYS *With a Camera*



A perfectly good tree—but different. It grows in Sussex, England, where its dense foliage was outlined to make it seem like a giant hedge. —*Keystone View.*

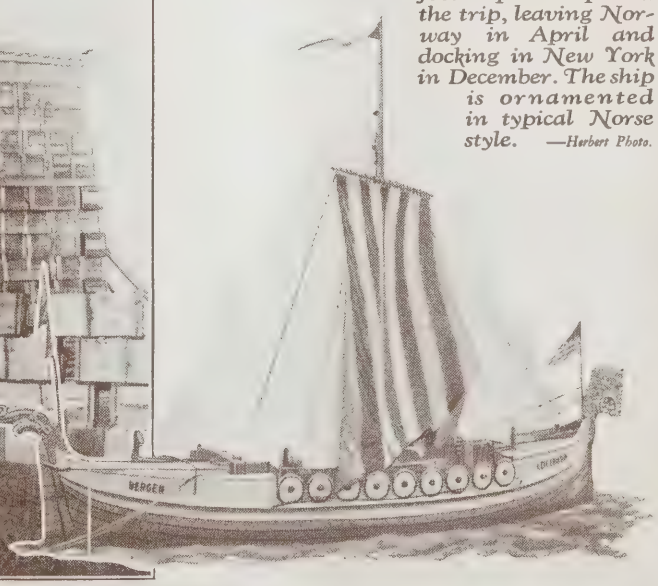


Reindeer ranching seems to be a coming thing in Lapland. Here an antlered herd is on its way to market down mountain slopes.—*Herbert Photo.*

Below—*'Fort a la Corne,' where boys of New York City may have the 'Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime.' It is built of old ammunition boxes in approved style, forming a six-pointed star.* —*International Newsreel.*

Oval—*The Mountains wouldn't come to Mahomet, so he went to them. But here's one that might have been more accommodating. Sliding, it has just demolished part of a French village. Citizens fled, fearing further disaster.*—*Herbert Photo.*

Below—*Nine centuries after Leif Ericsson, the great Viking, made his supposed voyage to America, this 42-foot replica repeated the trip, leaving Norway in April and docking in New York in December. The ship is ornamented in typical Norse style.* —*Herbert Photo.*



A-3900
THE ILLINOIS
AGRICULTURIST
URBANA
CHAMPAIGN ILL

Man's freedom is as wide as his ability to receive experience ~ It is not the turnover of life, but the profit thereof, that constitutes experience ~ Not what one has seen, nor what one has endured, but what one has learned until he knows it in his pulses ~ The universe waits, well-balanced, ~ while man learns ~

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DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 27, Number 19

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

FEBRUARY 26, 1927

Five Cents a Copy

FEB 26 19

'OUT O' LUCK'

A Touch of Southern Hospitality *in Doorways*

Colonial Architecture *Still Holds Its Influence, as* Modern Homes *Will Evidence.*

Right—
An entrance that suggests the romantic hospitality of the Colonial period. With beautiful simplicity the entablature, with frieze and cornice, extends a genuine invitation.

Beautiful in its restraint yet friendly withal is the story of this doorway. O'erhung and o'er-draped with vines the embracing and peaceful atmosphere of home is suggested.

Below—
The skill of our Colonial architects needs no other champion than its doors. For embellishment and chaste effect they are unsurpassed. The lovely fanlight over this doorway is particularly noticeable and augments the attractiveness of the entrance.

Below—
This doorway is strong enough to hold its place as a dominant architectural feature. It is a modern adaptation carrying the best tradition of the Colonial. Its gleaming whiteness is especially characteristic.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

EBRUARY 26
1927

Published Weekly by THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Dearborn, Mich.
Henry Ford, *President* — E. G. Liebold, *Vice-President and Treasurer* — C. B. Longley, *Secretary* — W. J. Cameron, *Editor*

Volume 27
Number 19

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The MOON—*A Vast* Desert *Without* Water, *Without* Air, *Without* Life

By
PROFESSOR F. R. MOULTON
As Told to J. V. NASH

THE moon, as the heavenly body nearest the earth, has from time immemorial been an object of curiosity and wonder to man. Much about he moon was learned by the peoles of antiquity without the aid of elescopes. The ancient Greeks, in articular, possessed a great deal of nformation as to its apparent movement and phases, but they never scertained its actual distance from ne earth, its size, nor the real characer of its orbit.

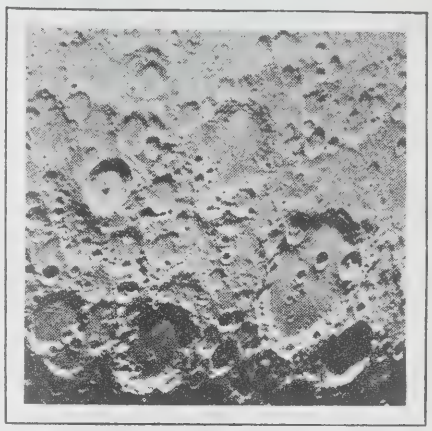
At a very early date the moon beame the basis for man's first calendar. 'he important division of time which e still call a *month* akes its name from he moon. The oon's frequent and riking changes in ppearance, repeated t periodic intervals, rst led to its use in easuring time. mong the Egypans, the divinity of ne moon, Thoth, was ne god of measure, the reckoning of me, and of wisdom nd science generally.

In Greece, Thoth as identified with ermes, the heavenly essenger and the od of commerce, inention, and athletics. The Hebrews, common with other ncient peoples, used ne month, which is ne period in which ne moon passes rough its phases, om new moon to ew moon. We still etermine by the oon the occurrence Easter.

Many primitive races regarded the moon, like the sun, as a living person; and the moon deity, generally a goddess, occupied a prominent place in their mythologies.

The marks on the face of the moon, which are clearly visible to the naked eye on a bright night, have given rise to many extravagant fancies and speculations. Our ancestors in the long ago believed that there was an actual 'man in the moon.' Widely separated tribes, from the Eskimos of the Far North to the aborigines of the South Seas, have their legends about the man in the moon.

The Malays, for instance, believe that the marks on the moon represent a banyan tree under which a hunchback is sitting, plaiting a fishing line. When the job is finished he will fish up everything on the earth; but fortunately for us a rat is constantly gnawing away the line so that it is never completed.

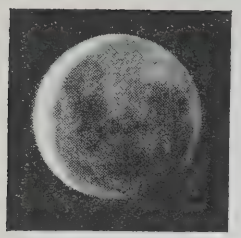


The great crater Clavius, with smaller craters on its rim and in its interior.

An eclipse of the moon, like one of the sun, was always regarded with greatest consternation by primitive peoples. Almost universally they believed that the phenomenon was caused by a monster attempting to devour the beautiful orb.

Then, too, in all ages the moon has been held responsible for innumerable terrestrial phenomena. Endless superstitions have grown up respecting its effects upon human affairs. The word *lunatic* testifies to this early belief in the influence of the moon upon the human mind, as it means literally 'one who is moon-struck.' It will not be questioned, however, that the full moon, glowing with its soft and tender radiance on summer nights, has had an important influence upon countless thousands of

The appearance of the full moon as disclosed through a large telescope.



A slender sunlit crescent embracing the earth-lit night portion of the moon.

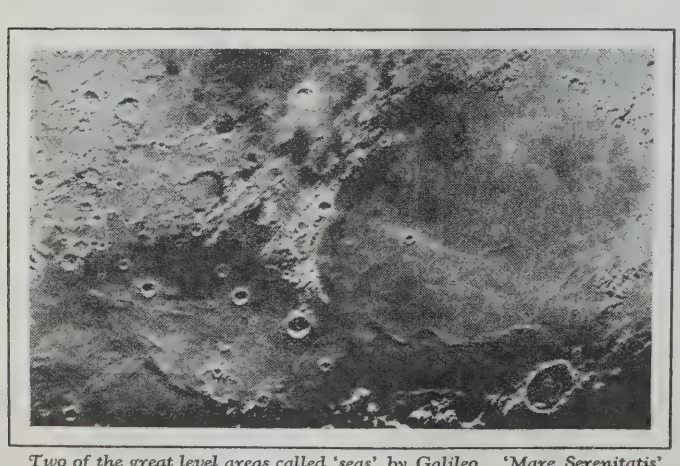
human romances, and has been perhaps the world's greatest matchmaker. Tennyson speaks of her as 'the planet of love.'

Turning now from fancy and fiction to scientific fact, what do we find that modern science, with its methods of precision that have revolutionized the world, says about the moon? First, a few figures. The mean distance from the center of the earth to the center of the moon is now known to be 238,862 miles, the circumference of its orbit is 1,500,818 miles, and its diameter is 2,160 miles, or a little more than one-quarter that of the earth. The period which the moon takes to pass through its phases, which are of course determined by its position with respect to the sun, is 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, and 2.8 seconds.

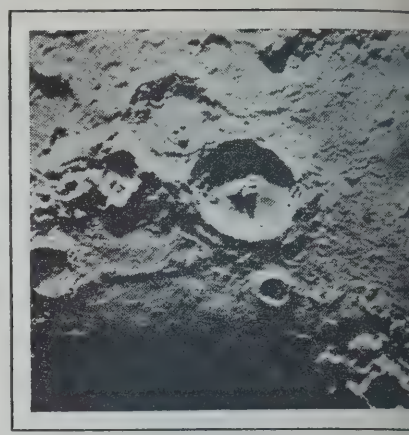
As a matter of fact, astronomers have measured the distance to the moon with as great a percentage of accuracy as they have the distance from Chicago to Detroit. They have determined the period of the moon's revolution around the earth to within 1/1,000 of one second of time. They have measured the diameter of the moon with an error not exceeding one mile. Its motions are known so accurately that a telescope could be set today so that our successors a thousand years from now, looking through it, in a given year, month, day, hour, minute, and second, could see any part of the moon which we might decide upon at the present time.

These statements are verified by the fact that we predict the occurrence of eclipses with unerring accuracy, and navigators use observations of the moon to locate their positions at sea in the night. Not only this, but the mass of the moon has been determined, and the effects it has upon the earth have been measured. When a man stands at night out beneath the moon, he is subject to the attraction of the earth below and of the moon above. Rough conjectures might lead one to suppose that the attraction of the moon is comparable to that of the earth. The fact is, however, that the moon pulls him upward with a force only 1/288,000 of that by which the earth draws him downward. Consequently, it is evident that the moon by its attraction exerts no appreciable direct effect upon us. It is true, of course, that the tide ebbs and flows in endless surges, whose periods are about thirteen hours, as a consequence of the effects of the moon, but what we see on the seashore when the tide comes in and goes out again is the accumulated results of the moon's feeble forces acting on the millions of square miles of the ocean's great surface. The tides in the Great Lakes, for example, are inappreciable, although these bodies of water are of so great extent that one is several hours out of sight of land while sailing across the

Reflected light on the moon at the period when it is eight and one-half days 'old.'



Two of the great level areas called 'seas' by Galileo. 'Mare Serenitatis' and 'Mare Tranquillitatis' are their names.



The great lunar crater Theophilus, sixty-fou miles in diameter and 19,000 feet deep. Th peak in the center towers 11,000 feet abov the plain from which it rises.

It is interesting to note, this connection, that the hi rigidity of the earth was det mined by my colleague, Profess Michelson, from measuring t slight deformations the earth u dergoes as a consequence of t moon's attraction. These marv ous experiments prove that t earth, through and through, is rigid as steel and that it is elast like steel.

But admitting, as we do, the forgoing considerations, it nevertheless the confident opini of scientists that the moon h inappreciable effects on ordina human affairs by its direct attra tion.

A more widespread opinion that the moon's light and possib heat are important climatic facto and that they influence the grow of crops. When one looks up the cloudless sky at night in t full moon, one is impressed with i great brilliance and is likely think that its light is really co parable to that of the sun.

As a matter of scientific fact, ho ever, sunlight is 600,000 times brilliant as full moonlight with t moon at a corresponding altitud Perhaps a more illuminating statemen is that the earth receives as much lig and heat from the sun in thirtee seconds as it receives from the moo in the course of a whole year. passing cloud in daylight has great effects on the temperature of a give place than the direct moonlight ha The amount of light given off by th moon varies, of course, with its phase Over the period of an entire month, th average amount of light and heat comin from the moon to the earth does no exceed 1/2,500,000 that from the su

Consequently, from the very natu of the case it seems highly probab that the moon has no appreciab effect upon the weather. This co clusion is confirmed by weather record extending over (Continued on page

A Mexican Speaks to Americans

By JULIO ZETINA

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT asked the President of the Rotary Club of Mexico City to address a letter to American Rotarians on the relations of the two countries. Here is the reply of Mr. Zetina.

[TRANSLATION.]

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has requested of me, as president of the Rotary Club of Mexico City, a statement addressed to the Rotarians of the United States regarding the present condition of the relations between our respective countries.

Undoubtedly for me the easiest and surest course would be to decline to say anything on a matter which I have no particular capacity for judging except from the necessarily limited point of view of the business man entirely removed from the political field. But although Julio Zetina as an individual might decline to make a statement, as president of the Rotary Club, whose high mission is founded on the ideals of service, he feels himself inevitably bound to lend his aid, no matter how insignificant it may be, to the satisfactory settlement of a dispute which is seriously threatening the friendly relations that should exist between two neighboring peoples.

Naturally the only source of information that I have on which to base my opinion regarding the matter is that given by the newspapers and, for obvious reasons, such information is not always correct nor in every way complete.

THE origin of this entire dispute appears to be the decision of the Mexican Government to put in effect certain laws emanating from our present Federal Constitution and the determination on the part of the American Government to prevent the interests of its nationals existing in Mexico from suffering loss and damage by reason of the enforcement of said laws.

Looking at the matter in this light, it is evident that both governments are confining themselves strictly to the carrying out of their respective duties; the former by enforcing its laws and the latter by protecting its citizens.

However, the matter has now arrived at such a stage that only one solution would appear possible, that is to say that one of the two governments radically alter its policy—either the Mexican Government must withdraw from its purpose to put its laws in practice or the American Government forgo the protection of its nationals. Neither of these solutions is acceptable at first sight and therefore if, as it is to be hoped and as I believe certain, a friendly settlement is arrived at, both governments must give way in part.

People are not lacking, both in Mexico and the United States, who claim that any surrender could be made only at the expense of national honor of the party making the concession; nevertheless I am of the opinion that national honor can be maintained and at the same time a satisfactory settlement can be made if only a small amount of good will may be exercised.

If the Mexican laws to which the United States objects are confiscatory and therefore contrary to the principles of international law, surely our Supreme Court, in deciding the cases of violation of constitutional guaranties, which will undoubtedly be brought by the interests affected, will so declare and thus put an end to the difficulty.

If, on the other hand, the laws are just and the interests that claim to be damaged thereby are only endeavoring to have them repealed or modified out of mere caprice or excessive ambition, undoubtedly the American Government will so acknowledge and withdraw its support from such interests.

Our great statesman, Benito Juárez, said on a certain occasion: 'Respect for the rights of others means peace'; and it is evident that our respective governments, if inspired by the great truth expressed by those words, will find a way to conserve the just rights of each and at the same time refrain from violating those of the other.

In the meantime, Rotarians of the United States, you have at hand an excellent opportunity to make good as regards the Sixth Purpose of our organization: 'The promotion of international understanding, good will and peace through association of the business and professional men of the world united by the Rotarian principle of service.'

For this purpose it will be sufficient if in the two thousand communities where your clubs are established you become ardent boosters for Mexico; that you use every endeavor to create a better knowledge of this nation among the American people; that you make public the fact that Mexico is not such a country as it is painted by a certain malevolent portion of the American press—a land of thievery and murder—but a young country with the defects of youth and inexperience; and that the people are just as respectful of foreign rights, just as honest and just as hard working as any other civilized nation in the world.

BY this means of publicity, of undeniable effect, since it will be put forth in more than two thousand cities by more than one hundred thousand business and professional men selected from the flower of the American nation, you will be able to direct public opinion in favor of Mexico, since the promotion of better understanding means the attainment of true and sincere friendship.

On our side we Mexican Rotarians will endeavor to carry on a campaign of publicity for the purpose of having the American nation understood as it really is, and we shall undoubtedly succeed in removing that lack of confidence created among our people by the policy of threats which unfortunately several governments of the United States have thought it advisable to use against Mexico on different occasions.

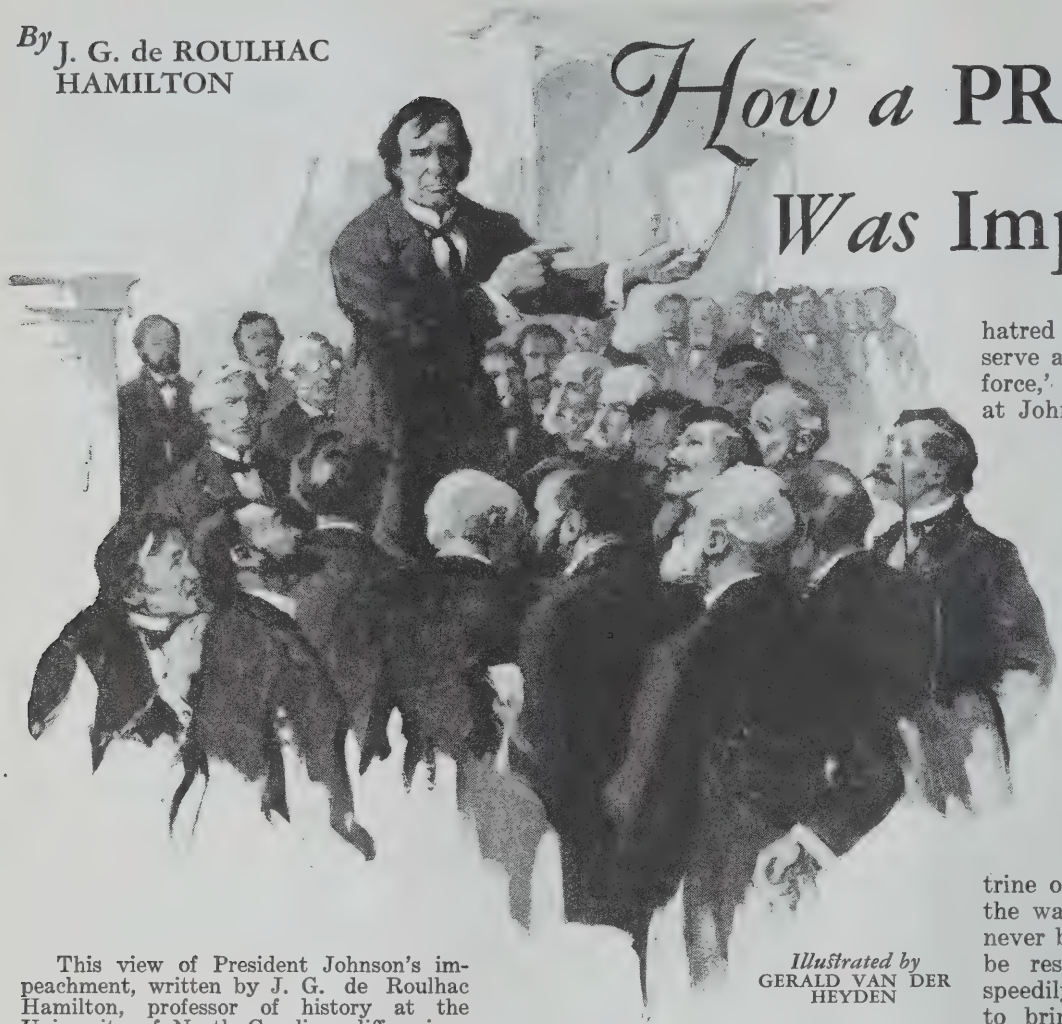
As true international fraternity can exist only when based upon absolute confidence, by attacking this lack of confidence we are fighting against enmity and for good will.

Let us work then untiringly on this great enterprise for international fraternity and be sure that our respective governments will follow along the path marked out for them by the opinion of the people who granted them their confidence through their votes when raising them to power.

Mexico City, January 17, 1927.

By J. G. de ROULHAC HAMILTON

How a PRESIDENT Was Impeached



Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Thaddeus Stevens making the speech which closed the House debate on impeachment, March 2, 1868. The speaker's remarks were a bitter denunciation of the President.

This view of President Johnson's impeachment, written by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, professor of history at the University of North Carolina, differs in a number of major points from others which have been heretofore published. It presents a unique and possibly partisan view of one of the strangest public men in the nation's history. Another character summation of President Johnson is that given by the late John Ford Rhodes, eminent historian, whose death occurred recently:

'When his personal animosity was aroused, he would not accept the disinterested advice of those best qualified to give it. He utterly failed to see things as they were. And he acted as if he had the country at his back, though in fact he had no support whatever. The Democrats had little respect for Johnson although they were willing to use him as a means to injure their party antagonist. The Southern people were coming to look upon him as an impotent friend . . . True enough, as after events have shown, Johnson stood for some correct principles, but he had the knack of doing even right things in the wrong way, so that all his salutary action came to naught and the Southern people might well have exclaimed, Defend us from such a friend.'

—Editor's Note.

ANDREW JOHNSON as President sought to carry out Lincoln's policy for the restoration of the seceded states to their place in the Union. By so doing he won the implacable personal and political hatred of the radical leaders in Congress who had hated Lincoln no less, and for this he was impeached, narrowly escaping removal from office.

It can scarcely be said, however, that he was the scapegoat for his great predecessor. Johnson, it is true, carried out Lincoln's policy; but he did so only because he was convinced that it was the right one. It was his own policy as much as it was Lincoln's. Had Lincoln lived, he would have met the same bitter radical opposition and hatred, and he might possibly have lost the fight as did Johnson. But against such a conclusion must be placed the power of Lincoln over the minds of the mass of Americans. It is difficult to believe that any such conspiracy as was formed against Johnson could have been carried against Lincoln to such a conclusion as impeachment.

While Johnson came to the presidency superbly equipped for the position as far as experience, character, and sheer ability were concerned, he nevertheless labored under a number of heavy handicaps. Temperamentally he was no politician and could never gain his ends by the skilful indirection which was so large an asset to his predecessor. So violent had he been against secessionists, and so intense had been his determination that punishment should be meted out to them, that the radical leaders in Congress, who had opposed Lincoln with bitter hatred for his determination to p serve a 'Union of hearts as well as force,' made no secret of their delig at Johnson's accession. 'Johnson, have faith in you,' said 'Blu Ben' Wade, later his bit enemy. 'By the gods, th will be no trouble now running the Government.'

But Johnson was a lifelo Democrat and a Southern and hence, in spite of his Uni war record, an object of s picion. From the standpoint Thaddeus Stevens he was 'alien' from 'conquered te tory,' and hence not lega President. His intense c victions, his boldness in ma taining them, and his compl sympathy with Lincoln's d trine on which the North had fou the war—that the seceded states h never been out of the Union and m be restored to their full rights speedily as possible; all these were s to bring him into conflict with group of radicals in Congress who w bent on regaining the power lost Congress to the President during war and on imposing hard terms on South. These motives lay behi congressional reconstruction, and soon as Johnson became an obsta to their fulfillment, his removal w determined upon by the radical leade

During the summer of 1865 Jol son put into operation the policy reconstruction outlined by Linco with but few changes or modificatio The South met the terms and reorganization of the state gove ments went on rapidly and smooth In the North the policy met, app ently, with hearty approval. Eve state convention, Republican or Den cratic, in the autumn of 1865, with exception of Pennsylvania and Mas chusetts, where Stevens and Sum were in full control, voiced this sen ment and in the excepted cases Jol son was not condemned.

Morton and Andrew, the governors of Indiana and Mas chusetts, gave the President th hearty support, as did, among othe Henry Ward Beecher. Among th who wrote him pledging support w Hannibal Hamlin, General John Dix, General George H. Thomas, E. Washburn, Lyman Trumbull, Goverr Curtin, Simon Cameron, Reverdy Jol

on, B. Gratz Brown, Senators Dixon, Cowan and Doolittle, Jeremiah S. Black, George Bancroft, Francis Lieber nd General W. T. Sherman. The ress approved.

The New York *Evening Post* said, The President is already proving himelf by his successive acts one of the ost discreet, clear-sighted, upright, nd capable statesmen of the age,' and he *Nation* commented on the fact that is policy had 'the miraculous property f appearing to satisfy all parts and arties of the country.' Later the same aper declared the President's plan o be 'the highest example of humanity, elf-restraint, and sagacity ever witessed—something to which the hisory of no other country offers any pproach.' Finally, the larger number f governors' messages in December nd January gave the policy hearty pproval.

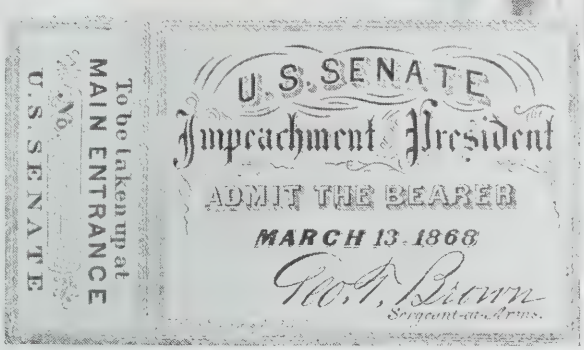
If it is asked why this era of good eeling did not continue, the answer is imple. The radical leaders were deermined to carry out their policy. he archenemies of the resident and his policy, s well as of peace and econciliation, were Thadeus Stevens and Charles umner, who, working from ifferent points of view nd with different motives, eached almost identical onclusions of practice, if ot of theory, and formed coalition upon which sts the responsibility for hat we call reconstruc-on.

Stevens, the abler and ore influential of the two, as a practical politician who looked t every question from the angle of arty expediency. Calculating, selfish, nscrupulous, and imbued with an ndying hatred for the South, he ought to inflict upon it harsh punishent. Lacking any repulsion in reject to the negro, he advocated entire quality and practised it. Sumner, n the other hand, was a theorist of the y, idealistic, impractical sort, who ade a fetish of human rights and quality and ended by worshiping an naginary being which he called the egro, for whose actual embodiment, y the way, he entertained an inactive and almost unconquerable ysical disgust. Lacking sensibilities any sort, he was incapable of passion, , indeed, of any real emotions. He ved in abstractions and to secure hat he theoretically regarded as stice was willing to inflict almost any ncrete wrong. This unusual pair ere the leaders in framing and directg Congressional reconstruction.

WHEN Congress met, Johnson's first essage, written in its final form, as e now know, by George Bancroft, was well received by the country, but it had no effect on Congress, which declined to recognize the reorganized governments or to admit the Senators and Representatives from the Southern States. A joint committee on reconstruction was formed, ostensibly to investigate conditions in the South but really to formulate a policy of reconstruction. On the floors of the two houses they began to abuse and slander the President, making it clear that he must yield or come to an open breach with the majority. Little did they know Johnson if they expected him to yield. While bitterly disappointed, he behaved with admirable patience and dignity during the greater part of the following winter. A great many Republicans favored his policy and a more politic and tactful man might have won them over. Lincoln could have done so. But downright and direct Johnson could not, and meanwhile radical leaders loudly cracked the party whip and enlarged upon the danger to the country—and to the party—if Johnson won, and in time this had its effect.

In January the President vetoed the Freedman's Bureau Bill and won in Congress. But in March his veto of the Civil Rights Bill was unsuccessful and in the meantime, in a speech at the White House, he had bitterly attacked the radicals in Congress, who he said, specifying Stevens and Sumner by name, were 'as much opposed to the fundamental principles of the Government' and 'as much laboring to prevent and destroy them' as the men who had fought against the Union in the war. When the President took the offensive, his enemies in Congress came out into the open and the breach was complete. Radical leaders from now on incessantly worked for his impeachment and removal from office.

Ladies and gentlemen presenting their tickets for the impeachment trial at the entrance to the Senate chamber.



Thus far the radicals had no policy save that of opposition to the President, but during the spring they passed the 14th Amendment which became one of the issues of the Congressional elections of 1866, the real issue being, of course, Congress versus the President. It was the most heated contest for the control of Congress in American history, with four national conventions, the President on the stump, and the radicals working night and day to convince the country that Johnson was plotting to turn the Government over to 'the rebels' and destroy all the gains of the war. They were afraid of the country and had not dared thus far to expose their plans to the public view. The President, on the contrary, was very confident that the people were with him and had little fear of the result.

DURING the campaign the President made his famous 'swing around the circle.' Invited to Chicago for the dedication of the Douglas monument, he accepted, and accompanied by a considerable party, which included Seward, Welles and Randall, of his Cabinet, General Grant, and Admiral Farragut, he (*Continued on page 25*)

OUR ILLEGAL SPENDERS

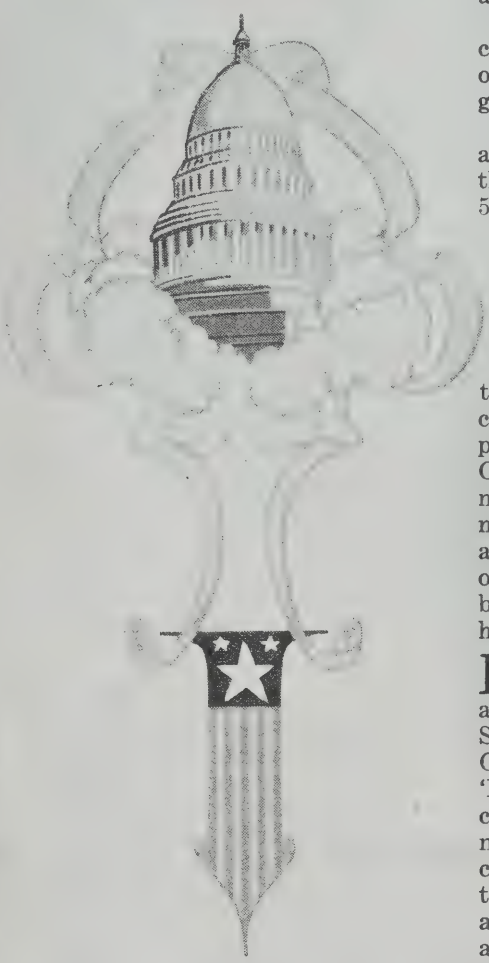
Deficiency Appropriations Not Authorized *by* Law

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

HUNDREDS of millions of dollars are illegally expended by administrative officials who depend upon so-called deficiency appropriations to make it right. The abnormal increase in the annual Federal budget may be traced to the generally accepted practice of expending public money first and collecting through Congress afterward. This practice involves grave deception of the public, because the total 'deficiency' appropriations passed during the first session of the 69th Congress reached approximately a half-billion dollars. This is just $500,000,000 more than the public was originally led to expect that the government would cost. This system of 'deficiency appropriations' tends to impair public respect and weaken control of the legislative branch of the Government.

THE Constitution of the United States (Article XIV, Section 4) provides that 'the validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law . . . shall not be questioned.' Yet, three deficiency bills representing not deficiency but expansion requirements and aggregating the huge sum of $487,851,377.41 were passed as riders to the regular act for 1927 to supply funds for activities admittedly *not* '*authorized by law.*' These demands emanated from virtually every department in the Government, including the Executive Offices, and furnish accurate evidence that such expenditures represent, not legal continuation but illegal, in the sense of unauthorized, expansion of government activities. The regular Appropriation Act for 1927 has been increased by eleven per cent of the original requests by the loose business methods of these aptly characterized 'illegal spenders,' whose disregard of the ancient prerogative 'through official channels' costs the Government hundreds of millions of dollars each year.

The Controller General in attacking the present disbursing system has recommended to Congress that disbursing officers be placed under the direct supervision of the General Accounting Office in his department, thus effectively removing them from the influence of departmental heads. He points out that a centralized spending system would not only reduce the huge total of illegal payments which



under the present method are constantly being made by more than 1,000 disbursing officers through the United States, but would result in a large saving in salaries by reducing the number of these officials to about fifty. More than $300,000,000 in illegal payments is now outstanding in the General Accounting Office for which, in all probability, the Government will never be reimbursed, and $3,000,000 in public funds has been illegally paid out during the past year.

While some departments are more consistent offenders than others, it may be pointed out that the major delinquents continually head the list of the 'illegal spenders' year in and year out. For instance, at the first session of the 69th Congress, these occurred:

The Veterans' Bureau requested a deficiency appropriation of $116,250,000 in addition to its regular allowance of $579,215,000.

The Post Office Department came next with a deficiency demand of $103,217,177 added to its original grant of $842,322,910.

The Department of Agriculture asked and received $28,070,626 more than its legal allowance of $127,924,573.

The Department of the Interior, $7,601,000 supplemental to its legal appropriation of $226,332,918.

The list might be indefinitely extended since virtually all departments have become addicts to the deficiency habit, not one of which can claim legal justification except, perhaps, the Post Office. The Controller General openly recommends that Congress refuse the numerous demands of the 'spending agencies' and the sole supervision of their expenditure of public moneys be placed under the jurisdiction of his office as provided by law.

IN DENOUNCING the deficiency appropriation habit, Senator Reed Smoot, chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, states: 'In relation to the growing evils of certain departments of our Government, as well as certain states, of continually spending more money than allowed by law thus creating a deficiency, it should never be allowed—except in extreme emergency. I have protested against it hundreds of times on the floor of the Senate, and while the budget has eliminated a great part of it, it still exists.'

While the regular Appropriation Act is heralded each year by front-page announcements in the press of the country, the strategy employed by those departments designated as 'illegal spenders' provides for no headlines, no hearings, and none but perfunctory debate during the last hours of an already overburdened Congress. It is thus that the public is kept in ignorance of the actual and true cost of government. The menace of this (*Continued on page 27*)

New IDOLS for the Gallery

The Slashing Game

By H. G. SALSINGER

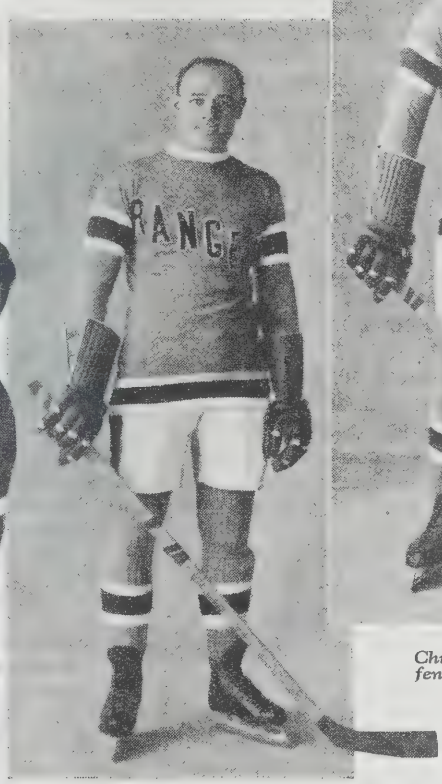
Happy Holmes, the crack goal keeper of the Detroit Cougars.

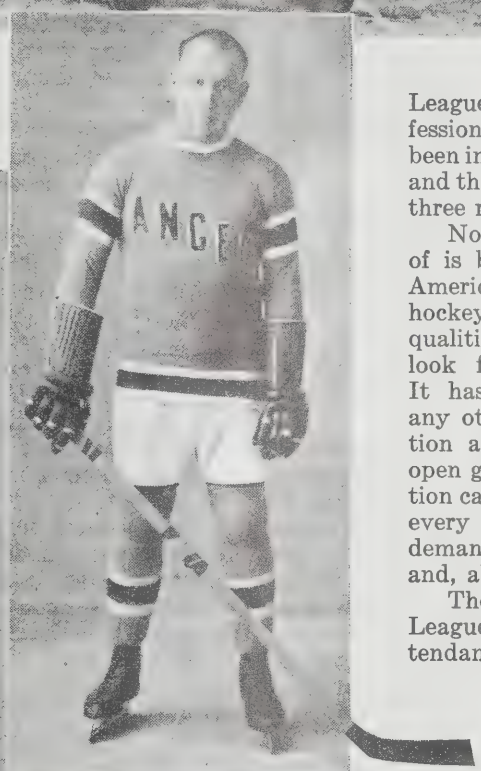
WHEN the game first started they called it shinny on the ice, but a wide span of sport progress separates what nce was shinny on the ice and what is e hockey today.

Ice hockey as known to Canadians nd Americans, and field hockey as layed in England, both grew out of ie old and altogether familiar shinny on ie ice, and the North American game as developed into the fastest all competitive sports.

The United States has rrendered to the lure of ice ckey. It has been played this country a quarter of century, but in a modest ay until a few years ago when the Yankees suddenly became aware of what Canadian sportsmen had appreciated decades ago. Today the Northern States are turning to ice hockey. The number of teams have more than doubled in twelve months. The National Hockey League, the leading professional organization, has been increased to ten teams and there is talk of two and three rival circuits.

elson Stewart. He is obably the best center in in hockey. He plays or Montreal Maroons.





Ching Johnson and Taffey Abel, the defense combination of the New York Rangers. Their combined weight is 428 pounds.

No game that we know of is better suited to the American sports taste than hockey. It carries all the qualities that Americans look for in competition. It has more speed than any other game, more action and color. It is an open game where competition can be followed closely every second of play. It demands courage and skill and, above all, team play.

The National Hockey League is breaking all attendance records this season. Americans are meeting new brilliants in the sports firmament. A new crop of sports idols has come into the American scheme of things with the sudden grip on popularity that hockey secured.

Among the athletes that have caught the American fancy are Nelson Stewart, Punch Broadbent and Babe Siebert of the Montreal Maroons; Howie Morenz and Auriel Joliat of Les Canadiens; King Clancy, Si Denneny, Frank Nighbor and Alec Connell of Ottawa; Happy Day, Bill Carson and John Roach of Toronto; Sprague Cleghorn, Eddie Shore, Carson Cooper and Eddie Oliver of Boston; Ching Johnson, Taffey Abel, Bill Cook and Frank Boucher of New York Rangers; Billy Burch, Red and Shorty Green and Norman Himes (*Continued on page 24*)

I Heard It *With* My Own Ears

Some Ghosts *of* Sound *That* Haunt *the* Average Man

By DONALD A. LAIRD

Illustrated by RUTH THURBER

HAVE you ever been awakened in the middle of the night to hear footsteps downstairs? You have never been able to find anyone prowling around the house, yet from time to time these footsteps are plainly heard.

Can it be ghosts?

Can it be ghosts?

A few days ago I asked an athlete in one of my classes to sit on a small platform at the front of the class. He was blindfolded. I snapped my fingers about three feet in front of his nose. With his forefinger he pointed to the direction he judged the sound to come from. He pointed straight behind him!

When I snapped three feet from his right or left ear he always had it right. But when the sound came from straight in front or straight behind half the time he did not know where it was from.

You and I would have been wrong just as many times. In spite of the confidence we have in our ability to tell whether a sound is in front or back we are able to do so with no greater accuracy than pure chance. To be sure, if we hear a clatter of hoofs and do not *see* horses in front we judge them to be back of us. Blindfolded we would be dead wrong half the time. Many things we think we hear, we are really seeing.

A noted criminal lawyer who knew this was attorney for the defendant in a murder case some time ago. The evidence was circumstantial. One witness testified to having heard two shots from a store across the street from his home.

The defense attorney had the witness close his eyes. Then the attorney snapped his fingers behind the witness' head. The witness said the sound was directly in front.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' the attorney said dramatically, 'are we to believe this witness when we have just seen that he is utterly unable to tell whether a sound is in front of him or not? Would you take a human life on testimony from such an unreliable witness!'

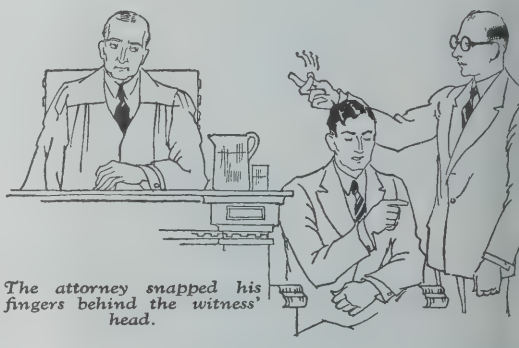
He completely discredited the witness, although probably no juryman could have done better in locating the sound.

The ear can sense direction only indirectly. It has not the ability of the eye in this respect. When a sound is slightly louder in our left ear we judge it to be toward our left. If very loud in the left ear and correspondingly faint in the right we estimate it, unconsciously of course, to be straight off our left.

But a sound in front is of equal intensity in both ears. It sounds the same as a noise from behind—unless we can see ahead of us the thing that is making the sound.

One of your ears is probably less keen than the other. This makes t sounds directly in front of you sligh louder in one ear. As a result they heard to be off-center toward the kee ear. A startling demonstration of t can be made at home. If someone o thirty is blindfolded in a room wh there is a telephone, and whirls arou so as to lose his bearings, when phone is rung—an alarm clock may substituted—he will consistently one to three feet to the right or l of the bell. If the bell is judged m to the left than it really is, then left ear is keener—the right is getti deaf. Since most people above thi have one ear growing deaf practica all sounds are heard as being in wrong place.

During the war once every weeks I had to help test the ear balan of sailors in training to find 120 w



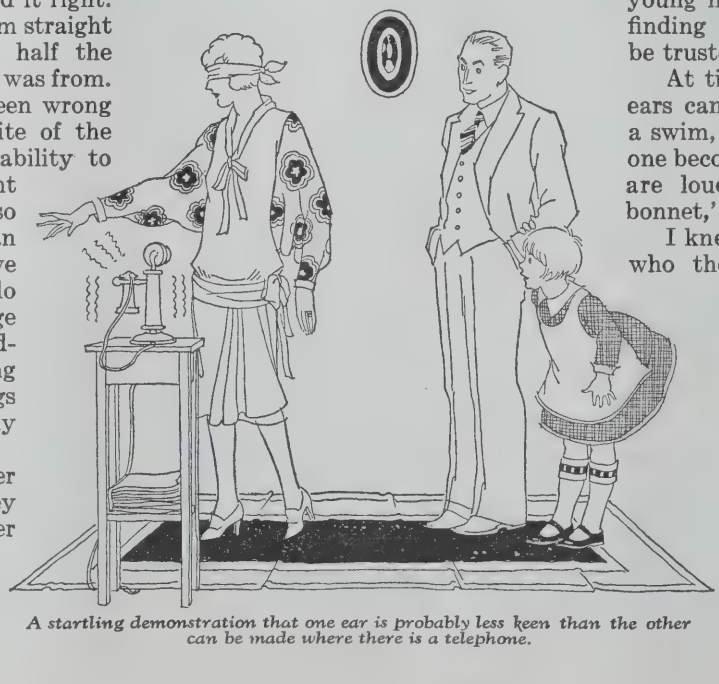
The attorney snapped his fingers behind the witness' head.

perfect balance to be sent to the su marine listeners' training school New London. Often several thousa young men had to be examined befo finding a quota with ears that cou be trusted to guard life.

At times pulsations of blood in t ears can be heard. Buzzings, as aft a swim, are also heard sometimes. one becomes older these internal racke are louder. It is not 'bees in t bonnet,' but is right in the ear itself!

I knew a superstitious old Scotsma who thought these voices inside h head were elves and fairie Another, a young ma thought the buzzings we caused by enemies trying to g his thoughts under control wireless buzzings. He w slightly unbalanced.

London residents during t war were thrown into a Ze pelin panic from time to tim by a sensitive person notici the buzzing in his ears a running through a corrid crying 'air raid!'



A startling demonstration that one ear is probably less keen than the other can be made where there is a telephone.

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

AS THE seaman knows that his ship cannot escape the parasites of the deep, but will need overhauling at times to rid it of obstructive and destructive barnacles, so should captains of business know that the ship of industry suffers likewise and also needs a timely overhauling. And this should be done before the need for it presses hard, because then it is often too late. Business, however, is not interested in the science of itself; it cannot be halted to take stock or to examine itself at a moment when all the parts are functioning—the slightest clink of coin calls it away. Hence most of our business studies by practical business men are made during times of stoppage or breakage, neither of which is profitable and both of which are preventable. Business is not yet scientific; in its self-regarding moments it is not even efficient.

Foresight is better than hindsight, but even hindsight is better than blindness, and if it could be said that American business was profiting by its past mistakes, the case would not be so serious; but it cannot be said. Clink the coin, stir the market, and American business is away hotfoot on the same mistaken principles as before.

This, of course, is not true of all the elements which go to make up business, but only of the profit-conscious elements. The chemists of the shop laboratory profit by mistakes and continue to learn from normal conditions. The managers who lay out the course of the work make constant use of foresight in the service of greater efficiency. The designers, the engineers who work continuously for a betterment of the product—all these are exempt from the general criticism. They are raised above the common errors by their devotion to a certain ideal of service. To them a business is a channel of service; to the others a business is a shovel or a scoop for the intake of dollars. A shovel or a scoop is an excellent thing, whose inherent usefulness cannot be changed by base misuse; and so business is a noble thing though men regard and use it as nothing but an implement to rake in the muck of money.

Business for its own sake is not a sufficient philosophy and too susceptible of abuse to be safe. Certainly it does not assist its devotee to interpret the graph of business as it rises and falls and rises again. For if business is primarily the supply of human need, then when human need is supplied, the purpose of business is for the time fulfilled. When everyone has clothespins enough, there is not likely to be very great excitement in the clothespin market until some future washing day.

THE normal course of business has breathing spells. They are turned to good or ill account according as we recognize or interpret them. They are necessary to the health of business, to its recuperation from excessive effort and to its preparation for better future service. To ignore these periods by large doses of 'dope' which produce a false stimulation in business is to invite the very ills which wisdom would avoid. The periods of business are not normally Prosperity and Panic; the so-called 'cycles' of business are not 'boom' and 'crash'; these are the cycles of business error. Normal periods of business are like breathing, inspiration and respiration, or like waking and sleeping—protective of continuity.

But this no longer satisfies; the believer in business for business' sake insists that clothespins shall lead the market every day and in every way, and not only the market of today but a tremendously greater market of tomorrow, with a round world singing praises to clothespins all the time. The symbol of progress must become a clothespin! We must paint on the skies the merits of our clothespin! All politics, science, religion and art must turn on the clothespin as on a pivot! Of course, it is sheer foolishness to pour gasoline on the market, to make it flare up, after the clothespin want is for the moment supplied.

If, however, there is somewhere a famine of that useful article; if somewhere families are in distress for lack of it, and business is slackened for want of it, and supply cannot be made for want of proper distribution, or business will not move for lack of equitable prices, then it constitutes a direct challenge to the masters of clothespins. It is part of their business—the biggest part—to give service. As long as there is service to be given, the limits of no business are reached. As long as there is service to be improved, the possibilities of expansion are present.

Two normal periods of rest in business are, first, when the supply is sufficient for the time, and, second, when the progress of the concern represents the utmost vision of its managers up to the moment. These breathing periods come naturally, and should not be described as 'panics.' A man is not in a panic because he slows up for an afternoon. American business has as little scientific knowledge about panics as it has about prosperity, and if it had more scientific knowledge about prosperity, there would be need of less experience with panics. But this much should be clear, even to professional economists, that a breathing spell portends nothing ominous, is indeed a normal, wholesome thing, and not to be destroyed by the injection of false stimulants into the situation.

That is what happened ten months to a year ago in American business—not recognizing the normal easement which came, the managers began to treat business with 'dope.' Business seemed to 'pick up,' became a little wilder in the eye; its motions were attributed to increasing strength instead of unnatural and harmful stimulus. The very statistics of the period will have to be revised, because we cannot reckon as normal respiration and pulse the figures which 'dope' puts on the business chart.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

United States in China

IT DOES not appear that American diplomacy toward China differs from that of other nations. It rather appears to be a copy of that of other nations. And this is not necessarily an adverse view of it. Yet since our State Department seldom attempts to instruct the public in foreign affairs—and when it does, seems singularly unfortunate—the notion seems somehow to have gone abroad among the people that American policy with reference to China was vastly more generous and civilized than that of other nations. It was even stated that President Coolidge would not send troops to China, yet next day Marines were on the way.

Perhaps no other country has ever shared so general a friendship on the part of all the world, as has China. Among civilized nations she has had no enemies. The riches and knowledge and service of civilization have been laid at her feet. Western learning has been freely shared with her sons. The Chinese have been well received in every country whither they have gone. They have never migrated in such numbers as to become a 'problem,' and on their higher levels they show kinship with other peoples on their respective higher levels.

But within her own borders China has always been the victim of unrest. The unity which should mark a nation under a central government has not obtained in China; the various parts of the nation have oftener behaved to one another like enemy nations. The sources of trouble have been internal. To say that China's trouble is due to foreign influence is like saying that American difficulties are due to Chinese influence, since there are perhaps fewer foreigners in China than there are Chinese in the United States and Canada. Where foreign industry has been at work, doubtless it has fallen far below the best standards of American industry, but so have the Chinese 'towns' of New York and San Francisco; the point being that in neither case has the matter been adequate to cause a revolution.

If China has not completely ruled her own domain, it is simply because she has not, and therefore it remained for someone else to do. If now she wishes to rule her own domain, she may, but if she undertakes it, the rest of the world will see that she performs it. The whole question hangs on the doubt whether China knows what she wants and whether she can swing it when she gets it. In the meantime, no manner of justification can be found for violence toward foreigners, and this she must be made to understand. It marks a barbarous people. If China wants to enter the modern world, she must obey its rules. If she wants to get out of all contact with the modern world, she should be permitted to try; she will be the first to offer to come back again. After all, what the rest of the world is experiencing is the effervescence of Western learning and Western ideals in Chinese minds.

Use Straight Reason

IT IS possible to become so exasperated over local crime conditions as to propose and work for capital punishment. But it is not possible, in cool moments, to admit the argument that it is a deterrent of crime. It is only a means of satisfying the temporary irritation of the public by turning its mind away from the real problem. No argument favoring capital punishment will pass the test of logic or fact. If the current journalistic argument is right, why not apply it this way: The police of London are unarmed; London is the largest city in the world and has the lowest crime rate; therefore, let the police of New York, Detroit and Chicago be unarmed. Except that this argument is superior to the newspaper ones, for it *is* a fact that unarmed police and a low crime rate exist in London, whereas it is *not* a fact that states which have capital punishment have the lowest crime rate. New York and Illinois have the highest. Therefore, capital punishment is not a deterrent of crime. And yet, serious writers are found who will encourage the people along a wrong line of thinking, and not present the entire matter as intellectual honesty requires.

What's the Poor Farmer to Do?

THE 'annual' *Agricultural Outlook* issued by the United States Department of Agriculture states that the 'maximum income to cotton growers next season would likely result if production were eleven million bales or a little less.' If therefore an acreage is planted that normally would yield eleven million bales, and precautions are taken to exterminate the boll weevil and other predatory insects, the result might be a fourteen-million-bale crop. Prices then would drop and the farmer would be penalized for his success against the pests. Either way, boll weevil or big crop, he loses. But the United States report does not assume any war against the weevil; he is to be assumed; which leads to the conclusion that the boll weevil is the real savior of the cotton growers, and the monument erected in its honor was not so far wrong after all.

The report continues with reference to corn. 'With no positive indications of increased demand for the 1927 crop, and with the probable acreage increases in the South, an average yield would result in another year of low corn prices unless acreage in the corn belt is reduced from 10 to 20 per cent.' We must conclude from this that only disaster would result if any considerable substitu-

tions were made of corn for cotton. Rice acreage reduction 'appears advisable.' Onion and bean acreage 'should be reduced.' 'Guard against overplanting,' is the admonition to the potato growers. Cantaloupe acreage 'should be cut,' watermelon acreage 'should be reduced.' The tobacco growers are urged to 'guard against overproduction.' *Now just what is the poor farmer to do?*

An organized government campaign to reduce food production is an artificial and dangerous thing, because, as in this instance, it is always empty of the counsel and wisdom which secures to the people the fruits of the earth. Reducing food production is the wrong angle of attack. Reducing arbitrary profit production by those who do not raise food, but speculate in it, is a more promising approach.

C. C.'s Common Sense

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER turns from sage to prophet and foretells the nation that Coolidge will not again be a presidential candidate. He bases his prognostication on what he calls Coolidge's common sense. This is too thin a basis for so important a claim. Not that Mr. Coolidge does not possess common sense, but each man's supply of that indefinite quality functions differently. Men of equal and surpassing common sense are found on both sides of great issues. Washington had common sense in refusing a third term; Roosevelt with equal common sense attempted to get a third term. In matters like these it all depends on whether the common sense of the 118,000,000 Americans tallies with that of the aspiring candidate. Sometimes it does, sometimes it does not.

Mr. Coolidge has shown that he can view the same question in several lights. Once he determined that local authorities would be used as Federal forces in enforcing prohibition, a position from which he noiselessly removed himself almost as soon as he had taken it. No doubt a kind of common sense could be found in either attitude. Again, he followed the dictates of what must have been his common sense in working for American adherence to the World Court; his common sense apparently has since led him to drop the Court. He also favored, as a common-sense measure, a tax rebate to the people; but Mr. Mellon has succeeded in having him accept the opposite common-sense view of that matter.

So that Nicholas Murray Butler, in predicting that Calvin Coolidge will not be a candidate, may by accident be proved to be a good guesser, but the facts make him a poor analyst.

Wanted—Honest 'Wets'

THERE is one way to get rid of Prohibition, and only one way—amend the Constitution, by removing from it the Eighteenth Amendment.

The fact that the nation has never removed an amendment which it once deliberately put in (the Eighteenth being the most heavily supported of any amendment ever made) does not alter for a moment the fact that if anyone wants to be rid of Prohibition the way thereto lies through the Constitution.

Electing a wet President will not do it.
Electing a wet Congress will not do it.
Electing a wet Governor will not do it.
Electing a wet Mayor will not do it.
Electing a wet Dog Catcher will not do it.

No one who can be elected has anything whatever to do with Prohibition, except to take a solemn oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States which contains the Eighteenth Amendment.

So what is the use of politicians, whether candidates for President or for alderman, trying to mislead the people?

What is the use of States holding elections as if 'wet' and 'dry' were still an open question?

Is there not some one politician, preferably a wet one—is there not some newspaper, preferably a wet one—that will plainly tell the people that the only way to get rid of Prohibition is to change the Constitution, and that the way to change the Constitution is to have Congress submit an amendment to the States for their ratification?

We believe the question could be definitely settled if this were made known. It is an extremely simple bit of honesty which many wet political tricksters may soon regret they have not used.

We believe also that the dry element in the country would be agreeable to an early vote of the States as to whether an amendment nullifying the Eighteenth should be submitted.

Ladies' Department—State Prison

THE South Dakota Prison, Sioux Falls, issues a little publication. One skims it through, from the 'Walled City Briefs,' through the prison-made philosophy, to the jokes, checked at times by an item such as this: 'Additional Books. H290a Teachings of Patriots and Statesmen on Slavery. H892 King Albert's Book. H131a Memorial Addresses on Life of Garfield, by James G. Blaine.'

Think of that for a month's addition to a library! Plainly offcasts from a garret. But it gives an uneasy glimpse of prison life which many a more pretentious exposé could not achieve.

And then we arrive at 'Notes From the Ladies' Department,' decorated at the top of the page by two girlish heads.

> 'Our family has increased during the month. We welcomed Beth, our new arrival, into the overalls and socks brigade, as she came in time to rescue us from being entirely flooded by these delicate garments.'

Heaven knows the reason for the arrival, but after all the publicity and shame, it was Beth being welcomed by the group.

Thus in 'The Ladies' Department' of the State Prison the drama of life flows on, not unlike it does on the Avenue, except that on the Avenue the day of release, though often looked for is seldom seen afar as a fixed calendar day.

The spring peeper rarely encounters freezing temperatures among roots at sources of springs.

When 'Wee Tim'rous Beasties Take Their Winter Sleep

By S. F. AARON

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR

During freezing periods, snakes often hide beneath stones, escaping contact with ice but experiencing the lowest temperatures.

MANY living things, both vertebrates and invertebrates, are active only during warm weather in the temperate zones. In what manner most of them spend the winter months has very generally been overlooked. Though the fact of hibernation is commonly known, its specific and peculiar processes seem to have received little study.

Why some warm-blooded creatures choose to sleep throughout the cold periods and others remain active, why some hibernate for longer stages, going into winter quarters and emerging in the spring earlier than others, is not very fully understood—at least further than that some can utilize food in greater quantities and others require it oftener. This may depend upon the functional peculiarities of the animals or the nutritive value of the varied foods and it would seem to have an essential relationship to the fact that strictly carnivorous animals do not hibernate.

Though quite too hypothetical there may be some connection with the relative heat units and energizing qualities of flesh and the slower processes of digestion and assimilation of those animals that make a night of the entire winter and that fatten on a vegetable diet.

It might be inferred that an animal depending wholly upon meat could not store up enough body fuel to enable it to do without food for a considerable period. The winter sleepers are mostly herbivorous, or largely so, as the woodchuck, hoary marmot, the so-called prairie dog, the chipmunk, the western striped squirrel, and even the bear. The exceptions are principally negative; there are strictly herbivorous animals that do not hibernate, as the rabbit, the beaver, the pika or little chief hare, the porcupine, and nearly all mice. But with regard to the wintertime activity of the flesh eaters there is only one exception, the skunk, and it by no means hibernates in the stricter sense of the word, never indulging in a long and continuous sleep. On milder midwinter nights following a thaw, skunks may be seen wandering about even in the deeper snow.

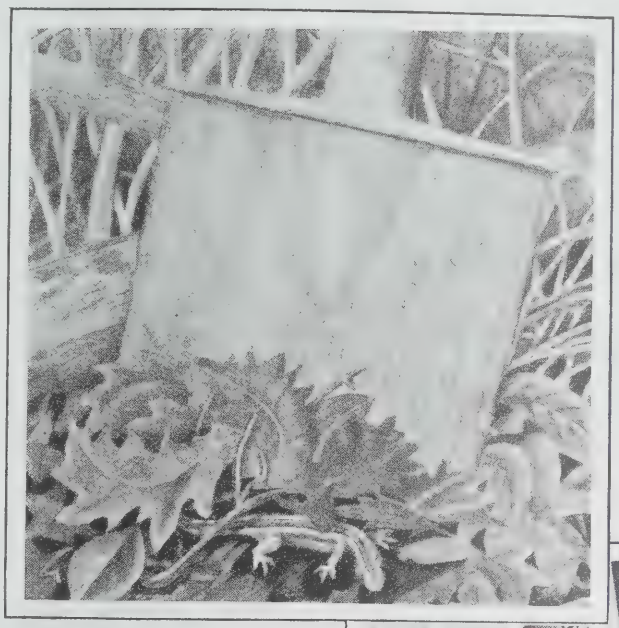
There is some difference in the intensity of the winter sleep among warm-blooded animals. The woodchuck, prairie dog and other marmots, and the striped squirrel lapse into a condition of lethargy akin to tot insensibility from which they are som times wakened with difficulty. It interesting to surmise what happe when a bloodthirsty enemy, eve though much smaller, takes the notio to attack a semi-comatose victim, a for instance, the weasel on entering th burrow of the woodchuck. Does th memory of how valiant the latter ma be in summer deter the killer, or ma not the marmo regain its sens under the pain attack, and quic ly enough to d fend itself?

The chipmun and striped squi rel might exper ence something the same with th shrew, which ha little fear of an thing and an i satiable thirst f blood. The bea is one of the lighte sleepers, is easil aroused at almos any time, and i some cases whe food is scarce for other reaso not so apparent does not hibernat at all, and the are not a few authentic cases on recor of bruin's prowling about during th coldest weather. The writer, campin with a trapper in the Pennsylvani mountains nearly all of one January average temperature, found the track of a medium-sized bear in the light sno every morning within less than fift yards of our pole shack, but, althoug tracked to a swamp and waited fo bruin was not once even glimpsed The skunk might be the soundes sleeper of all; few, if any, enemie would care to risk tackling it even whe dead.

It is probable that the majority bats, both species and individual migrate as do birds from norther localities where the cold is prolonge It is known that the red and hoar bats make long northern and souther flights, but it is also known that certai species hibernate, retreating to cav

and old cellars beyond the reach of severe cold and storms, hanging up in rock fissures, small and deep holes and cracks in trees, in church steeples, crannies of dwellings and barns and behind long-closed shutters where only the stored warmth of their tiny bodies protects them from the cold. In such hiding places they are practically safe from enemies, for only reptiles too small to harm the sleepers can enter these narrow places, and even should the temperature permit snakes to be active they would not attempt to climb where the wings of the small mammals can take them.

No birds hibernate, though not many generations ago reasonably intelligent people believed certain swallows and the chimney swifts buried themselves in the mud of rivers and in the sands of the seashore, thus accounting for their sudden departure. Even in this day of scientific elucidation the same notion is held by many ignorant and stubborn folk. It is the more inexcusable because of the fact that these birds are among the few passerine species that migrate almost solely by day, their comings and goings and the partial progress of their flights being not difficult to witness.



Nearly extreme cold reaches the woodland salamander a few incher below the surface of the leaf carpet.

Like the shrews, moles and certain mice, the body temperature of birds is too high and the digestive operation too rapid to permit them to do without food for lengthy periods, and in almost all cases seeds and insects are so readily procured throughout the winter as to allow and compel continued activity. Moreover, the storage of fat sufficient for hibernation might make flying difficult, though this argument weakens when the bats are also considered. In every case nature chooses the course of least resistance, and migrating to areas of ready food supply, even to the mid-winter woods of the Northern States, may have been originally a narrow choice.

Among the so-called cold-blooded vertebrates—the reptiles, batrachians and fish—hibernation is the rule. The exceptions are eels, salmon, certain catfish and perch that migrate to the sea, lakes or deeper rivers. All the reptilian class hide away and become inert in places chosen more for their inaccessibility to enemies than as affording protection from cold; thus we may find snakes of many kinds, northern lizards, as the skink and swift, turtles and such batrachians as the toads and highland salamanders, hibernating beneath stones, fallen tree trunks, rotting stumps, masses of leaves and in loosened woodland silt where frost readily reaches them. A usual winter concealment of the common garter snake is beneath a flat stone within a few inches of the ground surface that may be frozen to a depth of more than two feet.

Many species of semiaquatic salamanders, frogs and turtles seek winter quarters in spring swamps and near the spring heads of streams where the normal temperature of the flowing water prevents them from freezing; they burrow beneath marsh-grass clumps, into depths of sand washes and under the roots of water-loving trees.

Without an exception the invertebrates, including the great subkingdom of arthropods, the mollusks, the true worms and all the lower forms of animal life, in every form of their development, simply experience a suspension of animation from the effect of cold. Compelled to hibernate, they do so under specially developed conditions or in generally well-chosen hiding places, the purpose being almost solely to escape their enemies and the crushing effects of ice.

Invariably during the developmental stages or prior to the completion of the natural propagating functions of insects when mature, the lowest temperatures have only the effect of producing and sustaining a comatose condition from which they readily revive when subjected to temperatures of 34 to 45 degrees Fahrenheit. With eggs, larvae or pupae, though becoming stiff and apparently frozen, there is always a return to normal activity, no matter how low the thermometer may register.

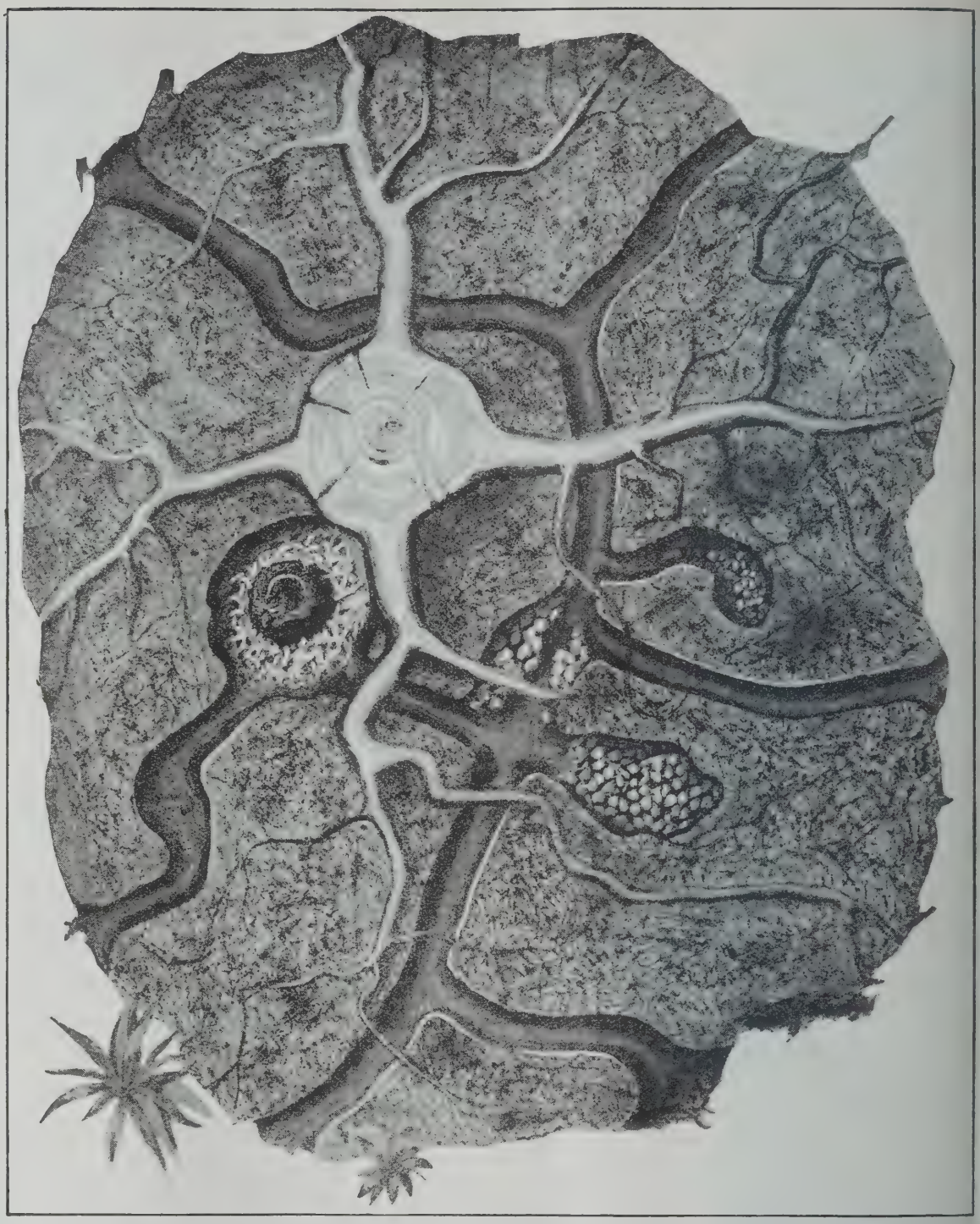
If this survival and revival were not possible there would be no insects nor their allies, the spiders, crustaceans and centipedes; any ordinary winter would end them. As precisely as nature has developed innumerable characteristics in colors, contours and habits for the protection of species, there has come about a constituent condition

Section of fallen tree limb with borings of long-horned beetle larvae, one having plugged itself in where it spends the winter inactively. Ants and wasps commonly use these discarded borings for nests.

in the chemical make-up that prevents the blighting effects of frost.

But not all insects revive, either by artificial heat or when come the warmer days of spring. In an ant burrow, split open with an ax and disclosing several hundred black and apparent corpses, it will be observed that only about fifty per cent of the inhabitants come to life; those that are dead have lived their allotted lives, their deaths possibly hastened by the cold. Had the weather remained warm they would have died anyway very soon and been carried away by their fellows.

This holds good with most adult insects. Out of hundreds of individuals and scores of species collected by the writer in midwinter and brought into the house, far more than half of them quickly revived. Of scores also of larvae and pupae brought in all have revived. Of many hundreds of insect and spider eggs brought from the outdoors in winter, or when discovered in the autumn, exposed to the cold for a time, all have eventually hatched in the spring.



Excavations beneath the roots of a stump, disclosing a chipmunk curled among soft grasses in winter sleep. Close at hand are a latrine, storage chambers containing nuts, grain and seeds, and a dump for shells, stems, and so forth.

Environmental conditions affect these natural revivals. Of larvae, chestnut worms which cut their way out and burrow into the earth, there to transform into beetles, wood-boring beetle grubs split harmlessly from their snug cells, the white maggot-like young of mud dauber wasps and certain caterpillars of moths that incase themselves in the pupal cocoons before becoming *chrysalides* all revived, but only a limited number of times when alternately exposed to cold and warmth. It may also be observed that in warm weather, when these insects are thus disturbed, they commonly die.

Again, when many adult insects are removed from their natural retreats and repeatedly frozen and thawed out, if it can be so called, they succumb in time; it is, however, quite likely that placing them in limited artificial quarters influences this, as it will in warm weather also. It suffices, though, that we can readily find in hidden recesses scores of insects that are alive in the late days of winter and early spring. During winter thaws, with the thermometer at about 34 degrees Fahrenheit, many insects will be found crawling, or even flying about, these largely becoming the prey of winter birds and the shrews.

Perhaps most hardy among the arthropods are the spiders, at least when not fully grown. The temperature may stand as low as 29 degrees Fahrenheit and these little fellows suspended in the webs in places where they are not found by hungry enemies are by no means inactive. At such times I have dropped them on the snow and watched them crawl several feet until reaching the first object offering shelter.

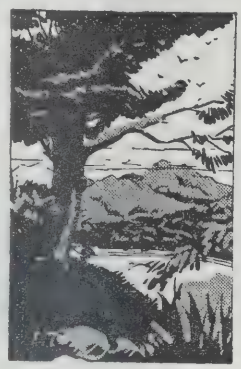
They will revive after alternate freezings and thawings any number of times and artificial conditions affect them not at all.

The HOW of SNOW-BLINDNESS

By F. J. CLIFFORD

THE Cascade Range lay winter-clothed. Ten to fifteen feet of snow gleamed blue-white on the broad flanks and craggy tops. William Robinson, watchman at the Bonita mines, stopped at the divide to rest his pounding heart and breathe deeply of the thin air. It was a hard climb from the mines to where he stood. He was making his monthly trip for mail at Mazama thirty miles away.

The sun showed signs of breaking through the light clouds. Automatically, the watchman reached in his pack sack for the smoked glasses that all trained mountain men carry. They were not there. And they were not in his pockets. Then he remembered. He had worn them a few days previously while shoveling the snow from the mine buildings and had thoughtlessly laid them on the cabin window sill.



Undecided, he glanced from the hazy sun to the weary distance back to the mine cabin. Far down the mountainside was the first patch of timber. Could he reach it before harm came to his eyes? He decided he could, for where there was wood there was protection.

He regretted his decision, however, before the distance was half covered. The clouds opened and drifted down to the horizon, leaving the sun a blazing ball above. It was late February and the sun, climbing higher and reflecting its light on the frozen snow which had taken on none of the smudginess of springtime, made it doubly dangerous for unprotected eyes.

Realizing this, the traveler tried peering through narrow slits between his fingers. His reward was a tumble over a snow-hid cliff. Dazed considerably, he crawled out from the deep snow, made tight his snowshoes, and hurried on. Grimly, he noted smarting pains quivering about his eyelids. He stopped and tried to discover some piece of black cloth lining to substitute for glasses but could find nothing.

At last the grateful shadows of the wood were reached. He paused a moment to rest his smarting eyes. Then hurriedly preparing kindling from dry black-pine branches, he reached for his waterproof match safe. It was not in his right pants pocket where he always carried it—nor was it anywhere on his person. Then he remembered the tumble over the cliff. That was where he lost it, for he recalled filling it with matches when leaving the mine cabin.

The absolute certainty of it was crushing. He peered out between the tree trunks at the shimmering whiteness—stark whiteness that stabs like a million tiny knives. As the sun rose higher it would be more intense. There was no other choice. He—had—to—go—on.

A roaring sensation pounded in the back of his eyes. Water streamed from them until he could scarcely see. He longed to rest them under shadowy trees. But a grisly thing drove him on. It was the thought of Dead Horse Point. There—*he had to have eyes to see.*

In summertime the trail at that place is dangerous enough. Pack horses have lost their footing there or have become frightened and tumbled hundreds of feet to death below. It earned the name. With snow now covering the beetling cliff to a glassy, steep evenness, the traveler must approach it at one spot only. Above or below might be fatal.

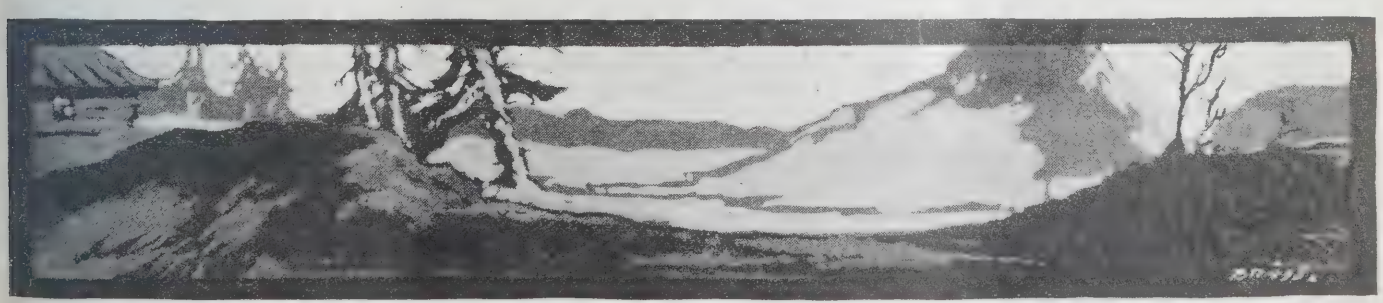
Pushing on, he closed his eyelids at times. But they seemed no more protection than tissue against the pricking light. He covered them with his hands and at intervals with his finger tips, and pulled the watery, quivering eyelids apart to peer ahead. Each time the light stabbed to his brain.

GROPING along—stumbling over rock and projecting tree stubs—he floundered blindly, conserving his failing sight for Dead Horse Point.

He gained the mountainside—clawing and scrabbling along the snow-filled trail. Forcing apart his resisting eyelids, he searched out the one safe pass. Creeping carefully, snowshoes under one arm and heels gripping the ice-like snow, he edged by the treacherous place. He tried once more to locate a bent pine that marked the nearest safe place to leave the mountainside, but his overtaxed vision flickered a little, and faded to a reddish haze.

Protecting his eyes with a free arm, he slithered to the valley floor. Then keeping the roar of Rattlesnake Creek to the right he headed for the west fork of the Methow River.

Robinson does not remember all he did when the old log cabin was reached. The darkened interior was a great relief, and hot and cold applications of wet towels comforted his throbbing eyes. And before the week had passed, wearing heavily darkened glasses, he was pushing pack over the mountain range again to his duty at the mines.



As the clock struck four, and the tenth policeman was being offered a drink, John walked in, with a bedraggled, but triumphant Emmeline

The Adventure of the

By HUGH WALPOLE

Copyright, by HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

Synoposis

John Borstal Clay is a boy of twelve who has a powerful imagination. He is an orphan and has been adopted into the family of Fortescue Bumpus, his father's brother. The family, in addition to John's uncle and aunt, consists of two little girls—Emmeline and Gertrude—and a boy, Percival. The habit of sizing things up and asking incisive questions, which John possesses in a remarkable degree, makes the Bumpus family very unhappy, and in despair Mr. Bumpus seeks the assistance of the agency for the removal of bores, with the object of diverting the boy's attention from the Bumpus family into other channels. John is accordingly invited to the house of one of the members of the firm, where he will be under observation to ascertain if a remedy can be devised.

PART II

THAT was a strange night when John came to stay. I shall never forget it. I lived in an old house in Westminster, just off Barton Street, under the very shadow of the Abbey—one of those old houses with crooked staircases, low-ceilinged rooms, and boards that creak at every step.

John arrived in time for an early dinner, and we went off to the pantomime at the Hippodrome, which that year had lasted from Christmas right over Easter. I need have had no fear as to the reality of John's youth. It did one's heart good to see that little figure rocking about in his seat, laughing and shouting and crowing with that peculiar cockerel noise made by small boys when they're very happy. Nellie Wallace had only to appear for him to go into ecstasies, and when Lupino Lane vanished in and out of his numerous trapdoors, John was doubled and twisted with delight. Walking home afterward, as he said he preferred to do, he remained pure boy. 'Do you think,' he asked me, in that funny, hoarse voice of his, 'that Miss Wallace is really like that at home? Is she as ugly, do you think?'

'No,' I said, 'she's probably very beautiful. She is one of the few women in the world whom it pays to pretend to be as ugly as possible.'

'If she was more ugly still,' asked John, 'would she get more money?'

'Probably,' I answered.

'And if she was more ugly than that?' asked John.

I saw that there was no end to the heights and involutions of this inquiry, so I changed it to another one.

'Did you like the princess?' I asked him.

'Oh, yes,' he answered. 'She's the one I've seen the advertisements about, with all her teeth in a row. Don't you think it's a pity,' he continued, 'that when anybody is going to be a princess in the evening, she should be an advertisement in the daytime?'

'I really haven't thought about it,' I answered. 'It's very difficult for anybody to be a princess all the time.'

'Why?' asked John.

'Oh, I don't know,' I said; 'it's very exhausting.'

'Why?' asked John.

'Because you have to sit still, and be very proper, and dressed in your best.'

'Why?' asked John.

I am glad to say that at that moment we arrived at my Westminster home.

Now, as soon as we entered my old house and found our way up the dark staircase, John became another person. I cannot describe it better than by saying he was like a dog who sniffs a good smell somewhere close at hand. He did literally go round my sitting-room sniffing at the walls. He poked his small nose into every possible corner, and suddenly, to my amazement, flopped down on the floor and laid his ear to one of the boards.

'Good Heavens!' I said. 'What are you doing?'

'It's funny,' he answered, getting up slowly, not in the least disturbed, 'it's old. It's been here hundreds of years. Lots of things have happened in this room.'

IMAGINATIVE CHILD

'Yes,' I said, 'they have.'

'Nothing's ever happened in Uncle Henry's house,' he said. 'Not to Aunt Mary, nor Emmy, nor Gertrude, nor Percival. I hate Percival,' he added reminiscently.

He stood in a funny little way against the hearth, as though he were trying to balance himself on a rocking floor. 'I like you,' he said, smiling. 'Do you think it's wrong not to like Uncle Henry and the others? Because I don't like any of them.'

'No, I don't know that it's wrong,' I answered. 'If you don't like them, you had better go away and live with somebody else. With me, for instance.'

'Oh, now,' he answered, 'it's fun living with them. I can make them ratty in no time.'

'Well, it isn't right,' I said, 'to like making people uncomfortable who've been good to you.'

'They've only been good to me,' he said, 'because they'd be uncomfortable if they weren't.'

'Good Heavens,' I answered, 'how old are you?'

'I'm twelve and a half,' he said, 'by years, but do you ever have that funny feeling, Mr. Johnson, as though you'd been a lot older really, and seen everything before, and knew just what was coming next?'

'I have known that,' I answered speaking to him, in spite of myself, exactly as though he were my age, 'once or twice at moments, but only for a moment.'

'Well, I know it often,' he said. 'At school there's a master who's got a bad leg and he goes limping around. Well, I know I've seen him limping somewhere else a long while ago, and he was all in red and green.'

'Red and green?' I said.

'Yes,' said John laughing just as he had laughed at Nellie Wallace, 'and it was so funny. He was a man everybody laughed at, and that's what he was there for, and he hit people on the head with a balloon.'

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

'Well, we won't talk about that now,' I said. 'Only look here, you mustn't do things that make your aunt and uncle unhappy. They've been kind to you, after all.'

'I don't want to make them unhappy,' he said, 'but they're so silly, and if you know that if you do something somebody else'll do something, and then you'll do something again, it's awfully jolly to make them do something.' After which explanation I took him down to the little dining-room and gave him something to eat. In the middle of supper I said—

'You know, John, I oughtn't to be giving you supper. Little boys oughtn't to have supper just before they go to bed.'

'Why?' he asked.

'Because it makes them dream and talk in their sleep.'

'Oh, I always dream,' he said, 'every night. Last night I dreamt that Aunt Mary was a cow, a large, white cow with flowers on her head. It was a funny thing, but I was sorry for her last night. I'm never sorry for her in the daytime. But the one I really hate,' he added, becoming confidential, 'is Emmeline. Isn't it a silly name—Emmeline?'

'Yes,' I said, 'it is rather.'

'I sometimes feel,' he said, 'that I'd like to get Emmy into a corner and twist her hair round and round and round. She's a sucker up.'

'Most girls are,' I answered.

'Why?' said John.

'Well, because they're not so strong and they can't hit back.'

'No, but they can pinch and bite,' said John. 'Emmy does when you're not looking.'

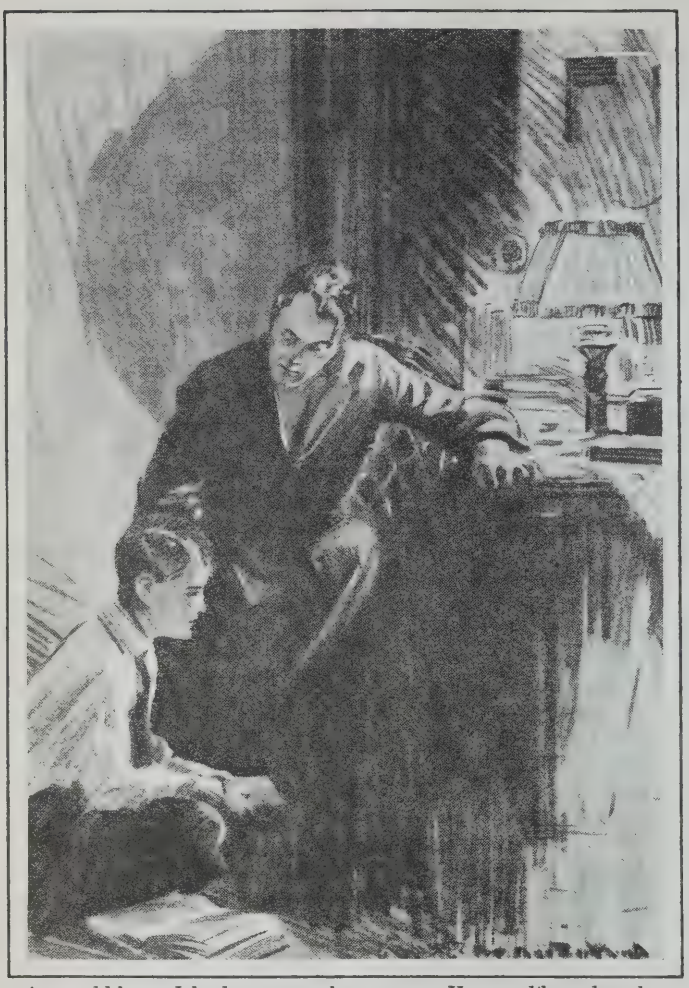
'And why,' I asked, 'do you write them so many letters when you're away? Most boys don't like writing letters.'

'It's such fun sometimes,' he answered, 'to write something that you know they won't expect. It's just as though I were at home with them and saw everything that they were doing.'

'If you didn't think of them any more,' I said, 'and thought of someone else, wouldn't it be a bit of a change for you!'

'You see,' he answered very seriously, as though he were sixty years old, 'I like to have somebody to think about and to do things with—like playing draughts, you know.'

I TOOK him up to bed and put him into a small dressing-room next to mine. He asked questions through the open door all the time he was undressing. 'I say, isn't this fun?' he called out. 'Is Miss Wallace married?' And then, 'Are you married? Have you got any children? Do you go to the theater every night? I saw "Charlie's Aunt" once. I like Nellie Wallace better. Don't you think it's a shame when you don't like cricket that you have to play? Have you got a boiler in your bath? We have at Uncle Henry's. Do you wear a night-shirt or pyjamas? Is this the first time you've ever had a boy in your house? Do you know all Aunt Mary's hair isn't real, and she can take some of it out when she likes?' To all of which questions I attempted suitable answers. I had just put on my pyjamas, and was going to see him safely into bed, when he appeared in the doorway quite naked, and, with the most enchanting smile on his face, cried, 'Mr. Johnson, can you do this?' and was suddenly down on his hands, and started walking, feet in air, across my room. Midway he



At my old house John became another person. He was like a dog who sniffs a good smell somewhere close at hand.

paused and, with a most amazing little chuckle, began to turn somersaults round and round and round.

I've always done my best to curb my too tempting imagination, and I intend, in this case strictly to tell the truth, but something extraordinary occurred in that room as that little naked figure went tumbling from side to side. It was as though a light flashed through the air, the kind of reflection that a piece of glass, turned in the hand, gleams upon the wall. He was not distinguishable as a human body. He was rather a piece of color transmuting the whole place, as though, had I turned off the electric light, the beam would have passed glittering, now here, now there, objects in the room starting from the shadows as he touched them—strangest and most incommunicable of sensations, bringing me back, it seemed, to something that I had once known, promising me some future confirmation of something for which I had always hoped. I sat staring, scarcely venturing to breathe, lest the enchantment should break.

He stopped; with a kind of jerk he was on his feet in the middle of the floor, an ordinary naked smiling little boy. 'You can't do that, I bet, Mr. Johnson,' he said.

'No,' I replied, 'I'm much too old.'

'I'll never be too old,' he answered. He came across to me, held out his small and now very grubby hand, and with an air of infinite age and generations-past courtesy, said: 'Now I think I'll go to bed. I've enjoyed my evening very much.' And to his room he went . . .

One of the most tiresome of Chippet's many tiresome relations was the old Dowager Countess of Pruxe. She was tiresome in all sorts of ways, one of them being that she had lived beyond her time, having had an elder sister who had been danced on Byron's knee (the only drawback to this story was the doubt, natural to any literary mind, as to whether Byron had ever dandled anyone under twenty on his knee). She was more inquisitive by nature than anyone else of her own sex in the British Isles. She was uglier than any human being had any right to be, and she was a bully. No one knew what her age was. She was a very distant cousin indeed of Chippet, but whether it was that she had nothing else to do, or that she really had taken a kind of liking to him, whatever her mysterious reasons might have been, she continued to come of a morning into our little office, sit upright on one of our smallest chairs, looking like an angry, over-painted cockatoo with an enormous Roman nose, and ask us all sorts of questions about our business and private affairs that she had, of course, no right to ask at all. The trouble with her, Chippet said, was that she had too much imagination. We would have rid ourselves of her cantankerous company in no time at all had it not been that we dared not challenge her ever. Old though she was, she could be still a terrible enemy, and having no affection for the truth, and all the romantic anecdotage of very old age, she could ruin somebody's reputation in less time than it takes to poach an egg. She was marvelously vigorous, and always brought with her a miserable-looking, impoverished, pale-faced companion, who snored through her nose so disconcertingly that my only explanation of Lady Pruxe's engaging her was that she added to the general terror of the atmosphere and the old lady's dignity.

She came to the office the morning following John's visit to me, and, while she sat there, in her ugly, husky voice asked questions that Chippet did his best to avoid answering. She vaguely reminded me of someone. I looked at her again and again, but the connection would not come. Where had I seen somebody like her, or, at least, where had I heard that voice before, and who was it who took that curious, almost malicious interest in their fellow-beings' weaknesses? There was something, somebody . . .

However, the increasing difficulty of the Bumpus case soon absorbed my attention again. I could see that the Bumpuses were beginning to regard it with suspicion, even as Mrs. Fleming had once done. Further than that, I could see that Bumpus himself disapproved of my liking for Johnny. I could not disguise that John was a million times more interesting to me than all the Bumpus children put together, and in the eyes of the Bumpus parents it became increasingly apparent that I was encouraging John in all his natural wickedness. Then with dramatic swiftness the crisis arrived. One night I was going to bed, and was standing at my bedroom window listening to the wind and the rain that came beating and howling up the little Westminster street and whirling away round the great walls of the Abbey, when my telephone bell rang. A moment later the trembling, agitated tones of Mr. Bumpus came through to me. 'Is that you, Mr. Johnson?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'What is it?'

'Is John with you?'

'John?' I answered. 'No, Why?'

'Oh, dear! I thought he might be, and Emmeline, too.'

'Emmeline?' I cried. 'What's she doing out at this time of night?'

'Oh, we don't know! We don't know!' wailed the voice at the other end. 'Would you mind coming round at once and helping us? We are in the greatest trouble.'

I DETECTED in his voice the implication that I was considered largely responsible for the catastrophe. Of course I hurried through the rain and arrived to find the Bumpus parents walking up and down their drawing-room literally wringing their hands and making little exclamations like wounded pigeons at Monte Carlo.

'Well, now, what is it?' I asked.

It was difficult at first to discover what it really was, but from the agitation that fell during the next quarter of an hour like a shower about my head, I discovered that John and Emmeline had slipped out of the house about half-past seven that evening, their father and mother being out at a dinner-party and the governess asleep over a novel. No one had discovered their absence until their father and mother went up to see whether they were quietly sleeping. They were not there. A maid in the house next door had seen them come out of the gate. After that there was no news.

DURING the whole of this, the look in the eyes of the poor little Bumpuses and the plaintive whine in their voices showed me that I was held entirely responsible for this horrible occurrence. What a night followed! All the policemen of London were out in the wind and rain. All the telephones were ringing in agitated convulsions, and by three in the morning I was held to be very little less than a murderer. By that time I was myself so agitated, so wet in body and so exhausted in soul, that I had determined to give up the whole of our business, although now it was making such hopeful progress, and I was wishing that I had never thought so confidently to plunge into that most confused of all foreign countries, the psychology of one's fellow beings. Then as the clock struck four, and the tenth policeman was being offered a drink by the now tearful Mr. Bumpus, John quietly walked in, dragging with him a bedraggled,

hysterical, dripping, but triumphant Emmeline.

MRS. BUMPUS, with a shriek of joy, threw her arms round the neck of her dripping daughter. An odd thing then occurred. Emmeline pushed her mother away, saying peevishly: 'Don't fuss me, mother. Can't you see I'm tired?'

John was not, of course, in the least perturbed. He seemed to be scarcely wet, his little overcoat, with its upturned collar, giving him a strangely grown-up appearance, his eyes watching us all with the same critical, amused, slightly scornful glance that by now I knew so well.

'Where have you been? Where have you been? Where have you been?' cried Mr. Bumpus, exactly like an excited clock striking the hour.

'We've been on Primrose Hill,' said John quietly.

'Glad to see it's all right, sir,' said the constable, finishing his whisky and preparing to depart.

'All right, all right!' cried little Bumpus, obviously now in a state of hysterics quite beyond his control. 'It's not all right—it's terrible!'

The constable looked a little confused. 'Well, if you want me in the morning, sir—' he said, and departed.

'Don't be so silly, father,' said Emmeline. 'John and I have had a wonderful time. We would have been back before, only we lost the way. There was a lovely old woman——'

But her father could do nothing but turn upon John. 'You're responsible for this!' he cried. 'Leading my daughter . . . '

'Not now, not now, dear,' interrupted Mrs. Bumpus. 'We're all so tired. I'm sure that we shall discuss it better in the morning.'

Next morning, at ten o'clock, I was summoned to a family conference. When I arrived I found that I was, in the eyes of both Mr. and Mrs. Bumpus, the villain of the piece. It was still very uncertain as to what exactly Emmeline and John had done the night before. It appeared that John had tempted her with some story of meeting an old man on Primrose Hill who had bags of gold that he distributed for the asking. It seemed to me that it was very unlikely that Emmeline, a matter-of-fact child if ever there was one, would believe such a story as this, but more than anyone I've ever known, she was one who loved, beyond all else, the consciousness that she was getting something for nothing. John had had for a long time past a certain power over her, and I imagine that she was flattered by his so definitely pleading for her company. However, she went. That interesting fact now about her was the fashion in which she returned. Already, so few hours after her adventure, it was plain she was entirely changed, or, rather, not changed, because no human being ever changes—simply this accident had brought to the surface qualities that no one had seen before. She was independent, scornful, and imaginative. She talked about a little man in a green cap, about three stars that had hit a tree, about the rain dancing in circles around a heap of stones, and about an old woman with a basket of apples who had offered her a silver bodkin.

'Bodkin?' cried her father, now terribly afraid his favorite daughter was completely out of her mind. 'There isn't such a thing.'

'That's what John said it was, father,' said Emmeline. 'He said he'd had one once just like it.'

'Well, where is it?' asked her father.

'The rain blew the old woman away,' said Emmeline. 'If I go out there another night, John says she's sure to give me one.'

After this, can it be doubted that the little Bumpus was in a frenzy of despair? He took me into his stuffy little study and there told me quite plainly what he thought of me.

'You come into this house,' he cried, 'with some cock-and-bull story about helping us in our trouble. You deliberately encourage the boy in all his worst vices, you help him to abduct my daughter and to turn her head crazy with mad fancies, and now I suppose you expect us to pay you fifty pounds and say "Good-bye, and thank you very much." '

NOT at all, Mr. Bumpus,' I answered. I will admit that I was feeling frightfully tired and dishevelled after my stormy night's experiences. 'If you want me to tell you what I think, it is that John has woken your daughter up to some semblance of real life, and if he is given time, he will wake the rest of your children. Give me another twenty-four hours, and I may yet succeed in my task.'

Poor little Bumpus could do nothing else. He was in despair. John might be removed, but how would that help matters? His influence over the family would be as strong as ever. Poor little Percival would be the next to be corrupted. Wake up all their imaginations, and Heaven knew what might happen. Why, even Mrs. Bumpus . . . And at this thought he burst suddenly into tears and sobbed like a child.

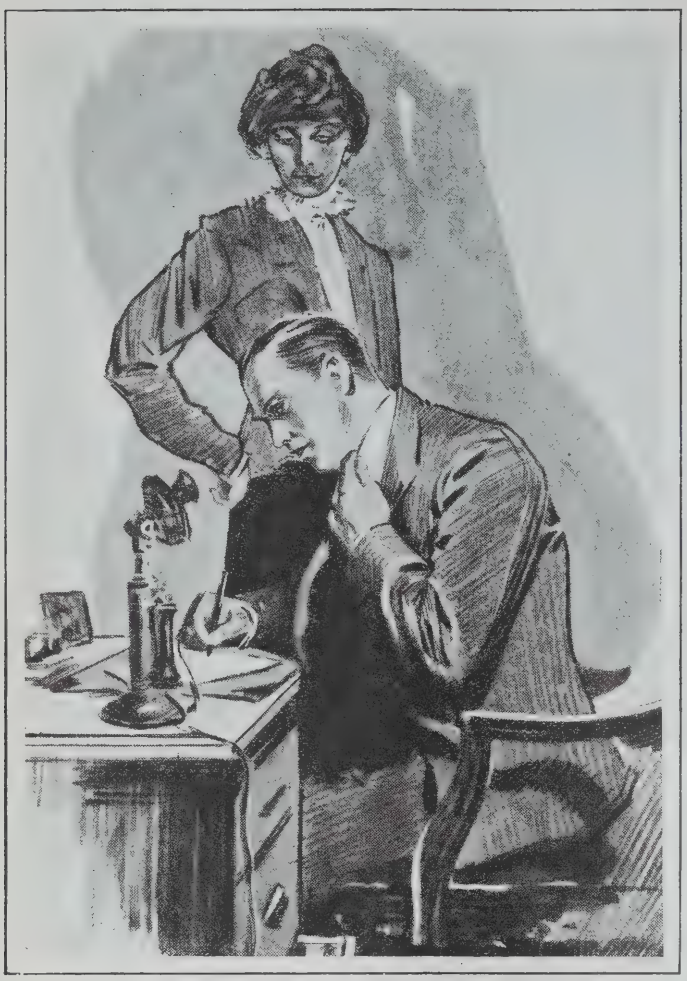
'I don't know what's happening!' he cried. 'The world used to be such a straightforward place.' You knew where you were, and things were either right or they weren't. The people, too. Now everything was upside down, and nobody was shocked any longer. If he lost his children, he didn't know what he'd do, and if they weren't going to respect him, then he had lost them, and so and so on. He ended by turning upon me.

'I dare say to you, Mr. Johnson,' he said, 'this all seems very funny. You're one of this new generation who don't believe in God, and think the only thing to do is just what you want to do; but you're corrupting the young, and I tell you the next generation will have to pay for the sins of this one.'

'Excuse me, Mr. Bumpus,' I answered, with all the dignity I could, 'you didn't engage me to come here and talk morals and modern sociology. I dare say you're perfectly right in what you say. My business is to remove John's attention from your family, and if I don't succeed within the next twenty-four hours, I will admit myself beaten, and make no further demands upon either your time or your purse.'

I left him with all the dignity I could command, but it was all very well—I had not at that moment the slightest idea of how I was going to win my case. I felt a beaten man, and I tell you that I was pretty miserable and conscience-stricken over the whole affair. When I had gone a little way down the street, I heard someone running after me, and was caught up by John. He informed me that they were all so foolish that

John came over to the old woman. He looked at her with that funny sarcastic glance of his, but there was something acclaiming that at last he had found someone worthy of his companionship.



One af the most tiresome of Chippet's relations was the old Dowager Countess of Pruxe, uglier than any human being had any right to be, who came of a morning into our office and asked questions.

morning, and that it was too late to go to school, and that therefore he would accompany me to my office for an hour or two. I tried to get from him the explanation of last night's adventure.

'Well, you see,' he said, 'I've been wondering for a long time whether I couldn't do something with Emmeline, and suddenly it occurred to me that if I took her out in all the rain and lost her, it would be funny to see what she'd be like afterward.'

'That was very wrong, John,' I said.

'Why?' he asked.

'It's always very wrong,' I went on, 'to make people unhappy just for your own pleasure.'

'Why?' he asked.

'Well, of course it is,' I continued. 'What we're here for is to make people happy, not unhappy.'

'Who said so?' he asked.

'You want people to make you happy, don't you?' I asked.

'I don't care what they do,' he answered. 'I can be happy or unhappy all by myself.'

'But don't you mind what other people do or say?' I asked him.

'Why should I?' he asked.

'Other people can make you feel all sorts of things.'

'Why?' he asked.

'Well, because they're so close to you, and we're all mixed up together.'

'I'm not mixed up with anybody,' he answered. 'I just wanted to see what Emmeline would do, and what Uncle Henry would do, and what the policeman would do, and what you'd do. I haven't finished,' he ended, with a chuckle, 'seeing what Uncle Henry will do. I'm sure he'll do something silly. Emmeline's not so bad,' he added reflectively. 'If you tell her stories, she believes them.'

I will frankly admit that I was in despair when we entered the office. I was beginning, ever so slightly, to understand, in my own experience, why the Bumpuses were so anxious to be rid of John. I was beginning to wonder how long it would be before I myself would long to escape from that curious, inquisitive, sarcastic glance.

We entered the office and therein found Chippet, very bored indeed, and his distant cousin, Lady Pruxe.

'Good morning, Mr. Johnson,' she said, and as soon as she spoke I realized where it was that I had already heard that odd, husky voice. Other realizations were achieved at that same moment.

John gave a little gasp, and stood in the middle of the floor, staring. The old woman looked down from her chair and stared in return.

'Who's that strange boy?' she asked.

'A little friend of mine,' I answered, 'come in to pay us a visit.'

From that moment, you may believe it or no, as you please, the two never removed their eyes from each other's face.

'Come here, boy,' the old woman commanded.

John came over to her.

'What's your name?' she asked.

'John Borstal Clay,' he answered.

'Where have I seen you before?' she asked.

He shook his head.

'What do you wear all that jewelry for in the daytime?' he asked.

'Because I like to,' she answered.

'Why?' asked John

'Because they're pretty,' she answered. He looked at her with that funny sarcastic glance of his, but this time there was something in his smile that I had never seen before, something of recognition, of acclaiming that at last he had found someone worthy of his companionship.

'Feel as though I'd seen you somewhere before,' she said slowly. But he was looking at the rings on her fingers.

'I know that green one,' he said, pointing, 'only I don't know where . . . ' He shook his head. 'Somewhere, a long time ago.'

She looked at him queerly. 'That was given me by my husband,' she said slowly, 'sixty-three years ago, and it was in [illegible] family—' She broke off.

'You're a queer little boy,' she said.

'Will you come back to my house a[nd] have lunch with me?'

'Yes,' he answered. 'Have you got p[ea]cocks in your house?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'We have peacocks in the country, [but] in London.'

'Why?'

'Oh, because they like to move abo[ut] and they make such a noise.'

'I like you,' he said, nodding his he[ad] confidently. 'You're more clever than [the] others.' Then he turned and saw the p[eac]ock companion. I watched creep into his e[ye] just the expression, the malicious, inqui[si]tive, humorous, sporting expression that had once seen as he watched Emmeli[ne] Gertrude, and little Percival, and I kn[ew] that he had found a new occupation . .

John Borstal Clay has taken up [his] permanent residence in the enormo[us] gloomy house in Portland Place owned [by] the Dowager Countess of Pruxe. The [old] lady has already had four different co[m]panions during the three months of his st[ay] there. She herself declares that she has new joy in life. Many weeks ago M[r.] Bumpus paid the firm of Boniface and Co[m]pany a check for one hundred pounds a[nd] wrote a little note expressing in the warm[est] terms his appreciation of our efforts on [his] behalf.

The Moon—A Dese[rt]

(*Continued from page 2*)

many years; in fact, up to two centuries [ago] some places in Europe. From these exte[n]sive observational data, taken in connecti[on] with the known phases of the moon, it h[as] been impossible to find any certain corre[la]tion between them.

There have been many fantastic pr[o]jects developed by ill-balanced minds [re]going to the moon or communicating wi[th] the moon. If one could fire a project[ile] with a speed of seven miles a second, [it] would, except for the resistance of t[he] air, recede from the earth to a distance [as] great as that of the moon in a few da[ys]. But who could aim a projectile in such [a] direction that, moving under the co[m]plicated forces of the earth, moon, and su[n] it would strike the moon? No gunner h[as] ever faced so serious a problem, even wh[en] shooting many miles at an invisible targ[et] by theory alone. It is doubtful that, ev[en] if the earth had no atmosphere, the mo[on] could be hit once in a thousand shots.

Even more fantastic, impractical, a[nd] silly are the propositions to go to the mo[on] by any sort of airship or by a shell propell[ed] by a long series of explosions.

BUT if one should by some unimagin[able] means arrive on the moon, what would [he] find? To begin with, he would be in a wo[rld] on which he would weigh only one-six[th] as much as he had weighed on the surfa[ce] of the earth. There would be no atmosphe[re] around him to breathe. The sky abo[ve] would be black in the daytime becau[se] there would be no atmosphere to scatter t[he] light of the sun and give it the blue colori[ng] observed from the earth. The stars wou[ld]

shine with a steady brilliance, because there would be no atmosphere to make them twinkle, and they would be visible in the daytime as well as at night.

The sun would beat down with its rays never cut off by a passing cloud nor dimmed by an atmosphere, and the terrestrial visitor would soon find its motion across the lunar sky painfully slow. From morning to noon would be more than a week of our time, and from sunrise to sunset would be nearly fifteen days. During that long period the moon's surface would become very hot, probably above the boiling point.

Eventually the sun would set, and the night of about fifteen of our days would follow. Since there would be no atmosphere to retain the heat of the moon's surface, it would be rapidly radiated away into space. Within a few hours after sunset the temperature would fall probably to zero, and before one of our days had elapsed it might descend to 100 degrees below zero.

We can imagine a terrestrial visitor in this intolerable frigidity, trying to breathe a vacuum, resting on a rock barren of soil, and anxiously waiting for the sun to appear over the eastern horizon. Within a few hours its torrid rays would burn him so that he probably would look forward with equal anxiety to the cool of evening.

The moon differs from the sun in that there is no fire upon its surface; and from the earth in that it has no water or atmosphere. It is a dead world. We know, from several lines in evidence, that the moon has no atmosphere. One is that during an eclipse of the sun, the moon's margin is perfectly clear and sharp, with no apparent distortion due to refraction. Similarly, when a star is hidden by the moon, it disappears suddenly instead of gradually, as would be the case were there an atmosphere; and again there is no evidence of the effects of refraction.

Furthermore, if there were an atmosphere on the moon, the surface would show signs of erosion, whereas it is actually a rough and jagged waste, much cracked as a result of the great extremes of heat and cold to which it is subject. Nor is there any soil, with the exception perhaps of volcanic ashes. We know that there is no water on the moon, for if there were, much of it would evaporate during the long lunar day and form an atmosphere.

Why has the moon no atmosphere? No doubt in the past large quantities of vapor have been emitted from its interior, but it has disappeared. The gas may have united chemically with the other elements on the moon, or the swiftly darting particles of which it is composed may have escaped into space because the gravity on the moon is insufficient to hold them down.

Owing to the peculiarity of the rotation of the moon on its axis and around the earth, the same side is always facing us. Therefore, only one side of the moon has ever been exposed to our examination.

THE height of a lunar mountain is quite simply determined. It is found from the length of the shadow thrown by the mountain peak when the sun's rays strike it obliquely.

Besides the mountain ranges, there are numerous isolated peaks and more than 30,000 craters that have been mapped. These latter are the most striking phenomena of the moon's surface. They seem to have been formed at successive stages, for they sometimes overlap, new ones having encroached upon the old. It is notable that the newer craters have deeper floors and steeper and higher rims than do the older ones of the same diameter; very often lofty and spire-like peaks arise from their centers. These lunar craters are frequently of great size, ranging from fifty to one hundred miles in diameter.

How were such craters formed? Astronomers are not yet agreed upon the solution of this problem. There are difficulties in the way of the acceptance of any of the theories that have been proposed. Some hold that they are of volcanic origin; yet there is no evidence of lava flows. Others believe that the craters were formed by the bursting out of huge masses of gas which accumulated under the surface, became heated, and were subject to great tension because of the moon's contraction. If so, what caused the appearance of mountain peaks in the center of many craters?

Another theory is that these mysterious craters were formed by the impact of immense meteorites from the outside. There being no atmospheric cushion, such meteorites would hit the surface of the moon with a speed of 50 to 100 times that of a cannon ball. This theory would account for the mountain peaks within the craters as a reaction from the original splash or from the heat produced by the collision. Owing to the absence of erosion on the moon, the great scars left by such terrific impacts would never be worn away.

ASSOCIATED with these features of the lunar geography are the so-called seas, large and comparatively level areas, which were first observed and given that name by Galileo. The term *mare* (Latin for 'sea') is still retained by astronomers, though the more accurate modern observation shows that they contain no water. These comparatively smooth areas of the moon's surface are the parts which appear dark when seen with the naked eye or through a small telescope.

Other markings on the moon consist of the lines which we call rays and rills. The rays are found radiating from the great craters, and often extend for long distances. Their origin is obscure. The rills are apparently immense cracks in the surface, due either to volcanic action or to the rapid cooling and shrinking of the moon. Some of the rills are as much as 150 miles in length, and more than 1,000 have been mapped.

Conditions on the moon being such as we have described, it is hardly necessary to say that life, in the ordinary sense of the word, would be impossible there.

Alternately baked and frozen, the moon, a dead, atmosphereless and waterless desert, winds its way about the earth in obedience to the earth's gravitation. It shows us what our world would be like if it were so small that it could not hold with its gravitative force an atmosphere and a water covering upon its surface. And yet the majestic motions of the moon, which have been determined by astronomers and mathematicians with a precision not exceeded, and rarely equaled, in other domains of human endeavor, are among the most convincing evidences of the orderliness of the universe in which we live, and of our ability to grasp it and to adjust ourselves to it.

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The FUTURE of the TANK

By GEORGE H. RAREY

PART II

NO ATTEMPT is made herein to prove that even the modern tank will be able to win a war, or even a major engagement, unaided, for it will not. Tanks are able to assist in taking ground from the enemy, but they cannot hold it. This is due to the fact that they are an excellent target when standing, and to their vulnerability. While they will shed rifle and machine-gun bullets as easily as a duck's back sheds water, they are extremely vulnerable to the 50-caliber armor-piercing bullet, and all larger calibers, when a direct hit is obtained.

It is not so easy to hit a tank, however, when it is moving and the Tank Corps depends for protection upon the speed of their vehicle as much as upon its armor. In the modern tank, as designed by some nations, more dependence is placed on speed than on armor.

Efficiency and economy in the handling of men and dollars require that armored vehicles be provided to crush wire obstacles and machine-gun nests, neutralize pill-boxes and other strong points, thus protecting the infantry troops from the great and inevitable losses incident to attacks against such defenses, and facilitating infantry advances.

It is practically certain that tanks will in the future be used to accomplish certain missions heretofore accomplished by cavalry.

A British writer says: 'For over 1,500 years cavalry has helped to make the history of the world. The age of cavalry was ushered in on August 9, A. D. 378, when the infantry legions of the Roman Empire met a new challenge on the plains of Adrianople. The cavalry of the Goths swept down on the flank of the Roman infantry, and so tremendous was the impact that the Legions were pushed together in helpless confusion. Into this quivering mass the Goths rode, plying sword and lance against the helpless enemy. Thus the undisputed reign of the Roman infantry as the "Queen of Battles" was at an end, and a new branch of the service, a new arm, the cavalry, was to share the pages of history from then on.'

Due to the recent development of the machine gun, however, the infantry can now strike back with great effect from positions of security, and, in position warfare, the use of these weapons with the barbed-wire obstacle not only enables infantry troops to impede the advance of, or hold up, the cavalry, but they can make its use an extremely costly proposition.

Mechanical cavalry, or tanks, are the answer to the barbed-wire obstacle. They are impervious to the stings of the rifle and machine-gun bullet, most shell fragments and splinters, grenades, and similar weapons, while neither a man on foot, a horseman, nor a horse can be protected by armor. The foot soldier now carries close to his limit of weight and neither the soldier nor the horse could carry for any distance sufficient armor to protect him from armor-piercing bullets.

Fifty or a hundred years from now the carrying capacity of the foot soldier will be much the same as it is today, and a horse will still be just a horse, but no one can foresee the extent of the development of the tank and other mechanical warfare vehicles in that length of time.

Original Thiepval Mark I Tank with anti-bomb roof and 'tail.'

The tank and the armored car will, no doubt, be used to accomplish in future wars many missions, which have in the past been accomplished by the cavalry. The armored car of the future will probably be able to operate either on or off the roads, as the tanks do now, and by having this increased mobility these cars will be of greater value as a harassing force than they were in the World War.

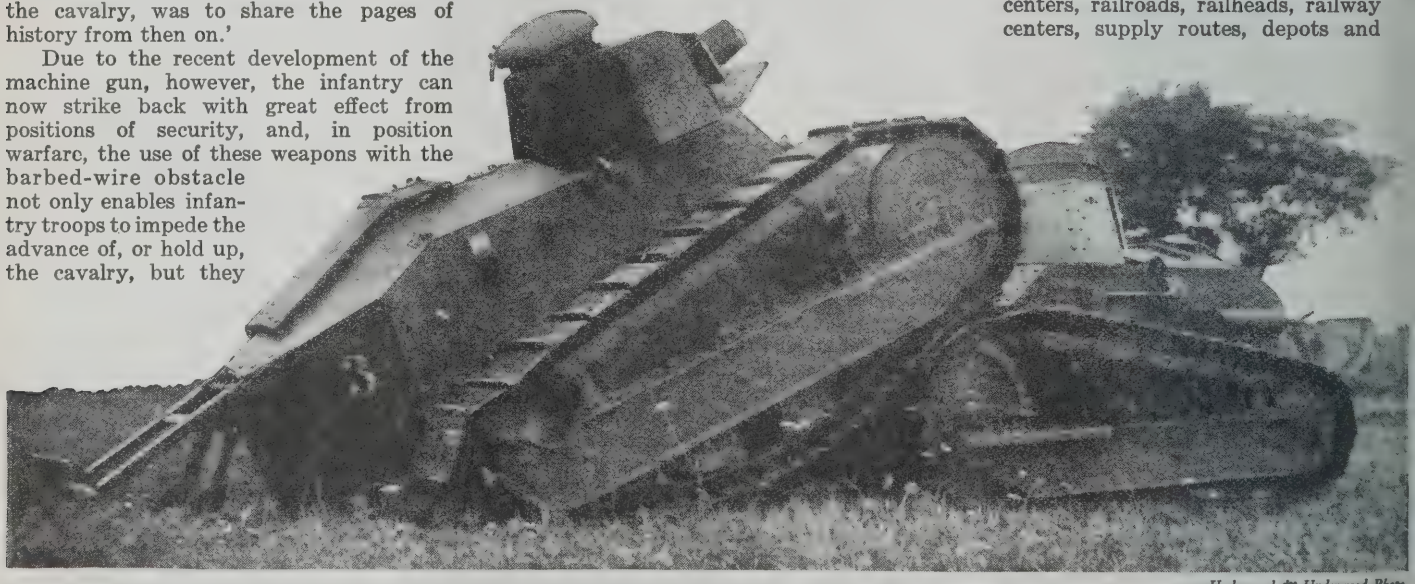
Not being confined to the roads, the armored car units will not be stopped by mined roads or roads torn up by shell fire, and it will be unnecessary to assign tanks to these units to tow the cars over such obstacles as it was found necessary to do in the World War.

The missions upon which armored cars may be employed in the future may be summarized as follows:

Equipped with radio, these cars will be enabled to function as advanced cavalry, and they will, as stated, also be valuable as a harassing force against a retreating enemy; or, in reconnoitering, in open warfare, the routes, bridges, and so forth, to be used in a massed tank attack against enemy supply routes and other important points back of his main positions.

Whether the next war is to be one of position or of movement, the delivery of combined surprise attacks by tanks, armored cars and airplanes, against what has come to be known as enemy 'nerve centers,' in rear of his main positions, may be expected.

Command and communication centers, railroads, railheads, railway centers, supply routes, depots and



Two tanks in close combat, photographed during maneuvers at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island. —*Underwood & Underwood Photo.*

training centers, unless located a considerable distance back of the front lines of the positions, will no longer enjoy a certain immunity from attack on account of the screen heretofore provided by these front positions.

Had the war not terminated in 1918, this plan would, no doubt, have been adopted as one of the basic tactical ideas for 1919, but even though it was never put into execution, it points the way toward new missions for the tank.

The feasibility of using the modern fast tank in proper numbers for an enveloping operation, either in position or open warfare, is apparent. In position warfare, a break through on a quiet front on the enemy's flank by a body of tanks would divide the enemy's attention, to the serious detriment of their defensive efforts, while a further enveloping movement, with masses of tanks attacking from the rear, would be fatal.

Such attacks in open warfare could easily be made and their value is obvious.

It will always be necessary to use tanks in large numbers. If the World War experience proved anything at all concerning them, it was the utter futility of using them in driblets. They were used in small numbers many times on the Western front because they were not available in sufficient numbers, and seldom were they really effective when so used. They were not available in larger numbers because their value was not fully understood during the earlier engagements, and also because, when Britain started to build them, practically the entire British manufacturing facilities were employed in the manufacture of the many other things needed for war.

Tank in action, smashing down wire obstacles. —*British Official Photo.*

It was a case of using them in action as fast as they could be secured, with the result that tanks were frittered away in small actions having no decisive results, or in larger actions where, due to the shortage, those available were either strung out over a wide front, or were given so many missions that they were put out of commission owing to mechanical trouble or were knocked out by enemy artillery.

When the results of the various tank actions were reported in England, the authorities were for or against tank manufacturing projects, just as the reports were favorable or unfavorable. This in turn resulted in the continued use of tanks in small numbers. The British infantry bore the brunt of this vacillating policy and suffered terrific casualties, a large percentage of which might have been avoided had the sustained support of the British War Office been given to tank production from its inception.

The ability of tanks while in motion to make very rapid changes in direction makes it difficult for artillery to hit them until they are fairly close, and from that time until tanks can reach the gun position is a matter of a few moments, so a massed tank attack would be a difficult force to stop. Some of the tanks would, of course, be knocked out, but with line after line of these moving fortresses coming forward at the fastest speed permitted by the terrain, and the forward waves of tanks firing on the opposing artillery, *this kind* of an advance would be a different proposition from advances in the past.

Tank towing prize taken during the offensive on the Cambrai front. —*British Official Photo.*

The latest fighting tanks will probably be of two classes: the light tank of approximately six tons, and the heavy tank of anywhere from eleven to twenty-five tons. From present indications, the high speed of these tanks will range from ten to thirty miles an hour. The light tank will be held to about the weight indicated or slightly less, that it may be transported for long moves in trucks or on trailers. The weight of the light tank cannot be reduced under six tons without decreasing its efficiency as a wire-obstacle destroyer.

Tank construction presents some of the same difficulties encountered by aircraft builders. Any increase in weight, whether for thicker armor, more guns, ammunition, crew or fuel, requires a larger power plant or decreases the speed of the vehicle. The weight of the tank, fully equipped, cannot be too great or its mobility will be seriously affected due to the carrying capacity of bridges. It must not be too large or its bulk will make it a better target for enemy gunners. So it is a case of determining just which characteristics are the most desirable and building those qualities into the tank, sacrificing the other desirable qualities to a certain extent. The general aim will be to provide as much concentrated fighting power as possible, giving it as much armor protection as is consistent with the speed desired.

Better armor will undoubtedly be available for the modern tank than was to be had during the last war, but it is hardly likely that it will be much, if any, heavier or thicker than that used in the past, which was a fraction over one-half inch on the best tanks. Germany finally built a few tanks which carried armor of more than one inch in thickness. These tanks were bulky, had a very low degree of mobility and were not effective fighting units.

Since it has been found that it is impossible to armor a tank against all types of artillery shells, the tendency has been to discontinue attempts in this direction and provide more speed as a means of protection.

During the early days of tank experimentation in England, a proposal was put forward to build a huge tank, which Colonel Fuller, of the Royal Tank Corps, describes as a veritable Juggernaut, heavily armored, highly offensive and capable of moving across country. It consisted of a platform mounted upon three wheels, two driving wheels in front and the steering wheel behind. It was to be equipped with three turrets, each containing two four-inch guns, and its motive power was to be derived from an 800-horsepower set of Sunbeam Diesel engines. The specifications as worked out were as follows:

Armament	3 twin 4′ turrets with 1800 shells
Horsepower	800 H. P., with fuel for 24 hours
Total weight	300 tons (estimated)
Armor	3 inch
Diameter of wheels	40 feet
Tread of front wheels	13 feet 4 inches
Tread of steering wheels	5 feet
Length	100 feet
Width	80 feet
Height	46 feet
Clearance under body	17 feet
High speed	8 miles per hour

The authorities considered this proposition, but came to the conclusion that when completed and fully equipped it would weigh nearer 1,000 tons than 300, and abandoned the scheme as impracticable, believing it better to have a large number of

smaller tanks than a few large ones. Their judgment has been shown to be sound, and it is hardly likely that the large land battleship will ever be used. Its low speed, its great bulk and weight, the development of high-powered artillery and armor-piercing shells are all factors which make its use impracticable.

Machine guns carried by tanks fire the ordinary ball, tracer and armor-piercing bullets of approximately .30 caliber. It is highly probable that machine guns capable of firing the .50 caliber bullets, of the three types mentioned, will be mounted in the larger type of tank.

The other weapons used consist of the one-pounder and six-pounder, or similar weapons, depending upon which nation is building the tank. These guns use the common steel, armor-piercing, high-explosive, canister, and smoke shells.

WHEN going into action, the future tanks will be accompanied or closely followed by a radio signal tank carrying an official observer, probably a staff representative, who will be enabled to inform the higher command as to the progress of the action along his front. The presence of this observer will aid in the prompt and efficient handling of reserves.

Tanks will also be accompanied or closely followed by their own artillery or by protected, motorized artillery assigned to the tanks to protect them from enemy anti-tank guns which hold their fire and thus conceal their position until the last moment. This method of tank aid was used during the last war and found to be very valuable, although the protected and motorized artillery was not then available.

They will also be served by aircraft, which will aid in locating, reporting the location of, and help to dispose of anti-tank defenses of the enemy.

Another weapon which could be mounted upon some form of protected tractor—and profitably used—is the mortar. The tractor appears to be the logical means of transportation for the Stokes, and other mortars, permitting their use at a given locality upon short notice, besides providing a means of rapid withdrawal after they have accomplished their mission.

A tank equipped to carry and project gas shells is a probability. Gas projectors were transported upon gun carriers during the last war. They were reported to have been of valuable aid, for they could be used upon short notice and in localities where wheeled vehicles could not have been taken.

A TANK equipped to lay a smoke screen is a possibility, with the chances slightly against its adoption on account of the small practical value of this unit in action.

Fatigue of troops may stop an advance gradually, but lack of supplies will stop it absolutely, and one of the greatest advantages to accrue to the fighting forces—as the result of the adoption of mechanical war vehicles—and second in importance only to the fighting tank, is the development of the tank supply ship. These vehicles were found to be very necessary during the World War, and, indeed, they have always been necessary. Ever since men began to fight in groups, one of the main difficulties has been to get supplies forward to them.

Of late years the supply question has assumed greater proportions than ever, it has come, in fact, to be about one-half of the battle. Every weapon invented, and every new type of material found to be necessary to the prosecution of war, adds to the burden of the supply organizations and facilities.

The supply tank was found to be of such importance that the British remodeled some of their old fighting tanks into supply tanks. It was a case of doing this, or of using men to carry supplies from the forward dumps to the localities where they were needed, and when one supply tank released from 300 to 400 men from this work, its value was apparent.

Thousands of casualties occurred among the carrying parties as they trudged along the road or trail, or wound in and out of a barrage, carrying food, ammunition and other supplies forward to the new position gained. This was work for a supply tank, which could do it far easier, quicker and with less than the carrying parties, besides releasing these men from this coolie labor and keeping them on the line.

The British also converted many of their gun-carrying tanks into supply tanks and they gave excellent service in this capacity. Another method used to take supplies forward was a chain of sledges, towed by tanks. At the Battle of Hamel, on July 4, 1918, four of the gun carriers took forward supplies which would have required 1,200 men to handle, and when they were not busy providing for their own organizations, they brought up ammunition for the infantry weapons, as well as engineer stores and material, water, and so forth.

IN HIS report upon the organization of the First Army, General Pershing said: 'The *wide front held* by our army, *the scarcity and character of the roads*, and the *constantly changing progress of the battle*, created unusual demands on field transportation. We had only twenty-eight per cent of the authorized allowance of motor transportation—French aid raised this to fifty-two per cent—and *animals*, at all times hard to obtain, *were quickly used up in service.* With each successful penetration of the enemy's lines, the increased length of haul and the resulting casualties caused a further shortage of animals. Due to lack of transportation, the 81st, 88th and 7th Divisions could not be used in the advanced portion of the battle front.'

The writer is responsible for the italics in the above extract of General Pershing's report. It will be noted that the scarcity and character of the roads are shown to be factors which created unusual demands on field transportation. It will also be noted that the commander-in-chief was deprived of the full use of at least three divisions due to lack of transportation. The availability or non-availability of three war-strength divisions for use in the advanced portion of the battle front may well mean the difference between success and failure, and this report shows the paramount importance of providing all divisions with sufficient transportation of a type which is not confined to the roads.

The army which has the superior force of tanks, motorized artillery, motorized gas units, and aircraft, as aids to the infantry, will win, for these weapons will tip the scales of the military balance of power in favor of the nation which has thus intelligently prepared its army for war, *in time of peace*

New Idols for Galler

(*Continued from page 7*)

of New York Americans; Babe Dye, Di Irwin and Gordon Fraser of Chicag Charlie Langlois, Tex White and He Drury of Pittsburgh; Johnny Sheppar Happy Holmes and Frank Foyston Detroit—all names that are new in t American sports directory but names th have been breaking into the newspap headlines frequently. You will hear mo and more of them.

Hockey is a Canadian game. It w developed in the Dominion. Years ag when getting a foothold, hockey knew splendor such as it has now. Hockey w then played on outdoor rinks, by daylig or gaslight. A few of the rinks were cover but none was heated. In the northern zon of Canada spectators underwent har ships. If the weather was warm the i was generally so bad that play had to postponed or canceled. If the gas was lo the game was played in semidarkness.

There were seven men on a side, go keeper, point, cover-point, left wing, rig wing, rover and center. When the tean lined up, the point and cover-point sto in a line ahead of the goal keeper, the rov was between the two wings and the cent stood ahead of him.

Rarely more than one man went dow the ice with the puck. If he succeeded passing the wings and rover, it was up the cover-point to check him and if th cover-point failed then the point took u the duties.

Being almost entirely an individual gam as played then, the competition develope feuds and counter-feuds. There were figh between the players and between th spectators. Rivalry was keen and play wa rough. 'Get your man!' was the battle cr but it really meant, 'Cut down your man The 'getting' was not accomplished b checking but by stick wielding. They cu each other down from in front and fro behind. Sticks were laid over head an body. Players were frequently knocked col

There was no passing. The player wh got possession of the puck carried it. Th forward (wrist) shot was much in use bu the real accomplishment was the executio of a backhand lift. The puck carrier woul lift the puck high into the air. It frequentl became lost in the upper darkness an players would wait breathlessly for it descent. The object was to lift the puc into the net. Sometimes it landed there more often it missed.

Ten years ago ranking hockey player were risking their lives for $150 a mont and playing a three-month season. A playe who got as high as $500 a season considere himself well paid. Today, some of th leading players draw $5,000 a season an several get more than that. With mammot arenas and increased admission prices salaries will keep mounting and the con tract of a desirable player will bring $25,00 or more on the market. There are a fe players today who cannot be bought so low

Hockey was constructed by the Cana dians. They built slowly but they buil carefully, soundly, thoroughly. They hav provided a game that is even better suite to the American taste than to the land o its nativity. It is the fastest and one of th most popular of sport spectacles.

How a President Was Impeached

(*Continued from page 5*)

journeyed to Chicago by way of Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo and Cleveland. After the unveiling he returned by St. Louis, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

On the early part of the trip he received a courteous and even cordial reception, but when he reached Ohio trouble began. Deliberate insult was evidently part of a systematic plan, and to this were added malicious and utterly false reports of his speeches, which were so garbled as to give the impression to their readers that he was drunk, an impression confirmed by the direct charge which ran like wildfire over the country. It was completely false and was later proved so, but it has ever since, combined with the misfortune of his inauguration, served as the basis for the widespread belief that he was an habitual drunkard.

Andrew Johnson came to the presidency superbly equipped but also with a number of heavy handicaps.

As A result of the press reports, although he held his audiences well and made a deep and favorable impression upon them, the effect on the country as a whole was bad and aided the radicals materially.

The elections gave the radicals a two-thirds majority in both Houses of Congress, and in addition complete confidence in their power. When Congress met, every southern state, except Tennessee, which had ratified in the spring, had rejected the 14th Amendment or was in the process of doing so. On this alleged contumacy of the 'rebel states,' the radicals placed the responsibility for the harsh policy of reconstruction which was now adopted and carried out over the President's veto. Conscious of their strength, they determined, if he interfered in any way with their plans, to impeach him and after conviction to remove him from office. As a warning of what impended, the vague threats employed for a year were abandoned for violent abuse and an open expression of their intention.

Johnson was aware of the likelihood of his impeachment and that he could by yielding stop the whole movement. But he would not consider the matter, and when Browning, one of his Cabinet, urged some action to check it, he replied, 'I will do nothing to check impeachment, if there is any wish to press it. I am tired of hearing allusions to impeachment. God Almighty knows I will not turn aside from my public duties to attend to those contemptible assaults which are got up to embarrass the Administration. Let the House go forward and busy themselves in the matter if they wish.'

Among those most active in the movement which now developed for impeachment were Representatives George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, and James M. Ashley, of Ohio. They decided that Johnson had been privy to the plot to assassinate Lincoln, and they made no secret of their alleged belief. When they could find no evidence to sustain this opinion they encouraged its manufacture for the occasion. And so when the President vetoed the bill granting negro suffrage in the District of Columbia, Ashley at once introduced a resolution of impeachment against him, charging him with usurpation of power and violation of law, with corrupt use of the appointing, pardoning, and veto powers, with corrupt disposition of public property, and corrupt interference in elections.

Thus began the first attempt at impeachment. The judiciary committee was unable to find any incriminating evidence against the President, but they reported that enough had been found to warrant the continuance of the investigation.

In the meantime the Senate, under the leadership of Wade, was trying to prepare for the trial by the admission of two new states, Nebraska and Colorado. Both bills passed and were vetoed by Johnson, and in the case of Colorado the veto was effective. But two Senators from Nebraska were added to the radical majority and Wade was elected president *pro tem* of the Senate and thus, under existing law, came next in succession to the presidency of the United States.

Johnson's tailor shop.

When the new Congress met, the impeachment was again taken up by a committee. They investigated Johnson's past life, they questioned many witnesses, they set spies upon him, and sought to entrap him, but all to no purpose. The following quotation from one of the later minority reports describes this process:

> A dragnet has been put out to catch every malicious whisper throughout the land, and all the vile vermin who had gossip or slander to detail, hearsay or otherwise, have been permitted to appear and place it upon record for the delectation of mankind. Spies have been sent all over the land to find something that might blacken the name and character of the Chief Magistrate of our country. Unwhipped knaves have given information of fabulous letters and documents . . . That most notorious character, General L. C. Baker, chief of the detective police, even had the effrontery to insult the American people by placing spies within the very walls of the Executive Mansion; the privacy of the President's home, his private life and habits and most secret thoughts have not been deemed sacred or exempt from invasion; the members of his household have been examined; and the chief prosecutor has not hesitated to dive into loathsome dungeons and consort with convicted felons, for the purpose of accomplishing his object of arraigning the President on a charge of infamous crimes.

And so, in July, by a vote of five to four, they reported unfavorably on the resolution. The radical leaders, however, got the question recommitted and by autumn, without new evidence, one member of the committee, Churchill of New York, was persuaded to change his mind, and a favorable report was submitted in December, 1867, accompanied by twelve hundred printed pages of testimony proving beyond shadow of doubt that Andrew Johnson was guilty of no crime. Incidentally, it proved also that he was no drunkard, or, for that matter, not even a tippler. Even Boutwell had to admit that the only charge the committee could bring was the vague one that Johnson had used the power of the nation for the purpose of reconstructing the Government in the interest of rebellion and of restoring the old Democratic Party to power.

Two minority reports were submitted, one of which thus summed up the movement:

> His greatest offense, we apprehend, will be found to be that he has not been able or willing to follow those who elected him to his office in their mad assaults upon and departure from the constitutional government of the fathers of the Republic; and that, standing where most of his party professed to stand when they elevated him to his present exalted position, he has dared to differ from a majority of Congress upon great and vital questions. He has believed in the continuing and binding obligations of the Constitution of the Union and the States comprising it, and that when the rebellion was put down the States were all and equally entitled to representation in the Congress of the United States.

On December 7, by a vote of 108 to 57, the resolution was lost. The first movement for impeachment had failed, not because of the flimsiness of the charges and the testimony, nor because there was left in the majority any sense of justice and right, but because it was clear that a trial would result in acquittal.

The second attempt at impeachment, which failed also, was closely connected with the third and successful attempt. In the closing days of the last session of the 39th Congress was passed, over the President's veto, the Tenure of Office Act, which limited severely his power of removal by making the consent of the Senate necessary. A proviso excepted from its general provisions the members of the Cabinet who were to hold for the term of the President by whom they were appointed and for one month afterward.

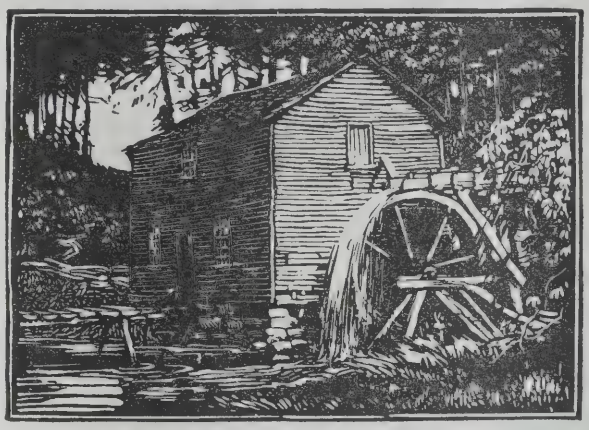
Secretary Stanton declared the act unconstitutional and assisted the President in the preparation of the veto message. Stanton, it may be added, had been appointed by Lincoln during his first term and had not been reappointed by either Lincoln or Johnson. Attention was called to the fact, during the debates on the bill in Congress, that the existing Cabinet was not affected by the law, and no one questioned the correctness of the interpretation.

Of Lincoln's Cabinet, Seward, Welles and McCulloch were devotedly attached to Johnson and thoroughly in accord with his policy. Stanton disagreed with the President from time to time, but gave no open indication of disaffection during the first two years of Johnson's Administration. All the time, however, he was utterly disloyal to the President and was the spy of the radicals in the Cabinet. After the passage of the Tenure of Office Act, he became increasingly defiant and offensive in manner and finally put an end to harmony in the Cabinet. The President, patient as he was, finally determined to get rid of him, and hints that his resignation would be acceptable having been ignored, on August 5, 1867, he sent Stanton a curt request for his resignation, which was as curtly refused. Thereafter Stanton attended no Cabinet meeting.

On January 7, 1867, the House adopted a resolution, proposed by James M. Ashley, of Ohio, authorizing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the official conduct of Andrew Johnson. Although the Committee six months later by five to four decided there was no ground for impeachment proceedings, the majority finally yielded and the case was reopened and the taking of testimony continued. This is the way matters stood when Johnson removed Stanton.

The President was not only desirous of getting rid of Stanton. He believed the Tenure of Office Act unconstitutional and was very anxious to secure judicial interpretation of it. He therefore persuaded General Grant, though with some difficulty, to accept an *ad interim* appointment with the understanding that he should refuse to yield the office to Stanton after the Senate had refused to agree to the latter's suspension and thus force him to appeal to the courts, in which way a decision as to the constitutionality of the law would be secured. It was agreed that if General Grant should change his mind, he would notify the President in time for him to make another appointment. And so, on August 12, Johnson suspended Stanton and appointed Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*.

On January 13, 1868, the Senate refused to concur in the suspension of Stanton, and Grant, instead of holding on, surrendered the office before it was demanded. He reported the matter to the President, who was both outraged and disappointed but who restrained his temper admirably. A correspondence, increasing in acrimony, followed, which was very damaging to General Grant. The House of Representatives, aware of what was going on, demanded copies of the correspondence, which were at once furnished. The leaders of the impeachment movement were full of unholy glee when the first part reached them. At last a crime had been discovered. The President had apparently violated both the Tenure of Office Act and the Conspiracy Act of 1861. But the final letter of the President, backed by letters of five members of the Cabinet, showed that if the laws had been violated, Grant as well as the President was guilty. And since Grant was slated for the Republican nomination for President and was the idol of the country, it would never do to implicate him.



Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Thus ended the second attempt at impeachment.

The third and successful attempt was soon to follow. Johnson was more than ever determined to rid himself of Stanton. He did not desire impeachment, but he would not turn out of his path to escape it.

The first thing to do was to find a new Secretary of War. Failing with General Sherman, who deeply sympathized with him but refused to be entangled in politics, he attempted to secure General George H. Thomas, who was equally averse to the quarrel. Finally he turned to Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant General of the Army, who accepted. Whereupon the President removed Stanton and appointed Thomas Secretary of War *ad interim*. Thomas delivered the papers to Stanton in person and the latter made no offer of resistance but asked for time to remove his private property. Thomas, overjoyed at this peaceable ending of the matter, agreed, and returned to the White House to report to the President.

Stanton barricaded himself in his office, notified the House and Senate of the President's action, and had Thomas arrested for violation of the Tenure of Office Act. He was released on bail and demanded the office which Stanton declined to surrender. The President sent to the Senate the nomination of Thomas Ewing, General Sherman's father-in-law, to be Secretary of War. When the news reached Congress there was great excitement. The Senate passed a resolution condemning his action. In the House a resolution of impeachment was introduced, and as soon as the overwhelming desire of the members to make speeches could be gratified, it was passed by a strict party vote of 126 to 47, and thus the movement at last reached a climax.

The following day Thaddeus Stevens and John A. Bingham, on the part of the House, appeared in the Senate and 'in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States,' impeached Andrew Johnson of high crimes and misdemeanors in office. A committee of the House prepared eleven articles which accused the President of high crimes and misdemeanors in connection with (1) the order removing Stanton; (2) the order appointing Thomas; (3) a conversation with General Emory in which the President had declared the Command of the Army Act unconstitutional; (4) three speeches of the President in which Congress was harshly criticized; and (5) his opposition to the execution of the reconstruction acts. All of these, except those relating to the Tenure of Office Act and the conversation with General Emory, had been rejected as inadequate cause in the previous attempts of impeachment.

The impeachment and the adoption of the articles were accompanied by the most furious and unrestrained abuse of Johnson, who was described as a Judas, a Nero, a criminal of blackest hue. Washburn of Illinois said of him:

'His whole official career as President has been marked by a wicked disregard of all the obligations of public duty and by a degree of perfidy and treachery and turpitude unheard of in the history of the rulers of a free people; his personal and official character has made him the opprobrium of both hemispheres, and brought ineffable disgrace on the American name.'

But the articles contained no charges to match this description. The House chose as managers to conduct the prosecution Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, John A. Bingham of Ohio, George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, James F. Wilson of Iowa, Thomas Williams of Pennsylvania, and John A. Logan of Illinois.

On March 4, the House in a body presented the articles of impeachment to the Senate and the next day the Senate organized as a court, with Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase presiding, in accordance with the constitutional provision. The President was summoned to appear a week later and the stage was thus set for the final act of the drama. Eleven articles of impeachment were passed by the House.

(*To be continued in an early issue*)

Our Illegal Spenders

(*Continued from page 6*)

system is shown by a comparison of *the Federal budgets for the years 1925, 1926, and 1927, which have more than doubled in amount those of the three years preceding the war.*

The appropriation for the year 1927, amounting to $4,409,377,454, is a far greater sum than has been appropriated at any session of Congress since 1921 but, in that year, the Government was spending over $1,000,000,000 more than at present on an army and navy which had not been demobilized from war strength; and over $700,000,000 more than at present on railroad administration.

Leading all other departments the Veterans' Bureau furnishes an example of this type of unlawful expenditure, *through which the veterans are not in any respect benefited.* A comparison of costs between the War Department and the Veterans' Bureau for the single item of hospital construction shows that the latter department *expends from thirty-three to forty-five per cent in excess* for the same type and equipment of buildings, while other items of expenditure, which contribute nothing whatsoever to the welfare of the veterans, present an array of facts which places this bureau in the front line of the 'illegal spenders.'

Article XIV of the Constitution empowers Congress to pay only such public debts as are 'authorized by law.' Since the only law authorizing expenditure of public funds is the regular Appropriation Act, the present system of spending first and acquiring funds for payment after, as charged by the Controller General, does not afford protection to public money when exceptions to its operation are created by Congress, either before or after turning the money over to the spending agencies.

A casual study of the extent to which discretionary power is conferred in the disbursal of lump-sum appropriations illustrates the loose methods through which hundreds of millions of taxpayers' money is expended annually. Unitemized appropriations for public buildings, sites and construction, stretching from Maine to California, furnish interesting if somewhat startling reading.

The Controller General of the United States is charged with making investigations for Congress as to revenue, appropriations and expenditures, and is specially charged with reporting to Congress every expenditure or contract made by any department or establishment, in any year, in violation of law. The fallacy, therefore, of department heads conducting their own negotiations and making their own requests directly with Congress must be apparent when the law places direct responsibility for both approval and legality upon a duly responsible official of the Government.

The increasing tendency of government departments to effect payments of public moneys not authorized by law is openly charged by Controller General McCarl to be directly responsible for the loss to the Government of over $300,000,000 of public funds. He claims that after credit has been disallowed for illegal payments, department heads, through the medium of 'deficiency' bills, rely upon Congress for settlement of their unlawful and unauthorized expenditures.

The importance of such accusations from such an authoritative source cannot be overestimated.

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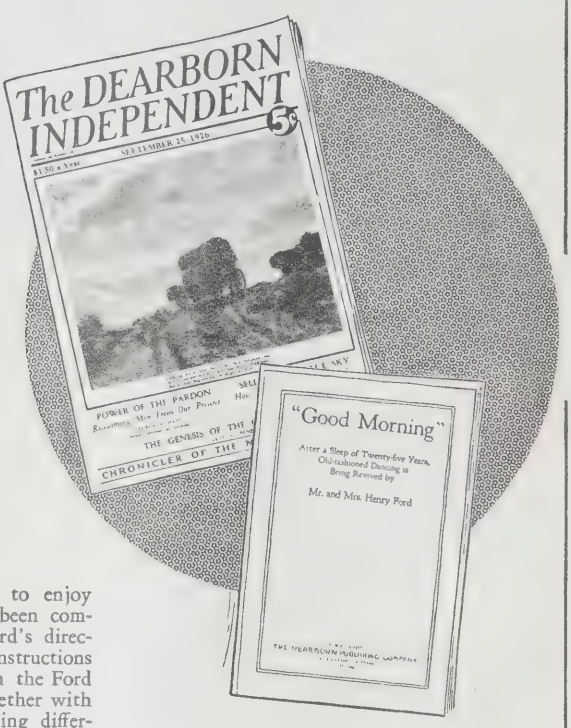
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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The other night,' said ***the Head of the Household,*** 'I decided to take my family to the movies. I was influenced—in fact, persuaded—by one of those alluring advertisements that the magazines carry. You know the kind: the center of the page shows father and mother and the youngsters all smiles and hilarity because they're off for an evening of romance and adventure and what not at the picture palace. The advertisement made me wonder if perhaps I hadn't been a bit harsh, depriving my children of a lot of wholesome amusement by not taking them oftener. So I called my wife, and she called the children, and in a minute we were giving a good imitation of that happy family in the advertisement, all a-bustle with wraps and hats and excitement and anticipation for the fun ahead of us.

'Then I glanced over the amusement column in the evening paper to decide which show to see. We live in one of the largest cities in the country. It has, I understand, even more than its quota of imposing and elaborate movie theaters. It should offer as fair a variety of shows as any place in the land. Here are the pictures we found listed: *Altars of Desire; Don't Tell the Wife; Nobody's Widow; An Affair of the Follies; One Hour of Love; When the Wife's Away; Sorrows of Satan; The Popular Sin.*

'These may be very fine pictures. Perhaps the titles are misleading, and the plays themselves are innocuous. Perhaps they are perfectly fit for children to see. I cannot say; I cannot speak with authority about any of them. We stayed home.'

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'You receive letters from all over the world, I see,' remarked ***the Insurance Man*** as he glanced over the editor's desk.

'Do you remember the old-time letter of the busy executive beginning, "Yours of the fifth inst., relative to so-and-so has been received and acted upon"; then a long, rambling rigmarole touching on matters foreign to the subject? I was looking over some of our old records and came across letters written in the early eighties and they were truly funny. Now the modern preference shows a trend toward simplicity and directness and that is true both in letters and in the modern life we are living. The elaborate salutations and subscriptions to letters of Lincoln's time have now a flavor of agreeable romance. It would be interesting to know what the model business letter will be fifty years hence. And the letter from friend to friend will be as far advanced from our present stage as are the letters of today ahead of the letter grandad wrote back to New Hampshire from the wilds of the Ohio country beginning, "I take my pen in hand to tell you that I am well and hope that you are the same."'

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'There are thousands,' said ***the Assistant District Attorney,*** 'yes, probably many hundreds of thousands of stolen jewels hidden away in the safe deposit vaults of banks and trust companies in this country. They are safe hiding places in which thieves keep their plunder. Whenever we arrest a big jewelry thief and search him or his particular hiding place, we're sure to pick up one or more safe deposit keys. Such keys are not marked in any way and so we can't locate those particular vaults, and the thieves know it. They know that even if convicted and compelled to serve a term, they'll have a nest egg when they come out of prison. There is a way, however, to overcome this difficulty and locate the hidden loot, if the bankers would only agree to help us. That is, if they made it a rule to have their depositors fingerprinted, and marked the keys to their deposit boxes in some manner by which the police could identify them when these keys are found in the possession of criminals. Receivers of stolen diamonds often recut them; they remelt the gold and platinum, but there are jewels of a kind that can't lose their identity, and which the thieves don't dare intrust to fences. I'm certain that all this kind of stuff, and in addition, any amount of stolen negotiable securities, could be unearthed if the police and public prosecutors only had access to the safe deposit vaults in which they lie hidden perhaps for years.'

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A Fairly Well-Known Writer who is a much better-known speaker, dropped into The Office with malice prepense. It is the first time we ever knew him to come with a request. This time he wanted us to print something. It is a letter.

'Here,' said he, 'is a letter of my own composition which I expect to see greeted with country-wide applause from long-suffering Occasional Orators. It is in reply to a committee asking me to make an address on Lincoln's Birthday. I shall be obliged if you do not divulge the address. It is suitable for any committee the length and breadth of this great land. Here it is. Hand it down to posterity.'

So here it is, minus all marks of identification:

'Gentlemen: Your invitation to address the ———— Club at luncheon February 12 has been received. Let me say at once that I appreciate the honor implied in the invitation. I remember very distinctly appearing before the ———— Club on the same occasion last year. As I recall it, the luncheon was set for 12:30, with the address to open at 1:15 and close at two o'clock. The punctuality with which lunch was disposed of and the program opened by your resourceful president was most admirable. There followed a few moments of friendly chaff incident to the meetings of luncheon clubs, and then a nice girl was introduced to sing. I believe that she was the daughter of one of the officers of your club. Anyway, she sang beautifully and I joined heartily in "encore!" It was precisely the thing to precede a contemplation of Abraham Lincoln, our great saint and hero. I was congratulating us all on the happy harmony of the program.

'Then at 1:30, or a little after, your president announced that a patent piano would be demonstrated before the club. A piano salesman accompanied by three lady demonstrators surrounded an instrument which was presently put through a different kind of pace by each demonstrator. Without expert knowledge of such matters, I should venture to say that as a demonstration it was well done.

'At 1:55 a gentleman was called upon t show some ancient pictures, which he did, ac companying them with a running fire of joke which have somehow escaped my memory

'It was after closing time when th Speaker of the Occasion, as the program ha it, was called upon. An address had bee specially prepared on the written assuranc of the ———— Club that it was speciall desirous of commemorating Lincoln at tha meeting with a speech discussing his caree and principles. It was a good address, after ward widely published, but it was delivere at the tail end of patent piano demonstra tions and exhibition of flea-bitten pictures— it was delivered to men who were promise they could leave at two o'clock. True, the were courteous; they remained; they wer flatteringly attentive. I know enough o audiences to believe that they enjoyed i much more than I did. But you will no misunderstand me when I say that I canno subject either a Lincoln address or mysel to the risk of a recurrence of that experience

'I am, therefore, most respectfully, though thus frankly, declining your invitation.'

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The Man Who Had Been Out o Work for four months came into th office for a job.

He told us quite cheerfully that he wa coming through the ordeal with severa well-learned lessons.

'We've managed to keep up the pay ments on our two-by-four shack and th washing machine, but we've had to let th extra lot and the sewing machine slide You see, we were altogether too heavily overloaded with installment payments Well, from now on we are going to pay a we go.'

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'I've just got back from Europe,' remarked ***the Traveler,*** 'and the most surprising thing I've seen is the number of stranded Americans drifting about Paris. You can find them everywhere; that is, wherever American tourists are likely to go. They're generally young people—young men and young women; most of them claim to be art students, but I suspect that by far the greater part are just adventurers, craving for a taste of life in the Latin Quarter, and drawn by the fame and the lure of Paris. It's possible to drift through the good old United States, looking for adventure and odd jobs, but that sort of thing can't be done in Europe. Most of these poor youngsters land in France with just enough money to get the boat train to Paris. Here's a bit of advice I want to give to all young Americans: "Don't go to Europe unless you have the price of a return ticket in your pocket." These stranded tourists and drifters have to be taken care of, of course, and there's an American Aid Society, which does what it can. I was told at their office that they were called upon to assist 3,000 stranded Americans in 1925, and in 1926 the number was 2,842. For the most part they're an honest lot of tourists, too, for of the money that was advanced to them, the sum of 120,825 francs was returned to the society after the stranded folk returned to the United States and communicated with their friends and families.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Will you give me a brief history of Kit Carson's life?

ANSWER: Christopher (Kit) Carson was born in Madison County, Kentucky, 1809. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a saddler; two years later he joined an overland trading expedition to Santa Fe, and became a trapper and roamer of the plains of the Rockies. In 1842, after the death of his Indian wife, he brought his daughter to St. Louis, Missouri, to be educated. Lieutenant John C. Fremont, U. S. A., was in the city at the time, preparing for his first expedition to explore the Rocky Mountains, and engaged Carson as guide. The next year Carson returned to New Mexico, married a Spanish lady and resumed his hunting and trapping. He was connected with the second expedition under Fremont and continued with him during the military operations which resulted in the conquest of California in 1846-47. Later he was appointed United States Indian agent for the district around Taos, New Mexico. Acting in this capacity he negotiated several important treaties. During the Civil War he rendered important services in New Mexico, Colorado and Indian Territory for which he was brevetted brigadier general. He died at Fort Lyon, Colorado, May, 1868.

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QUESTION: To whom do you apply if you wish to procure a concession at Yellowstone National Park?

ANSWER: Under the rules and regulations governing Yellowstone National Park, approved by the Secretary of the Interior, all applications for concessions in the national parks shall be filed with the superintendent of the park. The name and address of the superintendent of Yellowstone National Park is Horace M. Albright, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming.

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QUESTION: Will you kindly print a list of wedding anniversaries? I know that the tenth is tin, but of the others am not certain, and should like to preserve such a list for reference.

ANSWER: Following is a list of wedding anniversaries:

First—Cotton
Second—Paper
Third—Leather
Fourth—Fruit and Flowers
Fifth—Wooden
Sixth—Sugar
Seventh—Woolen
Eighth—India Rubber
Ninth—Willow
Tenth—Tin
Eleventh—Steel
Twelfth—Silk and Fine Linen
Thirteenth—Lace
Fourteenth—Ivory
Fifteenth—Crystal
Twentieth—China
Twenty-fifth—Silver
Thirtieth—Pearl
Fortieth—Ruby
Fiftieth—Golden
Seventy-fifth—Diamond

QUESTION: Is there a midnight sun at the South Pole? Who were the discoverers of the South Pole?

ANSWER: The condition known as the 'Midnight Sun' occurs in the Antarctic region around December 21. Roald Amundsen spent a few days more than a year in the Antarctic exploring, reaching the South Pole on December 14, 1911. Robert Falcon Scott, an English naval officer, reached the South Pole January 18, 1912, five weeks later than Amundsen, but perished on his way back to the home station (March 29, 1912) from starvation and exposure. His four comrades perished with him.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: Precious stones and gems have certain significance, survival from the ancients, which it is customary and pleasant to observe in making gifts, particularly for birthday, engagement and wedding. Can you give me such a list of gems?

ANSWER: We are printing a list of the significance of the better known precious stones:

Agate—Insures health, long life and prosperity.

Amethyst—Preventive against violent passions.

Beryl—Everlasting youth and happiness.

Bloodstone—Steadfast affection, courage and wisdom.

Diamond—Signifies purity; maintains peace and disperses storms.

Emerald—Discovers false friends and insures true love.

Garnet—Constancy and fidelity.

Jasper—Wisdom and courage.

Moonstone—Good luck.

Onyx—Insures conjugal felicity.

Opal—An 'unlucky' stone portending injury and mental or physical trouble.

Pearl—Signifies purity and innocence.

Ruby—Discovers poison, corrects evils resulting from mistaken friendship.

Sapphire—Frees from enchantment; denotes repentance.

Topaz—Fidelity and friendship; prevents bad dreams.

Turquoise—Prosperity in love.

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QUESTION: Please name some of the members of the British Parliament who opposed the war with the American Colonies in 1776.

ANSWER: Among the stanchest supporters of the American Colonists in the House of Commons were Edmund Burke, Colonel Isaac Barré and John Wilkes, who was expelled from the House because of his opposition to the government. William Pitt, the elder, spoke strongly against the harsh policy of the government toward the American Colonists, but when America entered into a treaty with France and it was proposed to remove the ministers and make a peace treaty on any terms, he appeared in the House of Lords and in a powerful address protested against the disruption of the Empire, although he was in a dying state, and passed away a few days later.

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QUESTION: What are the maiden names of the wives of the United States Presidents?

ANSWER:

Washington: Martha (Dandridge) Custis
John Adams: Abigail Smith
Jefferson: Martha (Wayles) Skelton
Madison: Dolly (Payne) Todd
Monroe: Eliza Kortwright
J. Q. Adams: Louisa Catherine Johnson
Jackson: Rachel (Donelson) Robards
Van Buren: Hannah Hoes
Harrison: Anna Symmes
Tyler: Letitia Christian
Julia Gardiner
Polk: Sarah Childress
Taylor: Margaret Smith
Fillmore: Abigail Powers
Caroline (Carmichael) McIntosh
Pierce: Jane Means Appleton
Buchanan:
Lincoln: Mary Todd
Johnson: Eliza McCardle
Grant: Julia Dent
Hayes: Lucy Ware Webb
Garfield: Lucretia Rudolph
Arthur: Ellen Lewis Herndon
Cleveland: Frances Folsom
B. Harrison: Caroline Lavinia Scott
Mary Scott (Lord) Dimmich
McKinley: Ida Saxton
Roosevelt: Alice Lee
Edith Kermit Carow
Taft: Helen Herron
Wilson: Ellen Louise Axson
Edith (Bolling) Galt
Harding: Florence Kling
Coolidge: Grace A. Goodhue

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QUESTION: To settle a dispute, will you kindly print a list of birthstones for the various months?

ANSWER:

Garnet—January
Amethyst—February
Bloodstone and Aquamarine—March
Diamond—April
Emerald—May
Pearl and Moonstone—June
Ruby—July
Sardonyx and Peridot—August
Sapphire—September
Opal and Tourmaline—October
Topaz—November
Turquoise and Lapis-lazuli—December

I READ IN THE PAPERS

The Boston Curb Our Monte Carlo

The operations and methods of the Boston Curb call forth stinging denunciation from the *Financial World*, which pays its respects in this wise: 'Under the guise of an organized market a gambling hell is operated whose field for patronage is national in scope. It outrivals the far-famed European Monte Carlo in the size of its game and the annual rake-off for its proprietors. Our Monte Carlo is none other than the Boston Curb. In comparing it with its European prototype we must apologize to the former, for it must be said in its behalf it does not parade under an alias of respectability, but flauntingly avows it is a gambling resort in which at least the gamesters are not playing with marked cards or crooked wheels. Not even this meager defense can be offered for the Boston Curb—since there is so much evidence available to prove its willingness to act the tool for legally branded criminals to aid them to fool American investors through manufactured quotations that are unrepresentative of actual transactions, and thereby lure them into the pitfall of losses. One could well wonder how it is possible for such a market to thrive in Massachusetts, the home of the Pilgrims, the abode of Puritanism, the cradle of our Blue Laws and the last place in the country it would be supposed the criminal element, plying its trade in financial channels, would look to as a haven from which to carry on their swindles unmolested. There is not a thread of an excuse for the existence of the Boston Curb. As it is at present organized it is but the tool of financial swindlers. They have made out of it a national gambling place where the markers are all counterfeits and where those who enter its portals come out stripped eventually of their belongings, for the play is not honest.'

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An apple without seeds or core is being propagated in Canada. Elimination of the seeds causes the apple to grow more in length, so the name of sheep's nose has been given to it. If successful in bringing forth fruit from grafts from the parent tree, the new fruit will perhaps rival the seedless orange.

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The originator of cold storage died the other day in London. He is survived by a large number of eggs.—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

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Where East and West Do Meet

We in America have our election troubles but we are not alone in this respect. The North China *Herald* says:

'The most amazing scenes are being witnessed at Calangute, a village of Bardez, where the elections for Portuguese India's representative to the Supreme Council for the Colonies is still in progress. This village, which is the talk of the whole colony at the present time, has become the resort of most of the political leaders of the country and is being visited by a large number of people from different parts of Goa. In this small village the election contest has degenerated into a battle royal. The electors are being practically driven to the polls, students, workmen and others being hurried to the village to record their votes. The most astounding incident of this election, however, was the imprisonment of two individuals, not for any crime or misdemeanor, but to satisfy the supporters of the favorite candidate that they were safely out of the way and who seized them for this purpose. The authorities were only able to secure their release the next morning. The whole village is now patrolled by the military. A Gilbertian situation seems to have arisen, judging from the local gossip, inasmuch as it is freely stated that the favorite candidate has secured about 1,200 votes when the total number of effective voters is slightly over 500.'

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Washington now has both the Speakers—Tris and Nick.—St. Louis *Post Dispatch*.

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Eskimos Are Not Swimmers

Eskimos are expert water dogs so long as they remain in their kyaks. They hunt the frozen seas, battle high winds and bergs, tides and polar bears, are frequently capsized and right their craft by a dexterous movement of their bodies and paddles. But, contrary to the general idea, few if any can swim a stroke. An Eskimo employe at the Field Museum, Chicago, learned to swim in the tank of the Illinois Athletic Club, the same tank in which William Bachrach has developed a number of champion swimmers. 'No, no sir!' stated the Eskimo, 'We do not swim. The water is too cold even in the hottest summer time.'

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Americanism: Passing a law and believing the reform is accomplished.—Omaha *Bee*.

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Bacon as Chemist Vindicated

A secret formula for the production of salts of copper, found in one of Roger Bacon's alchemical works, has been proved effective by the University of Pennsylvania chemists, but too complicated to be of commercial value today. This formula has lain unused for more than 600 years. It was written in cipher, as were all Bacon's other secret formulas, as in the period in which he lived charges of witchcraft and sorcery brought against those who pursued science research were by no means uncommon, and Bacon had to suffer long imprisonment on account of some of his writings.

Roger Bacon is regarded as the greatest scientist of the 13th Century. He was a Franciscan monk and studied at the universities of Oxford and Paris. He is credited in Europe with the discovery of gunpowder, and he was one of the first to find out and test the principles of the telescope. He left behind him numerous scientific works. Roger Bacon is frequently confused with Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, who lived several centuries later and was a contemporary of Shakespeare.

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It is a mystery how Premier Mussolini found time to write, 'My Twenty-four Hours.'—Vancouver *Daily Province*.

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No woman need apply for the governorship of Oklahoma. The house of representatives decided recently that women would be barred from the offices of governor, lieutenant governor, attorney-general, treasurer, secretary of state, auditor, superintendent of public instruction and state examiner and inspector. A bill which would have submitted the question to a vote of the people failed to obtain the necessary majority.

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The Taxpayer Pays as Usual

The celebrity arrives in Manhattan; is escorted up Broadway amid cheers and the fluttering of confetti ticker tape from the brokers' offices above. The band plays. The mayor bows, makes a speech of welcome and presents the key to the city. All very impressive and wonderful, but not free by any means. Roughly estimated, the average expense incurred by the city of New York in officially receiving prize fighters, channel swimmers, queens and kings, is about $3,000 per reception, plus the wear and tear on the municipal band. Scrolls offering the freedom of the city, in very bad English, cost $935 each. Sandwiches and coffee for 250 'guests,' $335.50. Seventy-five heavy gold-plated badges for a reception committee; bill of $112.50. Why heavy plated for one day's use? And a gorgeous flashlight picture of Hizzoner and a celebrity costs the city $40. Freedom of the city but not free for the taxpayer.

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Too many theorists have the notion they can begin at the bottom and shirk up.—*Times Picayune*.

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The Perennial Pirate Treasure Hunt

Here and there across the Louisiana marshes one sees men digging for the buried treasure of the pirate Jean Lafitte. With maps and lighted torches they penetrate the darksome and silent bayous where the Spanish moss hangs in deep festoons from the jungle-like cypress and the bellow of the bull alligator mingles with the cry of the herons. For the hunters believe the buccaneer cached vast stores of Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight along the great coastal stretch southwest of New Orleans. One excited treasure hunter pulled up a post set by government surveyors, thinking that the stake was one of Jean's marks.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A LONDON CAT HAS HAD 120 kittens in less than ten years.

IRON ORE OF EXTREME richness, testing 68 per cent pure metal, has been discovered in Leghorn, Italy. This may free Italy from the necessity of importing iron.

'LILY RASH' IS AN eruption of the skin caused from juice of the stems of flowers, chiefly narcissi, and from handling the bulbs of hyacinths, daffodils, and tulips.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION in South America has discovered a tunnel three miles long and several inches in diameter, made and used regularly by ants.

THE CORONATION SPOON in the Tower of London is believed to be the oldest English silver spoon in existence.

A BILL BEFORE THE Minnesota legislature would make apple stealing grand larceny in the third degree, carrying with it a fine of from $100 to $400 and prison terms of from thirty days to six months.

THE OLD NEFF HOUSE in Montgomery County, Illinois, in which Abraham Lincoln lived while debating in that district against Stephen A. Douglas, will be razed to make room for a gasoline filling station.

BRITISH FOOD experts say Cleopatra ate onions in large quantities and used garlic and other highly scented ingredients in her food.

CANADA CELEBRATES HER diamond jubilee as a nation this year.

IGNACE GHABIN, WHO, as hangman for the late Czar Nicholas of Russia, officiated at 645 executions, is dead in Buterka Prison, Moscow, to which he was committed by the Soviet government. He received from the czar $2,500 annually, with a bonus of $50 for each victim.

IN PARIS, FRENCH criminologists say, women far outnumber men in the colorful 'underworld' maintained for the amusement of tourists. Visitors are inclined to invest the woman lawbreaker with a halo of romance, police declare in placing the responsibility for this fact.

A FULL-GROWN ELEPHANT, men familiar with circus animals assert, is capable of carrying a two-ton load on his back.

RELEASED AT THE END of August, 1926, at Hyde Park Corner, London, a toy balloon came down near St. Paul's Cathedral 117 days later.

BERLIN HAS TAKEN UP the partial-payment plan in earnest. A 'practical astrologer' advertises first-class horoscopes at prices varying from $5 to $50, offering to take 25 per cent down and the balance in monthly installments.

AMERICAN TREE SEEDS IN large quantities are being sent to the battlefields in Europe by the American Tree Association as 'messengers of peace and good will.'

THE FIVE LARGEST MEMBERS of the new Fat Men's Club in Berlin boast an aggregate weight of more than a ton. A minimum weight of 350 pounds is required for membership and the weightiest member passes this mark by 84 pounds.

FOLLOWING THEIR queen, a swarm of bees alighted on the bumper of an automobile parked on a busy Ohio city street.

DURING 1926 ONE PERSON out of every hundred lost an umbrella in Paris, records of the police lost-and-found department show. More than 30,000 stray umbrellas were found in taxicabs, churches, restaurants, telephone booths and streets.

M. BRIAND, FOREIGN minister of France, who is the fifth man of his country to win the Nobel Peace Prize, must pay about $5,000 of the $16,000 award to the French Treasury. The balance, he has announced, he will use to improve his farm at Cocherel.

ACCORDING TO AN OLD English superstition, when children of different sexes were brought to the font at the same time the boy must precede the girl; otherwise she was in danger of having a beard when she grew up.

REGISTRATION OF MOTOR VEHICLES in the United States in 1926 totaled 22,273,643, an increase of 2,044,618 over 1925. New York holds first place, California second and Ohio third. Nevada has the fewest cars—23,999.

TWO ARCHBISHOPS AND twenty-four bishops have seats in the British House of Lords.

THE WILL, RECENTLY probated, of a Massachusetts man was written by hand on a strip of paper measuring seven feet, the writing filling all but three inches of the document.

FRUSTRATED IN AN ATTEMPT to fine all feminine wearers of short hair and short skirts in his village, a Spanish mayor has offered two prizes, one for the most beautiful girl with the longest skirt and another for the most becomingly dressed head of long hair.

A STRANGER IN A western city noticed an odd crank on the meter of the taxicab in which he was riding. Becoming curious he turned this crank a wee bit to see what would happen. The meter immediately added fifty cents to his fare.

THE *Columbian Register*, a New Haven, Connecticut, paper which went out of existence in 1812, is still retained on the mailing list of the state health department and receives mail each week from that department.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT each time the London House of Commons takes a vote on a measure it costs the taxpayer $60, and every question asked during the daily 'question time' costs $5.25. By asking 469 questions, one member cost the country $2,867.50 for six months, besides his salary.

THE DISCOVERY THAT COD and haddock are found in the greatest numbers in waters where the temperature is between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit has led to the extensive use of thermometers by fishing fleets.

FINDING SILK HOSE TOO expensive, some Spanish women are substituting paint. A congress of painted legs is soon to take place, contestants to be judged not only on contour but also on brush skill and color treatment.

BY THE USE OF A specially designed snare, during the month of November, Ontario trappers took 652 wolves, on which the government pays bounties. From November, 1925, to June, 1926, more than 3,000 wolves were killed in the province.

WHAT IS A CHIROTONSORIST? Nothing more than a master barber. And a chirotonsory is ye olde time barber shop up to date.

QUEEN OF FONTANA, a California hen holding the world's egg production record, is dead after laying 1,174 eggs in a period of five years and two weeks. Her owners declare she paid them twelve per cent on an investment of $10,000 during her lifetime.

A GAME WAS RECENTLY exhibited in London that was invented by the ancient Greeks more than 2,000 years ago. It consisted of fourteen small flat pieces of ebonite which, when properly arranged, formed pictures of an elephant, an ostrich, a charging soldier and a barking dog.

IN TEXAS, TRAFFIC WAS blocked and motorists forced to detour because of hordes of bullfrogs traveling from swamp to swamp.

IN SEARCH OF COPPER AND other minerals, thousands of square miles in Northern Rhodesia are to be explored by airplane.

AT THE GATUN LOCKS of the Panama Canal, liners are raised eighty-five feet above sea level for a fifty-mile inland voyage from Atlantic to Pacific.

THE OLDEST INSTITUTION of learning in the New World is the University of San Marcos at Lima, Peru, founded under Pizarro in 1551.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the philosophy of business and its relation to human needs.

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The cover design consists of a striking cartoon by C. H. Sykes. It is a characteristic and incisive bit of work.

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Does anyone, these days, believe in the man in the moon? Yes, thousands of people do. But they are unaware that the moon is a vast desert, with no water, no atmosphere, and not a green thing growing. A bad place for any man, especially a farmer. Professor Moulton gives us a close-up of this nonproducing orb. (p. 1)

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What is the matter with Mexico, and while we are at it, what is the matter with this country? The president of the Rotary Club of Mexico City in a message addressed to American Rotarians supplies an answer. He says: 'True international fraternity can exist only when based upon absolute confidence,' and he thinks that the only fighting that ought to be done is an attack on the lack of confidence that at present exists. (p. 3)

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'The only time that a President of the United States has been suspected of being a party to the assassination of one who had previously held the office.' This sounds like a bit of the Middle Ages, but it isn't. The inner story of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson is told for the first time by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton. (p. 4)

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To assert that hundreds of millions of dollars are illegally expended by administrative officials of the United States sounds rather startling. The channel through which the money comes is the so-called deficiency appropriations. If the allotted spending money runs short Uncle Sam is 'touched' for a further amount. It is a case of expending public money first and collecting through Congress afterward. (p. 6)

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'Thou shalt have no other gods!' says the football enthusiast. 'But there *are* others,' declares the baseball fan; 'and still others,' exclaims the devotee of ice hockey. The idols of 'the slashing game' have now been set up in the gallery whether the other gods like it or not. 'No game we know of is better suited to the American sports taste than hockey,' says H. G. Salsinger. (p. 7)

ɣ ɣ ɣ

According to Donald A. Laird, people can't always believe their own ears. When you think you hear somebody speaking in front of you, it may be somebody behind you, and vice versa. 'Ghosts of sound,' one might call it. They haunt some people. (p. 8)

ɣ ɣ ɣ

What Burns calls 'wee tim'rous beasties' seem to vanish from the face of the earth with the first snowflake. Where do they go? During the winter they inhabit worlds we know not of, like so many furred and feathered Rip Van Winkles. This is called hibernation. S. F. Aaron tells us all about it and makes some excellent drawings as well. (p. 12)

ɣ ɣ ɣ

Fiction this week is well represented by Hugh Walpole's *Adventure of the Imaginative Child*. Not a child of the imagination, mark you. There is a big difference. This boy is worth studying. (p. 16)

ɣ ɣ ɣ

Perhaps no more prosaic name was ever applied to a weapon of war than 'tank.' Guns, bombs, batteries, all suggest the turmoil of battle, but the tank is all three combined. It is the modern war horse which has the famous Trojan steed completely beaten. (p. 22)

ɣ ɣ ɣ

Here are some more opinions of our readers:

526 W. Superior Street
Alma, Michigan.

Here at college one does not have much time to read outside material. But if I must let all others go, I at least try to read part of your magazine. None other seems so refreshing and so stimulating to the mind.

At numerous times I do not agree with your writers, and sometimes the disagreement is quite marked, but such helps to develop my own arguments and reasons.

However, I also agree with many more of the writers. And I wish to compliment the paper on its stand on prohibition. On several other stands I am not so sure of myself, but your men make clear their side of the question so that it cannot help be understood.

Perhaps these lines will seem rather a dubious compliment, but I wish to say that I prefer your magazine to all others.

CHARLES MINIS.

ɣ ɣ ɣ

1701 Main Street,
Reading, Ohio.

I was rather surprised to read your recent editorial criticizing Judge Landis for his handling of the baseball scandal. You, the Chronicler of the Neglected Truth, riding a man for publishing the truth kinda makes me want to rare back on my hind legs and let out a howl in defense of what I always considered a square-shooter.

Nevertheless I will remain an ardent reader of your magazine considering that we are all hasty at times and make mistakes. If you did not get a kick from your readers once in a while you'd be a darn poor editor.

I am a semi-professional umpire and take pride in announcing the fact that in all the baseball scandals and so-called scandals you have never heard of an umpire accused.

Yours in friendly criticism,

CARLOS V. DILS.

ɣ ɣ ɣ

Center, Texas.

Please permit me to have a short talk with you in regard to your famous paper (THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT).

I have been a reader of it for about three years and never yet missed a copy. Will say that I enjoy it immensely.

With regard to your Briefly Told page, I have each one of these pages in a binder and treasure them highly.

The main reason why I prize your paper so highly is this: I used to be an habitual cigaret smoker, and reading an article in your magazine from a doctor that used to write regularly three years ago, caused me to discontinue the use of same. I think this alone is worth everything that it has cost me, as I am still quit. And had been smoking for fourteen years.

ELVIN F. SANDERS, JR.

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FOREST RAY MOULTON has been professor of astronomy in the University of Chicago since 1912. He is the author of various mathematical and astronomical textbooks and a prolific lecturer and writer on these and kindred subjects.

JULIO ZETINA is a prominent business man of Mexico City and president of the local Rotary Club. His contacts with leading citizens and politicians add value to his opinions.

J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON is an authority on American history. He has held the post of professor of history and government in the University of North Carolina since 1920.

MARIAN BRUCE CLARK is well known to our readers as a writer on social, economic and governmental subjects.

H. G. SALSINGER is a keen lover of sport, a judge of sport, and an alert observer of all kinds of outdoor recreation. His position as sports editor of one of the leading dailies gives weight to his opinions.

DONALD A. LAIRD has a nation-wide reputation as a psychologist. As professor of psychology at Colgate University he is continually deriving fresh fruit from his extensive research.

S. F. AARON is a builder and contractor who has made nature his hobby and by study and observation has acquired a knowledge that is something more than encyclopedic. He is also a draftsman of considerable skill, paying great attention to minuteness and accuracy of detail.

HUGH WALPOLE as a novelist and short-story writer is every day becoming more popular. His vivid characterization and power of creating atmosphere are excelled by few living writers.

GEORGE H. RAREY is a captain in the United States Infantry Tank Corps. He has served as instructor in various schools and camps, and has made a special study of the use of tanks in actual warfare.

STUNTS *That* Thrill *the* Hearts *of* Spectators

Parachutes have saved many aviators' lives within the last few years. But since March, 1924, when the International Aeronautic Federation arranged to incorporate parachute jumps among its world-recognized established records, many daredevil stunts have been tried.
—U. S. Army Air Service Photo.

Swan dives are of quite common occurrence, but this one from an airplane into the cooling waters of the Pacific at Coronado Beach, California, is of a unique nature. *—International Newsreel.*

Oval—
Riding bucking bronchos may be entertainment for some, but to the ordinary layman there would be little pleasure riding a critter like this for any appreciable length of time. The theory, what goes up must come down, works here.

Below—
This is an elk on the only elk ranch in the East at Middleboro, Massachusetts. The founder of the ranch, Percy Jones, is shown standing while an assistant is dogging an elk. Elk meat is a rich and expensive food.
—Herbert Photo.

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URBANA ILL

When Service evaporates into a preachment, men lose sense of its reality and begin to scorn its name ❧ The measure of usefulness and success is service ❧ Wherever business, education, politics or religion languishes today, the cause is found in holding up on service ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

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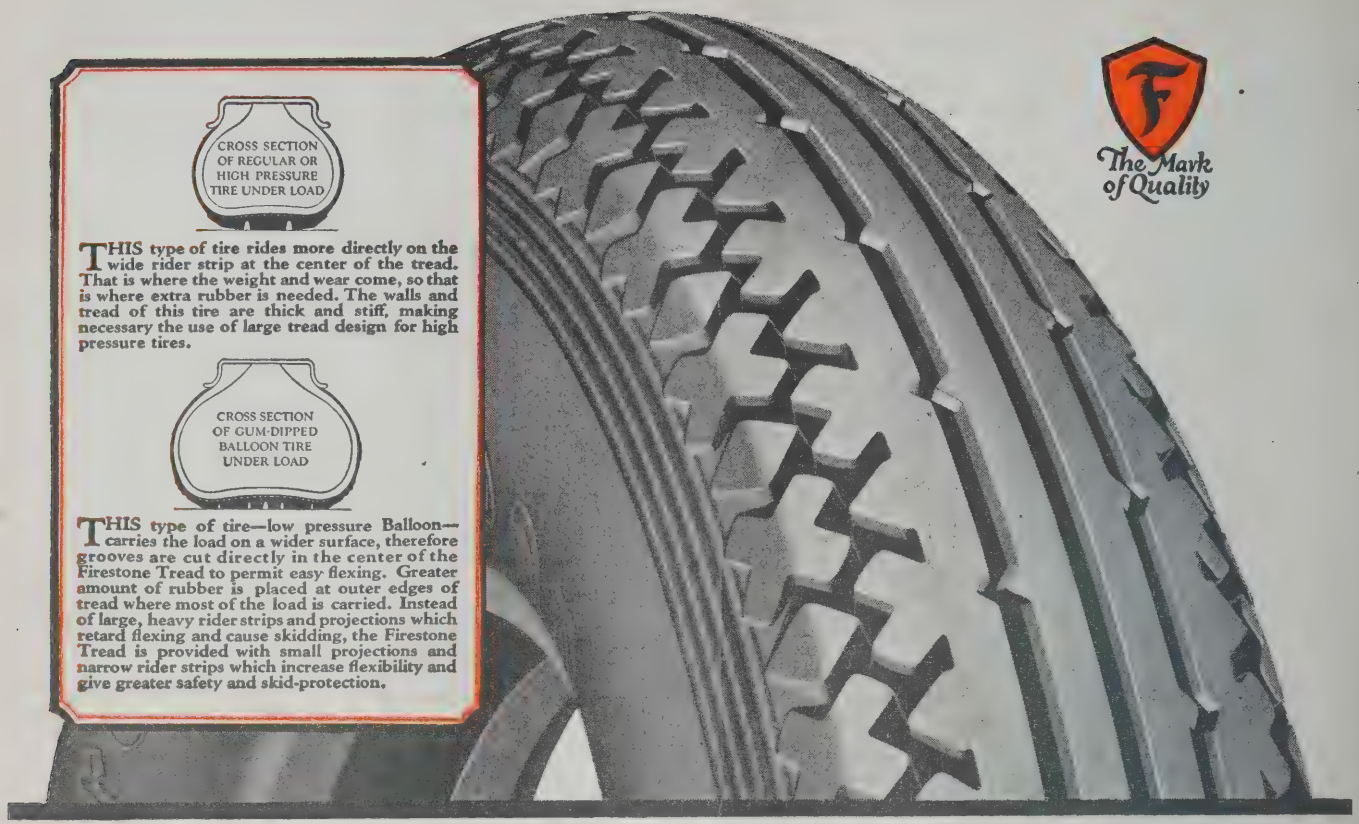
The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CHRONICLER OF THE NE

Five Cents a Copy MARCH 5, 1927

AMERICANS ABROAD—Homer Croy


CROSS SECTION OF REGULAR OR HIGH PRESSURE TIRE UNDER LOAD
THIS type of tire rides more directly on the wide rider strip at the center of the tread. That is where the weight and wear come, so that is where extra rubber is needed. The walls and tread of this tire are thick and stiff, making necessary the use of large tread design for high pressure tires.
CROSS SECTION OF GUM-DIPPED BALLOON TIRE UNDER LOAD
THIS type of tire—low pressure Balloon—carries the load on a wider surface, therefore grooves are cut directly in the center of the Firestone Tread to permit easy flexing. Greater amount of rubber is placed at outer edges of tread where most of the load is carried. Instead of large, heavy rider strips and projections which retard flexing and cause skidding, the Firestone Tread is provided with small projections and narrow rider strips which increase flexibility and give greater safety and skid-protection.
The Mark of Quality

Scientifically Designed
BALLOON TIRE TREAD

Another Reason why Firestone Tires are Better

When Firestone engineers were developing the Balloon Tire they found it necessary to design a tread altogether different from that which is required by High Pressure Tires. The tread of a Regular Cord, or High Pressure Tire is usually designed with what is known as a wide rider strip at the center. Here the bulk of the rubber on the tread is concentrated.

With the Balloon or Low Pressure Tire this extra amount of rubber must be placed away from the center toward the outer edges of the tread. Because of the low pressure conditions the displacement is greater and most of the weight and wear is at these outer points.

Notice how the Firestone Balloon tread has a deep groove at the direct center, with narrow flexing rider strips and additional grooves on either side. These grooves nearly close up when the tire is under load, as they provide room for the rubber to spread out. Next come the outer rider strips—at the points of greatest wear—with numerous angular sharp-edge projections for non-skid qualities.

The Firestone tread was not designed with large, massive projections for appearance or to make plausible sales argument. On the contrary, the projections of the cross-and-square tread are small and the rider strips narrow, permitting the tread to yield to depressions and cling to the road, giving the greatest non-skid surface. This tough, pliable tread has the wear-resisting qualities that give thousands of extra miles of service.

The tread, however, is not the only important part of the Balloon Tire. Such a tread as this, designed to yield to every depression of the road, must be placed on the carcass that also has the qualifications to withstand the terrific flexing that this design tread permits. Firestone provides this extra strength and endurance by dipping the cords of the carcass in a rubber solution. By this process, every fiber of every cord is saturated and insulated—to withstand the extra flexing of the Firestone tread.

If you want the economy, comfort and safety of Gum-Dipped Tires—see the nearest Firestone Dealer. He will gladly explain the many features that make Firestone Tires better.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER ... Harvey S. Firestone

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

MARCH 5
1927

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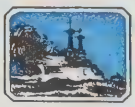


If CHRIST *Came to* Constantinople

By WILLIAM E. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON

IF CHRIST should come to Constantinople, He would find that ninety-five per cent of the liquor shops were perated by 'Christians.' e would find that of the 71 surveyed beer halls four ere conducted by Turks, ne by a Kurd, one by a ew and 465 by so-called Christians,' nearly all reeks or Armenians. He ould find that these beer alls conducted by 'Chris-ans,' as described by a gh Christian authority, are ather disreputable places.' e would learn that of the 413 'saloons' or drink shops rveyed, 1,169 were oper-ed by Greeks and only 97 Turks.

If Christ came to Con-antinople, He would find at, of the 175 registered othels, only 11 were run Turks. Of the others, 79 ere Greek, 35 Armenian and 45 wish. He would find that, of the 171 registered prostitutes, 1,367 were 'hristians and Jews' and only 359 ere Moslems, the remainder being nclassified. He would find in this erwhelmingly Moslem city that the ople who professed His name had a ractical monopoly on every disrep-able trade or occupation in the entire ty. Even the gambling prevalent in e city is confined almost entirely to ople who class themselves and are assed by others, as 'Christian.'

For all these dismal facts, Christ uld not be dependent upon any gan or Moslem source for His in-rmation. He would find them all ntained in a book, *Constantinople of oday*, a 418-page survey of Con-antinople by Professor Clarence John-n, head of the department of sociology Robert College, with a foreword Dr. Caleb F. Gates, president of at institution. While this volume as published by Macmillan's in 1922, e same facts exist in an accentuated gree today, as I found them on my cent annual visit to the Bosphorus.

THE chief obstacle to the spread of Christianity is not Buddhism, not Hinduism, not Mohammedanism, not even paganism; it is the rotten behavior of people who call themselves 'Christians.'

I know of no one who comes nearer to literally living up to the Sermon on the Mount than Mahatma Gandhi, the Hindu. The devoted life and character of Madame Safie Hussein Bey of Bostondji will not suffer by comparison with the finest of our Christian women, and yet she is such a devout follower of Mohammed that her Gentile friends called her a 'Presbyterian Moslem.'

Christ was not joking when he laid down the principle—'By their fruits ye shall know them.'

And even worse! Four years ago, when Turkey got the Powers to accept the annulment of the capitulations whereby other countries participated in the government of the country, and became thus practically free, one of the first acts of the national assembly was the enactment of a prohibition law. This law Turkey progressively put into effect—in Cilicia when the French evacuated that section, in Smyrna when the Greeks were driven into the sea, and in Constantinople when the Allied troops abandoned that place.

IT WAS then that the Powers raised a rumpus, for the revenue from the liquor traffic had been formerly pledged to an old international trusteeship that had control of the Turkish public debt. Under this pressure from 'Christian' powers, Turkey restored the drink shops which are now scattered all over the city.

But the drink traffic, repugnant to the Moslems, was something with which they did not care to soil their fingers directly. So a 'monopoly' of the trade was granted to a company of Polish Jews who agreed to pay a large sum of money down—but didn't. An arrangement was made, however, whereby the concessioners managed the monopoly in behalf of the government.

Then followed the next move. A company of 'Christians' from Italy were given a sort of gambling monopoly, whereby Yildiz Kiosk, the former palace of the Sultan, was turned into a kind of Monte Carlo. For this concession the Italian 'Christians' pay a yearly tribute of 30,000 Turkish lire. In theory this concern was intended to attract the visits of 'Christian' tourists far and near, lambs who would flock hither to be sheared—to the great profit of Turkey. Moslems were positively forbidden to visit this place of iniquity, which was intended solely for the recreation of 'Christians'—so they said.

The thing appears to be working quite well. One young diplomat recently was skinned out of all that he had and committed suicide in approved Monte Carlo fashion. One of the principals who labored for the establishment of the institution is Younnous Nady Bey, member of the national assembly and editor of *La Republique*.

While I was in Constantinople, Mr. Nady Bey went out to Yildiz Kiosk to see how the affair was running. He went out with a fair-sized roll, but got bumped for every sou he had. In great indignation he then wrote a two-column sulphurous roast in *La Republique*, denouncing the 'robbers' roost' that he had so diligently labored to establish. He says that twenty of his friends were skinned in the same ruthless manner. But in the working out, two solemn truths have developed: (a) outside tourists are not at all attracted to the concern, as they can lose their money just as well at Monte Carlo, and (b) the Moslems violate

the injunction to stay from the nefarious place, and so it is the Moslems themselves who are mostly getting skinned, instead of the 'Christians' as intended. That is why practically every Turkish newspaper is now attacking the concern.

AND here is another lugubrious situation that would stare Christ in the face should He visit Constantinople: Holy Trinity Church, the principal 'Christian' church in Constantinople, formerly owned a half-dozen saloons. These were closed by the prohibition law. But when the drink shops were restored, the stubborn Turks refused to restore the church's liquor licenses. Now Holy Trinity authorities are rending the air with cries of indignation at the 'outrageous injustice' in withholding these rum licenses.

Not one jot or tittle of what I have here set down applies in any degree to any American educational or missionary enterprise existing or that ever did exist in Turkey. It is really these American mission schools and colleges scattered throughout the Near East, pouring into that social caldron an annual grist of 3,000 graduates, that is now remaking and recreating the entire Near East. Since the days of Paul, no missionary enterprise has ever accomplished such far-reaching results as have been achieved by these American institutions throughout that whole country for a thousand miles south of the Danube River.

But the complication lies in the fact that *these American schools are not looked upon as 'Christian' institutions.* When a Turk visualizes a 'Christian,' he has in mind a Greek or an Armenian or some sect with whom he has had trouble for half a century. These American teachers and missionaries are simply 'missionaries,' and as such are loved and protected by the Turkish people and the Turkish Government. But the 'Christians' are regarded as a bad lot. These American schools and colleges are now more prosperous, better attended and better protected under the new Turkish Government than they were when they looked for their protection to an outside power—even to America. The Turkish Government is now actually paying for the education of a large number of Turkish children in these American missionary schools. Nothing in my lifetime has ever made me quite so proud of my country as to see these Turkish children and their parents, clamoring for admission into these Yankee missionary institutions. I am sure that Christ Himself would be well pleased at this, even though some of His blasphemous followers had got Him in bad by their scandalous behavior.

If Christ should walk down the Rue de Sublime Porte in Stamboul—the Fleet Street of the Orient—He would naturally make some inquiries about the 'massacres,' for every living man, woman and child from Hell to Oshkosh has heard these wretched stories from birth. It is always some bloodthirsty Turk butchering some helpless Christian man, disemboweling some Christian woman or throwing a Christian's baby to the bottom of a well.

'Atrocity stories have been vastly overdone; some of the more recent massacres have been wholly non-existent,' said William T. Ellis a short time ago. Nobody will challenge Ellis' cautious utterances nor his intimate knowledge of the Near East. It is these ghastly stories that have again and again set the world on edge. It was these stories that set the great Gladstone roaring in the British Parliament. It was these stories that caused Reverend Joseph Parker to pound his pulpit in the City Temple, London, and to declare, 'The Sultan! The Sultan! I say it reverently, God damn the Sultan.'

And yet God knows, there have been massacres—bloody, cruel, bestial, horrible massacres—plenty of them. But to locate the blame is another and more complicated matter. It is quite easy to charge the whole miserable business to the account of the Turk,

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

and get away with it, for the rea that there are practically no Turks America or England to tell their sto while there are plenty of vocal Ar nians and Greeks ready to execut ghost dance whenever an open presents itself. And we are told by s a distinguished authority in N East affairs as Alexander Powell t 'during the period 1914-22, as ma Moslems were massacred in Asia Mi by Armenians and Greeks as there w Christians during the same period.'

AS A matter of fact, the Armenia Greeks and Turks lived together that country for 600 years with more serious trouble than the chro local squabbling between the Ch tian sects. As a matter of fact, th were no massacres in this section u the past sixty years when outs powers began claiming the right 'protect Christian minorities' in Turk And while claiming the right to 'p tect,' they never protected anything anybody. They merely used s claims for political and selfish purpos These troubles had their origin in t Treaty of Adrianople in 1829, when t Christian population of Turkey w placed under the protection of Russ Immediately Russia began to g Russian citizenship to any Turk subject who cared to visit Russia. S flooded the country with secret em saries stirring up trouble, organizi secret societ and urging t Armenians revolt, prom ing aid. T Armenia would revo again and aga but no prote tion was ev rendered by t Russians. The revolts we suppressed the usual rut less orient fashion by t Turks. Russ was merely see ing to create Irish situati in Armen striving for pretext to o cupy the cou try and open her way to the sea.

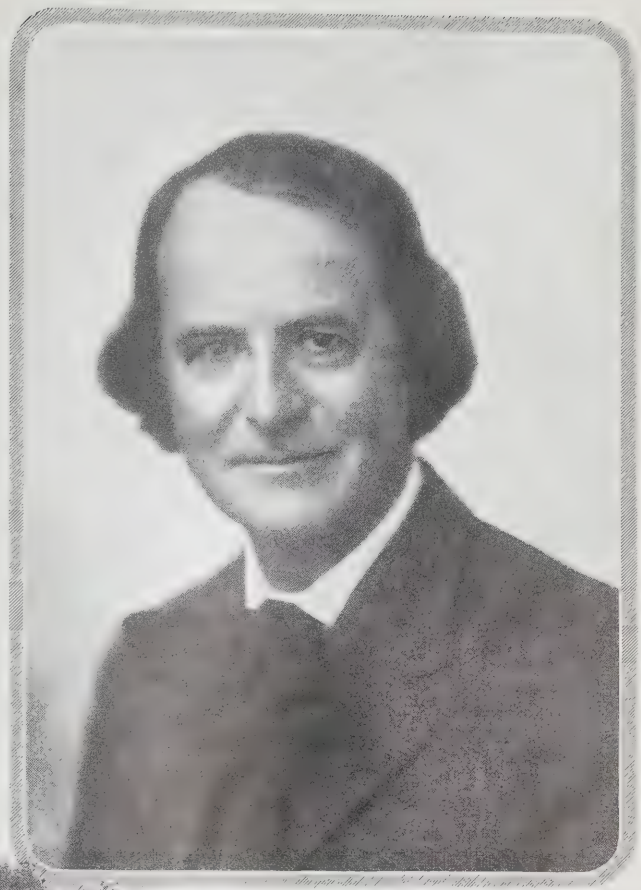
By the Treaty of San Stefan following the Turko-Russian War 1877-78, the six signatory powers to the place of Russia as the protectors the Christian minorities. The s signatory powers then began sy tematically to play the same gam each plotting for her own interes France claimed the 'right' to prote the Catholics, England claimed t 'right' to protect the (*Continued on page*

Intimate Glimpses *of* ELBERT HUBBARD

A Unique Genius *Without* Parallel *in* Literature

By JAMES W. BECKMAN

HIS SECRETARY



The genius of Elbert Hubbard caused him to be a continual subject for photographers. Portraits of the man do not always present him in this amiable, whimsical mood, for very often he was somber and morose in facial expression.

Print shop on the grounds of the Roycrofters, at East Aurora, New York. Here are produced the books for which the organization is famous.

ELBERT HUBBARD was born on a farm near Bloomington, Illinois, June 19, 1856. His father was a country doctor whose income never exceeded ve hundred dollars a year. Elbert as named 'Elbert Green Hubbard,' fter the same Baptist minister as lbert H. Gary. The name 'Green' ter suffered eli- on.

Elbert left chool at fifteen ith a fair hold on e three R's; and is education in anual training had een good. He new all the forest ees, all the wild nimals in his sec- on of the country, very kind of fish, og, fowl or bird at swam, ran or ew. He knew grain nd vegetable, and eir comparative values. He knew the ifferent breeds of cattle, horses, sheep nd swine.

He broke horses to saddle and arness; could sow, plow and reap; and new the mysteries of apple butter, umpkin pie, pickled beef, smoked de meat, and could make lye in a ach and formulate soap.

He was a bright, strong, active ountry boy who had been brought up o help his father and mother get a ving for a large family. 'I was not so ensely ignorant,' he said. 'Don't feel orry for country boys: God is often n their side.'

At fifteen, he worked on a farm and id a man's work for a boy's pay. He id not like it and told the man so. he man replied, 'You know what you an do.' Elbert replied, 'Yes'; and went estward and became a cowboy. When e tired of this he went to Chicago nd worked in a printing office. He eddled soap from house to house, shoved lumber on the docks, read all the books he could find, wrote letters back to country newspapers, and finally became a reporter.

Then he obtained a job as traveling salesman. He taught a district school and read Emerson, Carlyle and Macaulay. He worked in a soap factory, read Shakespeare and committed most of *Hamlet* to memory with an eye to the stage. He became manager of the soap factory, then partner. It was at this point that he evolved an idea—the club or coupon profit-sharing plan of selling merchandise—that put the concern on the road to millions. He knew it would make millions; but he did not want them. He sold his interest for $75,000 and went to Harvard College.

In letters to his mother at this time he revealed his hopes and ambitions.

'I think,' he wrote confiding his aspirations to her, 'that I can do bigger things than peddle soap.' Elbert Hubbard loved his mother and never neglected her with all his work. He remained but a short while at Harvard, long enough, he said, to realize the worthlessness of a college education for him. Of course, that was in the days before colleges provided the practical courses of the present time. He tramped through Europe, wrote for various newspapers and penned two books, for which he could find no publisher.

He returned, taught night school in Buffalo, New York, and then made a second pilgrimage through Europe. It was on this trip that he met William Morris and found the inspiration for his life work. He came back to East Aurora and started 'Chautauqua Circles.' He studied Greek and Latin with a local clergyman; raised trotting horses; wrote *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great.*

'I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks,' he said, 'and I've taken several postgraduate courses. I have worked at five different trades enough to be familiar with the tools. In 1899, Tufts College bestowed on me the degree of Master of Arts; but since I did not earn the degree, it really does not count.'

Elbert Hubbard was never known to be sick. He (*Continued on page 26*)

What is it that takes American citizens abroad? America likes Europe because it is the homeland.

Where AMERICANS *Like to Go When in* EUROPE

By HOMER CROY

Illustrated by BETTY JANE KIDD

AS IT is all the fashion these days to start off an article, speech, radio address, or what not with an anecdote, I suppose I had just as well bow to the inevitable and get it over with as soon as possible. Then we can get down to the serious and scholarly things that lie ahead of us. The anecdote referred to is an old and popular one. Some humorous anecdotes flower and have their being for only a brief period, while others survive season after season, regardless of the winters. They are what florists call hardy perennials. Here it is:

As a train drew into a city in Europe, the doors of the carriages were flung open, the cry of porters rose and from one of the carriages two worn women looked languidly out upon the scene.

'Mother,' said the younger, 'what town is this?'

The mother looked at the scene a moment.

'What day of the week is it?' she asked wearily.

'Thursday.'

Picking up her itinerary book, the mother turned through it.

'Then it's Rome,' she replied. 'We get off here.'

That is the way the average American tourist is conceived, but I must say that I do not find him that way at all. When I first began to mingle with him, I thought that I would have to be ashamed of him. I had heard how loudly he talked, of his arrogance, his absurd questions, his display of money, but the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He stacks up just mighty well against the tourist of any country in the world.

If there is so stodgy a set of human beings in the world as the English tourist in the Riviera, the vaunted leisure class of England, I haven't met them. Personally, I like the Englishman on his native heath, and when he comes up in the conversation I get out my adjectives, but the superior, doddering set on the Riviera I can readily dispense with. It seems as if England, each winter, rounds up its dullest and most uninteresting people and bids them Godspeed to the Riviera.

I was one of the tourists last summer, and the summer before and the summer before that, except possibly that I stayed longer than the average person. In fact, one stretch was twenty months, and during that time I had a chance to see America. Indeed, the ship cynic said, going over, that the way to see America is to get a chair at the Café de la Paix.

Ray Long, who guides the destinies of the Hearst magazines, said that he had to come to Paris to see American authors. But that is neither here nor there; personally I saw him looking for them in some unusual places. Only an editor of great fame and endurance would have expected to find them in some of the places he searched so thoroughly. But let us be on.

Paris!—that is the place American abroad head for. Two-thirds of the passenger list of an Atlantic steamer pile off at Cherbourg or at Le Havre leaving the other third to go on to England. Of course, many of the passengers who head for Paris run over to England during their trip, but it shows which place they want to see first. The big lure abroad is Paris and I wish I could say that the lure is the Louvre, but I'm afraid I can't. Practically all Americans do go to the Louvre; practically all Americans see the 'Mona Lisa,' the 'Winged Victory' and the 'Venus de Milo.' Here I'll stop and make up my own statistics: only one in 52½ miss going to the Louvre but for length of inspection and time spent, Montmartre wins without a struggle.

Suppose, next March, the doors of the Louvre were nailed up just about the time we Americans were making our plans about going abroad for the summer—do you think that the presidents of the steamship companies would turn gray in a single night? Your answer is correct. But suppose that the chamber of deputies got together and unanimously decided—for

ce—that Montmartre showed France at a disadvantage and that not a or in that famous section should en during the summer season and at Heaven, Hell, The Black Cat and e Moulin Rouge should become the sting places of spiders—do you nk that all would be peaceful and ene in the high ces of the ship- ng companies? *n, non, monsieur.* would make the lentino funeral m as quiet and subdued as a dnesday-night yer meeting in w Brunswick.

In addition to floods of Ameri- ns who pour into nce, there are ny Americans o live perma- ntly in that thriv- city, so many, fact, that they port three daily erican newspa- rs, the best own of which is the Paris tion of the New York *Herald*. So ny of these Americans are there t they have a bustling chamber of mmerce, a Who's Who, clubs of their n and factions. And there is more erican ice cream consumed within minutes of the Place de l'Opera n in all England. In fact, I believe t a person could go so far as to say t Paris is more American than ndon.

Never in history did the Parisian cafes do such business as last summer.

WHAT is it that takes good, stalwart erican citizens abroad in such rid flocks? I mean, in addition to night life. Some people say, the nks. But we thinkers must admit t it is not necessary to go all the to Europe for *that*. Another wer is culture. But there are those tistics just quoted about night life. ers say that it is our restless spirit. t, I expect, with money to give it gs is getting pretty close to it. Also ther item that I might mention le we are about it is the constant am of information flowing over here n Europe. An example: There are nty-four American correspondents newspapermen in France sending k material about France and Europe. re are two accredited French cor- ondents in America.

But back to that fascinating sub- —drinking. The popular idea of se who stay at home is that tourists oad sound like neglected goldfish, that just as soon as they get past twelve-mile line they start in to nk themselves to a glorious death. ls is not true. There *is* a rush for ship bars, but much of the sin consumed is lemonade, beer and sarsaparilla.

American tourists drink more correspondingly at the ship bars than they do in Paris; the bars enjoy a lively trade going over, but bars bound west haven't a rush of business in spite of the desert the weary travelers are entering. Another superstition is that as soon as American tourists touch feet to French soil they head straight for the Ritz bar. It is true, they do head for that famous place, but it is not so much to drink as to see. And, of course, be seen.

A great attraction there is the ladies' bar with its potato chips—and its lady with the lifted face. Once she was a well-known actress in America. There is nothing quite so pleasant to people as to see ladies busily sipping cocktails at a public bar and to look surreptitiously at a lifted face. If the lady with the lifted face no longer appeared at five o'clock in the afternoon, trade at the ladies' bar would be in a frightful condition.

Americans abroad like Paris much better than they do London, or any other European city. If a vote were taken for the most popular city among Americans, it would run: Paris, London, Rome, Berlin. But during 1926 Americans fared the worst ever known in Paris from the standpoint of unpleasant happenings. Usually Americans are in great favor in Paris; there is no commercial rivalry between France and America and then l'Américain he geeve ze tip, but last year he also charge le debt, and that is something else, *n'est ce pas?*

Several unpleasant instances rose during the rush season. The franc was sick; the poor Parisian was driven from his favorite café; great *char-a-bancs* loads of millionaires, as all Americans are in France, came roaring down the streets so that the native Frenchman had to run to cover. Now and then these Frenchmen said things, they put out their tongues; once or twice they threw things, and a few of our folk got excited. But it was not serious; if we owed as much money as France and had to vacate our favorite hotels and restaurants and theaters to millions of rich Lamas, we'd have done more than shake a few fists and use words undreamed of by the fundamentalists. Lafayette would have turned in his grave.

IN FACT, so completely was Europe Americanized during the summer, when the tourist tide was highest, that one earnest American from California tried to start a booster club in Paris and London. He was that worst-of-all American—A Man with a Message. He wanted to make Europe over according to the best ideas of San Francisco. No higher compliment could be paid London and Paris than to say there was no violence.

If there is an outstanding fault that we Americans have (here among ourselves we'll pretend that we have only one) it is our desire to make the rest of the world over the way we want it. Nobody wants to be made over, least of all does he want it when some hearty brother rushes in and tells him to do it the California or Ypsilanti or what-not way.

Never in all history did the cafés, restaurants and the night places of Paris do such a business as last summer. But 1926 (*Continued on page 23*)

An enterprising French restaurant put up a sign—'Quick Lunch.'

—International New
Ovation for Gertrude Ederle at New York Ci

Why So Many of Us Behave Like IMBECILE

By GEORGE HENRY PARRISH

RADIO and the movies are taking off the lid and enabling us to see ourselves as we are. Never before was such an opportunity possible. What we see is not exactly pleasant. In some respects it is horrible. If we were to accept it as a finality, as the best of which we shall ever be capable, we might well dismiss the human race as something not worth bothering about. But there is another way of looking at it that gives rise to quite a different set of thoughts. It enables one to see that a world much changed is coming upon us; a better world and a happier one.

Let us look at ourselves as we are before considering what we shall be.

Last summer a young New York woman named Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel. When she returned to New York she was given the greatest reception that the city had ever accorded to a human being. Grant had returned to New York from his trip around the world; Dewey had sailed up the Narrows after winning the Battle of Manila; Foch and King Albert and a long list of eminent men and women had come to the Western Continent's largest city and been welcomed in a manner that was supposed to be in keeping with their importance. But it remained for Gertrude Ederle to elicit from her home town such a welcome as none of these had ever received. What Grant could not get in numbers and enthusiasm was given to her, and what was denied to Dewey was hers without the asking.

What was it all about? Nothing except that she had propelled herself through a certain distance of water, using her body as a ship, her arms as blades of propulsion and her heart as an engine. No other woman had ever done it, though one did so a day or two later, and few men had ever done it—but what of it? Few men and women have ever tried to swim the English Channel. Most men and women can think of something better to do. If all of the human race were, at a certain time of life, to be hurled into the English Channel, the probability is that a great many of them would get across. But if all the men in the world were to be given a try at Edison's job, or Marconi's job, or the jobs of some other men who have done something worth doing, very few of them would 'get across.' And if all the women in the world were to be given a chance to be Harriet Beecher Stowes, Susan B. Anthonys or Madame Curies, probably but a few of them would make the grade.

To do anything worth doing in this world one must have something in his head, and the more one has in his head the less likely he is to try to do something that requires only unusual pow in his heels, his arms or his heart. great man or great woman has e tried to swim the English Chan or beat up somebody in a prize fig Such tasks are left for those who win at nothing else. Which is me as no slap at Gertrude Ederle or M Corson. Both these women have r faces and are undoubtedly fine wom who are loved by their friends, as th should be, because they have fi qualities than were required merely kick their way through so many m of water.

BUT New York did not break records in applauding Miss Ede and give more than a queen's welco to Mrs. Corson because these wom were fine women. It welcomed th because they exhibited great skill a endurance in performing a useless a New York and the whole country packed with men and women w exhibit great skill and endurance performing an infinite variety of use acts—acts that can spring only fr the purest recesses of the human he yet these men and women never ge hand.

New York went crazy over M Ederle because she had done someth that a great number of New York could understand. Nobody appla what he cannot understand—such thing would, of

(Continued on page

Housing an Army in Hovels

Permanent Shelter *for* Troops *May Not Be* Ready *in This* Generation

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

FACTS concerning neglect of the United States to provide adequate shelter for its army have recently been forced upon public notice. They are: That 40,000 officers and men have been living since the close of the World War under inadequate shelter; and that Army officers are resigning from the service in alarming increasing numbers because of these conditions.

During the calendar year 1925 there were 171 officer resignations and to the end of the fiscal year June 30, 1926, there had been 95 of which 18 per cent were Infantry and 18 per cent Air Service. Figures of such dimensions invite inquiry as to cause since their effects are injurious to the efficiency of the Army.

As early as 1924 the attention of Congress was directed to army housing conditions, and the Secretary of War was directed to submit to Congress a comprehensive plan for necessary permanent construction of military posts, based upon the utilization of funds available from the sale of War Department property no longer needed for military purposes. The result of this survey disclosed that an appropriation of $110,000,000 would be required for permanent construction of necessary barracks and hospital facilities to get the men out of the canvas tents and wooden shacks in which they have been living, in all seasons, during the past nine years.

Officers' quarters made from old barracks. Seams are open in floors and weatherboarding fails to keep out rain.

Although repeated hearings have been conducted before Congressional committees during the past two years, nothing that can be construed as even approximately adequate has been done to remedy these deplorable conditions and the Regular Army must spend another winter in tents and in leaky, insanitary shacks altogether unfit for human habitation.

Ramshackle N. C. O. quarters at an Army post in the South.

The type of huts in which some 40,000 officers and men with their families have been quartered at the twenty Army posts throughout the country, since the close of the World War, were erected in 1917-1918 as temporary war-time construction and were intended to answer only emergency purposes during the process of demobilization. Since the gravity of this situation has been before Congress that body has increased its own salaries; provided liberal appropriations for the construction of administration and office buildings; and allowed generously for other exigencies not at all comparable to the crying needs of an inadequately sheltered and rationed Army.

Under the installment plan system which dependence upon sales of War Department property provides, it is safe to predict that the present generation, to say nothing of the present Army, will not live to see its completion. The appropriation of $5,770,000 granted by the first session of the 69th Congress, when applied to a $110,000,000 program and spread over twenty equally dilapidated Army posts, leaves the situation but little altered; yet even that small grant of funds met with considerable opposition from certain members of the House of Representatives, who had unhesitatingly voted for the erection of a more sumptuous office building for themselves.

The United States Treasury has announced a surplus of some $300,000,000, and *included in this is $30,000,000 realized by the sale of War Department property,* and a further credit has

(*Continued on page 20*)

Type of quarters assigned to enlisted men, subject to fire hazard and uncomfortable in winter.

LEVACHA—
A Thief Hunt in Abyssinia

By PAVEL BOULIGIN

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

The 'levacha' suddenly made a gesture and all whispered, 'siet-leva-siet!'

THE sun had become unbearable. Its perpendicular arrows seemed to pierce through my very cork hat—result, a headache. Ordering Dessalin, the foreman of the government workmen on the plantation, to blow the trumpet for the rest, I quit work for my shady shanty. After washing and drinking the cold *tala* (barley beer), I sat waiting for luncheon, and read Molière. A few torn volumes of his works had come into my possession as an inheritance from Captain Trofinoff, a Cossack from the Don and one of my predecessors on the plantation who had been here ten years ago and who, according to rumor, was killed in the late World War. Mr. Michel, as Abyssinians call him, left to the population an exceptionally good opinion of himself, and to me a lot of books, for which I feel most grateful.

I had just read *The Invalid*. My thoughts had turned far away back to the dim parterre of the Art Theater. In my reverie I happened to catch the laughing faces of two of my natives, who forthwith ceased to laugh.

My servant Tasso, 'a-hemmed' at the door, and starting, I raised my head. Having already lived a year and a half in Abyssinia, I could never accustom myself to the noiseless appearances of those barefoot servants. Tasso, smiling, reported that one of the slaves, Gabri-Tadik, had been robbed of a *kouta* (tunic), a belt of cartridges and amulets. The slave had called the *levacha* and now they were about to give him the potion—and would I care to see it?

I got up quickly, caring indeed to see this strange performance of which I had heard much. Leaving my shanty, I found a crowd already gathered. Somewhat apart on some stones sat a boy of about fourteen years, cross-eyed and with convulsively twisted mouth. The mysterious intoxicating potion had already been administered.

I sat down on a chair brought by Tasso and began to watch. Tasso, fanning me from the flies (with the hair from a horse's tail fastened to a stick), sat stooped behind me, explaining his silliness by saying in whispers that we must not be standing, as the *levacha* would beat anyone found standing up. The word *levacha* comes from the word *leva*, which means thief. This is the name given to special boys of whom there are about 400 in Abyssinia. Not every boy can be a *levacha*, their ability being judged by special directors who at certain intervals go visiting the provinces in search of such boys to keep their number always intact, for as soon as a *levacha* grows up, he is no longer useful for the work. To put a *levacha* in working condition the director gives him a certain potion, after drinking which his eyes become crossed and his arms get limp. As soon as he finds the trail of a thief he tracks it up, following the thief's every movement, and catching him always.

The director stooped before the boy lying helplessly in the shade.

The crowd sat silently on the stones. The director made a sort of pass at the boy's head and the latter arose suddenly and began to walk about in the open space. Holding to the edge of his tunic, conductor also walked around beh him, quickly stooping in case *levacha* looked back. If the dire happened not to stoop, the *levc* would somehow hit him drowsily the head with his hand which looke if made of cotton.

AFTER two or three minutes of certain walking about, the *levacha* st up straight, paused a moment, started along the road with assura He had found the trail. All his mo ments became sure and exact, tho not in his natural gait. He sudde made a gesture and all whispe *'siet, leva—siet* (a woman, the thie a woman)!' The crowd followed *levacha* but I remained seated, as prestige of the *tellik choum* (the boss), and still more of the succes of Mr. Michel, did not permit me go to another village. Besides—it too hot! The *levacha* was not pleas to think about. There was someth lifeless in his walk, wooden, de strange as a mask personifying so one other than himself, uncan Suddenly the crowd surged back, with another boy at the head. T explained that they had been co pelled to give the potion to a rese *levacha*, because the thief had reac the river, washed himself and apparently now turned back. Wa *injira* (a thin pancake without butt and lemons baffle the *levacha*, knowing this, the clever *leva* washed.

The new *levacha* led the crowd the huts which were in the circuit my superintendence, and I could n follow. Dessalin, the village ch came asking me to order all inhabita of this village to stay in their hu Giving the order, I proceeded fart to see what more would happen, getting too close, 'tis true, as t *levacha* was more nervous than previous one and beat roundly director and those following. A walking around the (*Continued on page*

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

READING the signs of the times is a method of information open to everyone. It is first necessary, however, to know where these signs are to be found. Signs of the times are usually not so prominent as electric signs nor so persistent as advertisements. Oftener than not they are among the matters suppressed by agreement by the purveyors of publicity. The camera reports everything within its range, but this is not true of agencies which undertake to report the total field of life. For one thing, they do not see *through* things; for another, they arbitrarily pick and choose among those things which they see on the surface.

Even if it were true that the various reportorial agencies were earnestly trying to cover the field, the chances are that they would miss much through ignorance of the fact that signs of the times change their method of signifying themselves. This greatly puzzles and confuses people. In politics, the old-time torchlight procession and rousing enthusiasm are entirely lacking, which some interpret as a sign that popular interest in political matters is receding. They reach this conclusion by mistaking the signs for the thing itself, and by forgetting that the reality of politics may now be manifesting under other signs.

In religion, multitudes of good and honest folk are convinced that religion has become a secondary interest in the minds of the people because the old-time signs of religion are lacking. There is no more camp-meeting enthusiasm and the old-time methods by which men were led to signify an awakening of spiritual interest no longer produce results. Time was when men had to have a certain form of experience; if their experience took other than an orthodox form, then its validity was denied. The old-time signs have changed, and many people are led to conclude that the thing itself has departed. It is only another instance of our proneness to exalt the mold above the form, or the form above life itself. Life is a river which constantly changes its course, and the way of understanding is to follow the river, not the dried-up and deserted river beds.

Besides that, men reach the unity of thinking, which is one of the signs, in quieter ways than before. There was a time when men's thought could be prophesied from the methods that were used to mold it. That can no longer be done. After a success that was apparently unquestionable, the old methods of publicity have suddenly become empty of results. The type grows bigger, the ink redder, the shriek louder, the influence becomes less. An important and basically dominant part of the nation heads off in a direction opposite to that which the leaders point out. The blatant forces still lead in their own field and still monopolize the noise, but only the foolish mistake the noisy spaces for the important ones. Public conviction is in these days marching without banners or bands.

So that it is one of the first directions to the seeker, that the real signs of the times are mostly marked by silence. By the time they emerge into actuality, they are no longer signs, they are then the times themselves.

This, of course, means a closer reading of matters than appears in print. Signs of the times are definite previous intimations of what is to be, but the printed line is a report of what has been. Foresight is not a magic gift which some have and some have not, it is sight fixed upon the things which exist in tendency and embryo. Coming events cast their shadows before, says the old adage, but the shadows are beneath the surface, where the coming events are. Life is little on the surface. What we see today is the product of distant yesterdays; yet hidden in today is the root of distant tomorrows; it is the man who knows the coming tomorrows who really sees most of life.

Furthermore, this direction, when followed, demands a different attitude of mind than most of us usually carry. We are trying to make up our mental world out of daily reports of superficial things and in doing this we are creating a most flimsy scene. We are thereby making our minds mere highways over which the impression of others may pass, or conduits through which they may pass their material. To read the signs of the times one must do a kind of original work—read what few are reading, reach conclusions without coaching, deal with fundamental values which lie beneath and behind all other values. One leads away for himself, instead of following others. One becomes aware of principles instead of frittered accidents. And all this means, of course, that one has deeper foundations on which to rest in changes that sorely upset unanchored and uninstructed minds. The signs of the times demand our learning a new language, different from the daily jargon; it installs one in a new science. This, however, is somewhat preliminary and preparatory treatment; it is a matter worth looking at again.

TWO essentials of wisdom are knowledge of fundamentals and awareness of development. So far as man is concerned or any possible human experience, certain things are fixed or rooted. But out of the roots comes growth. To know what is growing and in which direction it is growing, comprises the highest prudential wisdom; it is ability to read the signs of the times. Not of the times that are, but those to be. People who only try to understand the immediate times are somewhat behind the times; those who know them at all began to understand them before they were. Signs of the times, then, are signs of the times to come. The signs of the times that now are, were given long ago.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Farm 'Relief'

CONGRESS passed so-called farm relief legislation by the enactment of the McNary-Haugen Bill. The politicians have thus fulfilled their pledge to their farmer constituency. They can now lift up their hands and say, 'We did our best.' Not the farmer's welfare but the farmer's vote has been their guiding star.

The point was raised that it is special-privileged legislation and on this ground it was once defeated. But those who have been loudest in opposition have been most active in support of a measure of much greater special-privilege, namely, the McFadden Branch Banking Bill. If legislation of the most highly special-privileged and monopolistic character can be enacted in behalf of one business group, how can the beneficiaries of such Congressional favors consistently oppose special-privilege for the farmer?

The farmers' measure, should it become law, will at best be of doubtful benefit and fall far short of accomplishing most that was claimed for it. The passage of the McFadden Bill has created a condition far more dangerous to the farmer than he can hope to avoid through any manner of relief legislation.

The one bill implies that bank dividends are something sacred—bank prosperity must be guaranteed; but if the farmer fails in prosperity or dividends it is the result of his own cussedness or ignorance and he deserves no special consideration; he must be granted no favors to offset those erected against him.

The politicians have fulfilled their promises and are now fortified for another campaign. The McNary-Haugen Bill should have been defeated because it is economically wrong, but so also should have been the other bill.

Too Late

THE proposal to create a new party out of the dry elements of the Republican and Democratic parties comes too late. The only possible objective that such a party could have has already been attained. It would be like creating a new anti-slavery party. In American history two reforms marched down the years side by side—Anti-Slavery and Anti-Liquor. The wise ones thought that Anti-Liquor would be the first to give battle and win. But events turned out otherwise; Anti-Slavery was first called to the field. A party was formed that embodied that principle, and upon that party devolved the responsibility of elections, war and reconstruction. The issue, being settled, lives no longer.

Fifty years later, the liquor question came prominently into national politics, this time without a specific political party being formed to carry it before the nation. A hundred years of education in temperance principles had prepared all parties in Congress and in the states to deal with the matter. By a larger proportion of states than ever adopted any other Constitutional Amendment, the anti-liquor amendment was suggested.

Now, if it is a case of someone trying to evade the law which abolished slavery, a case of someone trying to introduce human beings clandestinely into bondage again, the course of action is clear.

And if it is a case of someone trying to evade the law which abolished liquor, a case of someone trying to introduce the prohibited traffic clandestinely, again the course of action is clear.

The question is not one for 'wets' or 'drys'—it has passed out of their hands.

The question is for the Government.

The Government heads up in the President.

Bankers in the Saddle!

THE McFadden Branch Banking Bill has passed and though at this writing it has not been signed, no one doubts that it will be. What does this Bill mean? It means, first, that the Federal Reserve System was failing through the withdrawal of member banks, and it was necessary to offer new inducements to retain such members as remained, as well as legislate new compulsions upon the bankers who prefer American to European modes of banking. It does this by giving the twelve regional Reserve banks *perpetual charters* in order to remove the danger of their being revoked when the American people discovered exactly what Corporation Banking was doing to them. It is yet seven years before the original charters expire, in 1934. Seven years in which the American people could have discussed and learned to understand the banking system that has been set up; yet with no public discussion of the matter, and practically no Senate discussion, the Bill passes. Its proponents frankly feared what an awakening public interest would do in the next seven years. So, seven years before a renewal of the twenty-year charter, a *perpetual charter* is put through. Besides this, the Bill also permits member banks to deal in speculative investment securities which was condemned even in the days of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich. In brief, no one but the instigators of it realizes how many privileges are concealed in this Bill.

On this most important measure the Senate voted cloture. That means a muzzled Senate. It means silenced opposition. It means, in this instance, that the money power had given its order, and has been obeyed.

Most bankers who supported the Bill do not understand its far-reaching effects. The centralizing features of the Bill will eventually draw banks

under control of the regional bank. Instead of the member banks owning the regional bank, as now theoretically they do, the regional bank will own the member banks. The enlarged powers granted the regional bank practically obliterate local interests in banking, give absolute control of all business to private banking concerns by giving them absolute control of money and credit, and represent the most advance move possible to be made for the complete subjugation of industry to finance—a crusade which is destined to failure. Moreover, the new Bill, now passed, proves the Federal Reserve System to be brokerage medium and stabilizer for foreign securities which the people will purchase on the assumption that the United States Government guarantees them, while as a matter of fact these securities can be dealt with precisely as the Liberty bonds were, that is, hammered down below par in the markets, and declared 'frozen assets' for the benefit of speculators who now own our Liberty bonds.

The astonishing facts remain that seven years before a charter expired, it was renewed *for ever and ever;* that few Senators or Congressmen ever read it, that fewer still even partially understood it, and that discussion of it was suppressed and the public strictly excluded from any interest in it.

New Test This Time

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has asked the nations that joined in the Washington Conference to join and hold another at Geneva for the purpose of further reducing armaments. This announcement was followed in several days by an unofficial suggestion that a refusal from Italy and France need make no difference, since the United States, Great Britain and Japan could handle the matter.

The message in which the President apprised Congress of his act contained two points of rather unusual interest: first the statement that if we had completed our naval program of 1921 it 'would have given us first place on the sea'; second, the statement that 'the signatories of the Washington treaty have fulfilled their obligations faithfully.' The first will be welcomed by many, for it clears up a point of controversy. All that remains to be decided now is whether other nations, seeing that we were about to become first on the sea, prompted the suggestion of a Washington Conference for the purpose of preventing that supremacy. There are responsible persons who assert that this is the true explanation of the origin of that conference. As to the second statement, many responsible persons still assert that while the United States sank more than $300,000,000 worth of new ships, other nations merely sank blue prints. One very distinguished attendant at the conference recently said that the British representatives could hardly believe their ears, when the Americans instantly assented to seemingly impossible proposals which were intended merely to begin a bargaining discussion. It either establishes our sincerity or impugns our wisdom. Certain it is, the Washington Conference *cost* America much, while it *saved* Europe much. But if it really served the cause of peace, the cost was not too great.

The suggested conference, when it is held, will present a different set of conditions. The United States no longer threatens as the leading naval power. The test next time will not involve our sincerity so much as that of the other conferring nations. It is essential that we know just how real that is. President Coolidge's proposal is an excellent method for finding it out. It will show us where we stand with the nations, and if all is well on that score it will open up a way for more practical action among the nations who can do most to balance the world's action in time of stress. The businesslike method of President Coolidge's action, and its entire freedom from extravagant or indeed any other kind of prediction, will generally commend it.

Spring!

DRIVEN by the strong south wind fleecy clouds skim over the fields. There is a sound and a swaying in the treetops by the river. The breeze grows warm with a clearly felt promise of life. Down wooded hillsides leap the cold streams that draw off the last lingering snows of winter. The woods awaken. A restless spirit is manifest in the animals of the open. Red squirrels scamper in the high tree branches and birds flutter in the hedge openings with many twitterings. Even the insects know it is springtime and emerge to seek the broken limbs of maple trees dripping with sweet, sticky sap. The caw of the crow gains an exultant note. High in the top of a hemlock an owl has her nest; the young are ready to take wing, they were born in February. Then with burgeoning green buds bursting into leaves and the arrival of the southern birds—Spring will be here.

New York's Stage Reform

THE reform of the stage in New York City assumes that there is a 'stage' to be reformed, when there are mostly 'shows.' New York has the kind of 'shows' which flourish in the countries from which most of New York's population comes. The mischief arises from these 'shows' being regarded as American. A further mischief arises from the fact that play production centers in New York, just as Tin Pan Alley jazz popular-song production does. Long before the decent American element in New York was aroused to its present revolt, the legitimate American drama had shaken the dust of the city off its skirts and hastened to the clean Little Theaters which have now sprung up over the land. The present 'reform' is important mostly as indicating that American-mindedness has not been entirely destroyed by the alien-mindedness which prevails there. As this alien-mindedness pervades everything else, from literature to finance, there is room for further clean-ups. The invisible sign over New York is *ICHABOD*—it has forfeited its glory.

American trainers now study the individual athlete, and prescribe particular foods for his menu.

Courage and Endurance—Matters of Stomach Not of Heart

By H. G. SALSINGER

Drawings by W. O. FITZGERALD

WHEN Paavo Nurmi astonished the world with his remarkable long-distance running performances at the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924 and continued smashing records on the indoor tracks of the United States during a visit to America in the spring of 1925, our athletic experts and trainers began 'taking him apart.' They wanted to find out just why this phenomenal Finn was the best runner of all time over distances from a mile up. Among the various discoveries made, or reported made, was that of a physician who examined Nurmi and reported that he possessed a freakish heart. The Nurmi heart, so the newspapers reported, worked with less beats to the minute than that of any other runner and therefore Nurmi was able to run at greater speed over long distances. The freakish heart gave him super-endurance.

Joie Ray, who was the champion mile runner before Nurmi arrived, was asked about the physician's statement regarding Nurmi's heart and Ray replied:

'His heart can't be any better than perfect, can it? Mine is perfect and just as good as Nurmi's. I have had several famous heart specialists give me thorough examinations and all of them say my heart is absolutely 100 per cent.'

In years gone by trainers of athletes have laid most emphasis on the heart and the public has judged an athlete's heart by his performances. Let a man win in close competition and there is a certainty that reference will be made to his heart. Winning athletes are frequently described as men 'with the hearts of lions.' The expressions 'stout-hearted,' 'lion-hearted,' 'great-hearted,' 'steel-hearted' and others are familiar to all readers of reports on sport events. Men win because they have heart, or lose because they lack heart.

To say that a man has heart means that he has courage. Heart is another word for gameness. It has been used as a synonym ever since we can remember.

One day I talked to a former Yale football player. He was a famous linesman in his day and I remembered him as having often been described as a man of lion heart. He was also a fine amateur boxer, wrestler and oarsman. In all the sports in which he engaged heart is the most essential asset, according to the general conception of sports.

On the occasion of this conversation he was telling me that of late he was feeling better, but that he had been having a hard time of it. Suddenly he launched into the subject of courage.

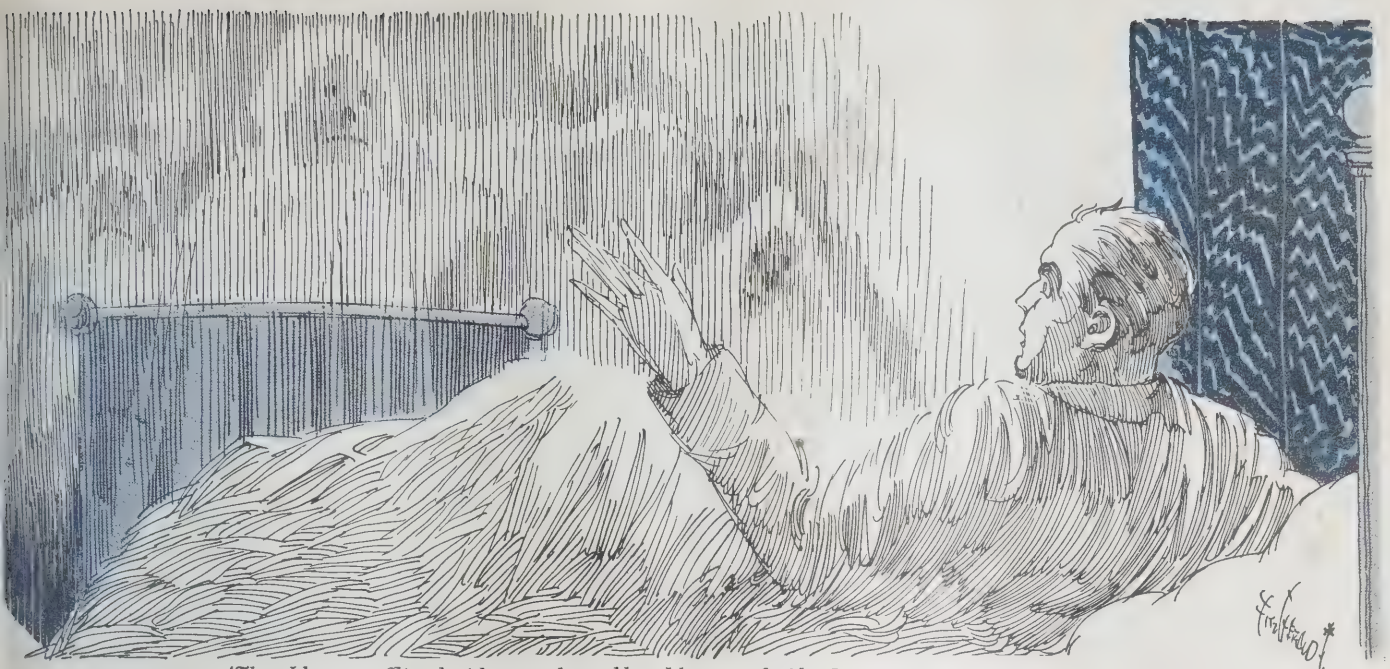
'I had never been sick in my life. Before this stomach trouble took me I was the healthiest man in America, at least as healthy as any. I was strong as a bull. I could lick any man in th world; at least I thought I could I was afraid of nothing that walked o breathed. I used to wonder what fea was and how anyone could be afrai of anything. I was like old Bo Fitzsimmons, who one day asked hi trainer, "Say, Dan, tell me an' what it like, this here thing they call fear? I had never known fear.

'Then I became afflicted wit stomach trouble. I became afraid From a man that had never known fea I developed into one that never knew anything else. I don't believe there wa a bigger coward in the United State I imagined things. I couldn't slee and I would tremble in bed, thinking heard strange noises or imagining a kinds of things that could or woul happen to me. It was a terrible thing

'I sought out specialists and sub mitted to examinations. Each one would ask about my heart and each o them told me that my heart was perfect It was my stomach that had gon wrong, not my heart. But there wa the fear. In college I had been single out as a man with the heart of a lion a man of better heart than his contem poraries in sport. I was unafraid be cause of this marvelous heart. Her was my heart as good as ever but was the rankest of cowards.

'In time I was cured of my stomach ailments. As I began recovering I als began losing fear. And when I becam cured I had regained the old courage

The menu of an English athlete would throw an American trainer into a state of speechless bewilderment



'Then I became afflicted with stomach trouble. I became afraid. I imagined things, I couldn't sleep.'

am again no longer afraid of anything. have the same courage that I had in y youth.

'I concluded that courage was not matter of heart but of stomach. he more I thought about it, the more nvinced I became. I talked the atter over with a number of specialists id they agreed ith me that the eart had noth- g to do with ourage. The omach had erything to do ith it.'

Some time ter I met Cap- in John J. Mc- wan, soldier id coach of the nited States ilitary Acad- my football am. Captain cEwan was one the best cen- rs football has own, a man of re aggressive- ss and courage, player often described as lion-arted. When he graduated from the ademy he began a military career. e has seen active service and come in ntact with thousands of men whose usiness requires courage above all her virtues. If any man should know mething about courage, then Captain cEwan seemed to be the man. I ld him of the former Yale football ayer and of his experience. I asked aptain McEwan what he thought out the relation of heart to courage id the relation of stomach to courage. is answer was:

'Heart has little, if anything, to do ith courage, stomach practically everything to do with it.

'All men have courage in some degree. Some men have more of it than others. In some it is better developed.

'In sports we have paid so much attention to heart and lungs that we have slighted the stomach. That is true, at least, of the past.

'Heart has little, if anything, to do with courage.'

'Some years ago we had a remarkable football player at West Point. He was one of the best I have ever seen. He had wonderful stamina and endurance. There was never a more courageous man. When he graduated he was refused a commission. The medical examination, which is given to all graduates before they are commissioned, revealed that this man had a bad heart. While his heart was so bad that he had to go into private life, he remains one of the most courageous men I know.

'The lungs are misunderstood just as the heart is. We see an athlete who has good wind, or endurance. We immediately decide that he has wonderful lungs. But the lungs do not create endurance any more than the heart creates courage. Endurance and courage are both founded on the stomach.

'We decided several years ago to give most of our attention to the stomachs of the athletes. We use every means to keep the stomach in good condition, for when the stomach is right the player is also.'

I asked a number of trainers about the matter and all agreed, at least in part. One of them pointed out to me that he had never known a man of bad stomach to be a man of supreme courage, while he had known quite a number of men with weak hearts but unsurpassed courage.

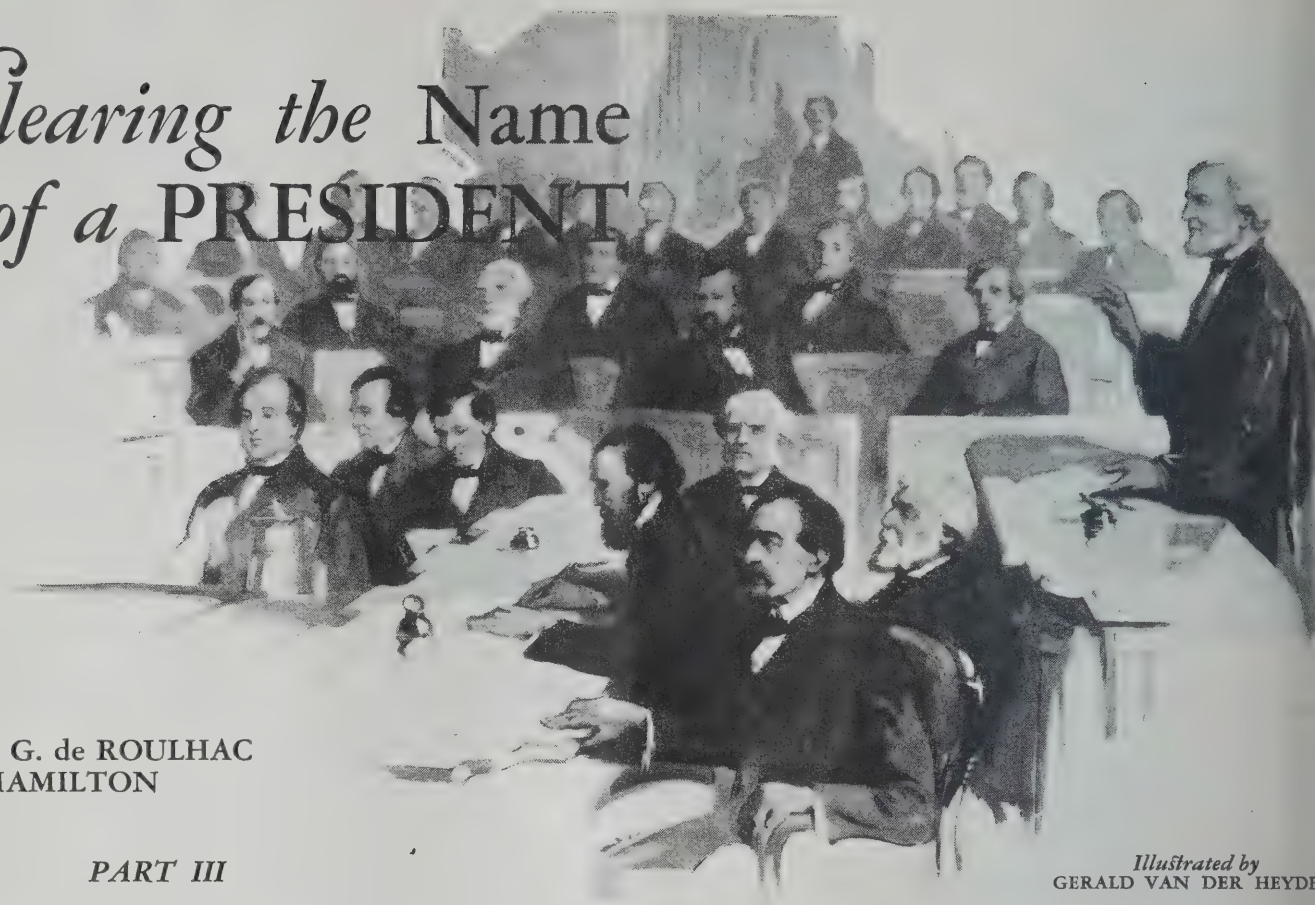
The most important race that Nurmi was scheduled to run during his American tour was against his fellow countryman and greatest rival, Willie Ritola. The race started and Ritola soon went into the lead. He maintained his advantage and when he seemed absolutely certain of victory, Nurmi left the track. His action caused many cynical remarks regarding the courage of Nurmi. They said he lacked heart and that it required a stout-hearted opponent like Ritola to bring out the fact. But what caused Nurmi to leave the track was not his lack of courage but a stomach ache. Nurmi had eaten a veal steak before the race and the veal steak did not agree with him. He could not go on.

Napoleon Bonaparte, years ago, discovered the basis of courage. Bonaparte paid particular attention to the commissary departments. He was the author of the now famous line:

'Armies fight on their stomachs.'

If you want to know the secret of the Finnish success at the last Olympic Games it will not be necessary for you to make intricate physical examinations and discover the secrets of their hearts and lungs. You can get the exact cause by studying their diet and mode of living. It is this same diet and mode of living that will make Finland the most dangerous opponent the United States has found in world athletic competition at (*Continued on page 25*)

Clearing the Name *of a* PRESIDENT



By J. G. de ROULHAC HAMILTON

Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDE

PART III

ON FRIDAY, March 13, 1868, the Senate met as a Court of Impeachment with the imposing, robed figure of the Chief Justice of the United States in the chair. The House managers entered and the sergeant at arms three times loudly summoned Andrew Johnson who did not appear. Instead there entered his counsel, Henry M. Stanbery, who resigned as Attorney-General in order to defend him; Benjamin R. Curtis, of Massachusetts, formerly an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who had won fame by his dissenting opinion in the Dred Scott Case; and Thomas A. R. Nelson, of Tennessee, an able and eloquent lawyer and the close personal friend of the President. In addition to these, Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, formerly Attorney-General and Secretary of State of the United States, and William M. Evarts, of New York, possibly at this time the leading lawyer in the country, were announced as counsel. Black withdrew later for reasons not connected with the trial, and was succeeded by William S. Groesbeck, of Ohio, who made a national reputation by his part in the defense.

The President requested forty days to file an answer. The managers objected, Benjamin F. Butler hotly exclaiming, 'Forty days! As long as it took God to destroy the world by a flood!' The Senate granted ten days and adjourned. On March 23, the President's reply was filed and his counsel asked for thirty days to prepare for trial and were granted six, the trial beginning on March 30.

As organized the Court consisted of fifty-four Senators, no southern state but Tennessee being represented. Twelve of these were Democrats, all of whom were known to favor acquittal. Of the forty-two Republicans, twenty-eight had already substantially recorded their vote of guilty, and of the opinions of a number of others there was never an instant's doubt. The trial, therefore, was to convince a small group of hesitant Republicans, to furnish justification to the country and the world, and to comply with the requirements of law. In the accepted sense of the term it was not a trial at all.

Butler opened for the managers with a skilful lawyer's plea in which he argued that the proceeding was essentially political rather than judicial, that an indictable offense was not necessary to conviction, and that the Senate was bound by none of the rules of law, precedent, nor evidence ordinarily observed by courts of justice. He argued further that Stanton came clearly under the Tenure of Office Act since Johnson had no term of his own, but was merely filling out Lincoln's. Further, he held that the President had no right to regard a statute as unconstitutional or take any steps to bring it before the courts for interpretation.

The first week was consumed with the hearing of evidence for the prosecution. To the surprise of many of th audience—both in and out of th Senate chamber—no allusion was mad to the President's loudly proclaime habitual drunkenness. This omissio was based on sound reason; a clos investigation had resulted only i clear proof that Johnson was uni formly temperate and sober.

IN ITS rulings, excluding muc evidence favorable to the Presiden that would have been admitted in an court of law, and admitting muc hostile to him that no reputable judg would have even considered, the Senat showed clearly its bias and stampe the whole proceeding in the beginnin with a character which it never los This, combined with the weakness o the testimony, made the President chances of acquittal look much brighte

Judge Curtis opened the case fo the defense on April 9, in a super argument which utterly demolishe Butler's main contentions as well a the articles. Evidence for the defens followed, occupying, exclusive of inter missions, about four days. Much of th testimony most vital to the defens notably that of Secretary Welles an other members of the Cabinet, designe to show the belief of the President tha the law was unconstitutional and h efforts to secure judicial interpretatio of it, was excluded by the Senate.

Thirteen days followed, occupied b the argument of counsel, the manager consuming six and the defense seve

While some of the speeches are notable, hey do not rank among forensic lassics. As a matter of fact, the case ffered no opportunity for this. It was oo inadequate. The chief concern of he managers was to find some justifica- ion for the indictment of the President nd they could not find it. They were eeking an excuse for a partisan con- iction already anticipated, which bore o relation to the evidence. The ounsel for the President had perforce o follow them into the region of vague, ndefinite and intangible charges not ontained in the formal indictment.

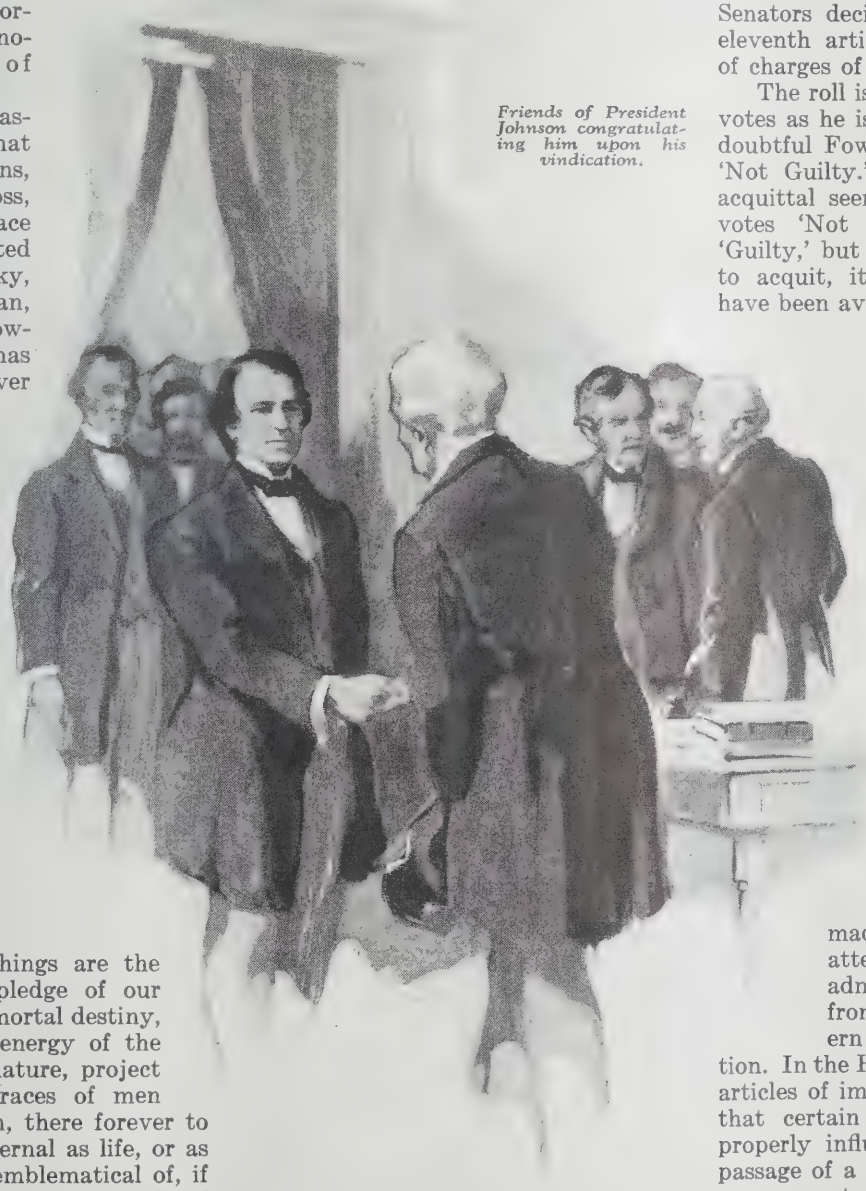
THE managers were not sparing of buse of Johnson, Williams going so ar as to cast doubt on the purity of his atriotism during the war. Boutwell nade the most remark- ble contribution to the rial when, after com- aring Johnson unfavor- bly with the most no- able criminals of istory, he said:

'Travelers and as- ronomers inform us that n the southern heavens, ear the Southern Cross, here is a vast space vhich the uneducated all the hole in the sky, vhere the eye of man, vith the aid of the pow- rs of the telescope, has een unable to discover ebula, or aster- id, or comet, or lanet, or star, or un. In that reary, cold, dark egion of space, vhich is only nown to be less han infinite by he evidences of reation elsewhere, he Great Author f celestial mech- nism has left the haos which was in he beginning. If his earth were apable of the entiments and motions of justice nd virtue, which human, mortal things are the vidences and the pledge of our ivine origin and immortal destiny, would, with the energy of the emental forces of nature, project is enemy of two races of men to that vast region, there forever to ist in a solitude eternal as life, or as e absence of life, emblematical of, if ot really, that "outer darkness" of hich the Saviour of men spoke in arning to those who are the enemies themselves, of their race, and of eir God.'

Nelson, after listening to the foul abuse of the President, burst out in his speech:

'Who is Andrew Johnson? When treason was rife in this capitol . . . where was Andrew Johnson then? Standing here, almost within ten feet of the place on which I stand now, solitary and alone, in this magnificent chamber, when "bloody treason flourished over us," his voice was heard arousing the nation. Some of you heard it. I only heard its echoes as it rolled along from one end of the land to the other . . . He who has periled his life in a thousand forms to put down treason—he now is stigmatized as a traitor himself . . . '

By the conclusion of the trial it was clearly understood that of the Republican Senators, Henderson, Sherman, Howe, Willey, Van Winkle, Fessenden, Grimes, Trumbull, Fowler, Sprague, Ross and Anthony were doubtful. In a short time several dropped out of the doubtful class. Howe, Sherman, Sprague, and probably Anthony, were soon seen to be entirely safe for the radicals; Trumbull, Fessenden, and Grimes were just as clearly certain to vote for acquittal. Henderson almost certainly belonged to the latter group. Fowler would not discuss the question. No man could prophesy how Willey and Van Winkle would finally vote, and so after a vain attempt to bring some influence to bear on Henderson, the radicals directed their chief attention to Ross of Kansas who was bombarded with letters from home, telegrams, resolutions, and threats, in the hope of winning his consent by intimidation, a procedure which only served to stiffen his resolution to be a judge in fact as well as in name.



Friends of President Johnson congratulating him upon his vindication.

THE voting was set for May 16, and because it was clear that the first article was certain of defeat, the radical Senators decided to vote first on the eleventh article, which was a farrago of charges of unindictable acts.

The roll is called and every Senator votes as he is expected to do until the doubtful Fowler is reached. He votes 'Not Guilty.' Ross follows suit and acquittal seems certain. Van Winkle votes 'Not Guilty.' Willey votes 'Guilty,' but had his vote been needed to acquit, it almost certainly would have been available, with possibly that of another. The final vote is: Guilty 35; Not Guilty 19, and the President is acquitted by one vote. After a futile attempt on the part of the Senators favoring acquittal to secure a final adjournment, the Senate adjourns to May 26.

The friends of the President and Johnson himself were joyful over the result, but it was too soon to be over-confident. The radicals were full of disappointment, anger and chagrin, but they had not given up hope. First they made a shamelessly immoral attempt, which failed, to admit enough radical Senators from the reconstructed Southern States to secure conviction. In the House they threatened new articles of impeachment, and, claiming that certain Senators had been improperly influenced, they secured the passage of a resolution authorizing the managers to investigate the matter. The latter began to take evidence, seizing the files of the telegraph offices and scrutinizing the bank accounts of suspected Senators.

They summoned (*Continued on page 22*)

This Country *Needs More* Able-Bodied LOAFERS *of a* Certain Sort

By ARTHUR HUGHES

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

The music and the gayety of others seemed to flood him with recollections.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER of Yale is willing to wager ten dollars against one dollar that, by the end of this century, we shall have become a nation of octogenarians. Some day Yale may have a professor who will be willing to wager a small amount, payable, in the event of loss, years after his death, that by a certain time we shall have learned how to live seventy or eighty years without becoming tired of life. Merely because we cannot get together and talk it over, we shall probably never know how great a percentage of those persons who are more than fifty years old are rather sick of it all.

They are looking at the world through the little end of the telescope and it seems small and far away. Not many would care to live their lives over again. They are considerably bored, most of the time. H. G. Wells, in his latest book, *The World of William Clissold*, leads us to infer that even he is beginning to find life more and more uninteresting. Here and there are exceptions, but for the most part the rule seems to hold good—that after fifty boredom begins to set in, harder and harder, each year.

From ten o'clock in the morning until as late at night one may see groups at these sidewalk places.

Here is something with which we should concern ourselves because, unlike the weather, we can do something about it. We shall derive no advantage from becoming octogenarians if we but add to the number of wearisome years. So long as a person is in good health he should never become tired of life, nor should life ever become dull. When the healthy become bored it is but proof that they are playing the game of life in the wrong way. It may or may not be their fault. They may be victims of circumstances, prisoners of environment. But whatever the reason it can be removed. The time will come when side by side the Fisher group of long livers will be another group—a group of philosophers and teachers—who will be working just as energetically to teach their fellow men how to make life enjoyable to the last.

May I try to be a teacher? I am more than fifty. My life has been so different from that of the average human being that my deductions from it may not have much practical value. Yet it seems to me that our first great blunder is in exalting youth and belittling age. Nobody enjoys youth so much when he is young, but for some inexplainable reason everybody looks back to it with longing, and the further he becomes removed from it the greater is his longing to get back to it. And, of course, it is a longing that can never be gratified. That is what makes it so hard. Almost everything in life that is worth while seems to have been lost.

I saw a man the other evening who must have felt that way. He was about sixty. He was having dinner with a woman about twenty who was obviously his daughter. The room in which we were dining happened to be a room where usually only men go. He had apparently come back to it, as I had, through force of long habit, even though his daughter accompanied him. While waiting for his dinner he sat with a far-away look and listened to the music that came drifting in from a larger room where there was dancing.

He didn't speak; he just listened—and thought. But the look that came from his eyes showed that his thoughts were somber. The music and the gayety of others seemed to flood him with recollections. There he was in just such a place as he had been a thousand times when he was young. Everything was the same, the music, the life—everything. The world of his cherished youth was right at his finger tips yet he could not touch it. What torture when he so wanted to touch it! Yet if he had touched it, it would have been as cold as a dead fish. He really did not want to touch it. He was tortured only by the thought that he did.

Robert Louis Stevenson, in his essay on *Crabbed Youth and Age*, put his finger on the sore spot that hurt that man. He said such persons were not good artists in life, meaning that they did not live their lives as lives logically should be lived. To be an artist in living, said Stevenson, 'is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.'

This is exactly what those who become bored and tired of life do not or cannot do. They are not seasonable. They do not change with their age.

Instead of seeking happiness in a manner suitable to their time of life, they seek it in a manner that was once suitable but is so no longer. The opportunities at hand are sacrificed for the opportunities that no longer exist. The field at their feet is neglected for the mirage on the horizon. There is no nourishment in a mirage. Anything that is real, substantial and under one's feet is a better place to seek happiness than a vision that dances on the rim of the world. Everybody knows this but everybody does not practise it. Those who do not practise it become tired and bored.

Americans are too busy to live—at least we think we are. It is partly a delusion and partly a bad habit.

I do not believe anybody ever had a better youth than I had or that anybody has had a more enjoyable life than I have had. I began to be interested in life the moment I realized that I was alive. As a boy I had nothing in particular to be happy about except the place in the country where I lived, but the days were never long enough to enable me to do all that I wanted to do. From twenty to thirty were years of high adventure—working, learning, traveling, crossing the United States for the first time (and I never can forget that crossing; Columbus got no more thrill from discovering America than I did), meeting people from all over and generally becoming acquainted with the planet upon which I lived.

From thirty to forty were blazing, terrific years. I enjoyed them much more than I did the preceding ten, but nevertheless I look back to them as one looks through a peephole into a furnace. I worked very intensely and I had the even greater task of learning how to live with children. 'The practice of letters,' to quote Stevenson again, 'is miserably harassing to the mind, and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of the author is extinct.' No matter how nice children are—and I like all children—they do not make writing any easier.

FROM forty to fifty I began to get hold of myself. Life was no longer a fiery furnace. I did more work but I did it easier. Almost unnoticed, my whole method of living changed. I spent less and less time in New York and more time at home. New York is still sprinkled with old friends of mine, but I never see them. I have committed the great error against which Emerson warned of permitting my friendships to suffer from lack of repair.

If I live much longer I suppose I shall have no friends at all—I who care more for friends than for anything else. I do not know why it has happened. I suppose I care too much for reading. I get more happiness from reading than from anything else, and the older I grow the more I like to read. Yet I am a million miles from being happy and oftentimes think I am one of the most miserable men in the world.

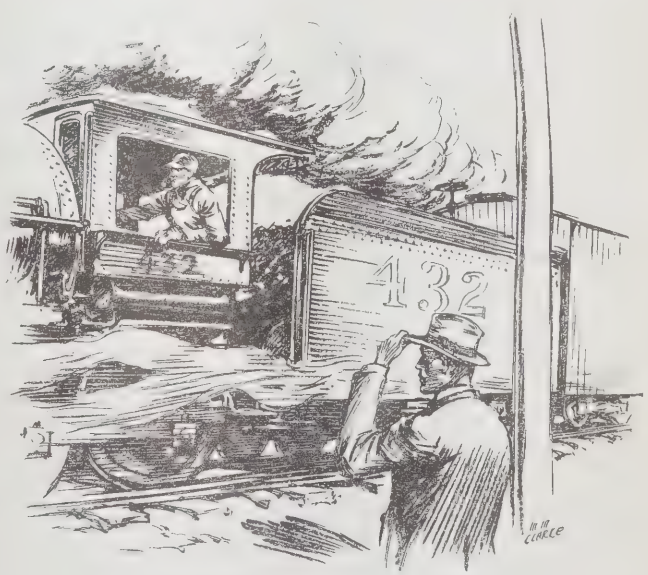
The trouble with me is that I am not permitted to run a freight train. I was waiting for a train the other day and a freight train came along. I think it was the longest train I ever saw. It stretched along the bank of the Hudson for more than a mile. It was so heavy that the big locomotive could hardly do twenty miles an hour with it. As the locomotive went by I noticed the engineer calmly smoking a pipe and looking out on a perfect day. Since I was a small boy I have always wanted to run a locomotive, freight trains preferred. High-speed trains never appealed to me; nor running a train at night when one cannot see well. If I were running a freight I should want to leave the train at night wherever it happened to be at sundown and pick it up the next morning.

The point is that I am tired of doing one thing so long, and the thing I would like to do would be of no service to anybody, which is sufficient reason why I should not be permitted to do it. I take it that this is what is the matter with most other persons more than fifty years old who find the road getting dusty. They have done one thing too long. They should occasionally have a rest by doing something else for a while. But this is more easily said than done. Swapping horses in the middle of a stream is dangerous.

We should be a happier people if we had paid more attention to the development of the gentle art of loafing. Loafing does not mean sitting around doing nothing. It means sitting around talking. The French are experts at it. We think it is a crime. We are told that it is disgraceful. Our idea is that we should be busy all the time, tirelessly adding figures to the long row that, at the end of the year, stands for the national production of commodities. Of course commodities are necessary, but whoever gets out of life nothing but commodities does not get much. Commodities are not good for anything, anyway, except as a means to an end. It is what we do after we get the commodities that counts. We sleep to get strength with which to produce more commodities.

THE French are not so foolish as that. By ten o'clock in the morning the French begin loafing. That is the time they go out for their first cup of coffee. A Frenchman can get more enjoyment out of a small cup of coffee than an American can get out of four gallons of champagne. It isn't that the Frenchman cares so much about coffee. It is the companionship that goes with it that counts. The French drink their coffee at little tables on the sidewalks. The sidewalks are very wide and pedestrians have the use of only a half or a quarter of their width. There are big awnings to make the patrons feel a little more at home and about two cents a cup pays the bill.

From ten o'clock in the morning until as late at night as one cares to observe, one may see in Paris interested groups at these sidewalk places, deep in the discussion of whatever interests them. One group follows another. Some go back to work while others come out to talk. It is the Frenchman's way of living. He knows that of all the things in this world human beings are the most interesting. He is quite cognizant of the fact that



I have always wanted to run a locomotive.

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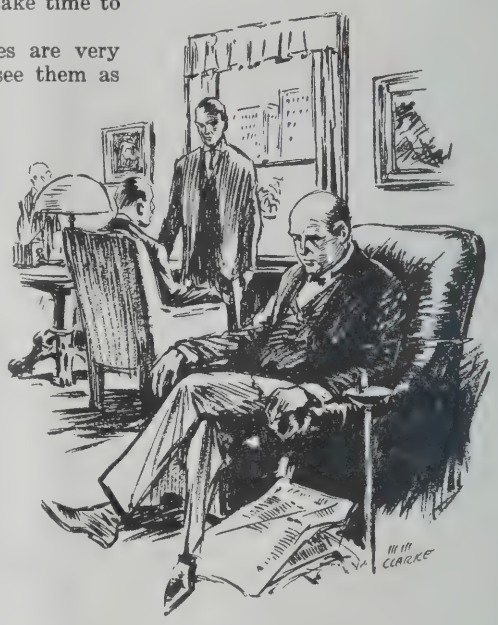
conversation is so important in every workable scheme for deriving happiness that it cannot be skimped without inviting serious consequences. We think conversation that has not in view the swelling of production figures is a waste of time. The French apparently think that production which has not in view a good deal of loafing during and following the work is time not spent in the best manner. In short, the French take time to live. We don't.

These differences are very real. Others can see them as well as we do. A French newspaperman who visited New York a few weeks ago went away with the feeling that he had had a very bad vacation. He had never seen anything like New York before and hoped never to see anything like it again. He said New York was the only city he had ever seen that screamed at him. Paris cooed, London hummed, but New York screamed. If he had run around a little more he would have heard screaming all over the continent. It is the way we live.



After fifty, boredom begins to set in harder and harder each year.

New York is not geared any higher than Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City or San Francisco. There is only more of it in New York. Every American is chained to his desk during business hours. If a Frenchman wears a chain it is so long that he does not mind it. Go to a Frenchman's office and more than likely you will find it locked. For four days I made daily calls at a Frenchman's office, only to learn when he appeared that he had been loafing at his little place in Normandy. He hadn't been taking a vacation. He had been working, as he understood the word. It was his way of living—working some and loafing some. While he was far removed from the monotonous routine of matters at his desk, and the necessity of seeing the same faces over and over again, he was communing with nature and injecting new energy into his nervous system.

For doing that sort of thing one would be fired promptly in America. Business could not go on. It costs so much to live that people could not afford to spare the time. But the cost of living is so high in Paris that the screams of the populace can be heard across the Atlantic. Still the people find time to loaf and business, such as it is, goes on.

We Americans are too busy to live. At least we think we are. What we call being busy is, it seems to me, partly a delusion and partly a bad habit. We think the heavens would fall if every year did not show a gain over the preceding one. Obviously this sort of thing cannot continue forever. There must come a time when the farthest up will have been reached. When that time comes the heavens will probably remain where they are. What harm if we assume that the time has come now and go out to get a cup of coffee or to drop in at a library and browse among books?

America is full of interesting people but for the most part they do not derive much benefit from one another. Not as much as they should, at any rate. Even if one is willing to loaf some of the time he can find no one to loaf with him. One cannot go visiting during business hours. It is not done. And there are no hours but business hours except at night.

I had a perfectly good idea last autumn of driving from New York to Gettysburg, thence down the Shenandoah Valley to Staunton, Virginia, and from there to Charlotteville, the home of Jefferson. I had a letter from a United States Senator to the president of the University of Virginia, which Jefferson founded, that would have given me an exceptionally good opportunity to see Monticello. All I needed was somebody to go with me—a good companion. I know many such in New York, but every one of them was so lashed to his work that a week off, even for such a trip as this, was not to be considered. When I go to Monticello I shall probably make the trip by train and have as bad a time as possible for the money.

I don't sigh for my youth, nor for my thirties or forties. I have lived through all of that once, and while I enjoyed it, I should rather go on to other things. In other words, I have known how to 'change with good grace in changing circumstances.' But I have not solved the problem of how to be happy in a world that is so busy no one can take time to talk about anything except business, and I am tired of doing the same things so many years. There are several other kinds of work at which I should like to try my hand. I should like to begin by running a freight train in the daytime and making programs for a broadcasting station at night. Perhaps the next season I should like to practise law. There are so many things in this world that should be interesting to do.

Interesting activities make living worth while. That is why a young couple, ambitious and intelligent, are more to be envied than the millionaire who retires and tries to fight off boredom with substitutes.

I should tremendously like to live my life over again, but I should like, even better, to go on with this life.

The first fifty years, of course, should be the hardest. The second half-century will be the best as soon as we think we have sufficient time to enjoy it. But there will have to be considerably more variety in our activities than there is according to the present mode of living. Too much of the same thing is a plenty.

The American Black Bear — A Much Abused Animal

By F. J. CLIFFORD

Drawings by
EDWARD McCANDLISH

[*Northwest News* Item—The huge black bear that has been killing sheep all summer has been destroyed at last by John Doe and his brother James, after a grilling chase with their trained bear hounds. There is no doubt that the bear was guilty of slaughtering the sheep, as its tracks were seen around all carcasses eaten.]

THE news report, which is typical of countless others, would lead one to think that the United States Biological Survey might be justified should it declare the bear a predatory animal, and order its extinction. However, it might be well to get a little direct evidence—first-hand information—on the interesting subject before we lend assistance to the contemplated slaughter.

First-hand is a phrase designated by Webster's as: 'obtained directly from producer.' Very well, we went to the producer. A fifty-mile motor run brought us to the little frontier town of Winthrop, in the upper Methow Valley. Two miles westward and we were at the broad acres of the Banker ranch. Senator Banker is the owner and operator; very much so, since we found him in worn overalls, as with shovel he guided water over fields of growing alfalfa.

'What do I think of the common bear being a predatory animal?' he answered to my query, after we had repaired to the coolness of his house in the shade of huge cottonwoods. 'My candid opinion is this: The kind of bear spoken of is a long way from being a predatory animal. Though omnivorous by nature, their main diet consists largely of berries, tender plants and green grass. I have many times seen them quietly grazing with our cattle in green mountain meadows. They did not molest the cattle and the stock seemed little afraid of them.

'Originally, their carnivorous propensities only carried them to the eating of small animals, insects, bugs or any carcasses they might find. Through changed conditions brought about by the last several years of unprecedented drought that has curtailed much of the bear's natural forage, the presence of dead sheep and occasional cattle that have died from wild-plant poisoning or accidentally, there are some of the big old blacks and browns that have undoubtedly turned killers.

'In the twenty-five years we have ranged cattle here, the bears have generally been very numerous. But we have never to our knowledge lost any by them until the spring of 1925 when a four-year-old cow of mine was killed by an old black bear, or it may have been some variety of grizzly. The hide and bones are at the rendezvous ranch up between the forks.

'We employed a local hunter, Jim Dodd, to watch the carcass. This is the only way

we know of to find out with any degree of certainty who the guilty party is. The first two visitors were two small inoffensive-looking bears. But they were soon chased away by a big black bear. To test ownership, Dodd stepped toward the carcass. The bear immediately showed fight so it was shot. By comparing claw and teeth marks, one tusk being gone, we were convinced that the right bear had been killed. As no other cattle have been killed since, we are quite positive of it.

'People who are not close observers, when finding bear feeding on carcasses, are often led to think they have discovered the real killer, when the reverse might be true. I certainly do not think common black or brown bears are predatory, neither do we have sufficient evidence at the present time to condemn them or warrant their extermination.'

It might be well to mention here that Senator Banker fathered a law whereby anyone in the state of Washington who finds a bear predatory can kill it without further ado.

Another man in the frontier town whose graying hair shows the passage of many winters is Roma Johnson, forest ranger during the summer months but hunter of coyotes and mountain lions through the wintertime. When asked if he considered the bear a predatory animal, he set aside the pack he was preparing for a trip into the smoky peaks as he answered, 'I've almost lived in the forests for the last twenty-five years. I know of no instance where the common black or brown bears have killed either sheep or cattle.

'I have watched them dig out groundhogs and other burrowing animals, and have seen them roll rocks and tear rotten logs apart in search of bugs and insects—have seen them frolic and play, doing the most crazy things like the clowns they are. I don't want to see them exterminated any more that I would the deer. They are quite as timid and I find them just as harmless. They are too noble an animal to be swept from the face of the earth.'

Beyond the ranger station lies the North Road. Traversing twelve miles of it we reached the Boswell ranch. It is the last farm in that direction. Henry Boswell has lived there many years, gradually clearing off the timber for the raising of crops. He has many furred and feathered visitors from the wooded mountains. Asked how much damage bears have done him, he answered, 'Practically none, that I know of. They are rather timid animals unless made bold by hunger. At such times they may become somewhat of a menace. I am not very much for or against them.'

Beyond his homestead winds a forest trail. It meanders along tumbling waters, around beetling cliffs, through virgin forests that lay as they have for hundreds of years—twelve miles of it brings us to a Government forest camp. It is headquarters for the trailbuilders. Beyond is nothing but a sea of mountains. The foreman at the camp is A. J. Rawley, weathered and gray, but able to out-walk and out-pack many a younger man.

'I'm not much interested either way,' he replied, in answer to my question concerning the bear. 'The bear is not much good for eating. I've tried to make a meal on bear meat at times but the more I

chewed on a mouthful the larger it got. The hide is valued mostly as a trophy. I don't think they do much harm nor can I see where they are of much value to us.'

Another man on our list is R. W. Wallace, of Spokane, one-time sheepman.

'Bears may kill sheep,' he said, 'but they have never killed any of mine that I know of, in all the years I ran my flocks in the mountains.'

In the mountain foothills north of where I live is the home of a broad-shouldered Dane. U. E. Fries is his name. He has farmed and run cattle in the neighboring mountains ever since the Government took this land from the Indians. 'The bear is no good,' he declared. 'The Biological Survey men will do the right thing in proclaiming the bear a predatory animal and ordering its extermination. The bear is predatory on birds or any defenseless animal. They are very much like hogs. They killed two cattle for me. I could tell it was they by their work. I have lived here for thirty-seven years, and yet fail to see where they are any good. In Norway it is a great honor to kill a bear at any time. They cannot understand why the animal should be protected here. I believe they should be exterminated as I cannot see where they are of any use to us.'

The last interview was with Billy Robinson, of Lost River. He is a close student of nature, prospector, ex-hunter and a trapper of predatory animals only. He used to trap bears but their evident timidity and general harmlessness so impressed him that he traps them no longer. He much prefers to watch their almost human antics. Once in a great while he manages to engage them in conversation, mostly one-sided, of course, as their answers generally consist of shuffling about or side glances from their small sharp eyes; or squatting down with mouths stretched into silly grins and red tongues lolling, they prick up stubby ears at his loquacious remarks.

'The common black or brown bear,' said this disciple of the outdoors, 'is not by nature a predatory animal. They have been known to kill young cattle or sheep when driven to it by hunger, and only then after becoming used to feeding on the innumerable carcasses of domestic animals that died from eating poisonous plants or were accidentally killed. Where actual killing is done, it will generally be found to be a mountain lion, timber wolf or coyote, depending on the size of the victim.

'I can see no reason for condemning bears as being predatory, and certainly do not want to see them exterminated.'

From many years of personal observation of bruin and his work, I am convinced that he is not by nature a killer, but a creature of circumstances. He is too much of a clown, too good-natured, too indolent, to be the villain pictured in news reports. Early in the spring of 1925 an excited rancher called to say that a bear or mountain lion or something had killed a cow on top of the mountain a few miles to the north. It was rather late in the evening, but I drove there and found a young heifer dead from plant poisoning. A quantity of hide and flesh was eaten from head to shoulder, evidently the work of dogs. No other marks were on it, which showed the young cow had not been killed by animals. Searching around with the aid of a flash light I found in the moist ground beneath the shoulder of the heifer the track of a large dog or timber wolf, as the toenail was plainly shown.

Some two weeks later a young calf was actually killed by some animal. It was reported as the work of a bear or possibly a mountain lion. Then two colts were found killed, and not long after that two yearlings.

A request was sent in for Government hunters. Dr. Glen R. Bach, leader of predatory animal control at Olympia, sent in two hunters, McMillan and Orr. We made a great circle over the top of the mountain, covering some twenty miles. No bear or lion tracks were found, but we did discover some tracks of a large dog or timber wolf and many coyotes. Later on a mountaineer told the hunters of seeing a large yellow dog followed by two coyotes. Still later a rancher reported seeing the dog with coyotes following. So it was pretty well established that it was a dog turned wild that had been doing the killing.

Housing an Army in Hovels

(*Continued from page 7*)

accrued to that department for propert transferred to other divisions of the Govern ment, all of which makes it increasingl difficult to account for the failure to exten necessary relief in the present emergency

General Pershing has said: 'There ca be no earthly justification for saving a fe million dollars a year on the army durin peace if, as a consequence, we must spen billions in an emergency in an attempt t make up deficiencies.

'There is a point below which we canno go without most serious results—*and we hav reached that point.*'

At Fort Benning, Georgia, both th 24th and the 29th Infantry, each a war strength regiment, have lived under canva winter and summer since 1919.

In Panama an army truck became un manageable; it struck one of the arm buildings in which were quartered sixt men. The building crumpled like a house o cards and the only two men who were in i at the time were severely injured. Durin the year 1924 the loss by fire in temporar quarters was well over $1,500,000. In 1925 at Fort Sill, 116 sets of officers' quarter were burned to the ground illustrating th enormous hazard to human life independen of the personal property belonging to th officers and men.

At Fort Benning there are stationed about 650 officers, yet the Governmen has provided permanent quarters for onl seventy. The balance are living in tempo rary quarters.

Experts have pointed out to the Militar Committee of the House that the appropria tion of $5,770,000 which Congress voted fo construction at the twenty army posts could be totally expended at either For Benning, Fort Sam Houston, Camp Lewis or any of a dozen other reservations tha could be mentioned. As a result of thes conditions training has been seriousl curtailed since the men must be utilized fo the labor of salvaging.

At Fort Bragg there is only one set o officers' quarters which may be classed a permanent, and conditions at the Infantr School at Fort Benning and the Tank Schoo at Fort Meade are a repetition of thos already stated; while the hospitals at For Monmouth, Camp Lewis, Fort Leaven worth and Schofield barracks were show by the Surgeon General to be totally unfi for hospital purposes.

At the Air stations at Selfridge, Mitche and Maxwell fields where the same condi tions prevail, the winters are both long an severe and it is with much difficulty an considerable fire-hazard that the quarter are kept even partially heated; while a France Field in the Canal Zone, the quarter are equally unsuited to the climate.

After protracted hearings at which all c these matters were explained to Congress i infinite detail, and at which the Secretar of War said, 'It is a great surprise to m when I go around to see that there is an morale at all.' The Regular Army is stil unsheltered.

'There is a point beyond which we can not go without most serious results—an we have reached that point.'

'We're 20 Days Ahead of the Market

That Means a New Car for You, Ethel'

THEY have settled on a farm of five or ten acres or more—the kind of farm being laid out to bring hundreds of good citizens to the virgin country immediately back of Venice, Florida.

They have forgotten biting frosts, gambling on crops and paying high prices for things they can't raise, and getting low prices for what they do raise.

Farmers, good industrious people, like these young folks, in the Florida counties of Manatee and Sarasota, have made $500 and more an acre a year without such aid as is now provided by the Venice Farm Board.

The Board sells at moderate prices, on liberal terms, farms of sound title, located on good roads, with land cleared and ready to plant, and main drainage available. Venice Farms are now being developed as one of the leading agricultural sections of the United States . . . Further, this board supplies information about marketing outlets and the crops favored by market conditions. So, in addition to taking good advantage of the productivity and fertility of the soil the Venice farmer can get in line for the highest prices in the early markets. Crops in this part of Florida are extremely early.

Two, three, four crops a year. Winter is a gentle summer. Work gets results—crops spring up under the liberal sun and ample rain. Venice farms have artesian wells as an added assurance. The living advantages are manifold—good roads, a fine city and the friendly Gulf.

So it is not a serious struggle to wring another automobile out of the soil. The farmer who applies real industry here can enjoy the best things of life amid the most livable conditions.

Solid authority for these statements is found in the fact that the city, industries and farms of Venice are backed by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers which for more than sixty years has sought the improvement of working and living conditions.

Under the direction of the Venice Farm Board a booklet has been prepared faithfully describing and illustrating this opportunity. Read it to understand more fully the reasons why the most able type of farmers are visiting Venice Farms, and then locating here.

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Located in the Manatee district, rated first in productivity in state.

Average maximum temperature 27 years 90.5°; average minimum 63.5°; average rainfall 48.97 inches annually.

315 to 345 growing days.

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The facts in these advertisements, and the information and photographs in the booklet, 'A New Life of Independence,' are supplied by the Venice Farm Board and are based on close daily observation of local conditions. Send the coupon for the booklet.

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Name .....

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Present Occupation .....

Venice Florida

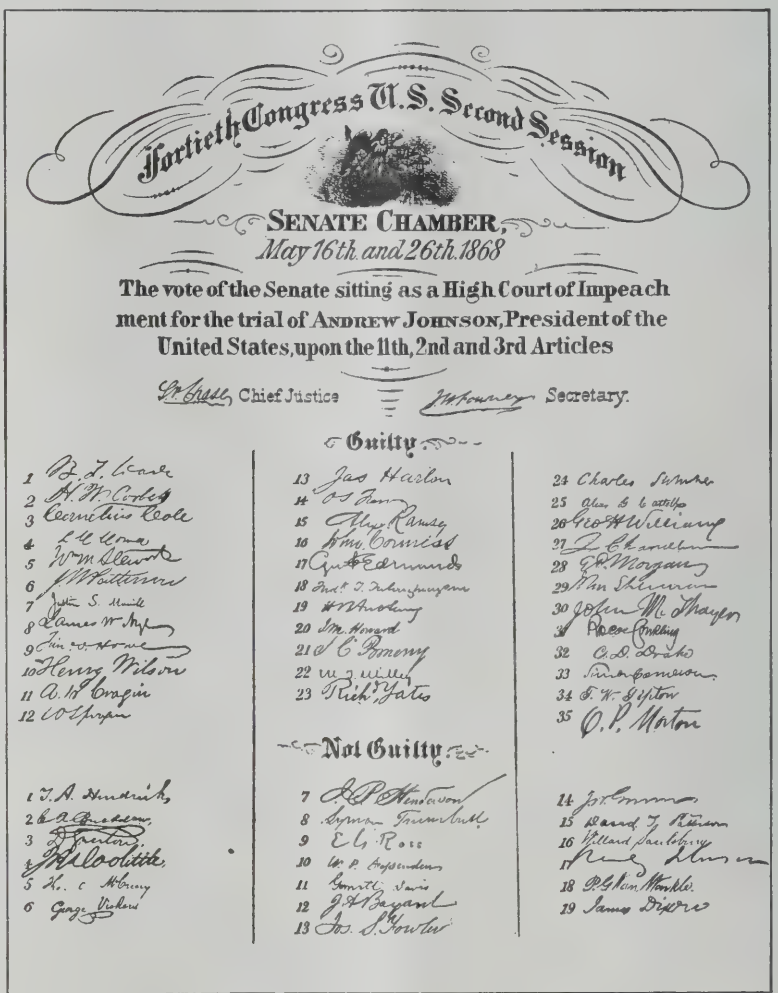
Clearing the Name of a President

(Continued from page 13)

several of the latter before them. Henderson paid no attention to the summons and it was clear that his vote was lost. This was true of all the recusant Senators but Ross, and on him the attack was again concentrated. He was threatened with an investigation on the charge of bribery, his utter ruin was predicted unless he voted for conviction, and enormous pressure of every sort was brought to bear upon him. By the time the Senate reassembled many radicals had come to believe that he had finally been won over.

The next vote was taken on the second article and again Ross voted 'Not Guilty.' Again the vote stood 35 to 19, and the President was acquitted. The third article was then voted upon with the same result. And then the farce ended. Adjournment without delay was moved and carried, and the Court of Impeachment adjourned without the managers daring to ask for a vote on the alleged chief crime for which the President had been impeached—the removal of Stanton. The President was acquitted by one vote, but those who impeached him and those who voted him guilty have never been acquitted. The trial not only prepared the way for the vindication of Andrew Johnson; it unsparingly condemned those who sought his downfall.

The seven recalcitrants were all retired to private life with the expiration of their terms. Most of them were never again in public life. Ross died in poverty and obscurity, having been literally hounded by his opponents.


Fortieth Congress U.S. Second Session
SENATE CHAMBER,
May 16th and 26th 1868
The vote of the Senate sitting as a High Court of Impeachment for the trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, upon the 11th, 2nd and 3rd Articles
Chief Justice
Secretary
Guilty
Not Guilty

Facsimile of the record of the Senate vote upon the 11th, 2nd and 3rd articles in the impeachment trial of President Johnson.

Conviction failed partly because the prosecution had no case. Impeachment had been brought about, as Senator Henderson said, by 'a counter-tide of passion, prejudice and political revenge,' and hence lacked moral or legal justification. But for Thaddeus Stevens and Benjamin F. Butler there would have been no impeachment. It failed, too, because decent men who were not swept away by partisan passion could not endure the thought of Wade as President of the United States—Wade who had shamelessly been among the most active partisans in a partisan court, who had persistently looked to his own interests, and whose political associations were anything but reassuring.

The radicals raged and Stevens in July brought forward five additional articles of impeachment as the occasion for a speech in which he threatened the dagger as a successful substitute for unsuccessful impeachment, but the country as a whole approved of the result, and a measure of quiet and confidence, absent since the plot against Johnson first became evident, now came.

Time has brought vindication. Eventually Sherman, Blaine, and even Sumner, admitted that impeachment was wrong. Historical investigators generally take the same view.

Once back in Tennessee, Johnson entered actively into politics and set the Senate as his goal. Largely because of his work and influence Tennessee first of the Southern States overthrew its reconstruction government in 1869. But he failed of election to the Senate because he had no party. Radicals of the Brownlow type hated him and secession Democrats loved him not much more. A combination of these defeated him by one vote.

Defeated he was not crushed and turned his attention to the organization of a conservative following. In 1872 he engaged in a three-corner contest for Representative from the state-at-large. The Democrats denounced him as a 'traitor to his state, and tyrant to his race,' while the Republicans dubbed him 'apostate from his party and ally of Jefferson Davis.' And once more he was defeated.

However, in 1875 he was finally, after a long contest, elected Senator, and on March 4, 1875, six years from his retirement from the Presidency he came upon the floor of the Senate. Seated there were men who had voted him guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and these joined with the rest in offering congratulations. If he felt bitterness against them he gave no sign of it. Oliver P. Morton said: 'After I had voted for his impeachment and met him accidentally, he wore the same kindly smile and offered me his hand. I thought that showed nobility of soul. There were not many men who could have done that.'

The triumph of his policy in the popular mind and the steady undoing of Congressional reconstruction had indeed done much to lessen Johnson's animosities. But one person was still unforgiven. His successor, in Johnson's view, was an impenitent sinner, and in his last speech, delivered in the Senate on March 22, he poured out upon him the vials of his wrath for his disregard of the Constitution, for his treatment of the South and for the conduct of his Administration.

His return to the Senate provoked much favorable and complimentary comment. Even so stalwart a party sheet as the New York *Tribune* said:

'His bitterest enemies are compelled to admit his sterling honesty and unswerving rectitude. In these days of moral and official delinquency it is no ordinary gratification for the people at large to have their national councils honored by such a man.'

With character vindicated, Johnson returned home. Stricken with fatal disease on July 29, he died two days later. He was buried as he had requested in his speech of 1861, wrapped in the flag of the Union, with his head resting upon a copy of the Constitution.

There in the Tennessee hills he rests, in his own words, 'in quiet and peace, beyond the reach of calumny's poisoned shaft, the influence of envy and jealous enemies.'

This is the third of a series of articles which have recently appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *on this subject. A fourth and final article will appear in an early issue.*

Where Americans Like to Go

(*Continued from page 5*)

introduced a new type of American tourist that it had never seen before in numbers. It was the student. The immigrant quarters were cleared out of the ships, new berths and rooms were put in and the steamship companies went after the student class strong, with the result that Europe saw more Americans with small money than ever before. Also it saw more rich Americans than it had ever seen before.

It just about drove some of the head waiters crazy, for there is nothing quite so upsetting to a head waiter as to look a customer over, do his best and find that the customer makes a ceremony of cashing a five-dollar traveler's check. Statistics are lacking, but it is said that more head waiters beat their wives to death during 1926 than during any similar time since the Empire.

So great was the tourist tide in Paris last year that one enterprising French restaurant, just off the Rue de Rivoli, put up a sign on its window—'Quick Lunch.' I know of one cash customer it lost.

Americans discovered last season that Paris is not the geographical limit of Europe. More Americans went to Germany, Bohemia, Rumania and Switzerland than ever before in the history of eastward migrations. Last season practically every hotel of the *premier rang* in Switzerland had a celebration in honor of the Fourth of July. Not so long ago only an American now and then could be found among these interior hotels, but these seasonal Marco Polos have gone to the most isolated spots. So many were there that when Charles Evans Hughes arrived at Riffelberg, high above the eternal snows of Switzerland, the Americans there were able to give him a reception.

If France should have a general strike that country would be torn from the Channel to the Mediterranean, and from Brest to Chamoni, and the chamber of deputies would be a performing circus. But not England. Will Rogers, who was there during the strike, said that he went to the House of Lords, which corresponds to our Senate, and that they were debating a bill about the—Boer War. While on the subject of England, I want to hand a flower to that solid, stolid country, as coming from the viewpoint of a traveler. And that is the sense of absolute honesty and integrity that one feels as soon as he gets to England. George Jean Nathan had a good line. He was in London during the summer and crystallized the great difference between America and England in this:

'In the theaters in America, they have to chain the opera glasses.'

As a whole we like France best of all, then England, then Italy, and slowly, very slowly, Germany is coming into favor. An item that had to do with it during 1926 was that Germany didn't care how many *chars-a-bancs* came roaring down the streets. Russia we learned little about; a few hardy travelers returned, but no two of them agreed as to what they saw. On the whole our attitude toward Russia was suspicion. We haven't quite made up our mind yet, but are waiting for more information—and distrusting it all. We learned a few things during the war.

Italy drew more Americans last year than it has in many years, and one reason for it was Mussolini. This compelling personality has aroused a great deal of interest in America and last year many Americans went to Italy as much to see how the Mussolini government was working as to see the Coliseum by moonlight.

Practically all Americans go to the Louvre, but for length of inspection and time spent, Montmartre wins without a struggle.

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On Working Out Human Fractions

SCIENTISTS have been working for years on one problem in human fractions, without getting the right answer. The problem is: What part of an individual's personality and physical make-up is inherited and what part does he owe to his environment?

In what ways would you, for example, still be 'you' if you had had the same parentage, but had been born in China (or in Chicago, if you *were* born in China); and if you had had entirely different schooling, and a different set of childhood friends and diseases?

If we could all live nine lives, or even two, this could soon be checked up with plenty of facts. Practically the same double-experience situation can be obtained, once in a blue moon, if twins that are exactly alike are brought up in different homes.

DR. H. J. MULLER, professor of zoölogy at the University of Texas, recently was able to study a case of identical twins now thirty years old, who were separated when two weeks old and never saw each other again until eighteen years later. Even since then, they have lived apart nine-tenths of the time.

Both of these girls were brought up in the northwestern mining and ranch country.

One, J., has had some college education, taught school, is married, and has a child. The other, B., has had only four years' formal schooling in her life, and has had a busy career as a clerical worker in the West, in New York, Washington, D. C., and in France during the war.

With their entirely different education and experiences the twins made practically the same rating in intelligence tests, both being rated as very superior. The clerical twin excelled in arithmetic in the mental tests; while the teacher twin proved superior in seeing analogies, which involves a different type of reasoning ability. In most of the mental tests, however, their scores were very similar.

GREATER differences were shown in emotional and social attitudes of the twins. B., who has had a less sheltered life, is less unpleasantly aroused by things that might cause disgust, fear, or suspicion. She has fewer dislikes than the average person, while J.'s list of dislikes is more than average. B. has a smaller list of worries and a smaller list of things that she regards as wrong.

The twins themselves think their likenesses far outweigh their differences, and Dr. Muller believes that there are many other mental characteristics in which they would agree closely if these elusive traits could only be measured. Both are personally very agreeable and popular. Their tastes in books and in people appear similar. Each allowed her fingers to be blackened for the fingerprint test without any hesitation, but each turned her head when her finger was pricked for the blood test.

If Christ Came to Constantinople

(*Continued from page 2*)

Protestants, while Russia retained the 'right' to protect the Orthodox Greek communion. The result was that nobody was protected. Again and again did the Armenians rise and massacre whole villages of Turks. And each time the hand of Turkey fell heavily and ruthlessly upon the insurgents, rendering massacre for massacre. Nobody ever heard of such massacres until the Powers began grabbing Turkish territory and 'protecting' Christian minorities.

In 1922, the world was harried and its teeth set on edge by the events connected with the evacuation and the burning of Smyrna. But how did this holocaust start and what really happened? A year or two before, under the instigation and promised support of the British Government, a Greek army of conquest landed in Anatolia. Here is the way they started their operations, as described by Professor Arnold J. Toynbee, professor of Byzantine and Greek literature in the University of London (London *Times*, April 6, 1922). Professor Toynbee personally witnessed some of these events connected with this uncanny affair. Professor Toynbee wrote:

On February 14, 1922, Greek soldiers went to the towns of Sekisachack, Karatepe, and Efejieh, in the province of Smyrna, and ordered the population, including women and children, to assemble in the mosques to hear the new proclamation of the Greek Government. Then the Greek soldiers surrounded the building, nailed the doors, and by using petroleum, burned the mosques, in which the innocent men, women and children perished. In these three towns there is not a single home or building left untouched or undestroyed.

In that way, the Greek army devastated the entire country as far eastward as Konia, so that this whole district is now a desert strewn with human bones. The very air is haunted with the cries of murdered children and ravished women.

This horrible chronicle of barbarous events does not rest upon the unsupported word of Professor Toynbee, though his veracity cannot be challenged by anyone. The ferocity of the Greek forces is related by M. Franklin-Bouillon, who was sent there on a mission of investigation by the Allies. These outrages were also told in the report of the International Red Cross Workers after the evacuation of Smyrna. They are corroborated by William T. Ellis, who declared that 'the worst that the Turks had ever done to the Christians was matched by the conduct of the Greeks when their troops entered Asia Minor.' This outrageous conduct of the Greeks is further confirmed by Leonard S. Whittalls, the John Wanamaker of Smyrna, who was himself a refugee.

These Greek outrages were also confirmed by the report of the International Commission sent by Geneva to investigate, which commission included the American General Summerall. This report was suppressed by the Allies, fearing that it might arouse sympathy for the Turks. These matters are also confirmed in the reports of Mark L. Bristol, American High Commissioner to Turkey. The verity of these hideous Greek outrages is fully as well established as is the truth of the recent earthquake in Japan. Yet Christian pulpits throughout the world were bunked into voicing prayers to Heaven for the success of this Greek 'army of civilization'!

We shivered at the insane fury of southern mobs who would burn negroes at the stake, when they were accused of occasional offenses identical with those committed in wholesale by Greek soldiers against helpless Moslem women all the way from Smyrna to Konia. Suppose a foreign army should land on Manhattan Island and start operations by filling Trinity Church with women, men and children, lock the doors, pour oil on the building and roast all the people alive! Suppose this same army should invade the country as far west as Pittsburgh, burning towns and villages, murdering men, women and children, ravishing the school girls wherever found, and making the whole section for 500 miles a wilderness.

JUST visualize that. Then imagine how the entire Central West would rush to arms, drive the invader back to New York and into the sea, killing them in their insane frenzy wherever found. I doubt not that, if such a thing should happen, the American Government would place at the disposal of some 'Admiral' Jennings all available ships for rescuing the victims, as did the Turkish Government after the burning of Smyrna.

I do not plead for the Turk; the events of the last five years demonstrate that he is able to take care of himself, even when confronted with the hostility of all Europe. I do not plead for Mohammed; he has upward of 300,000,000 followers who can and do speak for him. I plead for Christ; that should He come to Constantinople, He be not hit with a brick thrown by some 'Christian' at some other 'Christian.'

Ancient Arabian Weddings

A CURIOUS custom prevailed among the Arabs of the Sixth Century. The night on which a bridegroom should wed his wife, they brought a quantity of camel pack-saddles and heaped them one upon the other, decorating them with magnificent garments. Here they conducted the bride, and, having seated her on high, they said to the bridegroom, 'Come on—now for thy bride!' And the bridegroom rushed forward to carry her off, while the youths of the tribe, drawn up in line, right and left, with staves and stones in their hands, as soon as the bridegroom dashed forward, began beating and pelting him, and doing their utmost to prevent his reaching his bride. If a rib or so were broken in the affair, it was well for him; were he killed, it was his destiny. But should he reach his bride in safety, the people quitted him, and no one attempted to approach him.

Why So Many of Us Behave Like Imbeciles

(*Continued from page 6*)

course, be impossible. It therefore follows that the measure of our understanding is proclaimed by our very act of selection of those whom we would honor, as well as by the amount of honor we choose to bestow.

One could go on almost indefinitely enumerating the various unusual glimpses of ourselves that we are getting by means of the radio and the movies. Who, for instance, would have believed there were so many young women who would fall for the sickish, sentimental and ofttimes disgusting songs that New York song writers of a certain class compose and sing over the radio? Practically all of these songs infringe upon good taste. They are rank and rotten —there is no other way to put it.

The probability is that people are not such fools as they sometimes seem to be. That we know so little is mostly because we have had no opportunity to know more. We sometimes seem to learn remarkably quickly, once we get a chance. There is a real craving for knowledge.

Everybody who buys a newspaper buys it because he wants to know what is in it. We do not always know what knowledge is useful and what isn't, but that is because we have not been at the business long enough to become experts. Most of those who, consciously or unconsciously, are trying to educate us by means of movies, radios, newspapers and even the colleges are not experts. The directors of radios, movies and newspapers do not even try to know what knowledge would be most useful for us and what wouldn't. Out for money as they are, the easiest way to get it is to take us in the ruts in which they find us.

MOVIE managers have seldom given any evidence that they think of anything but money. Radio managers perforate the air with music and what passes for it, explaining the while that seventy-five per cent of their listeners have written in that they prefer music. What do they prefer music to? They prefer it to the other stuff that has been put on the air. Why shouldn't they? The other stuff is, for the most part, as stupid as the worst music. But is there nothing else that could be broadcast? Might not something else, if it were wisely selected, be as popular as music? At any rate, is there any sense in 600 broadcasting stations devoting seventy-five per cent of their time to music?

Good music is good, but too much good music, with an utter absence of anything else that is worth while, is too much. Why not try something else? There is something else. A few of the radio stations have put on educational courses prepared in colleges. Is that the right way to do it? How many persons go to college for the sheer joy of it? How many would turn off a college as they dial out a radio station if they were to consult only their own desire? Is it not approximately true that a college course bears the same relationship to knowledge that dried apples bear to apples on the tree? Why not freshen up knowledge a little, when it is put on the air and make it more palatable? Writers are doing it with great results.

Radio and movie managers don't know this. They are plowing along in the stone age because it is easier to do that than to think. They declare the people are satisfied because they say they are satisfied. The people are always satisfied with what they have, provided they know of nothing better. The moment they know of something better they are dissatisfied. Give people something worth while to think about and present it in a way that they can understand and they will rise to it like a plant that gets sunlight all day and electric light all night.

Courage and Endurance

(*Continued from page 13*)

the Olympic Games at Amsterdam in 1928.

These Finns do not drink liquor. They eat little red meat. Most of them eat none. Their bread is an extremely coarse variety, the kind that is best for the stomach. Milk, eggs, fish (fresh and dried), poultry and fresh vegetables comprise their diet. Simple food for a plain people leading plain lives. They ride little, walk and run much. They are in the open, deeply breathing fresh air. There is little artificial about their lives and much that is primitive. They are close to nature.

The American idea of diet as regards athletes has been wrong in principle. For years our trainers prescribed set diets. Training tables, where from twenty to fifty men in preparation for athletic competition took their meals, presented one menu. Every man at the table was compelled to eat the same thing. But American trainers are getting away from that. They now cater to the individual.

Trainers are more and more changing their methods. They study the individual athlete, discover what foods agree best with him and prescribe those particular foods for his menu.

Many athletic defeats in the past can be traced to improper diets. The training table has probably caused as much harm as good.

The English have always clung to the individual training menu. Systematic diets such as we follow in training quarters in this country were never known in England. There the athlete ate what he liked as long as the food agreed with him. He trained fairly much as he pleased. He never went on schedule, as we do over here. Training never became a grind to him. He made sports something to be enjoyed and not worked at. The menu of an English athlete would throw an American trainer into a state of speechless bewilderment. And yet these same Britishers held every running record from two to twenty-five miles until the Finns appeared on the scene.

There is no form of competition that demands more stamina and endurance than distance running, a sport where America has made a miserable showing compared to what she has done in other track and field events. Distance runners must have 'wind' and 'heart,' according to the popular belief. But there is a suspicion that America would have got further in distance competition had we given a different consideration to the stomach. We have talked so much about heart and lungs that we more or less neglected the one organ of the body that is the most important factor in athletic achievement. Men continue to fight on their stomachs.

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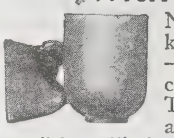

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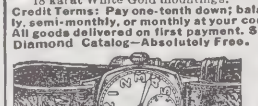

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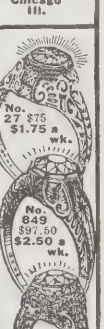

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Intimate Glimpses of Elbert Hubbard

(*Continued from page 3*)

never lost a meal through disinclination to eat, never consulted a doctor; nor did he use tobacco or intoxicants. His work was never regulated by the eight-hour clause; he toiled about sixteen hours a day, Sunday and Monday alike. It was hard, strenuous work; but Elbert Hubbard stood up under it without any abatement in energy to the time of his death because he found his joy in his work. Prodigious as were his labors, his tremendous ambition was never satisfied. His vision was so great he could never hope of attainment. Elbert Hubbard was a workman at heart. His best friends were men, women and children of plain working people.

Editors of magazines refused to buy his manuscript. They said it was too plain, too blunt, and sometimes indelicate. The subscribers would cancel.

'To get my thoughts published,' said Elbert Hubbard, 'I had to publish them myself; and people bought for the very reason for which the editors said they would cancel.'

THUS *The Philistine* came into being. When editors handled delicate subjects with their eyes on subscription lists and advertising pages, people knew they could turn to *The Philistine* and there read the honest opinions of a fearless editor who neither asked nor gave quarter and wrote as he felt and thought, regardless of canceled subscriptions or advertising. And he had plenty of both.

People knew where Elbert Hubbard stood. They did not need to guess, for he possessed the faculty—as well as the courage—to an amazing degree of expressing himself clearly and unmistakably.

Elbert Hubbard received numerous complaints concerning his magazine. 'If you want a perfect magazine,' he would say, 'there is just one way to get it: write it yourself.'

He believed that a portion, at least, of the American public wanted a few good and beautiful books. In 1892 when he met William Morris, he was sure he was right. And that is how the Roycrofters began to bind books in beautiful bindings and with hand-illumined pages. When he went to look for bookbinders, he found them all dead, he said. There were people in book factories binding books; but they fed them into hoppers, shot them out of chutes, and said they were bound. Finally, he found Louis Kinder, a Leipsic bookbinder, and then came the beautiful Roycroft books, considered masterpieces of art.

It was Major Pond who introduced Elbert Hubbard to the lecture platform. He spoke in Chicago, New York, Boston and other places, and wherever he went the lectures were a great success from every standpoint. The lectures served both as an added means of income to the Roycrofters and an advertisement for them.

It was in December, 1894, that Elbert Hubbard printed the first *Little Journeys* in booklet form in the local East Aurora print shop, as he had become discouraged searching for a publisher. Before offering the work to the public he decided to lay the matter again before G. P. Putnam's Sons, although they had declined it in manuscript form.

'Mr. George H. Putnam rather liked the matter,' said Hubbard, 'and was induced to issue the periodical as a venture for one year. The scheme seemed to meet with success, its novel form being in its favor. The subscription reached nearly a thousand in six months; the newspapers were kind and the success of the plan suggested printing a pamphlet modeled on similar lines, telling what we thought about things in general, and publishers and magazine editors in particular. 'We called it *The Philistine* because we were going after the "Chosen People," in literature.'

The printers were in debt. They offered Hubbard their establishment for one thousand dollars and he accepted.

'I decided to run *The Philistine* magazine for a year—to keep faith with the misguided and hopeful parties who had subscribed—and then quit,' he said later. 'To fill in the time we printed a book; we printed it like a William Morris book—printed it just as well as we could. It was cold in the old barn where we first set up *The Philistine* so I erected a little building like an old English chapel right alongside my house. There was one basement and a room upstairs. I wanted it to be comfortable and pretty, and so we furnished our little shop cozily. We had four girls and three boys working for us then. The shop was never locked, and the boys and girls used to come there evenings. It was really more pleasant than at home.

'I brought over a shelf of books from the library. Then I brought the piano, because the youngsters wanted to dance. The girls brought flowers and birds, and the boys put up curtains at the windows. We were having a lot of fun, with new subscriptions coming in almost every day, and once in a while an order for a book.

'The place got too small when we began to bind books, so we built a wing on one side; then a wing on the other side. To keep the three carpenters busy who had been building the wings, I set them to making furniture for the place. They made the furniture as good as they could—folks came along and bought it.

'The boys picked up field stones and built a great, splendid fireplace and chimney at one end of the shop.'

Thus the Roycroft shops grew and at the time of Elbert Hubbard's death they had as many as five hundred employes; the place was a mecca for talented and ambitious persons from all over the world. Some time before the *Little Journeys* was discontinued —after Elbert Hubbard had written one a month for fourteen years straight in the 'Little Cabin in the Woods'—*The Fra* was brought out, and *The Philistine* and *The Fra* were published up to the time of Hubbard's death.

Many have asked how Elbert Hubbard chose the name Roycrofters for his workers. He chose the word because from 1650 to 1690 Samuel and Thomas Roycroft printed and made very beautiful books; and the word had a special significance, meaning 'King's Craft.'

The thing that brought fame to Elbert Hubbard almost overnight and which is still popular was the *A Message to Garcia.* It was written without any appreciation of its greatness on the part of its author. Speaking of it, Elbert Hubbard said:

'This article, covering only fifteen hundred words, was written one evening after supper in a single hour. It was February 22, 1899, Washington's birthday, and we were just going to press with the March *Philistine.* The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a rather trying day. The immediate suggestion came from a little argument over the teacups when my son Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban war. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

'It came to me like a flash! yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does the thing—does his work—carries the message.

I GOT up from the table and wrote *A Message to Garcia.*

'I thought so little of it that we ran it without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra March *Philistines,* a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred things up.

' "It's that stuff about Garcia," he said.

'The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad, thus: "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also state how soon can ship."

'I replied giving price and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand pamphlets looked like a huge undertaking.

'The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of one hundred thousand each. Five editions were sent out, and then he got out an edition of half a million. Two or three of these half-million lots have been sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article has been reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers.'

Since Elbert Hubbard wrote that, the *Message to Garcia* has been translated and printed in virtually every language, and it is said to have attained a larger circulation during the lifetime of its author than any other article ever written.

The most cherished memory in Elbert Hubbard's life was that he had seen Lincoln, just before he was made President.

'I saw Lincoln,' said Elbert Hubbard many times, with tears of reverence in his eyes for the man who was his ideal. 'I was only a small boy, but I remember him. My father picked me up in his arms and he said, "There he is! That is Lincoln."

'I will never forget that moment in all my life. He was sitting down. Finally he got up, this great gaunt, tall, lean, lank figure. He was taller than any one else in the courtroom, and then when he stood up he let out another "link"! His clothes didn't fit and they seemed just to hang on him. His speech was slow and his voice high-pitched at first. Then as he got started he was strong and eloquent.'

It was early in 1914 that I first met Elbert Hubbard. He delivered a lecture in a church at Waterloo, Iowa, and I was in the city at the time. He was a friend of the owner of the Irving Hotel where I stopped, and I met him there. By accident we took the same train early next morning for Cedar Rapids. We met again and had a talk. He told me about East Aurora, and as was his wont, he invited me to make him a visit. It turned out that in a few months I was at East Aurora. So began our connection.

Elbert Hubbard always worked. Even on his travels he wrote. Thoughts were jotted down on backs of envelopes, slips of paper, anything that was at hand when they came to him. That is why people wondered how he could write so much with all his traveling and lecturing.

When I became associated with him, I saw how necessary it was for him to use all his tact and cleverness in avoiding people who insisted on monopolizing his time. When Elbert Hubbard found that I was interested in talking when he cared to talk and could be silent or absent when he was otherwise interested, he removed from me that reserve toward people which I have heard so many mention. He was cordial, they said; but it seemed that you only got so close to him. This was necessary in self-defense. Otherwise, he would never have been able to get away to do the prodigious amount of work he had to do. He would stop long enough to get a group of people interested in some amusement, either throwing a medicine ball or playing catch with a handball or an ordinary baseball. He would get the women as well as the men engaged in the sport, and then of a sudden he would be missing.

EVERY morning or afternoon, however, sometimes both, he took the guests of the inn out for a walk through the woods or for some form of exercise around the Roycroft campus.

'If they sit around the inn all the time,' he said, 'they will lose their appetites and will kick about the food and say it is on the bum. If they get out and work up an appetite, they will enjoy what they eat.'

Elbert Hubbard was a Jeffersonian democrat—spelled with a small d. He believed that everyone should do some useful work, and his greatest delight was to get his aristocratic guests—men and women alike—who perhaps had never done a useful hand's turn in their lives, take them out hiking to his farm and put them to work picking up potatoes and doing other helpful things about the place. And the joke of it was that if any resented it he dared not show it, for guests who had previously gone through the same experience were there to enjoy the newcomer's discomfiture. It was all in the day's sport, and the newcomer came back again to see another put through the paces. And to make sure of a laugh he probably brought a guest or two along.

For fifteen minutes, or maybe more, if the spirit moved him, Elbert Hubbard had all his workers out morning and afternoon to play ball or some other game that would give them exercise in the open. They would go back refreshed and in happy spirits and do much better work and more of it than had they worked straight through. Elbert Hubbard knew psychology as well as the physical needs of workers. In work and play he set the example. He took as much joy in ordinary manual labor as in anything else he did.

'Get your joy out of your work,' he said, 'or you will never know what true happiness is. The trouble with most people is that they try to get more out of life than there is in it. You can't get more out of life than you put in it.'

(This is the first of a series of three articles to be published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *on this subject. The next will appear in an early issue.)*

Levacha—A Thief Hunt in Abyssinia

(Continued from page 8)

vegetable gardens, the *levacha* rushed in to a hut, lay on some cornstalks awhile and came out. The thief had slept here! Suddenly the *levacha* began to rush about and, running between two huts, he fell at last on a woman who lay in the ditch. This was the thief!

The director straightened his convulsed arms and carried him into the shade. I looked and saw the director stoop before the boy lying helplessly on the ground, and stare at his closed eyes with burning gaze. 'So, my good fellow, you are a hypnotist!' I thought, and turning away I felt sick and downcast. In 3,000 years of living this people had not acquired even a small measure of our culture but, perishing from leprosy and other loathsome diseases, had only preserved in the dark recesses of their life certain reflexes of a civilization that is past.

Involuntarily my brain began to conjure thoughts concerning astrological influences, concerning catching the astrological cliche, and concerning engulfing the astrological rays in water . . . But the lemon! What did it mean? Familiar with all their terminology and processes, my thoughts yet stopped at the lemon—till I concluded it was negro foolishness! The director approached me, his face haggard and sweaty. I looked at him attentively and when with his ease of manner—happening to be a government functionary—he sat down near me, it felt unpleasant and disagreeable again. A peculiar face, a rapacious-looking nose and deeply set eyes! Who elected him and who taught him this knowledge? How does he know a boy who is capable of being a *levacha?* The devil knows!

I was invited to the trial. Abyssinia practises the arbitration principle in her courts of justice. The judge is recognized by both sides in the suit to be absolute and his decision cannot be appealed. It was not so exciting as usual this time. Lawyers and plaintiffs did not howl nor leap with straightened arm and stiffened forefinger. There were no quarrels nor shouts of the sides. The woman confessed to everything as did her husband likewise. I ordered them handcuffed and led the defendant in the case to the *levacha,* who grasped hold of his *kouta* (robe), never letting loose until paid his five talaris for his work.

Then down by the river in the evening the thieves, having paid their fines and restored the stolen goods to the owner, conversed again peacefully with the plaintiff and others, all laughing happily together. Abyssinia is a very strange country.

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'People outside New York,' said ***the Credit Man,*** 'haven't much of an idea of the handicaps that decent business men are forced to contend with there. Recently the federal grand jury indicted eleven men in four true bills, each charging complicity in the concealment of assets from trustees in bankruptcy. Two of them, Harry Reiman and Samuel Licht, were indicted in connection with a silk mill which failed with liabilities listed at $76,000 in excess of the concern's assets. Then four dress manufacturers, Isadore Cohen, Jacob Rosenthal, Abe Goldman and Al Jacobs, were indicted, their firm having failed after it had been in business only thirty-eight days, with liabilities of $45,000 and no assets. Other dressmakers also were indicted for concealing assets following their failure as dealers in women's coats. Hiding assets after bankruptcy has become one of the leading sports in the clothing and textile trades in New York.'

'The good Samaritan still frequents the highways of life,' said ***the Traveling Man.*** 'The following illustrates what I mean. One night last November on the Twentieth Century Limited between Buffalo and Cleveland, a New York City man was stricken with acute indigestion and a slight stroke of paralysis.

'A fellow traveler, who was aroused by the signs of his distress, dressed and gave assistance. The volunteer suggested that the sick man leave the train at Cleveland and seek a physician, but he was anxious to reach Chicago and decided to continue. At Toledo, however, about five o'clock in the morning, he was forced to give up. His traveler nurse left the train with him, put him in a taxicab, accompanied him to an hotel, and obtained a physician and made things as comfortable as possible until hospital arrangements could be made.

'Before they parted the sick man asked his fellow traveler's identity and learned that he was a detective in the service of the railroad, bound for Cleveland to spend the week-end with his family. Touched by the ill man's plight, he allowed him to infer that he, too, was going to Chicago.

'Another interesting angle to the story is that when the ill man left the train he offered the porter a five-dollar bill in acknowledgment of the fine service rendered during the long, painful hours of the night. The porter bowed to the sick man, refused the tip and wished him a quick recovery.'

'They have a new way of calling you to your meals on one of the great western railways,' said ***the Tourist*** who had just crossed the continent. 'Instead of awakening you in the morning with a strident, "*Foist ca-a-all* for *break-fast,*" they use plate chimes. The waiter stands in the vestibule and taps very softly, but the chimes fill the whole car. The music seems to seep from everywhere and nowhere at once.

'The waiter on our train used a different call for breakfast and for luncheon and for dinner. He was learning the gamut of army calls: reveille, taps, mess, sick call, fire, fatigue, assembly, dress parade . . . What he hopes to use them all for I can't say, but the practice is just another example of the manner in which the railroads are trying to please the public; the "public be damned" policy has gone forever. The railmen learned it didn't pay: and now they are out to serve the public.

'One company proudly advertises: "Today fast freights move with swiftness undreamed of six short years ago." And it goes on to tell of revolutionizing its operations so that hundreds—and even thousands—of hours are saved to shippers. It passes on to its employes and says: "These men numbering 50,000 serve you with pride in their record and with the profit of their experience."

'The classic example in railroad reform, though, is furnished by a Canadian line. A half-dozen years ago when I traveled it, the railroad was demoralized. The employes were insolent; the service was intolerable; trains ran haphazardly if at all; freight moved slowly; tie-ups were frequent; and the road was regarded as one of the most inefficient in North America. Today it is a model of good railroading. The employes are courteous, the service excellent. Trains run on time, freight moves speedily, and the road is well liked by the people whose territory it traverses. The change was wrought by one man—a man trained in the United States—and a man who believes in the new railroad slogan of *service.*'

'Are you looking for complaints?' asked ***the Rural Mail Carrier.*** 'Well, here's one. Some firms advertise, "Don't send a penny until you get the goods," but that is a snare, for the purchaser is not allowed to unwrap nor to inspect the goods until he has paid the charge. The business from this sort of advertising has grown enormously and has become an intolerable nuisance. A rural mail carrier has enough other work without being a collector. The party to whom the package is directed must be found. He may not be at home for several days, which means that the parcel is carried around until he returns and collection can be made. Sometimes a parcel cannot be delivered, because the addressee is out of funds and it is carried until the financial situation changes and delivery can be made.

'As I interpret the C. O. D. regulations, they were not made for such business and it is an abuse of privilege on the part of concerns using the C. O. D. convenience for a general collection agency.'

'The Danish farmers,' said ***the Country Editor,*** 'have come in for their share of publicity. They have been praised for the manner in which they have snatched success from the shoals of failure and rightly so, for they have kept at the thing until they are in an enviable position agriculturally. And here are some figures of the results of their toil.

'The average investment last year for agricultural purposes worked out, for all of Denmark, at approximately $278 an acre: the gross earnings averaged $124 an acre, and net proceeds averaged $26 an acre, or 9.6 per cent on the agricultural investment. These earnings meant that, after deducting interest on investment at five per cent, each farming family had an average of $29 an acre as the reward for its efforts.'

'I have an ambition,' said ***the Pedagogue,*** 'to be a psychologist; but I have no desire to be called one in general society. I have taken courses in psychology, have written theses on typical problems, have even taught classes in it. It is perhaps the greatest of all sciences and the most important to man. But most of what is called "psychology" in current print and conversation is not psychology at all, and any man with any kind of a set of notions about life may call himself a "psychologist," while if he called himself a civil engineer he might have trouble. You can't be a pharmacist and dispense drugs without special education guaranteed by diploma and licence. But you can be a psychologist without knowing how to define the word, and though scarcely able to spell it. To be a psychologist is still my chief ambition as a student and a teacher, but to be called one in the present age, with the present scandalous assumption of the name by charlatans, is almost insult.'

'At an auction of household goods the other day,' said ***the Auctioneer,*** 'a woman raised bidding that started at fifteen cents to three dollars and when the article was knocked down to her at that price, she asked what she had purchased.

'"A mousetrap, madam, a most excellent mousetrap." To which she replied, "I don't care, I beat her to it."

'Her sporting blood was up. Experienced auctioneers will tell how the feeling of bidders that they must win often brings a fancy price for something of moderate value. The competition is what counts.'

'This so-called "crime wave," ' said ***the Police Reporter,*** 'simply shows crime in some new aspects. There has always been the crime wave running through the lower strata of the liquor trade and the violations of the moral code. The bootlegger of today is a lawbreaker. But the lawbreaking saloon was with us in the old days, violating laws on closing, violating laws on selling liquor to minors, violating laws on permitting women to enter, violating laws against gambling. It was the breaking of laws by saloons, with their constant interference in politics, that made my state dry as much as any other cause. The crimes of violence, especially murders, in my reportorial days before prohibition, were usually incited by liquor, or had some relation to violated morality. You can see, in one celebrated murder case after another, how extensively the fatal destructiveness of the Strange Woman, emphasized in the Bible, is demonstrated in our modern life. The crime wave of today extends wide and far, but the world of booze and the world of the red light have never been without it.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

QUESTION: Why were the northern Democrats who sympathized with the South during the Civil War called 'copperheads'?

ANSWER: The term 'copperhead' originated in the autumn of 1862 and was an opprobrious epithet applied by the Union men to those who adhered rigidly to the Democratic organization, strenuously opposed all the distinctive and vigorous war measures of the Administration and of Congress, and who deeming it impossible to conquer the South were therefore earnest advocates of peace. The name was generally indicative of a treacherous character and was a reference to the habit of the copperhead snake which strikes without warning. Another explanation is that it came from the button cut out of a copper cent, on which was the head of the Goddess of Liberty, worn by the opponents of the war.

QUESTION: What understanding, if any, did the United States have with the Vatican in taking over the Philippines?

ANSWER: Three orders of friars, namely, the Dominicans, the Augustinians and the Recollets held more than 400,000 acres of the land. These lands were rented to the natives on shares in small holdings. When the friars were driven out by the insurgents they transferred their agricultural lands to corporations but the tenants refused to pay rent and naturally opposed the return of the friars. The Philippine Commission early proposed the purchase of these lands by the American Government but the friars demanded high prices and long negotiations followed necessitating direct relations with the Vatican, Governor Taft visiting Rome for that purpose. The price finally agreed upon in 1903 was $7,239,000 for 410,000 acres.

QUESTION: Who discovered King Tut's tomb?

ANSWER: Lord Carnarvon and Howard Carter.

QUESTION: Were any dimes issued at the branch mint in San Francisco during the year 1894?

ANSWER: At the San Francisco Mint in 1894, dimes in the amount of $2.40 were made.

QUESTION: Does the President have to place his signature to an amendment of the Constitution before the amendment goes into effect?

ANSWER: Among the precedents which have grown up in connection with the exercise of the veto power is one that the President has no power to veto a resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution; consequently it would be immaterial whether or not he placed his signature to an amendment.

QUESTION: I should like to know what the Eleventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth Amendments are and what year they were added to the Constitution.

ANSWER: The Eleventh Amendment, put in force January 8, 1798, reads as follows: 'The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.' The gist of the Twelfth Amendment, declared in force September 25, 1804, is the naming of the candidates for President and Vice-President separately; before this the candidate receiving the highest number of votes was President and the one receiving the next highest, Vice-President. The Seventeenth Amendment, declared in effect May 31, 1913, provides for the election of Senators by the direct vote of the people.

QUESTION: How is the number of Senators and Representatives determined in the legislatures of the states?

ANSWER: Representation in proportion to population may be regarded as the established American state policy although there are numerous departures from the strict rule and in a few states gross violations of the principle allow the existence of a 'rotten borough' system. In many of these states the former historic unit of representation, the county or town, is retained partly for partisan purposes and partly to protect a minority, usually rural, against an industrial and urban majority. The constitutions of eighteen states provide adequately for proportionate representation in both houses. In the remaining thirty states there are modifications of the rule for one or both houses of which the most common is that each county or town shall have at least one representative.

QUESTION: How many state representatives and senators are there in Maine?

ANSWER: There are thirty-one members of the senate and one hundred fifty-one members of the house all elected biennially on the second Monday in September

QUESTION: What is the basis of representation in the House of Representatives?

ANSWER: The basis of apportionment under the census of 1910 is one Representative to every 212,407 inhabitants.

QUESTION: How many Representatives does each state have in Congress?

ANSWER: Alabama 10; Arizona 1; Arkansas 7; California 11; Colorado 4; Connecticut 5; Delaware 1; Florida 4; Georgia 12; Idaho 2; Illinois 27; Indiana 13; Iowa 11; Kansas 8; Kentucky 11; Louisiana 8; Maine 4; Maryland 6; Massachusetts 16; Michigan 13; Minnesota 10; Mississippi 8; Missouri 16; Montana 2; Nebraska 6; Nevada 1; New Hampshire 2; New Jersey 12; New Mexico 1; New York 43; North Carolina 10; North Dakota 3; Ohio 22; Oklahoma 8; Oregon 3; Pennsylvania 36; Rhode Island 3; South Carolina 7; South Dakota 3; Tennessee 10; Texas 18; Utah 2; Vermont 2; Virginia 10; Washington 5; West Virginia 6; Wisconsin 11; Wyoming 1, and 5 delegates from the territories as follows: Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico 1 each; Philippines 2; making a total of 440.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

QUESTION: What is the subscription price to the *Army and Navy Journal* and where can it be procured regularly?

ANSWER: The subscription price is six dollars a year and may be remitted to the Army and Navy Journal, Lenox Building, 1523 L Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

QUESTION: Did Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, called the 'King Maker,' leave any descendants?

ANSWER: Warwick bestowed one daughter on the Duke of Clarence and had an understanding that Margaret of Anjou wed her son to Anne, another daughter, upon which understanding Warwick engaged to restore the crown to Henry VI.

QUESTION: What are some of the largest dams in the United States and their locations?

ANSWER: The world's largest rock-filled dam is being constructed across the Dix River in Kentucky which it is asserted will develop more power than the famous Roosevelt Dam in Arizona. It is 1,020 feet long and 300 feet high. Dallas, Texas, has under construction an hydraulic fill dam across Elm Fork of Trinity River which will be two miles long and 80 feet high. The Belle Fourche Dam, South Dakota, is 6,493 feet long and has a maximum height of 122 feet. It is built of heavy clay and is 19 feet thick at the top and 620 feet at the base. The Gatun Dam (Canal Zone) is 7,700 feet long, 115 feet high, 100 feet wide at the top and 2,019 feet at the base. The hydraulic fill has a base 1,200 feet wide. The Calaveras Dam, an adjunct of the San Francisco water supply system, is the highest earth dam on record. It is 1,260 feet long with a maximum height of 240 feet above bed rock. The Ashokan Dam at Olive Bridge, New York, is 4,650 feet long and 252 feet high. The Keokuk (Iowa) Dam is 4,360 feet long and 53 feet high. The Wilson Dam, on the Tennessee River (Muscle Shoals), has a height of 142 feet, a length of 3,098 feet for the dam proper, and a total width of 4,900 feet.

QUESTION: What was the per capita amount of money in circulation in the United States in 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, and 1920?

ANSWER: The per capita amount of money in circulation in 1880 was $19.41; in 1890, $22.82; in 1900, $26.93; in 1910, $34.33; in 1920, $50.11.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Independent as the farmer is at present, he may soon be even more so, at least from a power standpoint. For the last year a windmill of ordinary size, connected with a generator, has been in use at the rural engineering department of the University of Nebraska. During the year there was generated a total of 730 kilowatt hours. According to Professor E. E. Brackett, head of the department, this is more than twice the amount required for everyday farm use. It is much more than the average city consumer uses in a year. It is sufficient to light the house, run the light types of machinery and still have a balance. The generator will operate in a wind of ten miles an hour. Hitherto it has been presumed that wind power is too capricious a source of supply to be depended upon. But there need not be continuous generation. Five hours' charging every two or three days will generate and store sufficient current to light an average farm establishment for two or three days.

Turning Wind Into Electricity

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A terrific explosion in the laboratory of Henry Spahlinger, a Geneva bacteriologist, scattered millions of tubercular microbes over the room. The scientist was experimenting with an emulsion of hyper-violent cultures contained in a huge flask under pressure when it let go with such force that an assistant on night duty in another building heard the report. Spahlinger was uninjured by the explosion but divested himself of garments, which he washed in a strong lysol solution. He then thoroughly fumigated the laboratory permitting no one to enter until it had been thoroughly cleansed.

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Montana proposes to make gun toting a felony. Alas, the effete open spaces.—New York *Sun*.

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Forty-five years ago 1,100 wild Indians, under the escort of a troop of United States cavalry, made their way north through what is now Montana toward the international boundary line. The morning sun gilded Mount Cleveland's peak 10,000 feet high on the left of the column. The troops milled their charges to the east of the low mountain range known as the Hudson Bay divide. The Indians were a sullen lot. They had broken from their reservation near the Belly River in what is now Southern Alberta. Swinging south into their old buffalo hunting grounds, they had crossed the line into United States territory where they pillaged and murdered hundreds of whites. An entire squadron of United States cavalry rounded them up and were now pushing them north to the border. American scouts returned with news that there was no escort to meet them at the border. This was serious, as food supplies were low and the natives in a bad humor. The cavalcade was halted as the American commander rode forward. On the line stood a lone member of the old Royal Northwest Mounted Police, his bright scarlet jacket shining like the feathers of a cardinal in the drab landscape.

'I'm It,' Said the Escort

'Where is your escort?' thundered the American commander.

'I'm it,' replied the dignified 'Peach' Davis.

Alone and practically unarmed, this Canadian took charge of 1,100 Indians smarting under their recent defeat and they followed meekly in his wake back to Belly River and the monotony of reservation life. The man who thus thrilled two nations and awed a savage horde forty-five years ago has just retired from active service in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

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You can always tell the conservative side in Central America. It's the one guarded by six U. S. marines.—Birmingham *News*.

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The writer of a letter is the owner of that letter regardless of the addressee. To the layman this sounds peculiar, but it has been a principle of law for two hundred years. The many recipients of letters from Theodore Roosevelt were surprised to learn that they must first have permission from the Roosevelt estate before they could publish them. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson refused to permit the editor of the letters of Ambassador Walter H. Page to include in the volumes any communications to the ambassador signed by the late President Wilson. This principle is part of the old English common law developed by judicial decisions. Alexander Pope, the poet, in 1741, sought to restrain the publication of letters written by him to Dean Swift and others. The Lord Chancellor continued an injunction and asserted no distinction could be drawn between these letters and books or other learned works. A series of English and American decisions has followed the Lord Chancellor's reasoning. This makes it a bit difficult in some instances. For instance in such a contribution to world history as that by Colonel House, the public was at a disadvantage in not having the Wilson letters to House at hand. Some go so far as to advocate a new development in the law to change the situation.

Letters Belong to the Writer

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A gentleman is a man who agrees with you.—*Chronicle Telegraph* of Quebec.

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Basque fishermen of France, and not Columbus or the Norsemen, discovered America, according to a well-known French writer, Leon Sazie. He claims that the fishermen in search of cod sailed far to the north and west bringing up at the Newfoundland Banks.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

A bill to protect Manhattan's night-club patrons from overzealous check-signing proclivities has been introduced into the New York legislature by Assemblyman Arthur I. Miller of Yonkers. The proposed law would make it punishable by $2,500 fine or three years' imprisonment for anyone to obtain the signature of a person whom he knows to be intoxicated, to any written instrument, such as a check. Mr. Miller introduced the bill at the behest of an aggrieved constituent who went down from Yonkers to the white light district and discovered afterward that his checks kept coming back to him for days.

Checking Up Checks in Night Clubs

The method by which the night clubs operate, according to Assemblyman Miller, is this: When a patron has imbibed too freely of such things as night clubs sell and finds himself short of ready cash, the hostess obligingly tells him the proprietor will accept his check for the amount. A check book is produced and the patron signs. But the first result is not so good. 'Better sign another,' urges the proprietor. And another and another. It is all a fine joke and the patron enters heartily into the spirit of the thing, especially when he sees the proprietor 'tearing up' the discarded checks. But later he discovers that all have gone to the bank, and his patience at learning to write has cost him hundreds of dollars.

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Let us hope that those Chinese safety zones serve the purpose better than some of our automobile variety.—Indianapolis *Star*.

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Timely remarks by a parrot saved its own life. It happened that suit was brought against a boarding house roomer, owner of the parrot, by an occupant in an adjoining room, who made the complaint that whenever he moved about his room, the parrot would shriek, 'Keep quiet, you idiot!' While the trial was in session, the parrot was brought into the courtroom, for it was its life that was at stake. The judge, starting a remark, was startled to hear in clear, bold tones, 'Keep quiet, you idiot!' whereupon the judge decided that such a courageous bird deserved some consideration and declined to grant the demand for its extermination. The parties were advised to settle the dispute out of court.

'Keep Quiet, You Idiot!'

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When a modern woman is sewing on tiny garments they're her own.—Ketchikan *Chronicle*..

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Pharaoh's people in the Land of Egypt were plagued by locusts. Now billions of the insects are destroying crops and causing serious damage in the Gujarat district of India. The insects arrived in mass formation. At one point the locust cloud was five miles long, half a mile wide and twelve feet deep. Another swarm reached the length of twenty miles.

Egypt's Plague in India

BRIEFLY TOLD

WHEN LUTHER BURBANK decided to destroy his old letters, it was discovered that he had accumulated 85,000.

WOMEN AND MONEY will be barred from a new colony which a group of young sailors have announced they will found on Santa Maria Island in the South Seas. The sailors, who own and operate their own schooner, have all been divorced, separated from ill-natured wives or disappointed in love.

EVERY CHILD WHO HAS ever been the guest of a certain New York hotel is the yearly recipient of a birthday cake from the hotel's chef. As a builder of future business, this plan, according to the hotel executives, is without parallel.

DESERTED BY THEIR MOTHER, three lion cubs, born in Oakland, California, were adopted and fed by a Spanish setter.

RATS PARKED IN A fire hose of the Schaumberg, Illinois, fire department, checked the water to such an extent that fire destroyed $40,000 worth of property.

'FOR SALE A PRISON,' is the novel advertisement displayed in Switzerland, recently, after the building had been empty for years.

THE AMERICAN QUICK LUNCH, with its high stools, flipping flapjacks, odors of 'ham an'' and shrill cries of waiters, has invaded Mexico City. Siestas are broken as the crowds flock to eat sandwiches at the new white fronts.

TREES FOUR FEET in diameter that never grow more than one foot high have been found in Africa.

OFFICE WORK IS THE vocation in which women stand the best chance of marriage, according to a recent survey.

A SOFT BED WILL build as much mental energy for the sleeper in six hours as a hard bed will in eight, is the conclusion reached by a noted psychologist.

HENRY III OF FRANCE had so great a dislike for cats that he would faint at the sight of one.

THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION of Clothing Designers and the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers agree that the American man is the best dressed.

NEAR HOUSTON, TEXAS, the bullfrogs migrating from one swamp to another caused a traffic jam.

THE GROWING OF THE modern variety of apples was introduced into England from France and Holland about four centuries ago.

IN THE UNIVERSITY of California mineral collection is a spruce cone completely changed to opal.

CHINA, THE HOME of the silkworm, is buying quantities of silk in the finished garment from America and France.

IN THE PERIOD of the Civil War, Centenary College of Louisiana was closed. All her students answered the call to arms. Every member of the senior class of '61 died on the battlefield.

THE VERB 'WALLOP' was added to the dictionary from the name of Sir John Wallop, a British soldier who inflicted some heavy defeats on the French.

SHOOTING CARIBOU from the trains in Alaska is now forbidden. The train must come to a stop before passenger hunters may fire. Heretofore trainmen shot their winter's meat on the way up and stopped to pick it up on the return trip.

SIX AMERICAN, TWO CANADIAN, three Spanish, two French, six Italian, five Belgian coins, one German mark and a street car pass between Philadelphia and Wilmington, Delaware, were found in a collection taken at St. Patrick's Catholic Church in London.

PRINCE MAELGWN GWYNEDD of North Wales, to prove the superiority of song over instrumental music, had his harpers cast their instruments into the river Conway and then swam across followed by his singers. The harps were useless after the soaking while the singers sang as before.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT, claims the United States savings record. Deposits in its single bank show an average of $7,717 for each of the 368 inhabitants of the village.

PAPER CURRENCY NOW lasts only about half as long as it did before the war. Experts say this is due mainly to oil and grease soaking into the paper money at automobile service stations.

THE ANNUAL HUNT for 'Kettlefoot,' a black bear, is again under way in the Black Mountain district of North Carolina. The bear, which hunters say weighs 600 pounds, was named from the peculiar shape of his track which resembles an old-fashioned iron kettle.

SPAIN NO LONGER has an optional siesta, this daily noonday rest being required by law under the new dictatorship.

THE UNITED STATES food bill shows an annual retail valuation of between eighteen and twenty-two billion dollars. More than 43.1 per cent of the average workingman's family budget is expended on food.

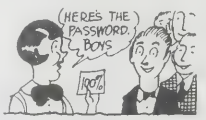
THE PEOPLE OF AZZIZIA, a desert village in Tripoli, North Africa, are forced to live in underground dwellings, reached by tunnels through the rock, in order to withstand the temperature of 136 degrees Fahrenheit.

MIRACLE PLAYS, brought to the Southwest by Spanish priests hundreds of years ago, are still given by Mexican or Indian residents of Texas and Mexico practically in their original form.

A FORMER LITERARY reviewer in London is employed by two authors to buy all their books offered at bookshop 'clearance sales.' Nothing, the authors state, is so harmful to the high-class novelist as to see his works sold at cut prices.

A TEST CONDUCTED by a French professor of agriculture showed that six hens which received a small amount of wine with their daily food produced 169 more eggs during a six-month period than six other hens given prohibition fare.

THE FINGERPRINT SYSTEM, used by the United States War Department for more than twenty years, has thoroughly demonstrated its value as a means of identification; 5,023,881 prints on file in the office constitute the largest collection of its kind in the world.



GIRL STUDENTS at William and Mary College who do not make eighty in their studies may not have 'dates' and other social privileges.

JUDGE D. B. DEEM, of Poplar Bluff, Missouri, in his thirty years as judge, has eliminated the word 'obey' from 5,285 marriage ceremonies. 'It's the bunk,' he states, 'to make people swear to do what they won't.'

A SURVEY OF VOCATIONAL preferences taken among women students of the University of Kansas showed that only seven of the 1,513 questioned wanted to be housewives.

REYKJAVIK, CAPITAL OF Iceland, will be completely heated by water from the nearby hot springs if the plans of the prime minister are carried out.

NOTED MEN HAVE BEEN known to be superstitious. Charles Dickens believed in the luck of Friday and the Earl of Balfour when in the House of Commons was often seen to 'touch wood.'

THE ISLAND OF Ste. Marguerite, where the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' made famous by Dumas, was imprisoned in 1687, may become a British winter resort, if reports of its proposed sale by the French Government are true.

MORE THAN THREE MILLION yards of surplus canvas, intended originally for army tents and wagon covers, has been turned over to post office authorities for use as mail bags.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the signs of the times.

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If Christ came to Constantinople what would He find? Would He find His professed followers models for the Moslems who ousted them in the 15th Century? W. E. (Pussyfoot) Johnson says it is very much the other way. With a few futurist strokes of his brush he presents to us a spectacular sketch of conditions today in ancient Byzantium, the former capital of Christian civilization. The cross of Constantine—'By this sign conquer'—has been dragged in the gutters of Galata, but not by the Moslems. Perhaps it is as well that they are the custodians of St. Sophia. (p. 1)

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With the sinking of the *Lusitania* there vanished that rococo figure of American philosophy, Elbert Hubbard. But his torch was not extinguished in the sea. The things he wrote were not cast to the bottom beneath a barrier of waves. They are still read in the bright sunlight. (p. 3)

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Does the present generation know just what manner of man Elbert Hubbard was? James W. Beckman, who was his confidential secretary and friend, in a series of kaleidoscopic reminiscences gives us glimpses of the sage just as he was. Hubbard was not as some of his disciples imagined and much more than many of them thought. He required not the meretricious aid of luxuriant locks and flowing tie to make him a genius. (p. 3)

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As observed by Ruggles of Red Gap, Americans when they go to Europe do not always go where you expect them to go you know. The Louvre? Perhaps. The tomb of Napoleon? Maybe. Versailles or Fontainebleu? Possibly. But one thing is sure; Montmartre and the Moulin Rouge are not also-rans in the itinerary. Homer Croy is our authority. He has been 'takin' notes,' and 'faith he's prented them.' (p. 4)

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Carlyle told the world, among other things, that it was mostly made up of fools. However, it is some consolation to know that we do not behave like imbeciles because we belong to the species, but because the grains of imbecility that lurk in the gray matter of every human being are occasionally stirred to the surface by abnormal happenings such as the return of a female channel swimmer or the last obsequies of a film star. (p. 6)

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In making the world safe for democracy have we forgotten to make domiciles safe for its saviors? Are there long ranges of leaky and insanitary hutments belonging to the war period in which our gallant defenders are huddled? Marian Bruce Clark calls them hovels and asserts that the objective of providing decent accommodation for American soldiers will not be reached during the present generation. (p. 7)

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Abyssinia is a country that we know little of, but Pavel Bouligin, a Russian official on the spot, draws aside the veil and shows us a thief hunt in the land of the Queen of Sheba, with the mysterious *levacha* as the central figure. (p. 8)

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Napoleon's dictum that an army fought on its stomach is just as true today as when he lost Waterloo, as some say, because he had a bilious attack. To say that a man 'hadn't the heart to do it' is all wrong. It should be 'he hadn't the stomach to do it.' This in times of peace applies particularly to sport stars, H. G. Salsinger tells us. (p. 12)

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The trial of President Andrew Johnson was more like a play staged as an outlet for the rancor of his enemies than a bona fide attempt to purify the White House. Tickets were issued and the privileged crowded to the show. Johnson's trial was melodramatic part of the time, farcical most of the time, and unreal all the time. J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton gives us its true perspective. (p. 14)

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Then there is the American black bear. F. J. Clifford comes to the rescue of this much maligned animal. (p. 19)

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Delphos, Kansas.

If you have copies of your issue of December 11, 1926, that you can spare please send them. *That issue* contains Dr. Barton's article on Lincoln and tells the incident of his wearing a beard. My wife, Grace Bedell Billings, was the author of the letter referred to and she is still living.

GEORGE N. BILLINGS.

Chicago, Illinois.

As per your suggestion I will say that my only complaint is that the D. I. is 'Dry' right or wrong as Decatur would say.

A. GAUTSCHI.

Badgerow Office,
Sioux City, Iowa.

Just a word of sincere appreciation for your instructive magazine, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. I read each copy carefully because it is different and takes up things the other publications neglect. The editorial policy pleases and deserves place in every home.

EGBERT M. BADGEROW.

Kansas City, Missouri.

I have just read Mr. Ford's Page on the marines landing somewhere. It stirs me so much I am writing to congratulate you. That is great stuff, particularly the part that is in the box. Those of us who travel all over the earth know that the American navy is largely used to protect Standard Oil and other great financial interests of America.

I am glad there is some magazine in America which can speak the truth on these questions.

CAMERON WILKIE.

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W. E. (PUSSYFOOT) JOHNSON is th universally known exponent of prohibition. H apostolate has taken him all over the world an repeatedly to Constantinople. Therefore he give chapter and verse for what he asserts.

JAMES W. BECKMAN, who recently fur nished some articles on courts-martial, and who a well-known champion of soldiers' rights, wa for some years private secretary to Elbert Hub bard and thus acquired an intimate knowledge o the sage and his work.

HOMER CROY is a writer who has built u a reputation on the two hemispheres. As autho of *West of the Water Tower* his powers as a story teller have been assured. He is a globe-trotte who has picked up good things as he went alon

GEORGE HENRY PARRISH, the pen nam of a well-known writer, has made himself fa miliar to our readers by his satirical essays.

MARIAN BRUCE CLARK adds one more t her former contributions on economic an governmental subjects.

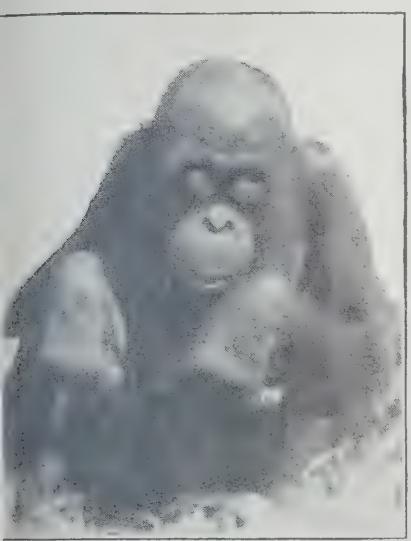
PAVEL BOULIGIN, formerly captain in th Russian Imperial Army, fled to Abyssinia durin the Bolshevist revolution. He was attached t the forces of Admiral Koltchak during the opera tions in Siberia.

H. G. SALSINGER as a sports editor of wid reputation is well qualified to give an opinion o the source of the qualities of courage and endur ance in outdoor recreations.

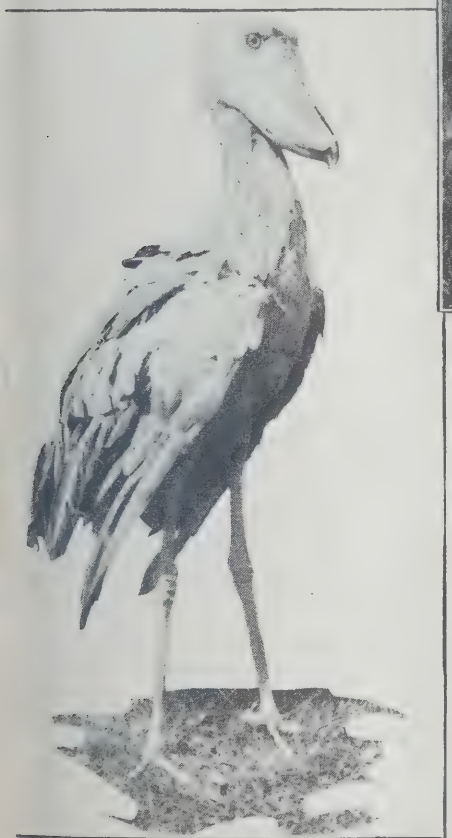
J. G. DE ROULHAC HAMILTON, professo of history and government in the University o North Carolina, is one of our greatest authoritie on what took place in the country after the Civi War.

F. J. CLIFFORD has for a considerable tim been familiar to our readers as a writer on thing western. He possesses first-hand knowledge o the creatures of the wilds, be they men or beast

'How-Do-You-Do' to A Certain Small Part of Nature's Great Family



Demureness is sometimes a cloak of deception but the appearance of the orang-outang in the accompanying illustration is not much cause for alarm. He was an inhabitant of the Eastern Archipelago.—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

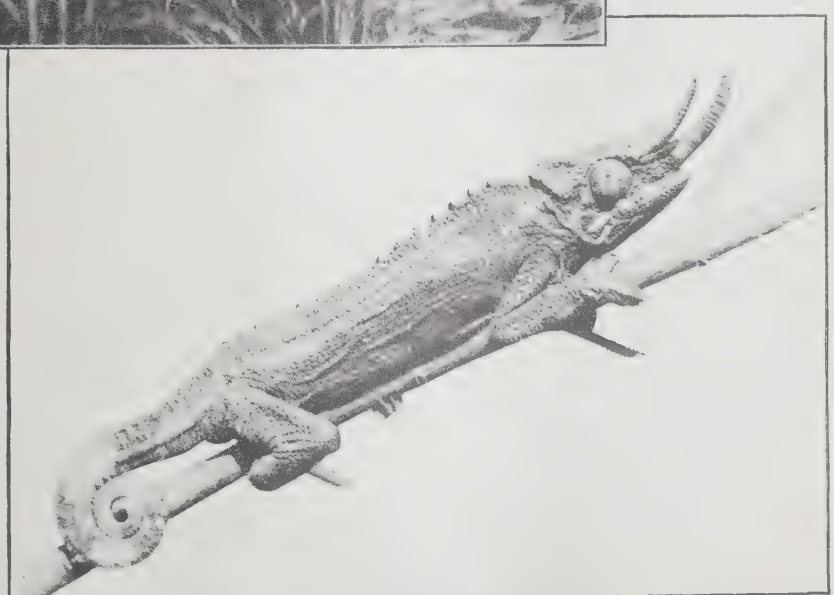


The shoebill stork comes from India. Judging by his startled eye he is evidently a bit ruffled. —*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Kingfishers in the rough that soon will soar to the care-free life of a full-grown bird. Long, stout, sharp bills and weak syndactyl feet are characteristic of this species. They are lovely birds when in full feather, and add to the charm of our creeks and rivers.
—*L. W. Brownell Photo*

Left—

'Swamp angel' is admirably fitting as a sobriquet for the snow-white egret. The plumes of this bird, which have long stiff shafts and soft loose barbs, are the aigrets of commerce.
—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*



Rhinoceros-horned chameleons are interesting at a distance. Like all chameleons, this one can change its color. —*International Newsreel.*

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THE hardest work in the world is that which accomplishes least ❧ It is natural law that the larger the result the less *must* be the work ❧ Less effort, less time, with more efficiency, gets double and treble the production of wealth for use ❧ Work should be measured not by the motions it makes but by *what it gets done* ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

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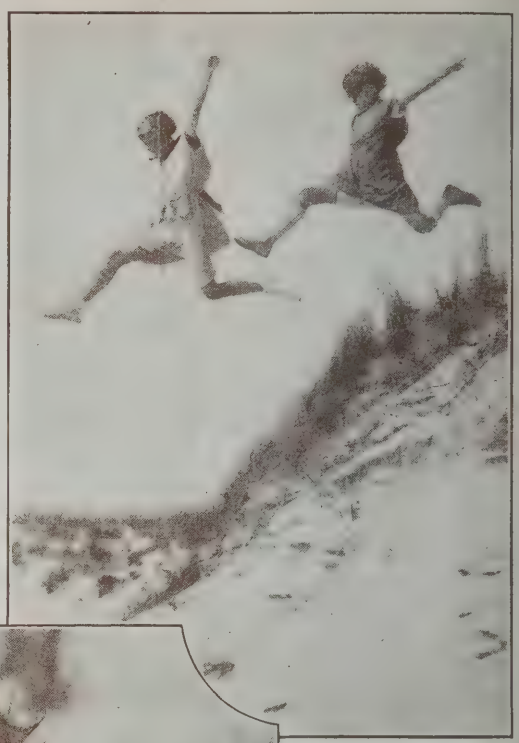
STREET SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF PARTENKIRCHEN, BAVARIA. *Painted by* IRVING R. BACON.

The Spirit of Youth

Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Mischief-makers and trouble-makers these; and oh, what a tangled web they weave, these youngsters, when they get their hands on Daddy's fishing tackle. They look the part of miniature fishermen; they are as carefree as fishermen should be.



Below—

Some like it and some don't—this eternal bath that daily confronts the well-cared-for child. Evidently this little fellow is having a good time, though it's apparent his attention is elsewhere. Clearly, his clown has been given the 'go-by' in favor of a new-found interest.

Summer skiing this sport might be termed. And what is so rare as a day in spring when youth can work off its exuberance in such wholesome play? Fearlessness, daring, grace combine in this natural jump, which looks akin to flying.

Turkey in the straw, held by overalled youth, caught by a ready camera.

Pals, shown as interested novices at the time-honored game of dish-washing. After the play-dinner, the deluge—for the dishes.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

MARCH 12
1927

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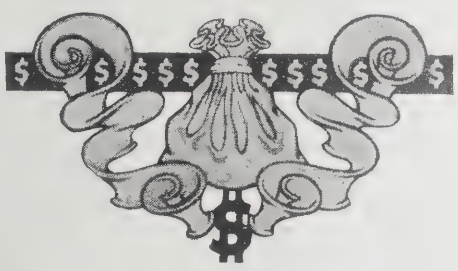
DEBT—Our Biggest National Industry

MONEY—Our Most Costly Commodity

Why Should $100 Really Cost $210? Can the Price of Money Be Decreased?

By HENRY LAKET



THE whole subject of money has long been a clouded proposition. The intent here is to draw attention to some strange features of this complex matter. I hope in the main to show that those who 'borrow' money—the purchasers of this 'commodity' so to speak—pay for it not only a great deal more than it is worth, but also pay for this stuff the highest price that is paid for any basic product in use in the world today.

MONEY, as a commodity, is the highest-priced thing in the world.

The high price of money is due solely and entirely to one factor—that it is bought and sold *only* on the installment or deferred-payment system. That is to say, money does not change hands for cash—it has practically no cash market in the strict sense; it finds its market only among those who cannot pay 'cash'; it is strictly an installment business, and consequently on top of its actual worth, its actual value, it carries an assortment of handling and intermediate charges (frequently imaginary for the most part) which makes the ultimate cost to the 'consumer' or user of money considerably higher than its real value. Money's peculiar distinction is that, purchased in this fashion, it is eagerly bought despite the fact that it never is worth even fifty per cent of what it costs.

This explains, however, why the selling of money is such a profitable business—a profit (net) of one hundred per cent is only a tyro's profit; the experts of 'finance,' through their intensive knowledge of the physiology (as it were) of money and its spore-like system of reproducing itself, do not have a feeling of contentment unless the net return is two hundred or three hundred per cent. In an age like the present one, of huge trade expansion and vast sums of credit, the operations in money are of staggering magnitude.

The interest rate which the public hears about, or which the borrower signs up for, is delusive. How reasonable to most ears is the sound of such 'low' interest rates as five, six, or seven per cent? One must comprehend what usury really means, how vermin-like is the reproductive capacity of these 'small' charges.

One must understand, in short, that money plus interest grows by geometrical progression. It multiplies so swiftly indeed that the recent international loan made to Belgium of $100,000,000 will attain the monstrous size of $523,150,000 at its maturity thirty years hence—that is the price the people of Belgium, most of them yet unborn, will pay for an 'accommodation' to them by a consortium of banks of $94,000,000—for that is the actual sum which they got and which they must repay within thirty years with an amount equal to more than 523 millions! The rate of interest, by the way, is *only* seven per cent.

Is there anything higher priced than money? Is it strange that manufacturers, industrialists, and executives at the head of fields of production find it so difficult if not impossible to lower the cost of their products or to sell them to the public at steadily diminishing prices as the volume of output grows, when it is considered that there is a first and primary charge on nearly all industries of a cumulative and geometrically increasing charge for the money they use? Is it strange that a few great industries not so cramped by the incubus of usury are able to put forth their products at a steadily decreasing cost?

The study of money is deemed by the public at large to be 'too complicated to go into.' Money is thought to have a mysterious nature, that it should be 'left to experts' and to 'financiers.' *The fundamental question of what constitutes the real worth of money when bought and sold is almost never raised.* Apparently it is one of the most urgent problems before us today as individuals and as citizens, still it is one of the least seriously inquired into by those who pay the price. General public knowledge of this subject might mean a public saving in the future of possibly one-half of what it now costs to make public loans, besides preventing to some extent the further encroachments on human rights now being daily consummated. It is a situation which contains some gross features. Information about the 'physiology' of money alone will show some facts which ought to be more generally known; solutions will suggest themselves when the subject is better understood. Knowledge is power!

It is not intended here to treat the subject in its manifold phases or as an abstruse economic problem rivaling in

abstraction those of Euclid, but merely to look into a single phase which is interesting enough in itself, that is to say, '*Why* should money be the highest-priced thing in the world, the peak-price commodity, and this no matter who buys it, individuals, states or nations?'

THE late case of the Belgian loan has been cited as an example of the swollen figure which money may take on. Dealing in lesser sums and at varying interest rates it may be stated, in a nutshell, that the price of $20 in the open market *averages* at $57.68! When bought of course as it always must be, on a deferred-payment plan. The price of this $20 in fact ranges between $42.08, the low figure (at four per cent), and $76.32, the high ordinary level (at eight per cent). The figure stated above as an *average* or $57.68 is at the rate of six per cent, which it will be conceded is a normal level; money seldom costs less than this, and more often is higher.

For purposes of illustration the figures given here are based on twenty-year bonds using rates of four to eight per cent. It may thus be shown for instance that $100 costs the borrower $210.40 for this period, at four per cent. This includes the resultant loss of interest to the borrower—that is to say it is a gain of the lender—on the *annual payments of the regular interest.* On this basis a loan of $100 costs, at six per cent, in twenty years, $288.40 when the same mode of calculating is used; and so on upward to an eight-per-cent loan of $100 (not an unusual charge), the price the borrower pays being $381.60. But how many people take thought of this?

AND whenever there is a discount from the face value of the loan or bond issue—as was the case with the loan to Belgium, from the par value of which was deducted $6,000,000—or where a 'bonus' is paid to obtain a loan—or when, as is common in second-mortgage practice, the borrower frequently suffers a twenty-per-cent deduction from the face value—this entails a further cost to him, and through certain necessary sequences of compoundings the price which he pays is greatly increased over even the enormous figures already cited. But for the sake of simplifying, these minute further details are not introduced into the calculations appearing here. In other words, the prices given are to be considered as the minimum—money may cost the borrower anything more, but in all probability never less.

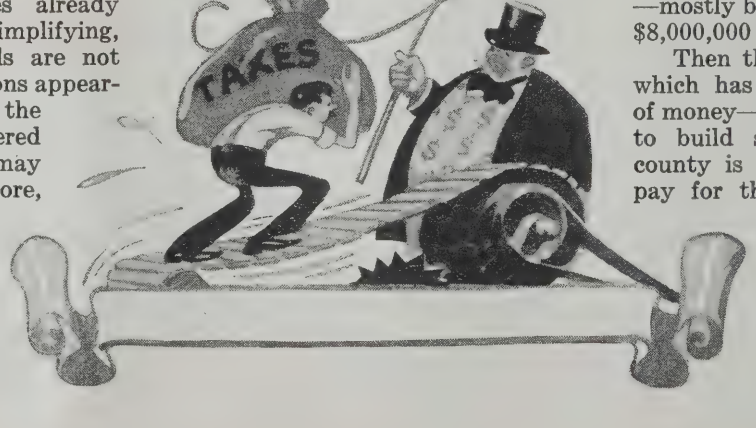
It becomes evident, then, that every business which goes into the market for money, and every individual or municipality or county or school district, every road commission, every state government, all of these, have paid and are now paying and must continue to pay through the years to come, for the roads and schools and drainage systems, waterworks, street paving, and court-houses and public buildings, for their levees and dikes—everything that has been built on money obtained by bond issues—more than the richest can afford to pay, so much more, indeed, that they cannot much longer go on at the present rate of their obligations. To continue means ultimately that the people of such communities must, as the terse French put it, 'pay through the nose.'

For it is easy to calculate on sure disaster when it is seen that this money, for which our local political subdivisions are indebted in *billions* of dollars, must be repaid at the rate of practically $288.40 on public bonds and at the rate of $333.10 on private loans for every $100 that was borrowed.

CERTAINLY a system so costly should justify some inquiry into its parts. An investigation of this kind is pertinent to the best interests of the public, and may be productive of results highly profitable to those who 'buy' money. By learning some of the niceties of usury, a method may be devised whereby money might be 'bought' at much lower prices—before borrowing money one should *borrow some of the wisdom of the lenders.* The present discussion is part of an effort to swing open one of the secret doors—only one!—in Bluebeard's house of usury—that there may be seen the bodies of past and dead civilizations and what killed them . . .

A certain public bridge project is to cost $2,000,000, which is obtained by the usual method, a bond issue, in this case at what is called a fairly *low* rate, five per cent. That bridge will cost in the twenty years which the issue is to run, exclusive of maintenance, $4,950,000. That is the sum which the public, the taxpayers served by this utility, must repay for the $2,000,000 now borrowed.

A large public utility corporation



lately decided to issue bonds f $8,000,000, on top of its existing bonde indebtedness. There was no dissentin voice raised, by stockholders, th public (which comprises the custome who must eventually pay), the loc press or the state regulatory com mission which passes on all such pr posals.

THIS sum of money in twenty yea will attain the swollen dimensions $23,000,000. This is the sum which th company must take out of earnin and profits, out of stockholders' share out of its customers' pockets—merel to pay for an $8,000,000 loan. Is strange then that power and light rat cannot well be reduced, the price gas lowered, or transit fares reduce despite a volume of demand multiplie several fold? At times it would see as if those in control of great corpor tions, industries and utilities, were direct conspiracy with the mone interests to make such periodical bo rowings, repeated in innumerable i stances all over the country, purely the interests of the controlling banker for each such loan means stupendou profits to those who supply the fund It would seem that some public utiliti and corporations were established an conducted for this special purpose their main object; and to thus pla battledore and shuttlecock with th money furnished them by their mar thousands of stockholders and co tributed freely by the public; and tha *running a public utility* or *an indust was a side line,* something incidental the real business of giving opportuniti to the money powers to draw the lif blood out of the enormous funds of th public which are or ought to be co sidered in the nature of a trust fund.

BUT, as in the case of the great com pany in question, the proposed additio to its debt, this mortgaging of i stockholder's property, this bleeding a utility belonging to the publi called forth no word in objectio Nothing was said by people or press because as a matter of fact it is doubtf if either has caught any hint of th peculiar sin involved in this bit finance, common to modern time whereby $23,000,000 is to be paid ou —mostly by the public—for the presen $8,000,000 issue.

Then there is the case of a count which has recently 'bought' $200,00 of money—by issuing bonds of course to build some rural schools. Th county is actually obligating itself t pay for this sum of money—on th installment plan—a tota price exceeding $500,00 It behooves somebody, should think, to rise an ask, 'How come?' But o the contrary the peopl voted (*Continued on page 2*

The Backstage Story *of the* MARION TALLEY *Drama*

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A LITTLE curly-haired, eleven-year-old girl sang seven years ago at the City Club in Kansas City. Her name was Marion Talley. She received two ollars for singing her song, and ran all ie way home with it clutched in her st; bolting into the house she cried, ook, mother, what I've got! Look hat I've got!' And both mother and aughter wept and laughed over that vo dollars.

Last spring this same girl, now neteen years of age, sang to two apacity audiences at Convention Hall Kansas City, these two concerts etting her more than $20,000, more an half of which was given as a fund educate promising singers. And ven after crowding six thousand ersons on two successive evenings to Convention Hall, thousands were rned away.

Between the two events which iese two paragraphs picture, some-ing had happened. Most of it appened, so to speak, 'backstage.' Vhat has happened on the stage of Iarion Talley's life in those seven ears has been a matter of newspaper ories, but I wished to know what ad been going on 'backstage.'

To get the story, I interviewed age hands, scene shifters, property ien, chaperons, staid Kansas City usiness men, Marion Talley's first usic teachers, and the men and omen who first recognized her genius.

I have tried to set the story down st as it happened. I had read and eard so much that was impossible and ntrue about this girl that I had be-ome suspicious of the whole affair. fter I had come to Kansas City and ad heard her sing, I knew that the cts themselves were enough; that ie simple 'backstage' story was stranger an fiction, and more alluring than ny *Sleeping Beauty*, *Alice in Wonder-nd*, or *Cinderella* of the imagination.

I had just arrived in Kansas City. had no favorites on which to bet and o ax to grind. I was merely a curious eporter trying to ascertain facts.

These were the things I wanted to now:

Was she a real singer of the Jenny ind type, a phenomenal find?

Was it a circus-exploiting scheme hat got her where she was?

Was she as simple and childlike as the newspaper accounts pictured her?

What was the real inside story of her sudden spurt to fame?

On November 3, 1922, Marion Talley went to New York City, and before leaving she wanted to say good-by to all her mid-western friends. The Kansas City *Star* over its radio gave her the chance. On her way to the depot to catch her train, she stopped at the *Star* office and this is what she said:

'Dear Home Folks, I am both glad and sorry that I am going away from you. Glad of the chance you have given me to go, but sorry to leave the place I love. Will you keep a place for me in your hearts until I return to sing for you again?

'Before I go, I want to sing a song for all of my friends.'

Then she sang 'The Kiss' and 'Home Sweet Home.'

I HAVE talked with many people who heard those two songs. There were tears that night, and love, from thousands of hearts as the child singer went East out of the prairies to sing the songs she had learned from the wide reaches of her native heath.

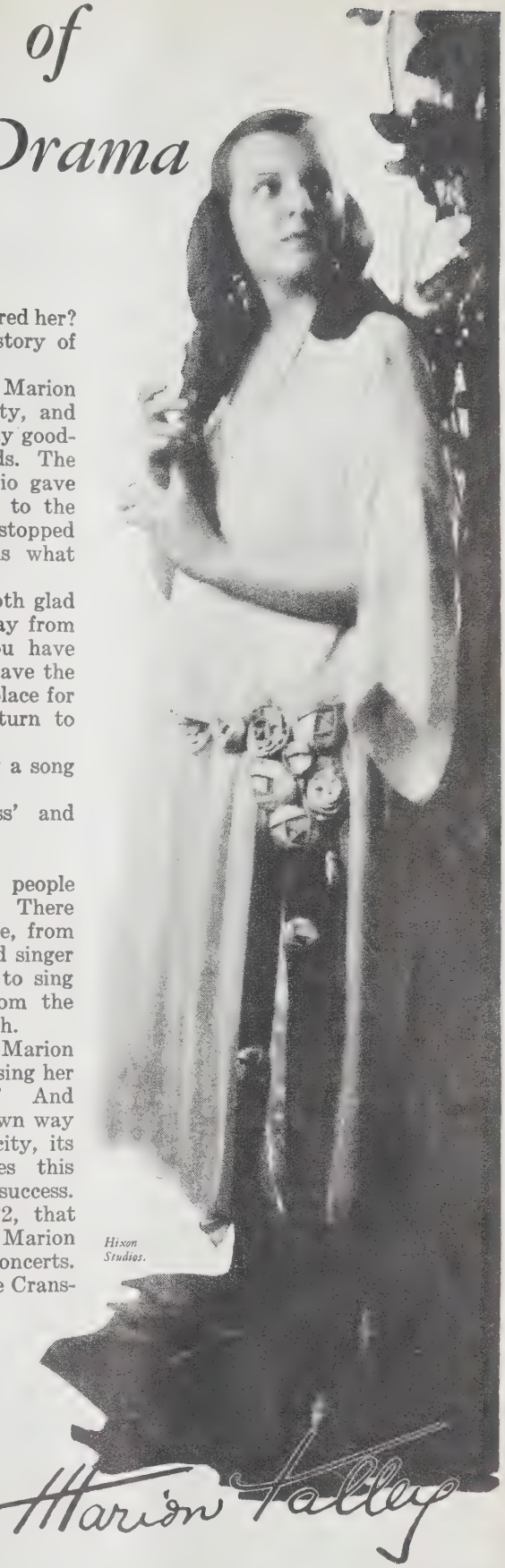
That farewell sums up Marion Talley. She was a little girl kissing her friends goodby in 'The Kiss.' And 'Home Sweet Home' was her own way of saying farewell. Its simplicity, its sincerity, its affection, makes this farewell a symbol of her success.

It was back in May, 1922, that Kansas City first heard of Marion Talley. She sang in church concerts. She was 'taking lessons from the Cranstons,' as Kansas City people say, for the Cranston School of Music is one of the institutions of this mid-western city. The Cranstons each year run a series of grand operas in the spring. Marion sang that year in *Mignon*.

Blanche Ledderman, a correspondent for *Musical America*, said to Mrs. Minna K. Powell, musical editor of the Kansas City *Star*, 'We have a little girl whom we think is unusual.'

When Mrs. Powell heard Marion sing, she too felt that the girl was a genius. But it was the production of *Mignon* by the Cranstons which awakened all Kansas City to the fact that the Midwest had produced another Jenny Lind.

A short time after this debut in *Mignon*, J. A. Harzfeld, a Kansas City lawyer who has always been interested in promoting things (*Continued on page 24*)



Hixon Studios.

MORALITY *That Was* First Military

Army Commanders *Long Ago Discovered* Principles *Now Claimed by* Pacifists

By CAPT. ELBRIDGE COLBY

JUST out of civil life a young lieutenant in the army was taking a course of study in a garrison school, designed to acquaint him with the rules of land warfare and the restrictions imposed on forces in the field as to the means and methods of waging war. As he conned the little cloth-covered book issued by the military authorities, he was perplexed.

'Why!' said he, 'this thing is all in our favor. It tells how the nations have agreed to things that work out all right for us.'

That is the first impression he obtained from the beginning pages of the document, pages devoted to the rights of belligerents and the special privileges accorded them. A soldier in the army is a belligerent. A Red Cross nurse, a newspaper correspondent properly accredited, a welfare worker, a militiaman in uniform and belonging to an organization, even massed citizens properly called out for spontaneous defense—these are all entitled to the privilege of being taken prisoners of war.

It was a military practice to forbid pillage before it got into any of the law books or was nicely written out on treaty parchment by diplomats.

It is a game, a contest, for which you must be eligible, like the high school lad who can play on the team. They have the right to be taken prisoner—instead of being shot as spies or hanged as free-lance snipers. Take the German aviators who came down in Russian fields, after Russia had threatened to hang as spies all reconnoitering plane drivers caught in their territory. Those aviators wore uniforms, and were entitled to be held as prisoners of war, to be fed and housed and clothed, and to draw pay after the fracas was over.

Now suppose you were playing a football game against a rival college. Would it not be to your advantage, also, to know that your enemies would be all in the same color of uniform, and that no one would be active on the field in civilian clothes? The referee is dressed in other togs. You'll not mistake him for an end, swinging at an angle across the gridiron to take a forward pass deep in your territory. So the insistence upon the rights of belligerents and the duty of belligerents to wear the uniform and to be properly accredited representatives of their side actually accrue to the advantage of the fighters. They make the game plain and easier to play according to the rules.

However, the young lieutenant had another surprise in store for him. He read how you should cripple the enemy by every means in your power—but you should not poison his wells, or violate his flag of truce. He read further how you might levy contributions or make requisitions for food or forage—but you should not let your troops pillage. Shades of those who 'fought the war for souvenirs'!

But the real truth of the matter is that the restrictions on pillage are actually beneficial to the soldiers on campaign. From time immemorial the best troops have been those that did not pillage for private gain. Even in ancient days, when private property was seized for the benefit of the conquering state, the Romans insisted that all 'booty' be turned in to a common hoard, which was converted into cash and thus equally distributed, part to the state and part to the troopers.

The vast majority of the laws of war, and especially that one which forbids private pillage, prevent the anger of the moment from leading troops into excesses, the unrestrained exercise of which would interfere with the strength of the army as a unit. Take General Grant's first battle, that at Belmont, November 7, 1861, where after capturing the Confederate camp, the Union troops were so busy seizing 'souvenirs' that they became completely disorganized and had to run helter-skelter to their boats when a few enemy reënforcements came up.

Take an incident of Andrew Jackson's campaign against the Creek Indians, when Colonel Caller and Mississippi volunteers conquered the redskins at Burntcorn Creek July 27, 1813, and then got so muddled up looting the strong hold and appropriating the best horses that the same Creeks were able to organize again and hand eventual defeat to the broken ranks of the raw militia.

An army is powerful only while it is under the control of its commanders. Pillage by one's own men may sever that control as effectively as overwhelming enemy force. It is sound military sense to say, as does Admiral Rodgers of these rules: 'Toward one's own organized forces, these restrictives promote discipline and efficiency.'

In countrysides that are the scenes of military operations, both friendly and hostile inhabitants are constantly in fear. Property is often deserted. People are impressed with the vigor and compelling power of armed men. Pillage seems easy. But the fact remains that those in authority desire to suppress it. They have a sense of military responsibility. They realize the necessity for discipline. They know they must keep their commands in hand at all times. They actively enforce within their own commands the international rules of warfare regarding pillage. Their reasons for

doing so are not idealistic nor sentimental. They have probably forgotten all about such-and-such a 'convention' signed by this power and that and adhered to by these and those. Their reasons are practical and military. The habit of looting, once commenced, disrupts units and disturbs orderly procedure toward the essential end—the correct and efficient conduct of military operations.

Back in the 18th Century, that great French publicist Vattel remarked that officers extend themselves to suppress pillage and looting; and his remarks have been frequently quoted. But we all know the internationalists have condemned such ever since the sack of Magdeburg. That is well known. But is the attitude of the troop commanders so well known? Does it come with as much of a surprise to the casual person as it did to the young lieutenant learning the truth for the first time from a military angle?

A lieutenant general of the British army in 1744 drew up a course of standing rules for the redcoats in which he said: 'Strict orders must be given to forbid all straggling, marauding or plundering the Country, on Pain of the severest *corporal punishment;* or if that will not do, even of Death.' In the same year, the regulations for the Prussian infantry said: 'Officers commanding parties sent to villages for straw must take all possible care to prevent the men from plundering, or quitting their posts; they must also, according to directions already given, bring them all back to camp.'

A MILITARY manual written by an officer and published in Dublin in 1756 under the title *The Cadet,* being instructions to new subalterns, declared: 'You must not permit your Soldiers to break their Ranks or Order, to run after Cattle or Plunder of any Kind, as perhaps it may be a Scheme of the Enemy to entice your Men to disperse themselves and so become an easy Conquest.'

There are countless instances of such instructions issued to field forces in general, and to specific troops in particular. It was a military need, this establishment of the ban on pillage. It prevented unnecessary waste of the country on which the army might have to live, and it kept the troops under good control at all times. It was a military practice to forbid pillage before it got into any of the law books, or was nicely written out on treaty parchment by diplomats around polished conference tables.

In 1863, the United States issued its famous 'General Order Number One Hundred' which consisted of instructions for the conduct of its armed forces in the field, and which has become the model for similar later models and instructions. In 1907 The Hague agreements banned pillage and got the nations of the world to issue like instructions to their armies. The ban against pillage existed first as a military rule. Then by custom and agreement, it became a part of international law. Its purpose was not, and is not, humanitarian, but simply utilitarian. Witness the words of Braxton Bragg entering Tennessee on July 21, 1862:

> Commanders especially and officers of all grades are earnestly called on to enforce discipline, secure good order, and prevent straggling. No delays must occur by the wayside from tardiness on the part of troops. The high reputation this army has made for itself must not be sacrificed for petty personal gratifications; its efficiency must be preserved in order that it may strike the enemy effectively and decisively.

It is so easy and so patriotic to believe that American troops are always perfect, and always have been perfect, that we must realize the truth perhaps with a bit of a shock when we find ourselves at fault. It is a fact that Americans have been at fault in this regard. The fact is, too, that American armies have been largely citizen armies. When Shafter took the Fifth Corps to Santiago in 1898, with only three regiments of volunteers and twenty-four regiments of regulars, it was practically the only time in our history that our standing army was in the majority in the field force. On almost all other occasions, in expeditions of any magnitude, there have been a vast number of relatively untrained and only partially disciplined volunteers.

For the observance of rules, troops must be highly disciplined as were those British troops who marched into Washington in 1814, did the specific damage to governmental offices for which they came, and marched out. With raw soldiers it is impossible not to find among them large numbers of 'souvenir hunters.' Rules are bound to be broken, the rules of war as well as the minor military rules of ordinary discipline. Consequently we can find many instances of misbehaviour on this score in the history of American armed forces.

INDEED, if you will turn back in your history books to the days of the American Revolution, and get detailed accounts, you will find instances of infractions of this sort at the very beginning of our national life. In July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed. It recited the misdeeds of a British king and the oppressions practised on inhabitants by his troops. And yet, only three months later, General Washington in September of the same year was found writing the following:

> Of late a practice prevails of the most alarming nature, and which will, if it cannot be checked, prove fatal both to the country and the army. I mean the infamous practice of plundering . . . I have with some others used my utmost endeavors to stop this horrid practice, but under the present lust after plunder, and want of laws to punish offenders, I might as well attempt to move Mt. Atlas. I have ordered instant corporal punishment upon every man who passes our lines, or is seen, with plunder, that the offenders may be punished for disobedience of orders; and I enclose to you the proceedings of a court-martial held upon an officer, who with a party of men had robbed a house a little beyond our lines of a number of valuable goods; among which (to show that nothing escaped) were four large pier looking-glasses, women's clothes, and other articles which one could think would be of no earthly use to him. He was met by a Major of Brigade, who ordered him to return the goods, as taken contrary to orders; which he not only refused to do, but drew up his party and swore he would defend them at the hazard of his life; on which I ordered him to be arrested and tried for plundering, disobedience of orders, and mutiny. For the result I refer to the proceedings of the court, whose judgment appeared so exceedingly extraordinary that I ordered a reconsideration of the matter; upon which and with the assistance of fresh evidence, they made a shift to cashier him.

And there were still others among these excellent forefathers of the present-day patriots who misbehaved in the same way. On August 20, 1780, General Nathaniel Green wrote to Washington as follows:

> There have been committed some of the most horrible acts of plunder by some of the Pennsylvania Line that have disgraced the American arms during the war. The instances of plunder and violence are equal to anything committed by the Hessians.
>
> Two soldiers were taken that were out upon the business, both of which fired upon the inhabitants to prevent their giving intelligence. I think it would be a good effect to hang one of these fellows in the face of the troops, without the form of a trial. It is absolutely necessary to give a check to the licentious spirit, which increases amazingly. The impudence of the soldiers is intolerable. A party plundered a house yesterday in sight of a number of officers, and even threatened the officers if they offered to interfere. It is the opinion of most of the officers that it is absolutely necessary for the good of the service that one of these fellows should be made an example of, and if your Excellency will give permission, I will have one hung up this afternoon when the army are ready to march by.

The same day, the Commander-in-Chief replied to Greene:

'I entirely approve of the prompt punishment which you propose to have inflicted upon the culprits in question.'

We have, not the phrases of a French writer on international law, not merely the suggestions of European commanders, but the acts and example of that staunch and strong general, who became our first President, to indicate that it is the desire of the military man, not the things in the books, a soldierly purpose, not a simple humane sentiment, which should be understood as the real reason why plunder and pillage are suppressed in efficient and well-handled armies, the Prussians carrying clocks out of Alsace in 1871 to the contrary notwithstanding.

Where the People of the BRITISH ISLES Came From

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN
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IN PREHISTORIC times while the now British Isles were still a part of the mainland of Europe, much of Europe was peopled by mankind. The parts of the continent where life was most easily sustained were first inhabited. The skulls of those first Europeans were long, the forehead low and retreating, the bones thick and heavy, and, together with the bestial jaw, they tell the story that their possessors were very primitive types of man. Their stone weapons and utensils, many of which have been discovered, were so crude that some scientists believe their users had neither the mentality nor the manual dexterity purposely to shape them. They appear to have been picked up for use as Nature shaped them in her tool shop of torrential streams and crushing weight of heaving rocks. Some of them became better shaped in being used.

It may have been 250,000 years ago when the first inhabitants lived their lonely life in what is now Britain. Those crude men increased in numbers. The glowing coals of intelligence grew warmer during the passing millenniums until the people reached that stage of stone culture where they shaped implements for definite uses.

Gradually the surging bordering waters cut a pathway through the soft chalk lands; the white cliffs of Dover stood asunder from those of Calais, and the British Isles were separated from the mainland.

Much later, somewhere to the east of the Mediterranean Sea, a human nest sent swarm after swarm of restless sons and daughters along both the north and south coasts of the Mediterranean. Those along the south shore are still survived by their descendants, the Berbers of North Africa. Some of those along the north shore passed westward across Spain, France and the Lowlands. Probably it was about 10,000 years ago that they crossed the English Channel. They were long-headed men, white but undoubtedly of the darker type. They passed everywhere over the British Isles. They were greatly superior to the men they conquered there, because, though their weapons were still made of stone, they had domestic animals and agriculture, so that their food supply was relatively abundant and safe.

The exodus of peoples to the British Isles through the centuries.

These people were of the Mediterranean race and are known as Iberians. They gave their name to Spain and Portugal, as the Iberian Peninsula. Today they are represented by the small dark individuals among the Spanish, French, Welsh, Irish, and Scottish. So persistent have their physical characteristics been, that many people have noted the likeness between the darker inhabitants of Spain and Ireland. John Hay, in his *Castilian Days*, says of the peasants in Spain: 'You can see these same faces at Donny-brook Fair. These large-mouthed, short-nosed, rosy-cheeked peasant girls are called Dolores and Catalina but they might be called Bridget and Kathleen.'

FOR 3,000 or 4,000 years, like a moat surrounding a medieval castle, the encircling seas protected the British Isles from further conquest. Then the first great Celtic invasion deluged the shores, swept over the lands, and subdued the natives—as tidal waves devastate a lowland. The Celts were a part of the Alpine race, who had poured westward over what is now Germany, Holland, Belgium and Northern France. Some remained on the Continent. The southern Belgians or Walloons and the Bretons of France are at base Celtic, with certain Germanic blood. Those Celts, the Gauls, were tall, broad-headed men with fair skin and hair, and probably gray eyes. They were followed to Great Britain in later years by other Celts, the Brythons—who fixed their name on the British Isles.

Those blond Celtic tribes intermarried with the dark-skinned natives, and the amalgamation seems to have produced, among others, the red-haired type of Irish in Southern Ireland. The tools and weapons of the Celts were of bronze instead of stone. The invaders were superior to the islanders in body, mind, weapons, and the methods of warfare. Again for 3,000 or 4,000 years the insular position of Great Britain was a barrier against invasion and an obstacle against retreat.

The heathen Vikings were called 'Wolves of the Sea.'

In time every distinct environment shapes and claims its own sons and daughters. Its own it favors, or, rather, those it favors become its own. Until fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, without a new invasion from the Continent, Great Britain selected from among those born to her only those who obeyed her. Hard the remnants of those four distinctive peoples

The Germanic tribes swarmed across the English Channel, spread everywhere over the British Isles and conquered most of the area.

ressed each other. Harder and with ss pity, however, the environment ressed them all.

Then Caesar came. In the year 5 B. C. he found the Britishers tend- ıg flocks, growing grain, dwelling in illages, governed by kings, buying and elling with coins of gold, fighting from ıtrenchments and forts, and cutting own their enemies with scythes slash- ıg from revolving chariot wheels. 'here were story-tellers and musicians, eligious priests (the Druids) who held xed forms of worship, and there were ıur chief sacred days—out of which ave grown our May Day, Midsummer ve, Hallowe'en and New Year's Day.

AT THE end of 465 years from aesar's first arrival in Britain, the omans withdrew, though they left ıuch of Roman blood and Roman cul- ıre. They were not driven out, but were alled away. The Romans are the only eople who have ever retreated from ıe Islands. All others who went there ave been absorbed. Always the ıother environment searched for her ue sons and daughters among her tters. Those she licked, not gently, ıto shape. Others she nosed aside, or ashed across the throat. Her own she andled roughly, though she fed them bundantly.

Forty-nine years after the Romans etired, the first wave of the eventual ıundation by pure Teutonic tribes ıpped the southeast coast of England. ıbout 400 B. C. navigators from the hen civilized world upon the Medi- erranean had sailed along the northern eas, and reported the existence of a new race of barbarians between the Vistula and the Rhine. These peoples are known to history as the Germanic tribes. The typical member of the Germanic race has always been fair of skin, with blue eyes and light hair. He is tall and has a dolichocephalic or long head.

From those blond giants of the north a prolific race sprang. It early overflowed its Baltic Sea nest and planted colonies broadcast. Horde after horde of dauntless warriors plunged southward across the Alps and pressed in fierce barbaric fury upon the then center of the world's culture, Rome, which they conquered in 445. By 476 Genseric, the Germanic Vandal, was acknowledged lord of the whole western Mediterranean Sea.

The Germanic tribes swarmed also across the English Channel, spread everywhere over the British Isles and conquered most of the area. They fixed the name of one of their dominant tribes upon England, as Angleland, and fixed the dual name of their two strongest tribes on the resulting people, the Anglo-Saxons.

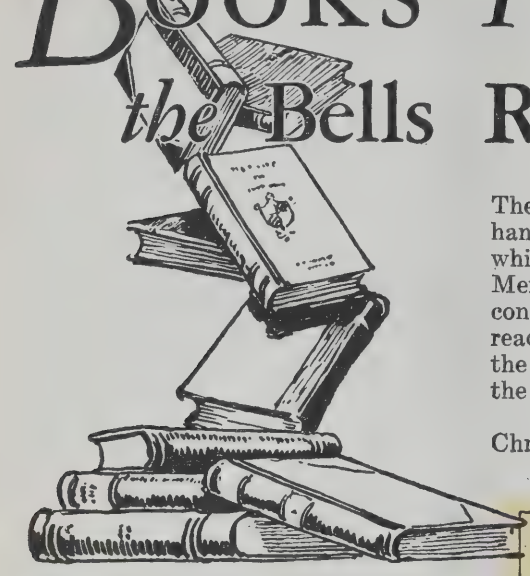
The Jutes are said to be the first of those Germanic tribes to come to England in 449. They came from what is still called Jutland, the northern part of the peninsula of Denmark. Within thirty years the first of their cousins, the Angles, came. They also came from the Danish peninsula, from what is now Schleswig-Holstein. A district of Schleswig still retains the name 'Angeln' or 'Engleland.'

Within twelve years more the first of the Saxons arrived. They came from the northern part of Germany, near the foot of the Danish peninsula. In England they slipped in south of the Angles and spread up west of them. They were so dominant that Freeman says: 'Wessex (founded in 519 by Cedric, the West Saxon) has grown into England, England into Great Britain, Great Britain into the United Kingdom, and the United Kingdom into the British Empire.' Every prince who has ruled Britain before and since the 11th Century has blood of Cedric, that West Saxon, in his veins.

FOR 350 years following 449 the Teutonic Anglo-Saxons flowed over Britain and conquered it. By the year 600 they controlled substantially all of Britain east of what is now the Cornish peninsula and Wales. The remainder of the British Isles was peopled by the earlier Iberian-Celtic Britishers. The dominant light-skinned conquerors with their war clubs hammered this darker Britisher into submission or his grave, or drove him, sullen and unconquered, into the back mountain land. There, as Irish, Welsh, and Scottish, with a more or less unconquered spirit, he has throughout history waged a war by sword or protest against those dominant tribesmen whose force has fixed the name of 'Anglo-Saxon' for 1,500 years on the sons of Britain, no matter where in the broad world they have settled by conquest.

As always, the glaring eyes of the mother, Environment, watched her broods of young. Her harsh tongue still ruthlessly rasped (*Continued on page 29*)

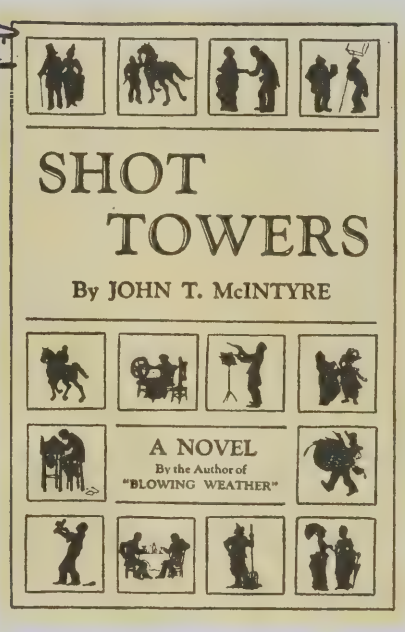
Books That Start the Bells Ringing



WHEN I find a book that starts the bells ringing in me, I like to pass it on. Particularly when it is a book of which I hear little or nothing from the regular reviewers. I am neither a book reviewer nor a critic. If the whole damning truth must come out, I am merely one of that multitude who know what they like. I am a reader—always a hopeful reader in spite of the mountains of printed chaff through which I have waded. When I find a real book, it is an event in my life. And I am pretty lucky in finding such a book every little while, because I go hunting for it. Some of my luck I like modestly to recall to myself. I found Archibald Marshall before William Lyon Phelps did. But, unlike William Lyon Phelps, I did not know it was a find. I simply got hold of Marshall one day—his *The Greatest of These*—which I think is still the greatest of Marshall's—and I had devoured the books that had preceded it—a lot of them—when to my great joy, Professor Phelps began to tell America about Marshall. I think there lurked in me a tendency to despise the printed judgments of most critics previous to that time, but now that I note in them a growing agreement with many of my own private and timid judgments upon books, their aspect has become more pleasant.

It is great excitement to discover a writer who has been going on a long time under cover, producing many works unnoticed, because then you can go back and gorge yourself on the new flavor, gain in one unbroken orgy of reading a complete view of the author's mind—its formation, how it grew. Happy the reader, for example, who comes upon Leonard Merrick, as I did. It was *Conrad in Quest of His Youth*—and there were twelve other volumes waiting to tell me the mind of Merrick. The wealthy supply was already on hand to satisfy the imperious demand which my desires made for more of Merrick. I wish more writers could contrive to have at least a dozen books ready for immediate consumption when the thirteenth reveals their quality to the world.

I wished it particularly just after Christmas. You know, I buy the books



which I read. They are not sent to me by kind publishers. I go among the bookstores. If more people who know what books are coming from the presses would go to the bookstores, it would greatly increase the booksellers' information and probably educate their judgment. Which is perhaps an unkind remark in view of what I am about to relate.

Rummaging through the apoplectic mass of colored-cover 'blurbs'—Chinese devils that really belie many a good book—I saw a yellow wrapper, which in turn concealed a well-bound volume of 414 pages, published by Stokes, and I noticed that the price was two dollars and fifty cents. Well, it is too much for many books sold at the price, but not too much for a good book. I'm for book readers being book buyers, and I am glad we are becoming educated to pay fair prices for good books.

Whatever it was, *Shot Towers* made an appeal to me. Maybe it was the weather that blew out upon me from the first page—'It was Saturday night in the winter weather, and the snow was falling; a prowling, bitter wind was in the streets; drifts were piling against dormer windows, chimney stacks were turning into slim, high towers . . . Sleighs had appeared in the afternoon; they were light and strong with swift lines; their gleaming runners curved upward, and recurved into the gilded necks and heads of swans. The horses blew jets of steam from their nostrils; the people behind them wore fur caps and were wrapped in rugs and buffalo robes . . . The portals of taverns swung cheerily; game hung from hooks by the doorposts —grouse, rabbits, turkeys partly stripped of their burnished feathers; small pigs hung by the heels, each with an apple in its mouth.' I looked in at the market sheds, I followed Mrs. Carey in to buy her Sunday joint. That was page three. I said, 'I'll take this.' And that night I found a man who could write, and who had a story to tell. I found strength, knowledge, atmosphere, power, charm, reticence that interpreted more than blatant unreserve can ever do—I found *Shot Towers* a novel I could recommend to all my friends and give copies of to the most dissimilar people assured that it could not possibly go wrong. There is weather in all its moods, true weather that wafts its several gales of odors; there are deep tangled human motives, characters that do not live merely in the book but are seen livingly through the book as through a strong clear glass—so many characters, quickly and intimately known—in short, the elements of life are in a story that, like a personality, leaves its flavor where it passes.

I wish I knew a real critic well enough to take the book to him and say, 'Here is a book that has greatly impressed me. Will not you evaluate it, analyze it for me?' We take flowers to our botanical friends to have them tell us what they are, and rocks to our geological friends—I wish it were possible to take books in the same way to the genuine critics. It is important to me to know why I was impressed by *Shot Towers*, and I think it is important to know how to estimate the promise of John T. McIntyre's gift, so that we may rightly gauge our expectations from him for the future.

I had never heard of him before. I had hoped that, like Marshall and Merrick, I should find a whole shelf of things he had done. But I found only one, and that in the Grosset and Dunlap reprint series; *Blowing Weather*—seventy-five cents, I think—a story of (Continued on page 22)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

More About the Signs of the Times

LAST week this Page gave a few general remarks on the signs of the times. These signs exist, they are legible, they are guideposts by which the observant may know the road. Nature gives previous notice of coming changes; the roots of the tree have news of Spring by a subtle wireless before less sensitive observers are aware. Human nature also, by invisible writing, notifies all of growth and change; the innermost personality of men has its own delicate wireless which gives advance information, but its voice is usually drowned out by noisier surface notes. Human society also has its system of signs, in politics and economics, all of which can be clearly read by those who look for them.

If we knew these signs in ordinary things, just the common daily affairs, it would be of much benefit. An engine gives signs of needed care, and so does the body. If we fuel the motor in the wrong way, the performance of the engines quickly notifies us; the same is true of the fueling of the body. Directly a wrong course is entered upon, signals begin to wave, and if our perception is what it ought to be, we see these signals; if our wisdom is what it ought to be, we act upon them.

The affairs of our people in general would be greatly benefited if our business men were better readers of the signs of the times. *To be a business man is to assume the responsibility of economic leadership.* Read that again, please, and consider it. When a man undertakes a business in his community, he virtually says: 'I am taking upon myself part of the direction of your economic life, just as the physician takes upon himself part of the direction of your health, and the schoolmaster part of the direction of your children, and the minister of religion part of the direction of your attitude toward spiritual realities.'

Now, if the physician acted upon the principle of urging upon his people every medical vagary, if the schoolmaster supplied the frivolities more than the necessities, if the clergyman were to make confusion, extravagance and irresponsibility the end of his business, everyone would feel that these men were debasing their professions. It is exactly the same when the business man does these things. He has more opportunity to do harm than anyone else, because his contact with the people is constant, while that of the others is occasional.

> *BUSINESS men do not think of themselves as leaders of social movements, but they are. Not a single system of business exists, good or bad, but has been taught to the people by business men. They have more influence on society than politicians, schoolmasters or clergymen, because their contact is constant and their influence unavoidable. Every bad habit of unthrift and debt is taught the people by their business guides. This leadership should turn round and head in the opposite direction. Business men should be readers of the signs of the times to warn the people to wise action and safe building on sound foundations.*

It is, therefore, part of the business man's duty to his community to read the signs of the times that he may be a good and helpful leader of his people in their economic interests. He has no more right to mislead them, to lure them into wrong practices, than has the clergyman.

As it is, however, local business men are the agents on whom the inventors of wrong economic practices depend for their popularization and spread. No wrong economic practice, no disastrous system of doing business could possibly get a foothold except through the local business man.

There is no question at all that so-called 'periods of extravagance' on the part of the people originate outside the people; they originate in the minds of those who wish to speed up the people's spending of their earnings. There is no dangerous business practice in existence today that was not deliberately taught to the people, forced upon the people, by men who had no thought of the general social benefit.

If the people find themselves buried in debt, with every dollar of the pay envelope mortgaged for some 'installment,' it is because they have been taught it by business men. Teaching and leading the people to *invest* wisely, to begin getting things that make their lives more productive of real values, is one thing. Teaching them to forget their natural abhorrence of debt, leading them to forgo their independence by working for a small army of installment collectors, is quite another thing. If the careful, thrifty, constructive attitude of the average family toward their economic responsibilities and possibilities has been lowered, it is the result of systematic education by a certain type of business system.

Now, when these things begin to appear and to flourish, the wise man sees a sign of coming danger and prepares for it. Systems wrongly based cannot succeed, they must fail, and the colossal extent of everything we do here in America brings the failure earlier and makes it harder than it would otherwise be. The self-limited business can weather any gale, but vast edifices built on a gamble in the people's extravagance collapse at once.

People who can see the signs of the times begin their own reformation. Those who are in places of leadership lend their good counsel. If the signs are observed in time, the situation is saved, and we have gained some experience which will prevent a repetition of the mistake.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Sauce for the Gander?

THE McNary-Haugen Bill was vetoed. It requires no genius to understand the reasons for it. But if the McNary-Haugen Bill, why not also the McFadden Bank Bill? Why does one interest get turned down, while another interest wins out? Why, of two interests which are strong enough to get through the House and the Senate, is only one strong enough to have a chance of 'getting by' the White House—and that one the bankers!

Taking the problem at its basic values, there can be no doubt that any method of creating an artificial prosperity for one class, is doomed to fail. And any system that tries to maintain an *artificial poverty* for one class, is equally doomed to fail. We believe that the McNary-Haugen Bill was supported because its sponsors promised that it would create prosperity for the farmer. So did Aaron Sapiro with his unworkable coöperative scheme. The fact that this Bill would not give prosperity to the farmers was known to most of those who voted for it—it doesn't reach as far as the farmer—it doesn't touch the core of the trouble. The President is a farmer and knows that.

The nation as a whole believes the principle that no class can be made prosperous by law at the expense of another class—it is wrong—it is futile—it is the worst kind of politics. Seen in the glass *held up to the farmers* all this is perfectly clear.

Why is it not equally clear in the mirror held up to the bankers?

Here is a private government concession, heavily subsidized by many privileges, charging for its commodity the highest rate that any commodity is sold for, a towering super-control in business and politics—here is this thing, coming in the plenitude of its power to ask for still *more* privileges, still *more* ascendancy over industry, still *more* control of business, and the extension of all these perpetually—

Is it any wonder that supporters of the McNary-Haugen Bill wonder how the McFadden people did it?

Is it any wonder that opponents of the McNary-Haugen Bill wonder where the consistency comes in?

Why is not sauce for the McFadden goose also sauce for the McNary-Haugen gander?

Is It Matrimony?

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY of Denver condemns present-day marriage ideas as inadequate and declares that America must legalize some form of 'trial marriage' to combat this state of things.

It is not present-day marriage but the 'contracting parties' who prove inadequate by regarding marriage too lightly. With a large number of couples, matrimony is regarded as a joke, an occasion for throwing about showers of rice and old shoes, a bond which two lawyers, or even one, moderately compensated, can easily break.

Apparently few persons know what the word 'matrimony' means. It is of Latin derivation and means 'motherhood.' Unfortunately motherhood is at a discount with many who enter wedlock in these very 'modern' times.

Marriage is truly a sacrament, and is felt to be such by those who are truly married, not in the exclusively ecclesiastical sense only, but because its influence, its obligations, its purpose have a truly sacramental significance for life.

Madame's Cigaret

THE woman cigaret smoker got away to a rather bad start in the advertisements. Those who know what is on foot have scrutinized recent cigaret ads with unusual interest. Not long ago the smoking scenes of the advertisements portrayed men only. It probably will remain that way in the domain of pipe-smoking ads. But in cigaret ads the women have been edging closer and closer to the smoke. Nice dainty young things are seen praising the aroma or delicately lighting 'his' fag. Advertising generals have been slowly advancing to the time when they dare print on the billboards and in the newspapers full-fledged appeals to women to smoke, with nifty pictures of women smokers. It makes an interesting study in the way the professionals think that the American mind works, or can be worked.

Then came the first smash—Madame Schumann-Heink was quoted far and wide as recommending a cheap but popular cigaret because, as she is reported to have said, 'they are kind to my throat.' It seemed for once that Madame had made a false note. We have not quite reached the point in our emancipation where men recommend cigarets to boys or women to girls. But it all cleared up nicely when we read in the newspaper that *Madame denied the testimonial* or whatever it was.

Back Yards

WITH the passing of the spring thaws the average back yard presents an appearance highly undesirable. The snow beneath the shrubbery is no longer white as it was early in winter. A drab, gray, greasy soot has stained its pristine whiteness. Much fog is in the air. Voices are plainly heard many blocks away. The racing of a motor roars out across from the neighbor's garage, punctuated by the sharp report of the backfire. Near the alley fence is an indiscriminate accumulation of everything a householder discards in winter. Faint tinges of green show through the dirt. Here is a discarded doll, a Christmas toy once wound with a key and operated by a spring, now broken, rusted, and full of ice. The neighbor's dog has made the base of the lilac bush a cache for his bones. A

wooden clothespin, a dingy golf ball, a mousetrap and an empty medicine bottle huddle disconsolately together under the back gate. The sooner the back yard accumulation is done away with the sooner will it be safe for the children to play in the open. Disease germs lurk in the sodden remains of wadded papers, pasteboard boxes and tin cans. Fire and the ragman make the back yard safe for all.

Saving the Presidency

IN THE main the country likes a conservative President. At times, Presidents have seemed to be radicals, but when analyzed they are seen to have been conservatives with vision added, or with action added. Sometimes the admixture of a little activity with conservatism gives the impression that a man is a progressive. Sometimes the admixture of mere self-protective prudence stirs a man to keep step with his generation, and thereby achieve a reputation for energy and insight.

So, if the secret wish of the nation were disclosed as regards the sort of President it would like to have, the lineaments would run something like this: a conservative man with enough mental activity to maintain motion, and regulated speed to prevent his falling too far behind or bounding too far in front of the people. A conservative-progressive; a man with courage and caution; a man who can both look and leap, but in their proper order; a President and not a politician.

Turning back the pages of this paper we came upon pleas—it seems a long time ago—written for the eye of a President of the United States, begging him to disentangle himself from the forces which were surely wrapping him about. The pleas were unheeded. Presidents fall into these nets from various motives—from motives of friendship, or because of weakness, or from motives of self-protection. A President may think he owes something to his friends. They are not his friends if they lead him to think so. A President taking office is like a man assuming matrimony—forsaking all others he shall cleave unto the service of his country, and of her only, as long as his office shall last. The President's only friend, master, judge, is the Nation. A President may be convinced that, alone, he will fail; that the men surrounding him are necessary to the strength of his administration; he may know them to be representative of forces which oppress the people and live for business and gain alone, but he may justify himself with the belief that these men have great capacity for service to the country and, besides, they tell him what to do in fields where he is ignorant. This is understandable. It has occurred in this country time and again, and with every occurrence *the Presidency has sunk down a degree* in public estimation. The Presidency as an office shines with glory only in those periods when Presidents make bold to be Presidents, and not mere nominal heads of cabinets.

So it is curious to think that the next plea to be raised to Presidents in this country may be a plea to *save the Presidency*. And the only way this can be done is by the incumbent of that office being the President. The federal form of government is being challenged in many of our municipalities where the Mayor is being superseded by the Commission. The change came because Mayors ceased to be Mayors. When Presidents cease to be Presidents the Constitution is nullified as otherwise it could never be. When a citizen refuses to let a Negro vote, or when a citizen violates the 18th Amendment, the Constitution is disregarded and disobeyed and dishonored. But when *a President refuses to be President* the whole Constitution lies drained of life. It is a mighty serious matter.

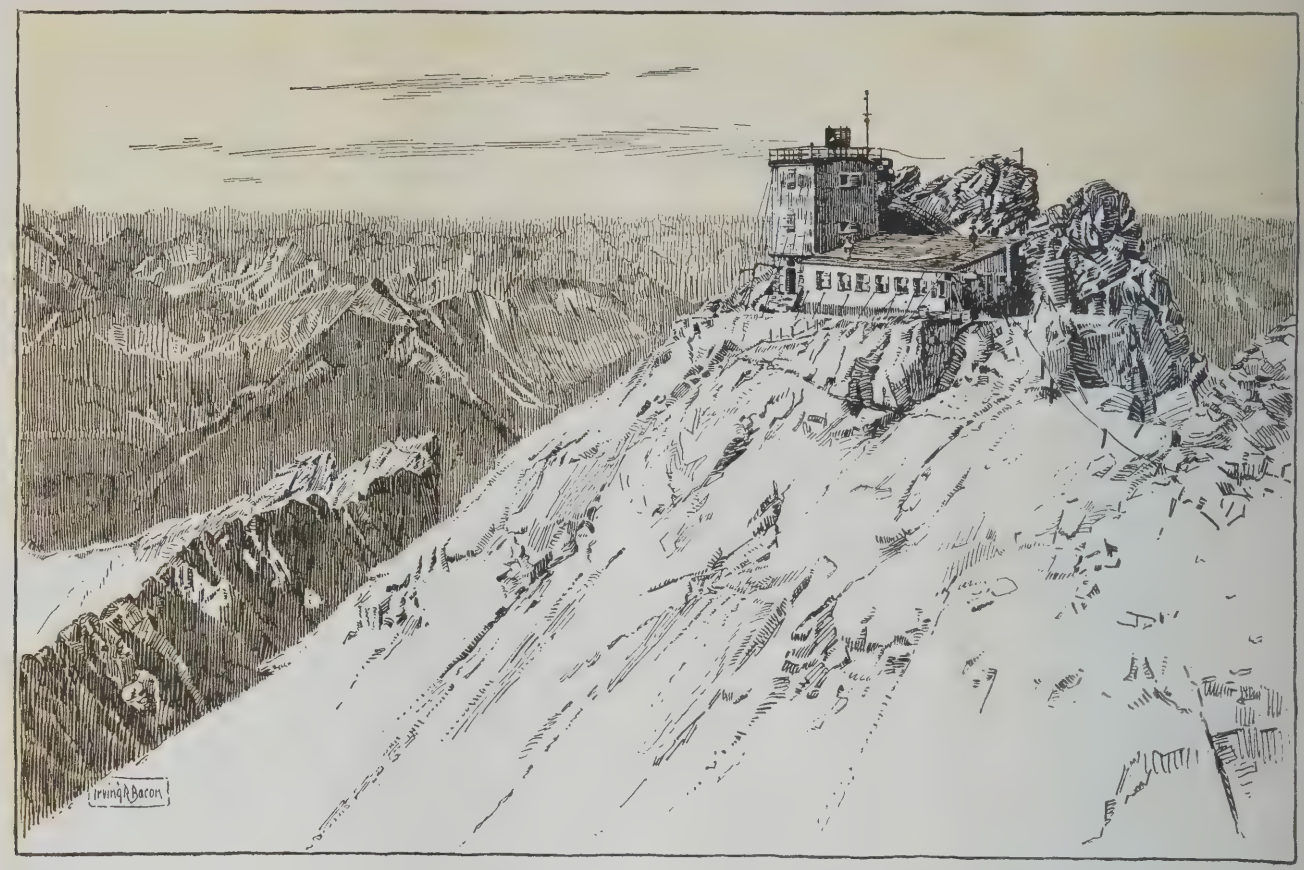
Again, Chicago

CHICAGO invites analysis through the nomination of 'Big Bill' Thompson as Republican candidate for mayor. In the face of such problems as lawlessness, municipal reorganization, traction and clean government, Thompson based his campaign on George V of England. 'I want to make the King of England keep his blasted snout out of America,' he shouted from various platforms. Just where the royal proboscis has been protruded in this country, he does not explain. But perhaps no explanation is needed from one with his war record. In addition he promised not to interfere with saloons and not to arrest 'decent citizens for minor infractions of the dry laws'; and he approved a wide-open town. Chicago Republicans nominated him with a vote of almost two to one over his nearest opponent. What this indicates as to 'Chicago Republicans' is a question. Does 'Big Bill' typify Chicago? Does he typify Republicans? For eight years, from 1915 to 1923, he held the office of mayor and in turn astounded and vexed the country at large by his actions. But apparently these actions were satisfactory to Chicagoans, or at least to a majority of Chicago Republicans. The Democrats have nominated able Mayor Dever, whose administration has been as constructive as any in the past generation. The Nation would do well to withhold final judgment on Chicago until after the election in April.

27,000,000 Pupils

THE miserable attempt of misleading newspapers to create the impression that a 'wave' of imitative suicide exists among the school pupils of the United States, is on a par with the fake stories that started the nation talking about the 'poison needle,' which did not exist. Journalistic irresponsibility is reaching a height in this country which will certainly precipitate a reaction which will surprise it. No class is so little informed of the tendencies that are working beneath the surface of American life as are the daily journalists. The day's 'accident' measures the extent of their knowledge. But there are forces at work which, in Dr. Little's expressive phrase, are likely at any moment to send us tumbling straight back to realities. And these forces will not take their rise nor be guided nor even influenced by the press, when they ripen into action.

It is worth knowing that there are 27,389,170 students of every variety, and 1,000,000 teachers, in the schools of the United States, most of whom, it is reasonable to infer, are not yet affected by the 'suicide wave.'



The meteorological station and 'Munchener Haus' surmounting the peak of the Zugspitze.

Skiing *in the* Bavarian *Alps*

By IRVING R. BACON

Illustrated by the AUTHOR

ON A clear day, in Munich, capital of Bavaria, one will notice, far to the southward, the blue ridges of mountains banked up across the horizon. Down among these mountains, and quite close to the Austrian border, where the valley widens out in a sort of amphitheater at the confluence of the Loisach with the Partnach, are two picturesque villages. Garmisch, with its quaint, frescoed houses, lies well out on the flat center of the valley; but Partenkirchen clings to the mountainside a few kilometers to the east.

This beautiful region has long been the playground of the German people. During the winter, the *Sportzplatz* on *Kochel Berg* presents an animated scene of ski-jumping, skating and coasting, and in the summer, inns, famous for good dinners, tempt the visitor.

Farther up, in the more inaccessible parts of the mountains, are located *Alpenverein* cabins for the shelter and comfort of this society's adventurous members, each of whom is provided with a key, for inside are stove, fuel, bunks, blankets, mattresses and cooking utensils.

The greatest lure, for tourists in this region, however, is the scaling of the Zugspitze, lofty and steep, and providing so many thrills that those who have conquered this noble mountain are justly proud of the fact. All summer long it is besieged by mountain climbers who spend the night on its peak in the *Munchener Haus*, where good food and drinks may be procured, and beds for fifty-five persons. As an added attraction, there is also the great meteorological station in the form of a tower in charge of a government attendant.

In December of the year 1914, when the trails were snowed over and the Zugspitze cut off from the world for the remainder of the winter, there still remained on its forbidding summit one Dr. Zinstler, keeper of the meteorological station. Here he remained, buffeted by the bitter gales, through the long winter months, busying himself with delicate recording instruments and telephoning daily weather reports that his country might be informed of changes and impending storms.

As spring approached, this man yearned to look upon a human face again; he craved fresh meat, and, more than anything else, the privilege of reading the back numbers of the newspapers to learn what had been happening in that great tragedy, the World War. But Dr. Zinstler was not forgotten, for he had many friends, one of whom, Professor Zintmeister, of Munich, had organized a small party, including Dr. Jaeger, Herr Multerer, and myself, for the purpose of reaching Dr. Zinstler as soon as the weather would permit.

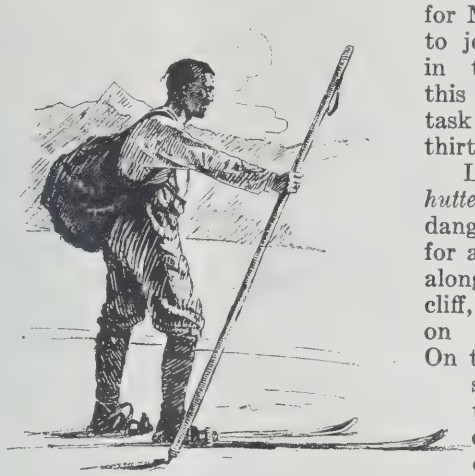
On the morning of April 4, 1915, we met at Kainsenbad, equipped with skis, three days' provisions, vacuum bottles, cooking utensils, alcohol stove and cameras, besides twenty rolls of newspapers. Including skis and clothing, my load amounted to about seventy pounds.

Our first climb was through the dangerous Partnachklamm where the footway, a narrow ledge cut in the face of the cliff, was so covered with smooth ice that we crawled on all fours over the worst places. Giant icicles and tons of ice had formed on the heights above the river that rushes through this chasm. Crossing the bridge at the fork of the Partnach, we followed up the right branch of the river until we came to Rheinthallerbauernhof, five or six kilometers distant, where we stopped for lunch and rest.

We became so overheated packing our heavy loads that Multerer, Jaegar and I peeled off our clothing down to our undershirts, while Zintmeister

stripped to the skin above the waist. In this manner we proceeded on our skis, following a well-defined trail of snowshoes and skis through the forest and along the brink of a chasm until we came to another cabin.

Here the scenery was charming. Great wads of snow balanced on the tops of the small firs and bulged over the boulders in the stream in fantastic fashion.



Dr. Zinstler of the meteorological station.

Soon ahead of us loomed the upper *Rheinthal*, that ominous narrow valley, hemmed in by menacing mountains from the towering heights of which avalanches of snow roar down without warning, carrying with them everything in their path and ending in grotesque formations of incredible depth, intermingled with dirt and rocks and trees.

It was rough and precarious going, climbing over twelve of these giant obstacles. On getting past the last avalanche, Zintmeister went ahead to make a fire in the *Angenhutte*.

As we watched him climb, in serpentine fashion, the steep mountainside or *Hang*, behind which lay the cabin, Jaeger remarked what a strong chap he was and that he owed his physique to marrying young and going to bed early. Jaeger, who was slender, possessed plenty of endurance himself, for it was he who initiated me into this exhilarating sport of ski touring.

Before reaching the cabin, we passed a large inn, closed for the winter, which in summertime becomes so popular that it takes on the aspects of a beer garden.

At the *Angenhutte*, which was almost buried in snow, we found two men; one a strapping young *Jaeger* in Alpine costume who was about to depart for the Zugspitze. His shoes becoming too tight on the way up, he took them off and reached here barefoot. Fortunately he found a wooden-soled pair in the cabin, and putting these on without socks and with bare knees, he started off on snowshoes. It was nearly five o'clock and he had agreed to deliver his load of meat to the Zugspitze that night, then return to Partenkirchen and catch the morning train for Munich, where he was to join the army at two in the afternoon. For this seemingly impossible task he was to receive thirty-five marks.

Leaving the *Angenhutte* behind, we passed a dangerous *Hang*, famous for avalanches, then skied along a ridge under a cliff, past which we skirted on a precipitous drop. On this narrow margin of snow that hung at a threatening angle, we experienced a difficult climb. We now encountered skiers and people afoot descending. A man and girl, who had discarded their snowshoes, were sinking to the hips at each step; and then a skier paused with a grin to inform us that the worst was still ahead. But we climbed on higher and higher, until we entered the clouds and, later, a snowstorm.

Zintmeister and I now forged ahead, passing the young *Jaeger* who had taken off his snowshoes and was floundering up the steep mountainside with his load of meat. It was almost dark when we reached the *Knoorhutte*, evidently a large double building, but so buried in snow that only a portion of the front stuck out. The only means of entrance was through a second-story window, for the door was completely covered. Feeling our way downstairs, a crack of light was discovered.

PUSHING open the door, we found a dimly lighted room, crammed full of people. From the ceiling, above the stove, hung clusters of shoes, stockings, mittens, ski-fells and leggings, filling the room with vapor. It was a weird scene, comparable to a crowded ship cabin or a lumber-camp interior. Most of the faces visible, which were terribly sunburned and smeared with grease, glowed an unbelievable red in the yellow lamplight. These people had removed their coats and shoes and were wearing *Pantoffeln*—felt toe slippers, provided by the cabin. Some were cooking at the stove, others eating, and many lounging around puffing on short pipes. Although the air was thick and stuffy, its warmth was very acceptable.

After making room to dump our *Rucksacks* and putting away our skis in the hall racks, we busied ourselves cooking steak and melting snow for tea. By the time Jaeger and Multerer showed up, supper was ready; but instead of sitting down to it, on seeing the crowd, my companions all deserted me to search for blankets and bunks. Bunk or no bunk, I refused to desert that fine, juicy beefsteak.

When it was time to retire, we made our way by candlelight to the cold, damp room set aside for sleeping quarters. The double-decker bunks were built with head toward the inner wall. Kicking off my wet shoes, I rolled up in two blankets to shiver through a sleepless night.

Our party was the first up in the morning. As soon as it was light, we discovered that the mountains were enveloped in clouds and a snowstorm was raging. Such conditions made the trip to the Zugspitze impossible. We dried our shoes and clothing and waxed our skis. When the snow stopped, we started for the Sneefernerkopf, the finest ski mountain in the

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany.

More than five hundred cosmeticians practise various rites and ceremonies for thirty-odd million Americans.

PAID—*A* Billion Dollars *for* BEAUTY

Sleuths *of* Science *Still on the* Trail *of* Elixir *of* Youth

By EDNA M. COLMAN

THE beauty craze like an epidemic has swept the land and created a billion-dollar industry, for Uncle Sam's sons and daughters are determined to be beautiful at any price.

Although the human family has pursued the search for beauty and youth since the beginning of time, the quest has never been so universal, so determined, so thorough in all details, nor so costly as in the last decade. In that period beauty culture has developed from a minor adjunct to barber shops and hairdressing establishments to a first place in the business world with more than five hundred thousand men and women cosmeticians practising its various rites and ceremonies to meet the demand of thirty-odd million Americans who cheerfully pay a fee of six million dollars daily.

The craze for youthful attractions finds recruits from every age and class. Threescore and ten, in a steadily increasing procession, forgo the traditional chimney-corner ease to enlist in the crusade for rejuvenation.

Men and women of middle age vie with one another in orgies of massage and the uncertainties of hair dye and endure agonies of facial surgery, diet and exercise, in their desperate struggle to prevent Father Time scoring up their years with his telltale age symbols on faces and forms.

The gay little flapper and the blasé young sheik, with their buoyant youth shrieking a challenge to age and a tolerant, admiring world, despite their possession of the choicest gifts of the gods, spend large portions of their pay checks for garish artificial tints of skin and hair and acquire a tawdry glitter and polish that satisfies their desire to be in accord with the modes of the hour.

It is, of course, conceded that American women far outnumbered the men in the lavish expenditure of money and time before short hair became the fashion, but with 'bobs' and 're-bobs' running into and exceeding $300,000,000 yearly, making the barber beauticians rival the bootleggers in their profits, the men had small chance to even up the expense score in behalf of the restoration and preservation of their manly charms without reverting to the elaborate dress of the Elizabethan period with its costly wigs and ruffles. However, last year it is estimated that the men of the United States spent more than $750,000,000 in the barber shops where a large portion of this money went for hair tonics and dyes, which proves that they too have succumbed to the lure of the beauty cult.

During 1925 the devotees of the youth and beauty quest demanded the production of lotions, creams, rouges, powders, tonics, et cetera, to the amount of $141,488,000. When the toiletries of foreign make and those manufactured in the privacy of the home bathroom are added, the magnitude of the entire cosmetic bill runs beyond the point of lucid calculation.

Of the domestic manufacture, the Department of Commerce recently gave the following summary for the year 1925 and the information that the increase in the last two years has been at the rate of nineteen per cent:

Creams, rouges, et cetera	$ 34,178,000
Dentifrices	25,496,000
Talcum and other toilet powders	21,423,000
Perfumery and toilet waters	20,544,000
Hair tonics	9,480,000
Hair dyes	1,616,000
Other cosmetics and toilet preparations	20,694,000
Perfumery, cosmetics and toilet preparations not reported by class or kind	8,037,000
Total	$141,468,000

With about eight thousand varieties of cosmetics now in use and more being concocted daily, a year's census of permanent waves totaling $150,000,000, and an annual sale of 25,000,000 boxes of rouge and 60,000,000 packages or boxes of powder, no one will dispute that America is rapidly outdoing all races and ages in her toilet-table extravagances.

When it is remembered that America spends $57,950,000 for her yearly supply of toys and sporting goods, $24,000,000 for the fountain pen and approximately $314,009,000 for its billion and a half pounds of imported coffee, the size of the collective beauty bill assumes impressive figures in dollars and cents.

So universal has become the effort

to obliterate blemishes of nature and ravages of time that beauty culture has been established as a profession. Several states have decreed that at least six months of study covering 720 hours must be the minimum education for the applicant to qualify for a permit or license as a beautician. Of these Illinois has issued more than fifteen thousand. Other states have favored the introduction of a course of instruction in beauty culture as an addition to their vocational training for girls in the public schools. All such recognition of the 'beauty shoppe' and its operators, most of whom now have to pay a license fee, has promoted the cult to a growing and lucrative industry.

Mothers, to be quite successful, should be taken for sisters of their daughters.

The struggle to obtain more youthful appearance is not wholly due to vanity. In many cases women who continue in business through middle life, and women who find themselves obliged to seek wage-earning positions after youth has left them, claim that it is necessary to conceal as many traces of their real age as possible in order to hold their positions. Gray locks must be dyed, bobbed and permanently marceled, and sagged and wrinkled flesh lifted, so that the woman of fifty may not look above forty, if that, and mothers, to be quite successful according to the present-day standard, should be taken for the sisters of their daughters.

Gertrude Atherton, Galli-Curci, Mary Garden, Dr. Copeland, Walter Camp, Susanna Cocroft, and scores of other prophets of health-and-beauty culture, are doing their best to teach the world's aging men and women the same old story, in a new way—the story of generations bound to the wheel of ceaseless effort to stay the ruthless hand of time from branding faces and forms with its disfiguring signs.

The fashionable beauty specialist of today, enshrined in his elaborate and exotic laboratory, is not the votary of a new art, but only the modern disciple of one of the oldest cults of ancient times.

Invention and modern progress in science have aided him in a degree that has given him a vast advantage over his professional progenitor of the Middle Ages.

Now, the clever dermatologists are artists in theory and practice. They may alter the skin garment of the matron—fat, forty plus, and would-be fair—to the specifications of the slender maid of twenty, while the ample 'extra stouts' may be pruned, perspired, and provisioned systematically until they attain a 'perfect thirty-six.' Many and devious are the roads of discomfort the weary patient must traverse. Much of this 'reduction' may be done by simple tailoring methods. With knife and scissors, the skilled surgeon lifts out folds, flaps and overlaps of unlovely fat and with his delicate needle takes tucks and pleats in the offending physiognomy. He may even make seams (not always afterward invisible) in the necks and faces of his willing victims, to meet their great desire for Time's unwelcome traces to be obliterated. While the surgeon transforms too abundant curves into lines by a combination of all processes, his knife and scissors cannot restore the youthful tints and sparkle to faded eyes that have looked deep into the wells of experience, nor can they wipe away the marks of weary sophistication from the soul.

The miracle workers in surgery but prove again that there is nothing really new under the sun, since just as there were telephones and water works in Rome in Nero's day, so various processes of rejuvenation were practised long before the birth of Christ.

The expert surgeon of today may slip unawares upon the hapless goats and monkeys and summarily rob them of sections of their anatomy, after the method so comprehensively described by Mrs. Atherton, and while he transfers them to mortals whose purses match their desires, he is merely demonstrating in a new way the old idea that was prevalent and in practice in China and India for the nobility twenty centuries ago.

Although the learned men of ancient Egypt had a surprising knowledge of medicine and the human anatomy, the gland method of restoring youthful energy to the aging was not practised by them, or if it was, it was a royal secret not yet disclosed in the translations of their tablets, papyri, or the hieroglyphics in their pyramids and tombs.

The first alchemists chose as the goal toward which their earliest labors were directed the concoction of a medicine which should be a panacea for all the ills of the flesh. This was to produce universal and perpetual health, which in turn would insure perpetual youth.

Failing after countless efforts to discover a chemical which would by dosing induce unfailing health, the energies of the ancient (*Continued on page 23*)

Illustrated by
BETTY
JANE
KIDD

Beauty's power stands forth in every age.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN As an Abolitionist

By ALICE MAC FARLAND

IT WAS in the early days of his partnership with Hugh Meredith, at the 'new Printing Office near the Market,' that Benjamin Franklin first manifested his interest in the subject of slavery—an interest which endured throughout his entire life, and with which his last official act and his final contribution to literature were directly concerned.

The printing of forty pages of a Quaker history was obtained for the new firm through the influence of Joseph Breitnal, an engraver and a member of the Junto, that club which Franklin formed and to which he alludes as 'the best school of philosophy, morality and politics that then existed in the provinces.' As the sum agreed upon for doing this work was very small, Franklin set himself the task of printing one page a day, and often kept the lights of the printing office aglow as late as eleven o'clock at night, having met with interruptions throughout the day in the form of 'little jobbs' brought in by other friends. People had begun to contrast 'the industry of that Franklin' with the shiftlessness of Meredith, who went reeling about the streets of Philadelphia, never completely sober, and often very thoroughly drunk.

ONE of the 'little jobbs' which interrupted the progress of the Quaker history was a treatise on the evils of slave keeping, called 'A Brief Examination of the Practise of the Times,' by Ralph Sandiford, one of the pioneers of the workers against slavery in America. It was dangerous, at that time, to express any criticism of the practice of slaveholding, and Franklin, with a worldly wisdom which even at the age of twenty-two characterized his actions, withheld his name from the title-page of the book, the author assuming all responsibility. A few days after its appearance, a copy fell into the hands of the chief magistrate of the province, who threatened the author with prosecution if he continued to circulate it; but the conviction of justice overruling fear, Sandiford continued to spread his doctrine, and distributed copies of the book gratuitously, wherever he thought it would be read. It went into a second edition.

Wedgwood Cameo.

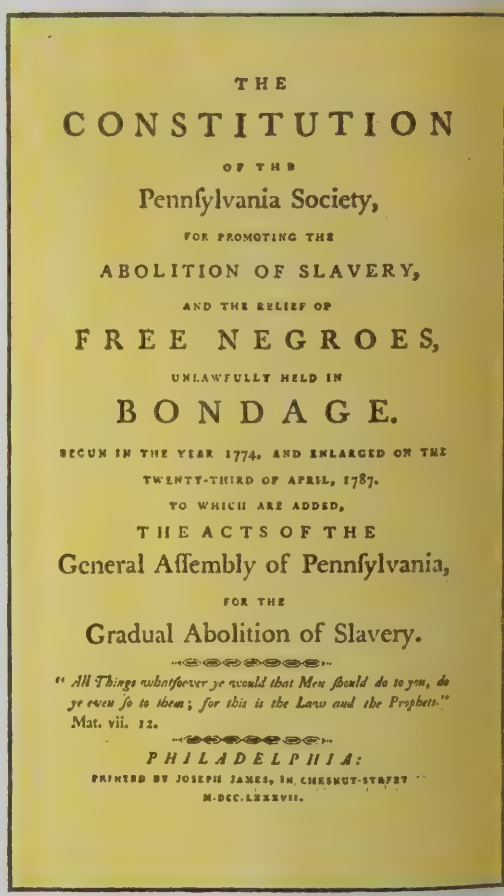
Years later, in a letter to John Wright, Franklin proclaimed himself the printer, and now the little brochure is eagerly sought by collectors of Franklin imprints, long after the cause it was written to aid has been disposed of, and the name of Sandiford, who gave his life for it, is practically forgotten. The copy I had the privilege of examining, the title-page of which is here reproduced, is one of a very few copies known to be in existence. In fact, there is not a copy even in the Library of Congress.

Because of the similarity of their views on the slave question, and because they both professed the Quaker faith, Benjamin Lay and Sandiford must have met and become friends soon after Lay's arrival in Philadelphia in 1731. Certain it is that between that time and Sandiford's death in 1733, he introduced Benjamin Lay to Franklin, and thus further advanced the cause of his heart.

If you can imagine the Nibelungen 'Mime,' brother of Alberich and guardian of young Siegfried, *turned Quaker*, you will achieve a very fair likeness of that extraordinary, eccentric person, Benjamin Lay. He was only four feet seven inches tall he was a hunchback, with very thin legs, and his head was large in proportion to his body. He wore a very long, untrimmed white beard. His wife was also a hunchback, about his own size and in all his beliefs and attempted reforms she was his veritable echo.

Benjamin Lay was born in Colchester, England, of Quaker parentage. Upon leaving England, he went to Barbados as a merchant. There his sympathy for the slaves led him to give them such assistance as he was able. Hundreds of slaves would gather around the dwarfish figure who gave them food, and told them of the hope they had in Christ. So incensed did the owners of the slaves become at his interference that he was finally forced to leave Barbados.

He set sail for the United States and bought a few acres of land about six miles from Philadelphia, between Germantown and the old York road. There he planted a few walnut trees


THE
CONSTITUTION
OF THE
Pennſylvania Society,
FOR PROMOTING THE
ABOLITION OF SLAVERY,
AND THE RELIEF OF
FREE NEGROES,
UNLAWFULLY HELD IN
BONDAGE.
BEGUN IN THE YEAR 1774, AND ENLARGED ON THE
TWENTY-THIRD OF APRIL, 1787.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
THE ACTS OF THE
General Aſſembly of Pennſylvania,
FOR THE
Gradual Abolition of Slavery.
"All Things whatſoever ye would that Men ſhould do to you, do ye even ſo to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets."
Mat. vii. 12.
PHILADELPHIA:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH JAMES, IN CHESNUT-STREET
M,DCC,LXXXVII.

Benjamin Franklin was first president of this society.

and a small orchard, and built a cottage which resembled a cave. The interior of the roof was hung with evergreen boughs. Bookshelves contained his library of two hundred or more volumes of history, biography, theology and poetry, and there Benjamin Lay read and wrote and thought. In 1737 his suggested improvements in the criminal code were made, which were adopted in Pennsylvania, then in other states, and finally resulted in the penitentiary system used all over the world.

Many strange anecdotes concerning him survive. Soon after he moved to Philadelphia, he is said to have killed a hog in a sudden fit of anger, and his remorse was so great that he never ate meat in any form again, nor used any animal product for clothing. He wore an old tow coat of his own spinning.

He kept bees, and honey was one of his principal foods. He was deeply prejudiced against the use of tea, tobacco and spirits, and once he tried to fast for forty days and nights, in expiation for some real or fancied fault—an effort which nearly cost him his life. During one of the early days of his fast, he walked in to see Franklin, probably about the book which Franklin was printing for him.

One day Franklin and Richard Penn, then governor of Pennsylvania, are said to have paid a visit to the cave to see him, and to have stayed to a dinner of fruit and vegetables, of which their host said: 'This is not the kind of fare you have at home, but it is good enough for you and me, and such as it is, you are welcome to it.'

His methods of convincing his fellow Quakers of the evils of slave keeping were so eccentric that they were much like the antics of a naughty but well-meaning gnome, which indeed he must have rather alarmingly resembled. Once, he went to meeting with a bladder filled with blood secreted beneath his topcoat. At his belt he wore a sword. Piercing the bladder dramatically with his sword, and sprinkling with the blood those of his Quaker brothers who were unfortunate enough to be near him, he exclaimed: 'Thus shall God shed the blood of those that enslave their fellow creatures.'

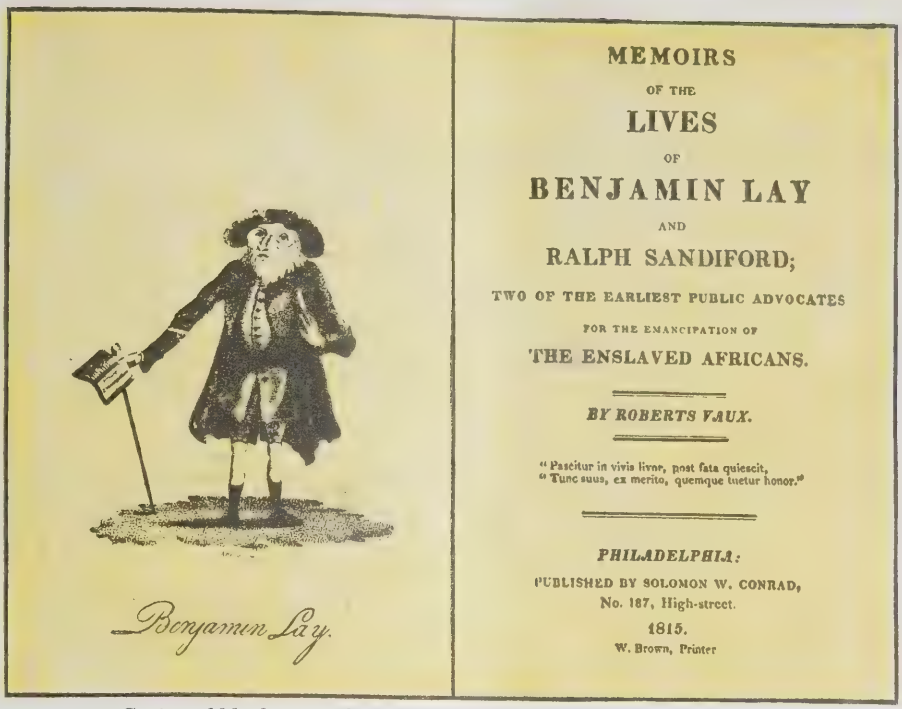
Another time, a beautiful child, well loved in the neighborhood, became lost. The frantic parents, after searching all day, passed Benjamin Lay's dwelling, and seeing the little man at rest beneath his walnut trees, they tearfully told him of their loss. 'Your child is not lost,' he told them; 'he is safe in my cave. Now perhaps you will understand the grief of the parents of that negro girl whom you bought the other day.'

About 1740, he removed from the cave to a neighboring farm, where his wife died soon after. Before his own death, in 1759, a message was brought to him that his long labor in the cause of abolition, particularly among the Quakers, had led to the resolution of the society to disown any of their members who persisted in owning slaves; whereupon he said: 'Thanksgiving and praise be rendered unto the Lord God. I can now die in peace.'

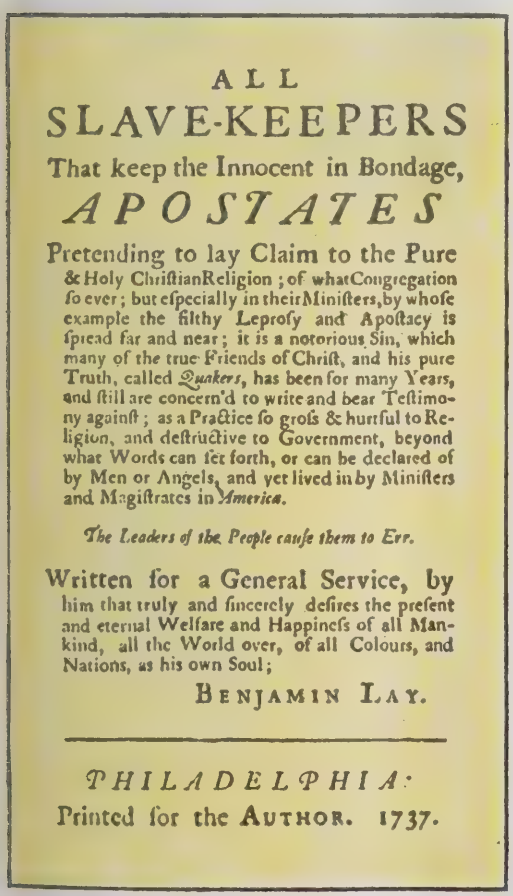
In the year 1737 his book was printed by Benjamin Franklin. *All Slave Keepers that Keep the Innocent in Bondage, Apostates, etc.* is now such a rare book that only four copies are known and the one I examined, of which the title-page is reproduced, is the only uncut copy of which there is any record.

At the time of its publication, Franklin's public life was beginning. He was clerk of the assembly—a position which led to his obtaining many 'profitable jobbs,' such as the printing of paper money, et cetera. He had been married for several years, and had just lost through the smallpox his beloved little son Francis, whom he never ceased to mourn. His newspaper, his *Poor Richard's Almanac*, many achievements which the world now associates with his name, gave him little time to correct the errors in the manuscript of a humble friend—a fact rather pitifully attested by a note at the end of the book which reads: 'Courteous and Friendly Reader, There is some Passages in my book, that are not so well placed as could have been wished; some errors may have escaped the Press, the Printer being much incumbered with other concerns: thou art lovingly intreated to excuse, amend, or censure it as thee pleases. But remember that it was written by one that was a poor common Sailor and an illiterate Man. B. L.'

Among the histories which have touched superficially upon this neglected topic of Franklin's interest in the



Curious old book setting forth the lives and views of fearless abolitionists.


ALL
SLAVE-KEEPERS
That keep the Innocent in Bondage,
APOSTATES
Pretending to lay Claim to the Pure & Holy ChriſtianReligion; of whatCongregation ſo ever; but eſpecially in theirMiniſters, by whoſe example the filthy Leproſy and Apoſtacy is ſpread far and near; it is a notorious Sin, which many of the true Friends of Chriſt, and his pure Truth, called *Quakers*, has been for many Years, and ſtill are concern'd to write and bear Teſtimony againſt; as a Practice ſo groſs & hurtful to Religion, and deſtructive to Government, beyond what Words can ſet forth, or can be declared of by Men or Angels, and yet lived in by Miniſters and Magiſtrates in *America*.
The Leaders of the People cauſe them to Err.
Written for a General Service, by him that truly and ſincerely deſires the preſent and eternal Welfare and Happineſs of all Mankind, all the World over, of all Colours, and Nations, as his own Soul;
BENJAMIN LAY.
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed for the AUTHOR. 1737.

Page of Lay's book, published by B. Franklin in 1737.

slave question, I find the conflicting statements, equally erroneous (1) that Franklin never owned a slave, and (2) that he dealt in them, procuring them from New England and selling them through the advertising columns of his newspaper. The first-mentioned error was made by an ardent partisan during the Civil War period in a collection of articles about Washington, Jefferson, Madison and other Revolutionary heroes who condemned slavery.

A letter to his mother from Franklin, written in 1750, proves that whatever his sympathies, he did own a few negroes. The letter reads, in part:

I shall keep those servants, but the Man not in my own house. I have hired him out to the Man that takes care of my Dutch Printing-Office, who agrees to keep him in Victuals and Clothes, and to pay me a Dollar a Week for his Work. His wife, since that Affair, behaves exceeding well; but we conclude to sell them both the first good Opportunity, for we do not like Negro Servants. We got again about half what we lost.

That he continued to have negro servants, that his son 'Billy,' while living under his father's roof in London, owned slaves, whether Franklin himself did or not at that time, is proved by a letter to his wife, Mrs. Deborah Franklin, written on June 27, 1760, in which he says:

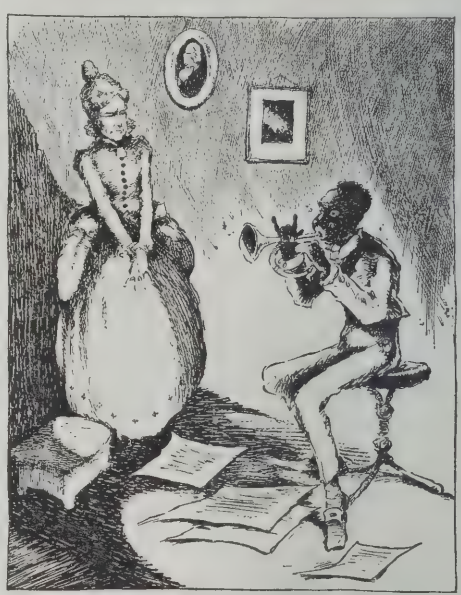
Peter continues with me, and behaves as well as I can expect, in a Country where there are many Occasions of spoiling Servants, if they are ever so good. He has as few Faults as most of them, and I see with only one Eye, and hear only with one Ear, so we rub on pretty comfortably. King, that you enquire after, is not with us. He ran away from our House, near two Years ago, while we were absent in the Country. But was soon found in Suffolk, where he had been taken in the Service of a Lady that was very fond of the merit of making him a Christian, and contributing to his Education and Improvement. As he was of little Use, and often in Mischief, Billy consented to her keeping him while we stay in England. So the Lady sent him to School, had him taught to read and write, to play on the Violin and French Horn, with some other Accomplishments more useful in a Servant. Whether she will finally be willing to part with him, or persuade Billy to sell him to her, I know not. In the meantime, he is no Expence to us . . .

In the same letter to his wife, dated June 27, 1760, Franklin alludes to having been chosen chairman for the current year of a society, an account of whose proceedings he incloses. The organization referred to was known as 'Dr. Bray's Associates.' Dr. Thomas Bray, a philanthropist, formed the association for the management of funds given him by M. D'Allone, of The Hague, for the conversion of negroes in the British plantations. After Dr. Bray's death in 1730, the same trust was executed by a number of gentlemen, of whom Franklin for several years was one.

An Abolitionist knight routing complacent slaveholders.

The last negro servant of whom there is any record of Franklin's having had was a man named Bob, belonging to his son-in-law, Richard Bache. In an unpublished letter from Mr. Bache to his wife, dated July 21, 1789, the following paragraph occurs:

I am afraid it will be impossible for me to make you a visit 'till I have settled my Brother's Bread Business, and when that will be it is difficult now to say: besides I think it would be improper to leave your father in his present situation & the family, to the sole care of a child of eleven years old—your female servants are not to be depended on, and you know what Bob is—a disagreeable circumstance has happened since you left home, which evinces that some of them are not trustworthy; who the culprit is I can't find out, and perhaps never may, but I have my suspicions.



She had him taught to play on the French horn.

Whatever Bob may have been, and whether or not he was the one who merited Mr. Bache's suspicions, Franklin considered him of enough importance to insert a paragraph in his will concerning him. He left to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, certain properties, including a bond he had against him for 2,172 pounds, five shillings, with the request that 'in consideration thereof, he would immediately after my decease manumit and set free his negro man, Bob.'

'To be Sold, A Lusty, young Negro Woman, fit for Country Business, she has had the Smallpox, and Meazles. Enquire of the Printers hereof.' A dozen advertisements similar to the forgoing led another historian to the error previously alluded to—that Franklin dealt in slaves. He says that 'though due to the Friends, there was a very positive sentiment in Philadelphia against slavery, and still more against the buying and selling of men, Franklin had too much New England canniness to regard it, and made many a venture in the purchase and sale of negroes.' An examination of contemporary papers of the period discloses the fact that all of them, including the Pennsylvania *Gazette*, contained innumerable advertisements of negroes, houses and other property to sell, stallions 'at service,' the time of indentured servants, and many other matters, to which were appended the words 'Enquire of the Printer hereof.' It meant just as much, or as little, as our own 'Box No.——' in the newspapers of today, and it would be quite as ridiculous to think that because of that phrase Franklin and his contemporaries dealt in real estate, horse breeding and the slave trade, as it would be to connect the New York *Times* with its 'For Sale' or 'Help Wanted' columns and to accuse the owners of making a profit in the business other than the price of the advertisement.

That Franklin disapproved of slavery from an economic as well as a humanitarian point of view is shown by an excerpt from a paper written in 1751 called 'Observations Concerning the Increase of Mankind, Peopling of Countries, etc.' In it he compares the cost of the labor of workingmen in Britain with that of slaves in America, contending that the latter could not possibly be so cheap. 'Reckon then,' he writes, 'the Interest of the first Purchase of a Slave, the Insurance or Risque on his Life, his Cloathing and Diet, Expences in his Sickness and Loss of Time, Loss by his Neglect of Business (Neglect is natural to the Man who is not to be benefited by his own Care or Diligence), Expence of a Driver to keep him at Work, and his Pilfering from Time to Time, almost every Slave being by Nature a Thief, and compare the whole Amount with the Wages of a Manufacturer of Iron or Wool in England, you will see that Labour is much cheaper there than it ever can be by Negroes here. Why then will Americans purchase Slaves? Because slaves may be kept as long as a Man pleases, or has Occasion for their Labour; while hired Men are continually leaving their masters (often in the midst of his Business) and setting up for themselves.'

There is also ample proof that his belief in the freedom of slaves did not blind him to the immediate material necessity of compensating their owners for their loss. 'Many thousands of slaves and other property to a very great amount have been carried off or destroyed by the enemy,' Franklin wrote to Richard Oswald in 1782. He drew up and signed an article read to the commissioners, asking that

His Britannic Majesty will earnestly recommend his Parliament to provide for and make a compensation to the merchants and shop-keepers of Boston, whose goods and merchandise were seized . . . and to make compensation, also, for the tobacco, rice, indigo and negroes, etc., seized and carried off by his armies under Generals Arnold, Cornwallis & others from the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia.

Then, in 'The Retort Courteous' (about 1786), he accuses the king's troops of violating the seventh article of the treaty of peace, which stipulated that no negroes were to be carried away. The reason given for this violation was that the negroes had quit their masters to join the king's troops

because they had been promised their liberty, so the national honor forbade returning them into slavery. 'The national honour was, it seemed, pledged to both parts of a contradiction, and its wisdom, since it could not do it with both, chose to keep faith with its old black, rather than its new white, friends; a circumstance demonstrating clear as daylight, that, in making a present peace, they meditated a future war, and hoped that, though the promised manumission of slaves had not been effectual in the last, in the next it might be more successful; and that, had the negroes been forsaken, no aid could be hereafter expected from those of the colour in a future invasion.'

During one of the debates which took place in Congress, when the great affair of the Declaration was settled, and the business of settling the affairs of union was in hand, a southern member spoke of slaves and sheep as being equally liable to taxation. Slaves rather weaken than strengthen the state,' Dr. Franklin replied, 'and there is, therefore, some difference between them and sheep; sheep will never make any insurrections.'

A number of Franklin's letters referring to the slave question are addressed to Anthony Benezet, a Frenchman who lived for many years in Philadelphia, and who sought to advance the cause of negro freedom. It is to him that he writes from London in 1773: 'I have commenced an Acquaintence with Mr. Granville Sharp, and we shall act in Concert in the Affair of Slavery.'

GRANVILLE SHARP befriended a destitute and abandoned slave whose master later appeared and claimed that he had run away, and thus began a legal dispute which altered the decision that 'masters have property of their slaves even when in England' to the momentous principle, given out by judges after three years of litigation, that 'as soon as any slave sets his foot upon English territory, he becomes free.' This great victory in the struggle for emancipation was due entirely to the efforts of Sharp. In Prince Hoare's *Memoirs of Granville Sharp*, London, 1820, a comprehensive list of his writings on the slave question appears, as well as the record of his association with Franklin, with whom he had considerable correspondence. In a letter to Franklin, dated January 10, 1788, acknowledging his enrollment among the corresponding members of the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery, he says, in part:

'I read, with very particular satisfaction, their excellent remonstrance against slavery, addressed to the late convention.

'When such solemn and unanswerable appeals to the consciences of men, in behalf of humanity and common justice, are disregarded, the crimes of slave dealing and slaveholding become crying sins, which presumptuously invite the Divine retribution! So that it must be highly dangerous to the political existence of any state, thus duly warned against injustice, to afford the least sanction to such enormities by their legislative authority.'

There are so far unexplored treasures to be found by the bibliographer, should he be minded to search for them, in unearthing the records of Dr. Franklin's association and friendship with Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English maker of pottery, who was an ardent advocate of negro freedom. In 1788 Wedgwood made some cameos in cane ware, after a design by Hackwood, for the benefit of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. The cameos were oval, three and three-quarters inches in height and three and one-quarter inches wide. The cane ware in which they were made, better known as 'pie crust,' and frequently used for making useful articles, was a favorite ware of Wedgwood's. The subject of the cameo is the figure of a kneeling negro whose uplifted, suppliant hands are chained. It is in black relief. Encircling the top, also in black relief, are the words, 'Am I not a Man and a Brother.'

BECAUSE the letter of Wedgwood to Franklin concerning the sending of the cameos, and Franklin's answer acknowledging them are not generally available, even to the student of Franklin, they are here given in their entirety.

Wedgwood writes to Franklin, London, February 29, 1788·

I embrace this opportunity of a packet making up by my friend Mr. Phillips to enclose for the use of Your Excellency and friends, a few Cameos on a subject which I am happy to acquaint you is daily more and more taking possession of men's minds on this side the Atlantic as well as with you. It gives me great pleasure to be embarked on this occasion in the same great and good cause with you, Sir, and I ardently hope for the final completion of our wishes.

This will be an epoch before unknown to the world, and while relief is given to so many of our fellow creatures immediately the object of it, the subject of freedom itself will be more canvassed and better understood in the enlightened nations.

I labor at this moment under a rheumatic headache which has afflicted me some months, and this obliges me to use the hand of my nephew and prevents me also from saying more at present than begging, Sir, to be considered among the number of those who have the highest veneration for your wishes and gratitude for the benefits you have bestowed on Society.

I have the honor to be . . . etc.

Jos. Wedgwood.

Franklin's answer, which is not included in Bigelow's or Smyth's records of his correspondence, follows:

Philadelphia, 15th May 178 (8)

Sir: I received the letter you did me the honor of writing to me on the 29th of February past, with your valuable present of cameos, which I am distributing among my friends: in whose countenances I have seen such marks of being affected by contemplating the figure of the Suppliant (which is admirably executed) that I am persuaded it may have an effect equal to that of the best written pamphlet in procuring favor to these oppressed people. Please to accept my hearty thanks, and believe me to be, with great esteem,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

B. Franklin.

The first formal protest against slaveholding to be made in North America was issued in Pennsylvania by Pastorious and other Quakers in 1688. Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to Wright, alludes to a pamphlet in his possession by George Keith, written in the year 1693, in which the charge was given to Friends that 'they should set their negroes at liberty after some reasonable time of service.' We have seen that the seed was particularly fruitful when sown in Quaker ground, and that Lay, Sandiford and others of that faith labored to make it grow.

Then in 1773 an Indian woman from New Jersey, who went to Philadelphia with her owner, made the statement that she and her children were free. She was befriended by certain citizens who were eager to right injustice, and the case was taken to court, where after two years the woman was declared to be a slave. The case, however, made such a deep impression that it led to the formation of a 'Society for the Relief of Negroes Unlawfully Held in Bondage.' John Baldwin was the president, and the first meeting was held at the old Sun Tavern in Philadelphia, on April 14, 1775. The more immediate problems arising from the Revolutionary struggle necessitated that all other matters be held somewhat in abeyance, and the real activities of the society did not begin until 1787 when, the turmoil having somewhat died down, it reorganized, adopted a new constitution, and elected Benjamin Franklin its first president.

THE greatest work of the society, which in Franklin's time included as its officers such men as Benjamin Rush, Tench Coxe, William Rawle, James Pemberton and Jonathan Penrose, was in assisting free negroes and helping them to maintain their freedom. They were in constant danger of being kidnaped and resold into bondage, or arrested as runaway slaves. The society sometimes paid a master to give liberty to his slave. When he was free, the society took him under its care, found employment for him, opened night schools for him and day schools for his children, and in every way tried to help him in solving the economic and social problems which confronted him and with which he was so ill-fitted to deal. It succeeded, also, in having an act passed in 1780 for the gradual abolition of slaves, but it did not deprive owners of slaves already in their possession, and was so very gradual in process, that there was still a slave in Pennsylvania as late as 1860, although fully half the negroes in that state were free in 1780.

A letter not included in any collection of Franklin's works, which reflects those characteristics the possession of which would unfailingly cause him to espouse any cause which had human happiness as its mainspring, contains the following paragraph—and as it explains the reasons for his interest in slavery more fully than any commentator can do, I quote it, in conclusion:

As to the kindness you spoke of, I wish it could have been of more real service to you: that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round: for mankind are all of a family. For my part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least return, and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. For these kindnesses from men, I can therefore only show my gratitude to God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren: for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other and much less to our Creator.

Intimate Glimpses of ELBERT HUBBARD

By JAMES W. BECKMAN
HIS SECRETARY

Stone chapel in East Aurora is of typical simplicity.

ELBERT HUBBARD used to say: 'When you want to say something and don't want to take the responsibility for it yourself, blame it on a dead man. He can't deny it!'

The most noteworthy instance where he applied this was in connection with the famous mousetrap epigram which he attributed to Emerson. No doubt he was inspired to write it by the desire to put over the fact that because the Roycrofters were doing some things a little differently and better than they were being done anywhere else, people were making pilgrimages to Roycroft from every part of the world. He felt it wouldn't be quite right for him to say it, so looking over the list of possible sponsors he picked Emerson as the most eligible.

Here is the saying, still widely quoted: '*If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.*'

However, as if to set himself right with Emerson before joining him in his 'Little Journey to the Home of Jehovah,' Elbert Hubbard said:

'Ralph Waldo Emerson never wrote that mousetrap crack-out-of-the-box.

'That was a mousetrap that caught a lot of literary mice intent on orphic cheese.

'One thing, trivial, of course, and not worth mentioning—and that is why I write it down—is that the mousetrap guff isn't true.

'No one will make a path to your door nowadays, no matter how good your mousetraps are, unless you advertise them widely and extensively and arrange to have a free lunch at the mousetrap factory, with automobiles to meet all visitors at the railroad station.

'Good mousetrap factories have concrete walks and luring flower beds along the way, where hollyhocks grow lush and lusty. The men who have made the best mousetraps the world has ever seen have usually languished in garrets or were forgotten in the sylvan dales—the tall uncut, showing not a footprint, surrounding them on every side.'

How did Elbert Hubbard learn to write? Often he was asked that question.

'How did I learn to write?' queried Elbert Hubbard. 'I learned to write by writing. The Cadmean game is a great one; just the arrangement of twenty-six letters that compose the alphabet, and the juggling of seven punctuation marks—and there you are!

'The recipe for good writing is this: Write as you feel—but be sure you feel right.

'You learn to write by writing. No one can teach you. It is just like swimming. You keep at it until finally you get the knack. To write well you must have something to say. No one should attempt to write before he has had a great deal of experience in the world and has read a great deal. He should write out of the fullness of his experience.'

Elbert Hubbard's recipe for fame was 'Do something worth writing about or write something worth reading.'

He was the first noted writer to turn to writing advertisements, and a terrible cry arose from some ad-writers in protest. Since that time many prominent authors have written advertisements without protest from any source. Yet, as in so many other instances where Elbert Hubbard broke the precedent, the feeling of censure remained long after the cause had been forgotten.

There was one thing, at least, on which most men were of one mind in regard to Elbert Hubbard. In spite of divergent opinions from adulation to anathema, nearly all agreed that he made people think. He was an inspiration to those who knew or read him. Many a salesman, office man, business man—people in every walk of life—was given renewed inspiration by reading *The Philistine*.

Hubbard inspired a greater number of men to success in a wider range of endeavor probably than any other man of his day. The stories of these would include some of the most distinguished men in America in their fields of activity. After his death I cannot recall how many well-known men who came to East Aurora told me that they obtained their inspiration to start or keep up their efforts from Elbert Hubbard—perhaps from something he had said to them; more often from what he wrote. The last numbers of *The Fra* and *The Philistine* are filled with such incidents, and but allude to countless others.

Elbert Hubbard gave the true secret of success:

'Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what true happiness is. You cannot get more out of life than you put in it.'

Elbert Hubbard's wit was never asleep. Seldom was he caught off guard. I have heard many people of fame as writers and in other lines tell how they would frame up jokes to catch him off his guard and get a joke on him.

No matter how carefully laid the plans, Hubbard always turned the joke on them. And in argument, it has truly been said that whether right or wrong Elbert Hubbard always won.

Careful attention to detail is observed in dining room at Roycroft Inn.

I have seen Elbert Hubbard deliver a ecture, and when the crowd caught his ests and jokes a little faster than he ex- pected, he kept it up for an hour and a half or more, rocking the audience with laughter.

Elbert Hubbard said that when you ocked others out you locked yourself in. That this was no idle statement was proved by the fact that not until his death were the Roycroft shops locked, day or night! Those who worked in the shops were per- mitted to come Sundays or any other time and make things for themselves, even using Roycroft materials without any charge for them. He always encouraged people to do the good things they liked to do. The girls who worked in the Roycroft shops often made little things of use and beauty for themselves or to present to others.

Sometimes his readers became involved in arguments and sought help from him. In each instance he aided the 'faithful' in their efforts to overcome the foe. One case especially I remember and Elbert Hubbard himself received a lot of enjoyment from it. It happened that a husband was drawn into an argument by his wife who was violently opposed to Hubbard and his ideas. The old proverb that a man cannot defeat a woman in argument was proved in the case of the husband. So in despair he passed it on to Hubbard. Two or three letters were exchanged, the cor- respondent report- ing new angles to the discussion as they arose. Finally the wife dealt a crush- ing blow when she happened upon her spouse reading *The Philistine* in the stable. The stable was the proper place for such things, she declared. In his re- ply, Elbert said to the man at the close:

'Many worth- while things come from the stable. It represents protec- tion, sustenance and shelter. You might remind the good lady that the Saviour Himself was born in a stable, in a manger.' Evidently that held her, for the man wrote that she had no comeback.

Ali Baba was a nickname applied by Elbert Hubbard to a plain workman at East Aurora who has a remarkable faculty for quaint philosophical expressions. The man's real name was Blackman. He was a genuine, splendid character, and Elbert Hubbard had great admiration for his sturdy qualities and brusque speech. This is why you see Ali Baba so frequently quoted in Elbert Hub- bard's writings. Often when he wanted to say something without assuming the re- sponsibility for it himself he laid it to Ali Baba. Some of Ali Baba's best remarks came in banters of wit with workmen about the shop.

He was a little reluctant to speak his mind so plainly when Elbert was around, so to get the quaint gems of repartee that flowed, and sometimes flew, from the lips of Ali Baba, Hubbard would conceal himself and have the men about the place provide the thought provocatives. Then Elbert Hubbard would jot them down and in the next *Philistine* there would be more of 'Ali Baba Says—.'

Ali Baba had always lived in a small town. Elbert Hubbard enjoyed taking him on trips to get his reactions and remarks as a result of his new experiences.

When I made my first trip to New York with Elbert Hubbard, I had the name of a man from Greenwich Village who had visited East Aurora. I told Mr. Hubbard that the man had invited me to look him up when I came to New York.

'You wouldn't be interested in them,' he said. 'There are a few real artists down there; but most of them are nuts and you couldn't stand them. They think they've got it, when they haven't.'

On our first trip down Broadway to- gether, we passed some superlatively dressed women. 'Many a good man,' he said, 'has come to New York with splendid chances of success, until he fell for some of those women.'

Elbert Hubbard lacked but little more than a month of being fifty-nine when he died. Yet he was still a youth who could run and play. The boy's heart, activity and joy of life never abated in him. He believed in work, love, play and laughter.

His ambition was to live to be a hundred, for he said that was the natural thing to do.

He was survived by his father who was ninety-five and his mother who was eighty- seven.

Conceit and bigotry formed little of the make-up of Elbert Hubbard. I have heard people accuse him of both; but they mis- understood him. Those who knew him realized fully that what he said was what he believed and that he never said anything without the mental reservation that he might be wrong. He would say: 'I never claim to be wholly right about anything. At most I only claim to be right fifty-one per cent of the time.'

Many have taken exception to his characteristic manner of saying, 'I think this' or 'I think that,' as an evidence of conceit. The fact is that he inter- posed 'I think' or 'I believe' because of a conscientious modesty. He wanted people to know that what he said was only what he thought. He did not want them to think for a moment that what he said was the last word on the subject. He wished to deceive no one, so he said 'This I believe.'

'Many people,' he remarked, 'think my *Essay on Silence* is the greatest thing I ever wrote.' This is a book of blank pages!

I once said to him: 'It must be a source of great satisfaction to you to think that you started with the worst opposition on all sides and have now built up a successful institution and have people come from all parts of the globe to see you and your achievements and to pay you homage.'

He smiled a kindly recognition of my thought and replied: 'Oh, I haven't time to think about it.' And so it was.

His mind never rested. It left one thing only to take up another. His energy was seemingly inexhaustible. His enemies applied the word commercial to him as an epithet. They did not know that he was primarily a business man. Had he not been, there would have been no Roycroft to admire or to criticize. 'Commerce,' he said, 'has been the world's great civilizer.'

He knew that life was sustained only by production and distribution, and these things he championed.

Many people have regarded him as eccentric. This was a misconception. He wore long hair and flowing tie because he liked them. His business acumen dis- covered that they were an asset, a valuable trade-mark.

People marveled at his capacity for work and his ability to turn out such a vast amount of literature. He found rest in change. He obtained his recreation by a change of occupation. This made it possible for him to work every minute of the sixteen hours that he was awake. He always insisted on eight hours' sleep— and no more. He simply let thoughts flow into his mind and spoke them in an easy, conversational style without conscious

Above—*Early stages of preparing books for binding, and* Below—*Finishing processes in the Roycroft bindery.*

effort. Sometimes he would sit while dictating as if in communion with the thoughts that came from every quarter of the universe to his receptive mind. Again he would walk about the room unconscious of anything save the thoughts that possessed him and which he was expressing.

'Thoughts are everywhere,' he said. 'They are in the air. All we have to do is to reach up and grasp them.' And truly this was all he had to do.

Wherever he went admirers said: 'Why, Mr. Hubbard, how young you look! You do not look a day older than when I saw you twenty years ago. How do you do it, busy as you are and as hard as you work?'

Here was his secret (for as he himself has said, a secret is something that you tell somebody else and that somebody else tells somebody else until finally everybody knows it):

'Eat less and breathe more. Worry less and work more. Hate less and love more. Complain less and laugh more. Nothing is so hygienic as happiness. Good cheer is prophylactic.'

He knew the power that comes through repose.

ONE Friday or Saturday we were in a city not far from Philadelphia, calling on a large company in regard to an order that would have meant much to the Roycroft shops.

The officials urged Mr. Hubbard to remain over and take a yacht trip with them over the week-end. The invitation had a great lure for me, and I urged him to accept; but he declined, saying that he had important business in Philadelphia and absolutely had to return there as he could not break the appointments he had made.

I knew that he had no appointments there, so when we had a chance to exchange a few words alone, I said:

'Mr. Hubbard, we have no appointments in Philadelphia.'

'I know,' he replied, 'but you couldn't stand it out there three days with them. After they would be out a few hours they would all be drunk and you couldn't get away. There wouldn't be any fun in that.'

When we reached Philadelphia, he took me around and showed me Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, Franklin's grave, and many other points of interest. It happened that Billy Sunday was in the city, so I suggested that we go over and see what he was like. Neither he nor I had ever seen him in action so over we went. It was Hubbard's opinion that as a preacher Sunday was a fine acrobat.

But even so there was no bitterness. 'Personally, I like Billy Sunday,' said Elbert Hubbard. 'Meet him as man to man and he is a good sport and a charming gentleman. He never pushes his hypnotic spell on his friends, nor does he pull it on you personally when you talk with him over the teacups.'

And when Elbert Hubbard went down with the *Lusitania*, Billy Sunday showed his sportsmanship by saying:

'I have always had great admiration for Elbert Hubbard's literary ability. His style of putting things without the use of big words was attractive. He has written some gems. I regard his *Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great* as masterpieces.'

(This is the second of three articles on this subject. The next will appear in an early issue.)

Books That Start the Bells Ringing

(Continued from page 8)

Philadelphia, I suppose, in the days of the great ships and far adventures. *Shot Towers* is a New England story, I should say, at a time when industry was just beginning, with a good dash of Irish in it, and the invention of a wheel hub, a most prosaic hub for a most charming story and much good writing. But *Blowing Weather* is a tale of American business on the sea, in shipyards, a story of 'blood tells,' of plague, of strange adventures in the sea of dead ships, of sinister intrigue, and love, and the flavor of early American life. They are both ably wrought stories of this people of ours—studies in expectation, perhaps, of the American Novel.

All that I can find about John T. McIntyre is this in *Who's Who.*

McINTYRE, JOHN T(homas), dramatist, author; b. Phila., Pa. Nov. 26, 1871; s. Patrick and Sarah (Walker) M.; ed. Phila. Began as dramatist, 1892. Author: The Ragged Edge, 1902; The Wedding Journey, 1910; Blowing Weather, 1923; A Young Man's Fancy, 1925. Home: 1720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

I have read Herbert Asbury's *Up From Methodism*—Alfred A. Knopf, publisher—a slim volume, too dear at two dollars, and useful only to those who may care to know something about Herbert Asbury. He is, I understand, an undistinguished member of the newer journalists now congregated in and around New York. He is a member of the family of the first Methodist Bishop in America and, gosh, how he hates it. I gather that he is not a Methodist now, but I have a feeling about him that if he is ever to do any work he will have to come back to something like Methodism and, when he goes out again, go out the other way. To go out and go up means something, to go out and go down means nothing to the world. Good manners are essential in a writer and it is not good manners to besmirch one's family or the institutions that first made one a freeman in the realm of intellect. Methodism did that for Herbert Asbury. There are narrow people in the churches, of course; that is the place for them, that they may be broadened. Hypocrites are there, too, although not so numerously inside the church as out of it, for the former profitable, social and other reasons for religious hypocrisy do not now exist; in fact, it is almost quite the other way around.

But Herbert Asbury doesn't see any of these things; he is passing through the purgative period which attends all youth and he has mistaken it for a world revolution of which the public must be apprised. He displays in public a specimen that is usually shown only in private to a competent physician. I am not a Methodist and therefore do not speak from that angle. my interest is more aroused by this case of an overexcited mind that does not impress me as being quite honest; and this impression arises, I think, from the young man's willingness to drop below his theme to the level of low laughter. He has too successfully portrayed himself, and the worst of it is that it is not worth it. An ineradicable instinct moves us to despise anyone who mocks his own people for the amusement of the anti-minded alien. And there seems to exist much publisher's encouragement for just this sort of thing.

THE man who first established white civilization in a large way in California and really opened it to the world after herculean labors and hardships, on whose land gold was first discovered, dropped dead a pauper at Washington in 1880. He was Johann August Sutter, born in Switzerland, a Napoleon in the breadth of his conceptions, a giant in the energy with which he realized them under most difficult conditions. He had established New Helvetia, owned the land on which San Francisco and Santa Barbara stand, was stolen blind in the gold rush, was burned out of every possession when he appealed to the law, spent long years with the *Apocalypse* trying to read therein the meaning of his peculiar fate, and died on the steps of the Capitol at Washington when a mocking urchin ran and told him that Congress had just allowed his claim—it was Sunday and Congress was not even in session.

All this is told in *Sutter's Gold*, written in rapid, eloquent, nervous French by Blaise Cendrars, skilfully translated by Henry Longan Stuart, and published, bound in gold-covered cloth, by Harpers, the price two dollars and fifty cents, the book a slim one of 179 pages. There is more insight to be had from it than from many volumes of history. It is history as it should be, set out in a way that sends the mind rummaging along the highways and byways which it must travel to find its own philosophy of history; it is a period seen through the lens of one life of sufficient field to reflect a multitude. No fiction equals truth when etched so sharply. *Sutter's Gold* is one of the few recent books where subject, author, translator and publisher worked ably for a satisfying result.

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

Paid—A Billion Dollars for Beauty

(*Continued from page 15*)

alchemist were turned to the search for miraculous springs, wonderful fountains, and, what was most absurdly impossible, magic mills, where youth might be obtained like meal through grinding.

The Greeks believed the restoration to youth and the gift of beauty to be the dower of the goddess Hebe, bestowed upon those happy mortals whom she selected for this favor.

Bacon, urging the potency of the fabled 'elixir' upon the attention of Pope Nicholas IV, told of an aged toiler in the fields of Sicily who found a golden phial filled with yellow fluid, which he drank, supposing it to be dew. Instantly he was transformed into a young man full of health and vigor.

Those of the ancients who accepted oriental teachings and who believed in the immortality of the soul saw no reason why man literally should not live forever if he but possessed the requisite knowledge. Hence the first aim of the alchemist was to devise some means of exactly replacing the waste of the human system so as to arrest the approach of infirmity. When this was done, it was only one step further along the path of discovery to find the precious elixir that could confer upon immortality perpetual youth.

The 'elixirvitae' was prepared by the alchemists and magicians of the Middle Ages after various recipes, with certain diabolic ceremonies guaranteed to insure everlasting life and youth. The following verse shows its hold upon the credulous:

He that has once the Flower of the Sun,
The perfect ruby which we call elixir, by its virtue
Can confer honor, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valor, yea and victory,
To whom he will; in eight and twenty days,
He'll make an old man of fourscore, a child.
—*Ben Jonson.*

The Brahmins still brew a mixture of mercury and sulphur which they drink twice a month to prolong life. Jemahid, King of the Genii, was famed for the possession of a golden cup filled with the Elixir of Life. The cup was hidden by the Genii, but was found when the foundations of Persepolis were dug. Thomas Moore, famous Irish poet, makes a reference to it as follows:

I knew, too, where the genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King Jemahid
With life's elixir sparkling high.

The *Rubaiyat* shows the Persian faith in the mystic draught. The quest for eternal youth gave rise to many queer and ofttimes gruesome practices, in which sacrifice of human life played an important part. Some, like Althotas, advocated the drinking of the blood of a freshly slain babe or virgin as an infallible tonic.

In some parts of Scotland revivification was deemed possible provided the aged or dying were placed within the still warm carcass of a freshly killed ox or horse and allowed to remain there until a number of hours had passed.

Through his famous 'Wine of Egypt,' Count Alessandro di Cagliostro made the sensation of Europe and a fortune of fabulous proportions. This wizard, called the King of Fakirs, claimed to have lived two thousand years by the use of this decoction. In the course of this remarkable span of life he professed to have witnessed all the world's important events, including the Crucifixion. Some believed him to be Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew. As a further testimony to the rejuvenating power of his wine, he would point to his beautiful young wife, whom he married in Rome, and declare that she had been a wrinkled and withered crone of more than fourscore, whose transformation had been accomplished by a single draught of the miraculous potion. His wine elixir did not prevent his death in prison in August, 1705.

Beauty specialists, enshrined in elaborate and exotic laboratories, are disciples of an ancient cult.

Beauty's power stands forth in every age, and the procession of beautiful women, notable for their charms and the good and the harm they created, makes brilliant splashes of drama and color in the fabric of the world's historic tapestry. Six thousand years before the Christian Era began, a dainty little maid of the Nile, supposed to be the original Cinderella, enslaved Egypt's haughty king with her girlish charm and the tiniest foot in all his land. He made her his queen and set her upon his throne, and she set her foot upon his neck. He and all his splendor have passed into oblivion, but the fame of her foot has lived in fairy tale and poem, delighting the world's children to the present day.

The trail of death, sorrow and destruction which followed in the wake of the glorious Helen of Troy is but a gigantic illustration of the chaos chargeable to beauty's lure.

The terrific and tragic upheaval, wrought by Egypt's matchless Cleopatra, due to the dominion of the intrepid Antony, with its pitiful finale, ranks as one of the best-known examples of the store set by a lovely woman's smile and the lengths to which infatuated man has gone ever and again through the ages to win a beauty's favor.

Guinevere disrupted King Arthur's court and scattered the Knights of the Round Table when she led the gallant Lancelot away from the straight and narrow path of knightly loyalty and honor.

Henry VIII became the original Bluebeard in his craze for collecting beautiful queens, killing them off on the merest pretext when their fascinations palled or faded.

Because of lovely Marie Antoinette, pride of the Austrian Court, statesmen and scholars fought for the smile of the Dauphin's bride, and finally church, court and state precipitated the French Revolution, while love philters, powders and potions mixed into politics, and even the Queen's Necklace was thrown futilely into the smouldering fire of passion and hate to smother the conflagration and keep a tottering throne and its luckless rulers from the abyss.

Neither love nor beauty stood between the hapless Marie and the guillotine, nor did they serve the famous and infamous du Barry who ruled Louis XV and his courtiers by her loveliness with an imperious impudence and abandon that was the scandal of Europe.

To the powerful Queen Elizabeth of England, the desire for unfailing beauty was paramount. Royal favor came quickest and stayed longest with those of her satellites who sensed this weakness and no plea was granted more readily than that prefaced by insidious and subtle flattery of her physical charm. She, too, purchased love potions and partook of various decoctions, like any lovesick peasant girl, in a feverish longing to be young, lovely, and loved, especially when the charms of Mary Queen of Scots were ever being sung in her ears.

Just as, hundreds of years ago, men and women hungered and thirsted and perished chasing an illusive chimera, so today men and women continue the wild pursuit for the secrets of perfect health, perpetual youth, and beauty. Every theory of rejuvenation sends hope springing anew in the mortal breast, and the risk and the cost are alike discounted in the great possibility of success. Healing springs are soon dipped dry while the aspirants for cures bake themselves in mud, soak themselves in salt, perfume, or bake in the sun and sand for the desired benefit.

The Backstage Story of Marion Talley

(*Continued from page 3*)

cultural in that city, came into the picture.

'Blanche, did you hear this little girl that Mrs. Powell talks about?' he asked Miss Ledderman.

Miss Ledderman admitted that she had heard Marion sing and that she shared Mrs. Powell's enthusiasm. Then she said to Mr. Harzfeld: 'Would you like to hear her?'

'I would,' responded this Kansas City business man.

'Would you come to town to hear her?' It was a hot July day when this conversation took place.

'Yes, if she's as wonderful as you say.'

A musical was arranged for a hot July night and everybody present in that small circle of music lovers, with several of whom I have talked, was immediately and deeply impressed with what they call 'the spiritual quality of Marion Talley's voice.' One man said to me: 'When she began to sing, I couldn't believe it was a child singing.'

Mr. Harzfeld said to me when I interviewed him: 'She disturbed my sleep all night long. I found that my sister who had heard Marion wasn't sleeping either, so we both got up in the middle of the night. We decided that something must be done to get that child a national hearing.'

Then another man entered the picture. His name was John Harding, also a Kansas City lawyer. Another recital was arranged before him. Marion sang a song called 'The Wren,' which she had learned from listening to Galli-Curci on the phonograph records. These music lovers compared Marion's voice with the record and honestly felt that the child sang that beautiful song as well as the prima donna.

Everybody was so impressed that a public concert was arranged to make money for Marion's further musical education. In the meantime, Madame Schumann-Heink heard this child and said: 'Her voice is one of pure gold.'

The concert was given October 17, 1922. A public committee was formed to take charge of the concert and Mayor Beach was chairman. The house was scaled and seats were sold by private subscription for $125 a box down to $5 a seat. The net proceeds were $10,000. The audience comprised the wealth of the city, and no seat sold for less than five dollars.

I have talked with several persons who were present. I have had at least a dozen of them say to me: 'It was the most memorable thing in my life.'

That night Marion sang 'There Shall Be No Night There.' The audience was thrilled.

As one woman expressed it, 'She looked like an angel and she sang like an angel.'

A committee was formed to give this fifteen-year-old girl a chance. Otto H. Kahn of the Metropolitan Opera Company was written to, and an audience arranged for November 8, 1922.

Marion went to New York with a group of friends, and from them this chapter in her life has been gathered. The great auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House was empty save for what they called 'The Supreme Court of the Musical World.'

This court consisted of Otto Kahn, who sat at the back of the Opera House with Guilo Gatti Casazza, his impresario; Andreas Dippel, former director of the Chicago Opera House; Assistant Conductors Ruberto Moranzi, Arturo Bodanski, Nahan Franko, and Guiseppe Bamboschek as auditors; and Louis Hasselman, the French conductor, who played Miss Talley's accompaniments in 'The Wren,' 'Knowest Thou That Fair Land,' and 'The Kiss.'

Portrait by IRVING R. BACON

Miss Talley in costume for one of her roles.

—*Hixon Studios.*

When this little fifteen-year-old girl stepped out on that great stage, this supreme court wondered. Had they been fooled again by butter-and-egg men from a butter-and-egg town? The Kansas City group which had accompanied Marion were scattered about the auditorium.

The girl looked even smaller than she really was as she stood alone on the vast stage of the Metropolitan. She had not proceeded far when the accompanist i sheer amazement, as this girl struck particularly high note, turned in his cha abruptly with mouth agape.

Gatti Casazza pulled at his beard stirred.

The moment she finished singing, ther were little outbursts of applause all throug the great palace of music.

Mr. Kahn said: 'Well, young lady, con gratulations and *au revoir*. I shall mee you here again, but next time you'll b over there behind the footlights an thousands will be paying for the privileg of hearing you sing.'

But there was even a more interestin side to this visit of Marion's to New Yor It was her first trip East. New York Cit was a fairyland to her.

Her hotel corridor was crowded da and night with reporters to see her. Sh couldn't understand it at all. She aske why they wanted to see her. One reporte said: 'You are a Cinderella-story girl.'

Marion played 'jacks' on the train o the way to New York City. When sh arrived she wanted to see Coney Island, th Statue of Liberty and the five- and ten-cen stores. Said one of the party: 'She seeme happiest when she got in the five- and ten cent stores.'

Marion had a little violinist friend an they were all going to see the Statue of Liber ty. One of the party said about this trip

'We drove to the Batter to catch the boat. I got ou to get the boat tickets, bu as Marion got out, sh slammed the automobil door shut on the boy violin ist's hand and smashed hi fingers. The boy had to b taken to the doctor the injury was s painful.

'I did not know about this acciden until I saw Marion over in a corne with her father weeping and weep ing. She wouldn' look at the Statu of Liberty. W couldn't get her t look at it ever though it was on of the things tha she was most eage to see. She kep saying over and over, "Just think what I've done! I wouldn't be so bad if it had been my hand, but he has to play his violin with his hand." We couldn't comfort her until we phoned to the hospital and learned that the accident would not injure the hand permanently.'

During the four years of training, the original educational fund ran out and it was necessary to obtain more money. Marion did not want another benefit concert. She had received a letter from a 'catty' Kansas City woman the winter

before criticizing her for buying a coat. This woman told her that Kansas City hadn't given her money to buy coats, but to get an education. There are always such people in the world, and it turned out as usual that the woman who wrote had not paid a penny to the fund. However, this letter hurt, and Marion did not want any more benefit concerts. Finally she was persuaded, and said: 'I'll be willing to have another concert but I don't want to charge any more than any other artist.' A concert was arranged for April 10, 1924.

On February 20, a letter came to Kansas City from Marion saying: 'I hear that Galli-Curci is going to be in Kansas City and also John McCormick. Don't you think that we ought to postpone our concert following two such great artists?' She did not realize then, nor does she yet, that she is as great a drawing card as any singer in the world. But in spite of Marion's fears 6,000 seats were provided for and those who promoted this concert had to refuse two thousand applications for tickets forty-eight hours before the concert.

She appeared February 18, 1926, in her first Metropolitan starring. Her début in New York is an old story. Seats sold for four hundred dollars.

John R. Jones was her first teacher in Kansas City when she was eleven years of age and she sang in a choir in the First Christian Church. In the Liberty drives during the war she was popular. Ottley Cranston was her second teacher and it was during this time that he put her in *Mignon* and she attracted her first public attention. She made her grand opera début as Gilda in *Rigoletto*.

'Marion is always the most poised person among us at any crisis in her career,' said one of the men who had done most to get her recognition. 'She was the most poised in the Metropolitan Opera House the night she made her début. The rest of us were nervous and excited. Marion was calm and sure. She says that her voice is given her by God, and that it is given her to use for spiritual purposes. Therefore she is always sure of herself, without egotism. She always includes several religious numbers in all her concert programs, and she sings them in such a manner as to subdue and win her audience.'

I heard Marion Talley on that eventful night when she returned to the city which gave her her chance. It was her first concert following her début in grand opera. When she sang 'And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears' there was a thrill passed over those six thousand people.

For several years Miss Talley sang for the Unity School of Christianity and at Christmas time she sent a message to the pupils through the medium of their magazine. I quote the message in full:

'The editors have asked me to send through these pages a brief message to young people who are hoping, striving and studying to succeed. I suppose this is because, from their standpoint, the success that has come to me looks very large and imposing and awe-inspiring. Well, I may as well confess that it looks large and imposing and awe-inspiring to me, too. Sometimes, I can hardly believe it myself. But it has taught me something—this thing that you call success—and the best message I can send to other young people is to tell them what that something is.

'I think of my voice as the gift of God. Of course it is: it couldn't come to me from any other source, because God is the only source of all that is good. I knew, a long time ago, that it was God's gift—when I first began to use it, in the days when I first sang at Unity in Kansas City. And the thing that I have found out is that, as I use God's gift, it grows. I know that my voice has grown in beauty and power because I have used it. It has amazed me sometimes.

'I am no older now than many of you who will read this. I'm nineteen. I know what you think and what you like and what you do. I think and like and do many of the same things. I believe that each of you, like me, has a gift of some kind. Maybe you can't sing as I can; but I can't paint as perhaps you can—or carry on a business, or write a book, or build houses, or manage people. I have my gift, but you have yours. You may think yours is a very small one compared with mine; but there was a time when I thought mine was small. And I know that if you will use your gift—and if you will give out what you have—it will grow into a great one—simply because that's the way it is with God's gifts. But you must use it and not waste it. Giving it out doesn't mean throwing it away wantonly. Maybe you will have to make some sacrifices for it; I have made sacrifices that probably you don't dream of. But, oh, it's worth while!

'People ask about my courage before audiences, my lack of stage fright! Well, to me it is a very simple thing. When I stood before the huge audience in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York for my début—when I faced the famous diamond horseshoe!—people said they marveled at my poise. But I was not afraid. Why should I be? I knew that the most sophisticated audience in America, if not in the world, was waiting to hear me, and that maybe they were not all hoping for my success. I knew that the cleverest critics of all the great papers were there to study and pass judgment upon me. I knew that hundreds of real musicians, some of them great, were listening. But I wasn't afraid. Because it seemed to me that if it was God's gift I had to give them I need not be concerned about their opinion of it. I knew that my voice only comes through me after all. It is from God—and if I just let it come from Him through me to them, it must be perfect as everything from Him is perfect. I knew that He always takes care of that. So—I just stood up and sang—and loved it! And the people seemed pleased.

'I was happy—oh, so happy! Not just because it was success for me, but because the sense that the great gift was flowing through me brought with it a joy, an exaltation, quite apart from the applause and the promise of fame and money and all that. It was just that I knew I'd been given something to give to them—all I had to do was to give it. I did. And it was a beautiful experience.

'But even that night my voice grew!

'Now this is a much longer letter than I planned to write. So, for that reason I am not going to call it my "message" at all, because I was asked for a brief message! The letter is the explanation of my message, which I think I can put very briefly indeed now. But it means so much! So I say, because I've found out what it means, to anyone with ambition and a talent there is just one possible, but one *sure*, road to success, and it is summed up in a word: Give!

'If you do you will succeed.'

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Skiing in the Bavarian Alps

(*Continued from page 13*)

The Angenhutte, which was almost buried in snow.

country, taking along only what was necessary.

The weather was still so thick, and everything so white, that we climbed cautiously until noon, when we came abreast the Zugspitze. Here, while yelling at a cliff to get echoes, we heard the faint barking of a dog far above. A little farther on a halt was called for fear we were nearing the precipice between the two mountains. We had been climbing with the aid of *Seehundfells*—long strips of sea-lion skin with stiff hair slanting backward, attached to the under side of the skis to facilitate climbing. These we now took off and commenced an exciting descent over the most ideal snow.

About four inches of new snow had fallen on the crust beneath, making it possible for us to glide along at a furious clip. The weather cleared as we descended, causing us to pause in wonder at the beautiful views revealed as the clouds rolled away from the mountain peaks below. After passing through the *Hellenthal*, we swooped down in a glorious finish, ending at the *Knoorhutte*, to find it deserted and cleaned up, spick and span.

Now, Dr. Jaeger and Herr Multerer, having given up hope of reaching the Zugspitze, bade us farewell, and with our shouts of *'Heil,'* disappeared in rapid glides and swings down the steep mountainside. The rest of us, on the other hand, being kindred spirits, with plenty of hope, decided to attempt the Zugspitze immediately after luncheon. Just as we were finishing our beefsteak and onions, a man crawled through the window. He proved to be no other than Dr. Zinstler, of the meteorological station.

He was a small, good-looking young man of athletic build, wearing a short mustache on a face so tanned that his extremely light eyes fairly shone in contrast, besides exhibiting the most remarkable haircut, self-inflicted, by the aid of scissors and clippers, the smooth part commencing abruptly back of the ears. His face was dripping with perspiration, while green dye streamed down his cheeks from his cap. We were the first persons he had seen for more than three months, and he literally took us in his arms, so great was his joy.

After depositing his *Rucksack*, peeling off his coat, and mopping his face, he took a long drink from a wine-filled canteen and lighted a big, fat cigar. We prepared to resume our climb, the success of our trip now being assured, for here was the doctor himself to guide us back.

So again we ascended the mountain, this time with a definite end in view, and in fine weather. Up, up we climbed on our skis, until directly under the Zugspitze, coming in plain view for the first time of the meteorological station and *Munchener Haus* surmounting the peak. Here everybody took a short rest, sitting on top of the hill in the broiling sun, the reflex rays from the snow being terribly strong. My face and forehead were already badly burned.

AGAIN we put on our skis, heaved our heavy *Rucksacks* on our backs and continued the climb upward, passing the site of a cabin that had been swept away by an avalanche during the winter; a few boards and wisps of hay still remained. When we could go no farther on skis, we cached them under a rocky cliff, where the wind had hollowed out a spot in the snow, replacing them with *Steigizen*, or ice creepers.

The ascent now led up the steepest snow-crusted incline imaginable. Dr. Zinstler led the way with his pick, kicking his toes through the crust for foothold. Thus we followed him slowly up, step by step.

The higher we climbed, the more dangerous the trail became until we reached the *Grat*, or backbone of the mountain, where the knife-like edge fell away perpendicularly, hundreds of meters below, with here and there jagged tooth-like rocks jutting out. We were not surprised to learn that fatal accidents had occurred here. To make matters worse, the wind was blowing in heavy gusts so that the greatest caution was necessary to maintain one's foothold.

Self-preservation was now the predominating instinct. I found myself more concentrated on the control of my muscles and limbs than at any previous time in my life, carefully calculating every jab of my alpine stick and the placing of each step. At such appalling heights, many persons are overcome by dizziness and lose all control. I confess that I was mighty glad to get ove the worst of it with only a steep pathwa left to climb; but oh, how I dreaded goin back over that trail on the morrow!

As we neared the summit and were out o danger, we had opportunity to look down o the multitude of peaks surrounding us o every side. The setting sun was burnishin this vast scene with its rays, producing th most gorgeous color effects I have eve seen in nature. The snow, in shadow silhouetted against the green-blue sky, wa almost purple-black; our faces fiery red i contrast, and our shadows, cast on a leve with our heads on the brilliant rose-tinte snowbank, were deep peacock-blue.

THE entrance to the tower was throug the basement, where coal and wood, coils o rope and other mountain-climbing para phernalia were stored. An iron door to th right led into the *Munchener Haus* of th *Alpenverein*, and immediately in front, door opened to an inclosed stairway tha led to the living room above. Here a grea St. Bernard dog sprang to meet us, over joyed to see us after being shut up alone a afternoon. While the doctor built the fir we removed our wet clothing and mad ourselves comfortable in his cozy quarter

A desk and iron bed occupied one side o the room opposite a cupboard and the stove while a table and four chairs stood in th center. There was a telephone and on th walls a barometer with paper roll and needl at work, besides other meteorological equip ment.

While keeping up an animated con versation, the doctor set before us severa bottles containing cognac, lemon extrac and raspberry, besides soda syphons, glasse and sugar. Snow water alone makes poor beverage. In preparing supper, th doctor made several excursions to his store room above, each time bringing dow astonishing evidences of a well-stocked lard er, the results of which were that he serve us with an excellent soup, asparagus covere with olive oil, a big, fat, boiled ham, boiled tongue, preserves, cakes and Rhin wine. It was a feast such as I have seldo enjoyed.

HE then told us of how well supplie he was with beer, wine, tobacco, flou potatoes, cakes, all kinds of preserved fruit and honey, eggs in *Kalk*, meats, fish, an so forth; enough provisions to last him tw years. All these supplies, besides woo and coal, had to be carried up the last stage by men who lugged on their backs tw hundred pounds of coal at a time, chargin 14 marks a hundred for transportation alone

The tower was braced with steel cable and capable of withstanding a wind with velocity of 200 miles an hour. The meta walls were filled with cork and chemical to make it impervious to the weather, an the structure was grounded by a cabl reaching to the *Partnach* down in the valle far below. In severe electrical storms th doctor told us the static shot out of his hai and fingers, and in heavy windstorms, th draft in the chimney became so great th fire had to be put out.

On the third floor was the laboratory with its many interesting instruments, such as the glass ball that burned the sun' record on a strip of paper, starting in a fine line with the weak morning rays an gradually widening as the sun rose and in creased in intensity. There was the delicat

ind-recording instrument with its tiny sc-shaped cups that whirled at the intest breath and recorded the velocity the wind; also much other scientific uipment.

Climbing up through a hatchway, we me out on the ice-coated roof. Here on is pinnacle, nearly two miles above sea vel, we became acquainted with the ysteries of the night. We gazed in awe d wonder at the vast, vaulted heavens ove, bejeweled and glittering with yriads of stars. Almost directly beneath, immered the lights of Partenkirchen and armisch, to the left Lermos, and farther way, those of other towns. Far to e north was Munich, a long, glowing reak, plainly visible though 100 kilo-eters away.

As we sat smoking and sipping our good st's fine old '*Diederscheimer*' in his snug om, our conversation drifted to the subject the war. Isolated as he was, Dr. Zinstler t a different perspective on that great agedy from that of the ordinary German. e criticized the highly colored and over-nfident reports of the press, and seemed ther pessimistic of the outcome.

At last we bade our host good night, and, ith great reluctance, withdrew to the freez-g sleeping quarters of the *Munchener Haus*. the faint candlelight we rummaged ound until we collected eight blankets iece and then made our beds on the frosty attresses of the upper bunks, the lower es having been invaded by snowdrifts. o fortify myself against the cold, I put on y overcoat, three pairs of woolen socks, illed my cap over my ears and buried my nds in my pockets.

AS I shivered through the night, afraid move for fear of disturbing the bed-othes, I came to the conclusion that what old southern lady once told me about hell ing cold must be true. Zintmeister went sleep, though, and snored lustily all ght long.

With the first sign of dawn, we crawled t of our icy quarters and found Dr. Zinstler already up and busy with his instruments. The sky was clouding up and the barometer going down. After a hearty breakfast, we waited until eleven o'clock to give the sun a chance to soften up the snow crust, then we bade our host goodby, though we could not thank him adequately for his hospitality.

The descent proved less difficult than anticipated, the snow crust being just soft enough to break through and still hold; besides, there was little wind, for all of which we were thankful. It took an hour to go up from where we had left our skis, but we must have got down to them in almost fifteen minutes.

WITH perfect snow for skiing, we serpentined down at a thrilling speed to the site of the destroyed cabin, stopping there for lunch. The snow was so smooth that the orange peel we threw away rolled far down the mountainside. Then followed a grand trip down to the *Knoorhutte*, for we traveled along at a breath-taking rate, making the most daring turns at high speed.

What a wonderful thing to be thankful for, is a fine, strong body, capable of responding to the will that requires physical endurance. To the adventurous minded, who crave the great open spaces, there is no better sport to be recommended than that of skiing, for, in developing courage, skill in the sense of balance, hardihood and muscle, it has no equal; having the advantage of being a fatiguing sport only going uphill, but full of speed and thrills coming down, apparently dangerous because of inevitable tumbles, but actually very little so, for in all the ski-jumping contests I have witnessed, in which fully half of the entrants took spectacular spills, I have never seen anyone injured. This is explained by the fact that one either falls on soft snow or, in jumping, lands in a glancing manner on a steep hillside.

It was nearing six o'clock when we reached the *Sportsplatz*, near Partenkirchen, both of us feeling fit and immensely elated over our achievement.

The clouds rolled away from the mountain peaks.

Debt—Our Biggest National Industry

—— (*Continued from page 2*) ——

the issue proudly. It was for *schools*, don't you see?

The splendid purpose for which they voted to tax themselves obscured the *real* cost—all that they saw was the fact that the *buildings* would cost $200,000. They did not and have not as yet seen that the bond issue in reality is not for just merely $200,000, but that their obligation amounts to something over a half-million dollars.

The price of the school buildings is one thing, *the price of the money* is on quite a different basis. The county board which negotiated this 'loan' is merely one among a thousand others which have performed the same brilliant trick. None of them would think of paying such an extortionate price for *any other* commodity which it was in the market to buy. It would scrutinize the specifications in detail and be sure, when buying ordinary commodities, that there was no 'joker' in the contract. One may be sure that no county board would authorize a contract purchase for $200,000 and then pay over a half-million dollars for it. But perhaps the purchase of money does not represent an 'ordinary' commodity, does not warrant a scrutinizing examination of the fundamentals of the terms of purchase.

THE board of school authorities would never pay a building contractor $500,000 for a $200,000 school building, or that sum for four structures costing $50,000 each.

And yet that is exactly what was done by the board in question and has been done by innumerable other public boards of education, but indirectly. But the building contractor is certainly *not* the one who gets the extra $300,000. He gets $200,000 for his school buildings, and somebody else gets $300,000—for what? For absolutely nothing!

The contractor no doubt would have been tickled to death to build *two* schools each costing $200,000, or *eight* of the smaller ones each costing $50,000, and would have donated $100,000 to charity, say, for the total sum which the county board, following the practice of the rest of the nation, is paying for only *one* school, just that one and nothing more—no extra buildings thrown in, no great sums given to charity besides.

After this—and a thousand other instances identical in character, only differing in sums ranging from $20,000 to many millions—can it be said that the money question does not deserve to be studied, that those who endeavor to enlighten the public are not justified? Can anyone listen to such instances, repeated as they are unceasingly, without an hysteric laugh at their tragic ridiculousness? Will it even be believed that such crass futility is possible!

(*This is the first of a series presenting some of the hidden features of modern finance underlying public bond issues; and suggesting possible means of offsetting the high price of money. The next article will appear in an early issue.*)

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

The Irate Father stormed in after having just finished paying the bill for the family scion's vacation weeks at home. 'I tell you the younger generation is getting outrageous. My boy shoots through more cash in a week than I had in a year. Why, when I was young we didn't have—'

'No, and your father didn't have a tenth of the things you now have,' gently countered ***the Young Old Man*** who happened to be present. 'Why, you make more money in a month than your father made in twelve; you have a beautiful home with all the modern conveniences; it is run smoothly and noiselessly; you have a big car and a chauffeur to drive you to a pleasant comfortable office. The demands your son makes on your pocketbook are probably not half so burdensome as the ones you made on your father's.

'What you do not realize is that your son is a product of present conditions and not of those of a generation ago; that he is just as able to grapple with the facts of life as they are today as you were thirty-five years ago. Why, if he were up against it he could go out and secure a contract tomorrow with a jazz band at a salary that would make the one you started with look sick in comparison, and as for salesmanship, well, all I can tell you is that the other day he sold me a car that I didn't need and at the same time made me believe I was getting a bargain!'

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'Speaking of banks,' said ***the Retired Banker,*** 'calls forth the recollection that the world's first financial institution was the Bank of Venice, founded in 1171. At that time the long wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines taxed the resources of the Venetian government. When every other resource had been exhausted, the government found it necessary to resort to forced loans from its wealthy citizens. Thus the chamber of loans was organized which culminated in a banking institution. Funds once deposited in the bank could not be withdrawn, but were transferable at the pleasure of the owners upon the bank's books. So thoroughly did the bank credits become the means by which business was done that these credits were at a premium over coin, the latter often being clipped and worn, as well as being of various countries and uncertain values. The Bank of Venice continued without interruption until the Venetian republic was overthrown by the revolutionary army of France in 1797.'

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'Those who are afraid of immigration,' said ***the Representative of the American Minority*** in New York City, 'would imagine in taking note of the arrivals at Ellis Island that none would long remain. When they are not woebegone with homesickness they are likely to be full of plans for returning to Europe in a few years. One would think that these people were foreigners not only by birth but by preference.

'But a few months later you see them, even in their own New York communities, with American clothes, and using American slang and business words along with their native language. A few years more, and —well, you know what kind of fight a man makes against deportation, even if he is an anarchist and professes to hate this country. The return to Europe is still in mind, but it is postponed and postponed. The original hope of returning to live in Europe is changed to a plan for a visit. Sometimes the visit is never made. The foreigner has become an American, so far as his type of mind and heart permits.

'Ellis Island is a good place in which to study the immigrant, but a poor place in which to study immigration. The value of a checking of immigration is that it lessens the strength of new infusions from abroad, and lets the American assimilative process fully assimilate. If this could go on unimpeded, even New York might some day become American.'

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'In the university line one notices a great difference between the French educational system and that of America,' said ***the American University Man*** who is spending two years in a French college. 'The basis of the French method is the memory, and they appear to judge a man's quality by the facility with which he can commit facts to memory. Their exams to a large extent tend to place the premium on that faculty. The relationship between professors and students is not quite so free as at home but tends toward harmonious collaboration. As a general rule the number of hours spent at the university in a professional school is considerably higher than that employed at home—the students do not enjoy, as the French call it, *Semaine Anglaise*, better known to us as "Saturday afternoon off." Questions of extracurricular activities at the universities are practically a negative factor. In the school I attend they have one paper which is issued monthly; the sports situation is the same, no provisions being made for them, and the students show no great desire to start activities in that direction. Naturally with this *status quo*, such affairs as intercollegiate matches are not even heard of. There appear now and then signs which indicate a renaissance in the ideas of the students; for instance, the attitude toward study abroad—it is most rare to find a student that even considers doing work anywhere than in France. This was only too well illustrated in the case of one of the holders of a Rockefeller scholarship. In a conversation with the gentleman I inquired as to his procedure in obtaining the fellowship and was informed that one of his professors had heard of the scholarship and sent in a letter of recommendation for the student, who was quite surprised several weeks later to receive word that he had been awarded the prize. Apparently there had been no competition, so the question was quickly decided.

'The social life of a French university is centered around several balls which are held in the winter season. Each faculty gives a party but a student may attend all the dances if he wishes. These affairs are most amusing—the walls of the dance floor are lined with the mothers of the girls who have the good fortune to be at t dance. The expression, at the same ti bored and expectant, shown by these ki old ladies is understood when one remembe that many marriages result from acquai anceships made at these balls.'

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'I prefer an upper berth on a Pullman,' sa ***the Veteran Salesman.*** 'But on o trip I could get into the sleeping car on because a man who had reserved a low berth canceled his reservation at the la minute.

'I had begun to get ready for my night rest, when I saw a stage farmer, as seemed, come down the aisle to my co partment. Six feet tall, broad as a churc with heavy boots and heavy clothes, started to climb to that upper shelf. halted him halfway up, and offered trade. He was gruffly grateful, and traded.

'In the next town I had to call on dealer in my line, a wholesaler well rat in Dun's and not regarded as very a proachable by salesmen. When I was show into his office, he was none other than m stage farmer, who actually was a farme and ran his wholesale business as a si line. There he was, boots, heavy cloth and all, but with a heart as big as a buffal He gave me a large order, and thanked m again and again for my civility, and took m protestation that I liked an upper berth merely an additional courtesy.

'I have heard that civility pays, al self-sacrifice. I cannot say this was eithe but it paid. However, it did show that one has any courtesy to display, one migh as well show it to the first man one mee instead of trying to pick some speci object.'

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'Someone in Congress,' remarked ***th Traveler,*** 'has announced once more tha the American farmer is in danger of "sink ing to the status of the old-country peasant. I don't know what is meant by sinking t that condition. European peasants ar usually comfortable, often well-to-do, an quite often fabulously wealthy.

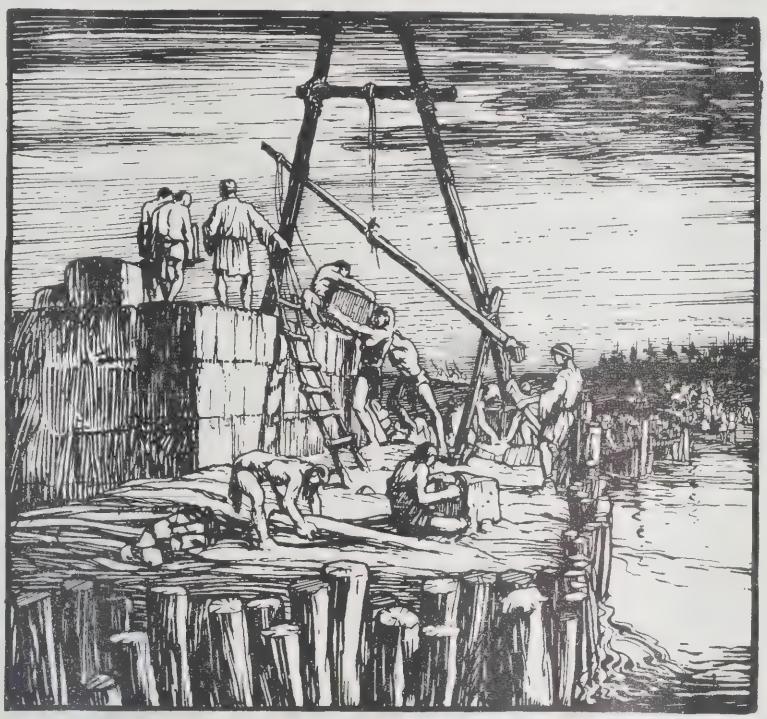
'In Continental Europe the wealth o peasants, of wooden-shoed and rudel dressed countrymen, is so proverbial tha it is the subject of many stories. In Hungar they tell of a peasant who was refused room at a hotel in a big city. He immediatel bought a house for 200,000 gulden (a gulde represents about forty cents at the presen rate of exchange), so that he would have room to sleep in when he came to town

'The peasants have money, because fo centuries they have been making all thei own clothes as well as the material for them Their flocks and herds increase, and thei farms develop. The money they receive a market has been hoarded. Many a American tourist, traveling in his moto car, has passed a rough, homely old peasan at the roadside, clumping along in hi wooden shoes. The American takes i for granted that the rough old man is poo Yet the odd corners of his thatched cottag might contain more gold and silver than th total of the American's bank account

Where the People of the British Isles Came From

(*Continued from page 7*)

them into shape. But they were bigger now, and whiter, and more fearless, and the Anglo-Saxon sons had a way somewhat of clipping the claws of that age-long mother, and they somewhat tamed the brutal harshness of her maternal handling. Not only did they warm her freezing winter breath within their homes and span her drowning torrents, but they felled her forest growths and compelled her bosom to yield such a rich and abundant food that larger numbers of them than before could gather into cities where contact brought plans of developing culture and control. Those Anglo-Saxons not only tamed their mother-by-adoption, but they also usurped part of her control over her children and, as elder brothers—not by birthright but by racial might—fixed their names to cities broadcast over all of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and enforced Anglo-Saxon law and order on their fellow citizens.



The Romans under Caesar came to the British Isles in 55 B. C., and left much of Roman blood and Roman culture.

SO THINGS were going when in 787 the first invasion of the Vikings occurred. The Vikings were of the same Teutonic race as the Anglo-Saxons. They came from the same Danish peninsula, its adjoining islands and the shores of Sweden and Norway across the narrow Skagerrak and Kattegat. For 250 years these heathen Vikings were the terrors of Britain. At last they conquered it. Capped with iron helmets and clad in shirts of mail, these swift dauntless men were justly called 'Wolves of the Sea.' The 'fierce blue-eyed giants of the north' long stalked as lords over the land. Their great leader, Cnut, became its king in 1016 and reigned over Britain, Denmark and Norway.

But all these years the heartbeat of the people was strongest in the Anglo-Saxons, and Anglo-Saxon brain it was which planned and directed British life. The Vikings were eventually absorbed, but have left their blood markedly in the rufous Scottish giants of the north.

In 1066 William the Conqueror came across the English Channel from France, and conquered England. He was the descendant, in the fifth generation, of Rolf, the Viking, whose people wrested Normandy from the King of France on condition of settling down and adopting Christianity. The Normans brought to England the French language, a superior culture, a distinct Norman architecture and men in sufficient numbers to change the chief landowners of England and the rulers of both Church and State from Anglo-Saxon and Viking into Normans. In spite of this the body of the Saxon laws remained in force by the choice and will of the king.'

That was the last conquest of England. For nearly 860 years England has stood in her insular isolation, dauntless and unconquered. Anglo-Saxon blood and English environment long since made over the sons of Normandy into Anglo-Saxon Englishmen. Ceaselessly they pursued the non-Anglo-Saxon Welsh, Irish, and Scottish, defeating them again and again until all their lands were conquered. The English language well illustrates this Anglo-Saxon dominance. It is made up of Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, and Norman-French words, with contributions from many other sources. But the warp and woof of the language are Anglo-Saxon, and whenever English-speaking people are thoroughly in earnest—when simple, natural and speaking from the heart—their words are mostly Anglo-Saxon.

During the 860 years in which Britain has been unconquered, fifty-four separate attacks and invasions by sea have been made upon the British Isles. All parts of the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have been attacked. No matter on what coast the attack fell, it forced all these islanders to unite for rescue of their island home, because deeply written in the emotions of every Britisher is the truth that every successful invasion had resulted in a conquest. This has been proved true by seven distinctive conquering peoples: it has not once proved false. With each of those fifty-four defeated invasions the Anglo-Saxon Englishman assumed increasingly the attitude of invincibility.

Each race of men which has long maintained itself in its home area is of necessity in the grip of ideals and sentiments which are part and parcel of its psychic life. Each race or nation so situated is dominated by innate emotions and possesses deep-seated motives which cannot be quickly eradicated or even greatly changed. This is eminently true of the British people, whose characteristics have been selected and intensified in their secure island isolation. Let us here note some of the most typical characteristics of the British:

First, we may glance at certain physical characteristics. The Briton has emerged in his snug island environment with a head form more uniform than that of any other people in an area of equal size. Head form is spoken of in terms of the percentage of the width of the head to the length. In spite of the total of nine different peoples who have occupied the Isles, the ceaseless selective process of environment has produced today in Britain a type of head varying on the average only from 77 to 79 per cent. This is the most uniform type in any modern nation.

We may now turn to the psychic characteristics of the British people. One of the oldest and most fundamental of British characteristics is *love of individual independence*. This love of independence came to Britain with the Anglo-Saxons, the Scandinavians, the Vikings and the Normans.

Two vital illustrations of the Briton's individualism may be noted, one in his government and the other in his home. Germanic individualism brought to Britain three new political elements: *First*, the public assembly which is the germ of modern free legislation; *second*, the elective monarchy which developed into the principle of Anglo-Saxon constitutions; *third*, the self-developing system of law. Through their Anglo-Saxon development, and through the English Puritans to America, free self-government is sweeping the earth.

AS EARLY as 1215 the *Magna Charta* gave Englishmen the germs of five fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon individual independence which may be also called personal liberties, namely, trial by jury, taxation only through representation, *habeas corpus*, fixed meeting places of courts, and law protection in enjoyment of life, liberty and property. A recent writer has said that today 'we find in Britain a notion of individual liberty which, on the whole, allows the individual to do pretty much anything he wants to do until some other individual sues him in court. The government is to arbitrate between the two, but is to direct neither.'

(*To be concluded in an early issue*)

I READ IN THE PAPERS

President Coolidge shook hands with 1,220 visitors in twenty-seven minutes and established what is believed to be a new speed record for hand-shaking at the White House. This was at the rate of forty-five a minute. Carrying the subject a little further, it is calculated that the Prince of Wales has shaken the hand of more than 85,000 persons in the last five years. On the eve of departure of the Duke and Duchess of York of England for their Australian tour there was some doubt whether the duchess, though young and perfectly healthy, would be able to withstand the exertions required at receptions during the six weeks. It is recalled that Queen Victoria, and before her the Georges, the Stuarts, and in fact the entire company of kings and emperors, knew nothing of the practice, and that it was King Edward who instituted the custom.

Wales the Champion Hand-Shaker

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There are poor men in the Senate, of course, but the objective doesn't necessarily refer to finances.—*Publishers' Syndicate.*

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A brief summary of New York's most successful plays is given by Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic of the *World*, in a review wherein he ponders the fate of a 'gentle play' which fails to pander to salacity. Describing the theatrical district, Mr. Woollcott says:

New York's Taste in Plays

'Down that street a misbegotten epileptic dashes out the brains of a debauched old sot who was his father. Across the way a half-crazed negro strangles with his bare hands the dusky Carmen who had thrown him down. Around the corner they are gayly trying a vulgar wench for putting a bullet into a receding gentleman friend, and in the next block they nab a lad for drowning the girl he had betrayed. Other stages, less orthodox, dally inquisitively with perversion.'

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Sometimes the mirror of the law casts a strange reflection.—*Indianapolis News.*

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Harry Carr, whose column, 'The Lancer,' is one of the highlights of the Los Angeles *Times*, often comments clearly and frankly on his near neighbors of the movie world. Anent a recent Hollywood imbroglio, he has this to say:

What Might Be Done With Charlie

'As to Charlie Chaplin's domestic affairs, there is probably much to be said on both sides. But as to the charge that he has failed to pay the United States Government his share of income tax, there is only one side. If Chaplin is shown to have been dishonest in this, he ought to be deported and never again be allowed to set foot on American soil.

'He came to this country a half-starved actor; and America made him a multi-millionaire. He has never seen fit to become a citizen. But that is a matter for his own judgment. If, however, he has abused the hospitality of this country, his case ought to be handled without gloves. And that goes for all the other foreigners—in Hollywood and out.'

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How the coal scuttles!—*Christian Science Monitor.*

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Disarmament is such a shibboleth in America that it is occasionally interesting to learn the attitude of other countries toward it. Here is the way an Italian journalist, writing in the Rome *La Tribuna* (a Fascist daily), looks upon American idealism which resulted at the Washington Conference in the scrapping of millions of dollars' worth of U. S. battleships:

What Europe Thinks of Disarmament

'It needs no further demonstration to show that the Anglo-Saxon powers, assisted by irresistible accumulations of international capital which enable them to force other nations to stabilize their currencies and to subordinate their money to the pound sterling and the dollar, plan not only to crush commercial competition, but also to dictate the financial policies of other powers, and in particular their military budgets, and thus to make themselves masters of the world's political destinies. For if the Anglo-Teutonic nations succeed in imposing upon the world the theories and ethics of Geneva, which are permeated with their own spirit, and in inflicting the moral code of Locarno and Thoiry on all humanity, they will be able to compel a reduction of armaments which will leave their own naval superiority intact and will rivet their bonds upon all other nations. In a word, the Anglo-Saxons by allying themselves with Germany, their continental cousin, and enslaving France, isolating Italy, and excommunicating Spain and South America, can crush the resistance of the Latins.'

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'It is now well known that gold had been found in California before Marshall made his epochal discovery at Sutter's Creek, near Sacramento,' writes Michael Williams, editor of *The Commonweal*, in *Current History*. 'From the earliest times there had been legends of its existence. And yet, until 1848, California had never produced any but the most meager amounts of the yellow metal which attracts the souls of men as potently as the magnet draws steel filings.

The Monks Knew About Gold

'William Heath Davis, whose book describing his own residence in California during the mission period contains a mine of information, said that the existence of gold in the Sacramento Valley and vicinity had been known to the Franciscan friars long before 1848.

'He and other chroniclers of the time unite in affirming that the knowledge was kept secret by the Franciscans, because they were acute enough to know that its knowledge would bring the Americans westward in such numbers as to overwhelm the Spanish influence and sweep away the work, that to the Franciscans seemed more important than all the results that might flow from the discovery of gold. However that may be, when the discovery came the forebodings of the Franciscan Fathers were amply justified, and San Francisco, from being the most important of the religious stations in California, became the focus of a new order of life and civilization.'

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New England is a slow, backward, unenterprising section which didn't have a single bank failure last year.—*Dallas News.*

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Louis Cornaro lived to be one hundred and two years old. Born in Venice in 1464, he adopted the popular manner of living of the period, in which excessive eating and drinking held a prominent part. He became violently ill and doctors told him his end was at hand. He laughed at their fears but upon recovery adopted a rigid diet. Regaining his health, he became the founder of a system of scientific eating. At eighty-three he wrote a book called *The Temperate Life*. At eighty-six he wrote another which gave advice to high livers. At ninety-one he wrote a third volume on health and at ninety-five a fourth on the same subject. His diet consisted of twelve ounces of food daily: bread, egg yolk, meat and soup. To this he added fourteen ounces of wine.

Ate Little and Lived Long

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We've either got to have wider roads or rubber fences.—*Lafayette Journal and Courier.*

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Edward Hunt of Welling describes himself as the handiest man in Great Britain. He can, he declares, drive and repair any make of motor car, run electric-light plants, gas engines and elevators, do wood work, paper hanging, glazing, repair boots and shoes, lay bricks and fancy tiles, plow, sow, reap, mow, milk cows, drive a four-in-hand, shoe a horse, row, swim and skate, act as a valet, serve at table, manage a grocery business, cultivate a garden, run a public house, act as bell ringer and church warden. In addition, he is a clever artist, has ridden to hounds, knows all about wireless, rides a bicycle and is an expert knitter!

The Handiest Man in Britain; But—

The moral is that Edward Hunt—at seventy years of age—is looking for a job.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

NEW UTRECHT HIGH SCHOOL, New York City, publishes seven papers, three of them in foreign languages. Proceeds not only cover all costs but, in addition, provide funds for the purchase of medals, regalia and sundry articles.

AMERICAN SPAGHETTI-EATERS consume an average of five pounds per capita each year. Formerly, Italy supplied us with spaghetti and macaroni, but ninety-nine per cent of what we now eat is manufactured in the United States.

CHICAGO TRAFFIC violators are now rushed to a safety school instead of to the police court, where they are given instructions in safe driving and then released.

ALTHOUGH MORE THAN seventy-two per cent of the Germans and Welshmen who come to this country become naturalized, only ten per cent of the Spanish immigrants and seventeen per cent of the Greeks ever become citizens.

PORTLAND, OREGON, street cleaners who work at night wear headlights and tail lights that they may not be hit by motorists.

THE GIRL OR WOMAN who bobs her hair forfeits her membership in the Christian Catholic Apostolic Church of Zion, Illinois.

WOMEN IN HIGH English provincial society hire jewelry for festive occasions from their local jewelers. Often the wearer has the same article time after time and has paid enough 'rent' in small amounts to exceed the sale price.

SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS are due here in the summer of 1927. On their 1910 visit they did little damage, feeding mainly on the leaves of trees. Scientists say they live underground during the seventeen-year periods between appearances.

A SINGLE PAIR of chiffon hose contains the silk from 333 silkworms.

OSWALDTWISTLE, ENGLAND, the butt of many jests because of its queer name, will vote on dropping the 'twistle' and becoming plain Oswald, the name of a king who reigned there in 642.

ACCUMULATED GAS IN a Boston sewer threw the manhole cover to a fire alarm box, breaking the glass and turning in an alarm.

RUSSIANS CONDUCTING A night club in New York, and keeping open until 4:30 in the morning, tried to justify their infraction of the curfew ordinance by pleading that the day was the Russian New Year. The judge decided that the plea lacked judicial support, for the Soviets have adopted the Gregorian calendar.

A TRUCK RAN over an organ grinder, and his widow promptly brought suit for $75,000 damages. Lawsuits hinge on the unexpected. The jury brought in a verdict for the defendant, on finding that the deceased had been grinding his organ on the wrong side of the street.

A MUSEUM TO BE built in New York will have among its possessions part of the lightning rod set up on St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in 1770.

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN THREW a boomerang three hundred feet and return, a total distance of six hundred feet.

FLORIDA CONTAINS TWO of the world's four largest springs, one flowing 531,000,000 gallons daily, the other 498,000,000.

THE TALC DEPOSITS in Hastings County, Canada, have supplied the manufacturers of talcum powder in Canada and the United States for a number of years.

A STEEL FRAME, enabling sight-seers to look up and down as well as straight ahead, has been placed on the windows at the top of the Washington Monument to prevent people jumping out, after three persons killed themselves in that manner in one year.

INTENSE COLD FROZE the mechanism of the whistle of the 20th Century Limited, westbound from Springfield, Massachusetts, and the train made the fifty-four-mile run to Pittsfield with the whistle screeching continuously. Attempts to muffle it at Pittsfield proved useless and the locomotive plowed off into the mountains with its whistle still howling.

THE EYES OF A FROG, when exposed to the light of a candle, will generate an electric current easily measured on a galvanometer.

AFTER A MOUNTED POLICEMAN was run down by an automobile in England, a law was passed requiring night riders to equip their mounts with tail lights fixed to the harness.

MORE THAN ONE-THIRD the nation's population spent their vacations touring in 1926, expending some $3,000,000,000 on camping, hotels, gasoline and other expenses.

KANGAROOSALEM IS AUSTRALIA'S nickname for the new capital, Canberra.

A LADY IN DENVER, Colorado, regained her sight after being totally blind for twenty-eight years, by the extraction of an abscessed tooth.

ALEXANDER POPE WAS ONLY twenty years of age when he wrote the 'Essay on Criticism' in which occur the two famous phrases: 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'

BELGIUM HAS sixteen thousand diamond mills and more than seven hundred workshops for cutting the stones.

EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE, second wife of Napoleon I, used to wiggle her ears, believing it would drive away wrinkles and make her beautiful.

RECORDS FOUND IN Assyria and Egypt show that hairdressers centuries ago practised the art of artificially curling hair and permanent waving. Chaucer mentions hair 'crulling' in the *Canterbury Tales*.

THE FRENCH HAVE adopted the use of the English word home, their nearest approach to a word of this meaning being *foyer* or hearth, which was limited in use and did not have the wide significance of home.

JOHN GREENWOOD, a Continental trooper, supplied George Washington with a full set of teeth carved from a hippopotamus tusk.

IN THE UNITED STATES during 1925 there was one divorce for every 7.2 marriages.

MORE THAN A half-million young men in the United States have adopted the feminine custom of using cosmetics and lotions to improve their appearance.

A BILL PENDING in the New Hampshire legislature would require one of each twenty-five beds in hotels to be seven feet in length.

IN DENVER, COLORADO, when a thief was brought before the judge, he was wearing the teeth and shoes of his victim.

J. L. BAIRD, the televisor inventor, claims that a person is able to tell his face from other people's faces by the noise it makes during the transmission of pictures by telephone or radiophone.

WHEN THE DUTCH settled on Manhattan they liked the crabs that were plentiful there because they were edible and were blue and white in color. The British like the crab because it turns red when boiled.

'TRAFFIC SPIES,' large mirrors erected at the elbows of L-shaped streets, are being used in many German cities to lessen danger of collisions between motor cars on the ancient, narrow streets.

THE STORY OF CINDERELLA has been traced by an historian to the account of a young lady named Rhodopis whose sandal was carried by the wind, while she was bathing in the Nile, to the feet of the Egyptian king who offered a reward for the owner. When Rhodopis claimed her sandal the king married her.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week enters into further discussion of the signs of the times.

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The highest-priced commodity in the world today is money. Why this is so only Wall Street and the bourses of Europe can explain, and if they did explain very few persons would be the wiser. But Henry Laket, a specialist on finance, discloses some of the hidden features underlying bond issues and suggests remedies. Why debt should be the world's largest and most profitable industry causes a maelstrom of thinking. (p. 1)

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Marion Talley, the American girl who tore tradition to pieces and flashed upon the musical élite as a vocal meteor, has a hidden story that is disclosed by William L. Stidger. Marion did not emerge from her home town untried and unheard, but she did what no other prima donna has been able to do: without any 'finishing' in Europe, without the intensive study under foreign masters hitherto considered indispensable, she faced the world's critics unperturbed —and won. (p. 3)

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The desire for loot has lost many a battle and nullified the fruits of many a victory. From time immemorial the best troops have been those who did not pillage for private gain. The desire for plunder is still strong and not soldiers alone are to blame. Standards of morality that were originally military have varied little since the days of the Goths and Vandals, as Captain Elbridge Colby shows. (p. 4)

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The human element of the whole of the Eastern Hemisphere seems to have poured itself into the British Isles at one time or another, but it was the best that the then known world had to give. Professor Jenks shows conclusively that the British nation was never born. It grew as a stately tree that is from time to time grafted into renewed existence. (p. 6)

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Some books are merely books—paper, print and binding—with as much effect upon the persevering reader as a dud shell landing in a sand pit. But other books are living things. They are like friends that draw one and set the emotions vibrating. (p. 8)

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As can well be imagined skiing in the Bavarian Alps is a sport that would appeal to an American, especially when there are excitement and adventure attached to it. Irving R. Bacon gives us his actual experiences with a few thrills by the way. (p. 12)

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Beauty doctors and beauty doctoring are as old as Eden, but today there is more money spent on aids to beauty than at any time in the world's history, so Edna M. Colman tells us. Even Cleopatra's milk bath seems now out of date as a piece of feminine extravagance. (p. 14)

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Of all America's great men Benjamin Franklin stands out as the most varied in his activities, but in spite of this he is not usually identified with the abolitionist movement. A hundred years before Lincoln's proclamation Franklin was actively engaged in movements for bettering the condition of slaves and in procuring their freedom, as Alice Mac Farland shows. (p. 16)

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Some further reminiscences of Elbert Hubbard are picturesquely set forth by James W. Beckman, formerly his secretary. (p. 20)

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The following are a few more opinions from our critics, dealing with a variety of subjects, but all more or less kindly:

Tacoma, Washington.

Explicitness and candor are qualities that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT possesses in highest degree.

The assertion of fairness and justice appeals to any one who is seeking an unbiased viewpoint of current events.

STEWART STROMBERG.

Los Angeles, California.

Returning from the city a few days ago I picked up a copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, dated November 19, 1926. It was the first copy I had read. The subject 'Franklyn Relics Are Found' was most interesting. Lady Franklyn was an intimate friend of my mother-in-law and gave my late husband a fine portrait of Sir John in full uniform, also a child's book called *Sparrows* and a bloodstone ring, all of which I prize highly.

MRS. FRANK ROBBINS.

New York City.

I thoroughly enjoy THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It truly deserves its name —INDEPENDENT—and I feel that the news we get in it is accurate, not colored in any way to suit any particular group. That in itself is wonderful in these days, when everything seems to be under the control of something or somebody and cannot tell of events exactly as they happen, or sometimes not telling them at all.

I particularly enjoy the new department, that of answering questions. The questions you select to answer are so useful and practical. Then, too, I like your last page, the selection from some philosopher, especially the New England ones, while 'Briefly Told' is brimful of important facts. Then, too, your editorials seem to get 'better and better' every week. They certainly give us many neglected truths we can find nowhere else.

I know of no magazine with such a varied and interesting table of contents. I always enjoy Tom Masson's articles, for so many of the people he mentions are familiar and interesting. Don't let the literary part of your magazine be crowded out, ever, for the United States needs as much of it as it can get, and it seems to be getting 'scarcer and scarcer' every day.

M. C. DUNN.

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Cover Design—Street Scene in the Village of Partenkirchen—*Irving R. Bacon*

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Benjamin Franklin as an Abolitionist - - 1 *Alice Mac Farland*

Intimate Glimpses of Elbert Hubbard - - - 2 *James W. Beckman*

HENRY LAKET is the pen name of a prominent business man of New Orleans who has made an intensive analysis of financial conditions in this country and abroad.

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, popular Methodist pastor of Kansas City, is a versatile writer and has found a congenial subject in this delightful story of the American Jenny Lind.

CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY is a writer on Army subjects whose articles are now familiar to our readers. He is in close touch with things military.

ALBERT ERNEST JENKS, professor of anthropology at the University of Minnesota, has made ethnological research one of his life studies. The peoples of Europe have received his especial attention.

IRVING R. BACON is an artist as well as a writer. This week's cover design is from his brush. He has traveled extensively.

EDNA M. COLMAN, of Washington, D. C., has done considerable writing for magazines and newspapers covering a wide field.

ALICE MAC FARLAND is a bibliographer of considerable ability. She is equally at home in literature and art, and has the knack of finding quaint facts in queer places.

JAMES W. BECKMAN was secretary to Elbert Hubbard and writes with intimate knowledge of that remarkable figure in the nation's literature.

Dogs—At Home *and* Afield

This is as nearly pleasant as an English bulldog can look, even though he is claimed to be the best in the United States. He is a two-year-old valued at $5,000. —*P. & A. Photo.*

Above—
A word from his master is all he needs to flush the covey of quail in the grass ahead.
—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Circle—*Water has an important place in the diet of a dog, as this young master is learning.*—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

Below—*Graceful aristocrats of the dog world, these champion English setters languidly consent to pose.*
—*H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.*

—*Herbert Photos Inc.*

The inconsiderate cameraman roused these wire-haired fox terrier puppies from their bed, which accounts for that 'morning after' expression.

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THE world is held together by the mass of honest folk who do their daily task, tend their own spot in the world, and have faith that Right will come to its own at last ⁂ They believe that right motives are the key to right methods and hence to right conditions ⁂ All righteous-minded men desire to vindicate this faith ⁂ If it should be lost to any considerable group of our people, the loss would exceed that of all the material wealth we shall ever possess ⁂

DEA

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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MAR 18 1927
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

The Gibson Girl and Other Symbols of Yesterday

VACHEL LINDSAY

The Real Story of Mary's Little Lamb

Sinclair Lewis Writes About Preachers

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

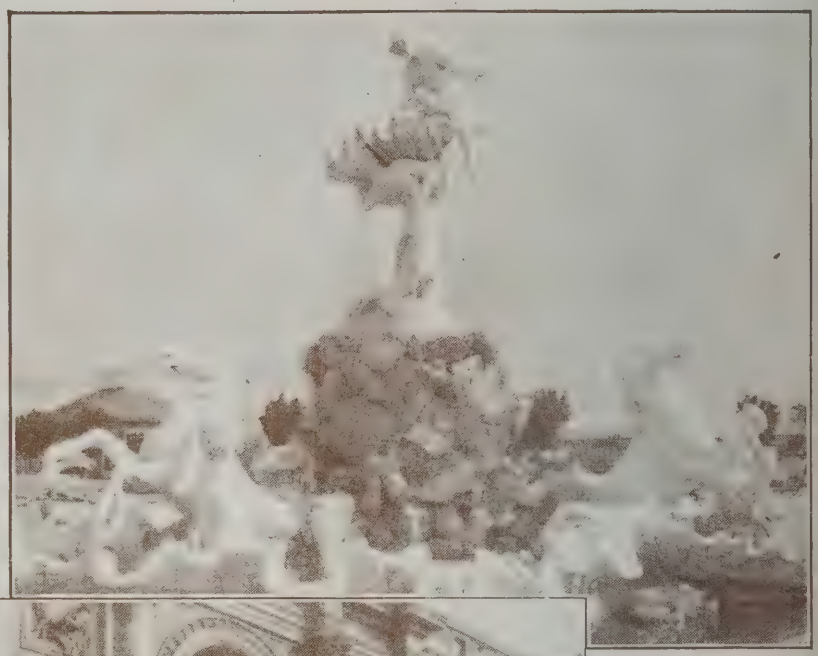
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

THE SPIRIT of WATER

Fountains *from* Far Countries

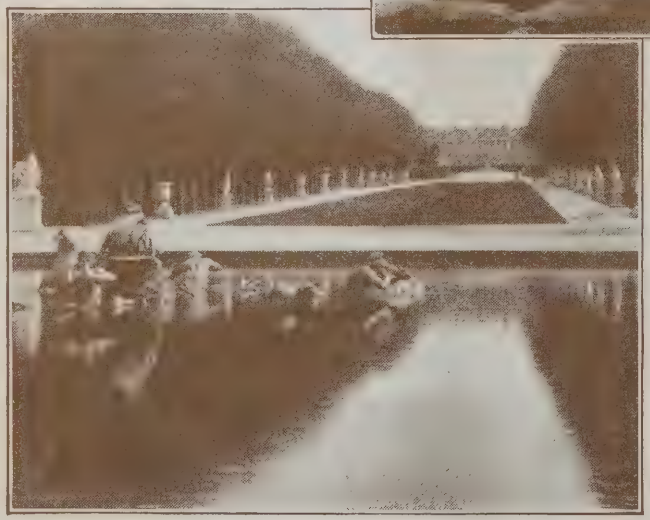
Above—
This fountain, which depicts a certain mischievous and rather grotesque spirit of German mythology, lends distinctive atmosphere and personality to the natural and cultural beauties of Munich.

Right—
The famous Trevi Fountain in Rome derives its waters from three different sources. The skilful blending of nature, art and mythology makes this a fountain of surpassing beauty.



Above—
Such chaste and classic beauty, with its animation and compelling charm, would seem to belong to the Old-World centers of art; but it is the Lolo Mora Fountain at Buenos Aires, Argentina.

—*Photos by Publishers' Photo Service.*



The harmony and restful beauty of this garden suggest peace. Appropriately enough, the Peace Conference was held in this, Versailles Palace. In the foreground is seen the renowned Neptune's Fountain and the 'Tapis Vert' or green carpet, leading to the palace.

Dragon Fountain in a Japanese temple, built on piles on a sacred island.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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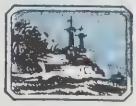


A Preacher Tells

The Inside Story *of* SINCLAIR LEWIS

And His Preacher Book

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Pastor, Linwood Boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church, Kansas City

FIVE years ago Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones and I met Sinclair Lewis.

We were both lecturing in Chautauqua and had arrived in Terre Haute the same evening.

'Say Bill,' said Dr. Jones, 'Sinclair Lewis is registered at this hotel and I'd like to meet him.'

'We'll introduce ourselves. I have a bone to pick with that boy anyhow,' said I.

We had the pleasure of meeting him next morning, and he insisted upon our having lunch with him.

'I don't like that preacher, Doctor Drew, that you have in *Babbitt!*' I commenced.

We took that protest for a topic and argued all morning.

'You don't know anything about a preacher,' I told Lewis. 'I wish you would write a real preacher book; a man who lives and walks and has a being; not all good, not all bad—some of both—a human being!'

'By gosh, I'll do it! That will be my next book. I've always wanted to do a preacher book. Let me come to see you in Detroit, and live with you and talk with you and meet your people and see what it's all about,' said Lewis.

Sinclair Lewis

He came to Detroit, but only stayed a few days. He was not ready for the real laboratory work on that book.

Three years passed. He wrote to me, addressing a letter to Detroit—not knowing that preachers move. The letter was forwarded. It said: 'I am now ready to write that preacher book. I'd like to live in your home, go calling with you, see how you work, and talk with you and other preachers. Ask your wife if she will have me. Incidentally, I will want to talk over with you the reality of religion and what conversion means and a lot of things like that.'

Mr. Lewis came.

Kansas City opened its heart to him. The newspapers kept him on the front page for two weeks. He addressed the Rotary Club for the first time since *Babbitt* had alienated the affections of that organization. He addressed the Chamber of Commerce, the Ad Club; he spoke before literary clubs, he spoke in churches—several of them.

There were three outstanding episodes in Lewis' visit. The first was when he laid a watch on the pulpit in Dr. Burris Jenkins' Linwood Boulevard Christian Church and dared God to strike him dead.

Several fundamentalist preachers had been saying that God had struck Luther Burbank dead because the plant breeder had doubted. Lewis said: 'I was just defending the integrity of a real God against a false God.'

The news bureaus sent it to every corner of the United States. Within a month clippings were pouring in. It is only fair to say that the whole tale was grossly misinterpreted.

The second incident occurred at a banquet of the proposed Lincoln and Lee University. He was introduced and called upon to make a speech in spite of the fact that he had been promised that, if he would attend, he would not be called on at all. He sat between two bishops and told them to go to hell—and a few additional and even more eloquent remarks—and so passed that particular picture. The third took place when a clever advertising writer sent to Lewis' apartments a big hat which was about six feet across. This amused Kansas City and irritated Lewis—and gave the hat man some good publicity. Lewis remarked: 'I am sorry that my twelve-year-old boy isn't here. He would appreciate both the hat and the joke.

(*Continued on page 22*)

A $20,000,000 Bond Issue That Will Cost the Taxpayers $49,500,000

By HENRY LAKE

THE borrowing of money by local and state governments goes steadily on: never a voice is raised to ask if there isn't *possibly* some *other way* for government agencies to obtain money for carrying on public works. The whole system of bond issuing is simply taken for granted as the natural way. It has become a deep-rooted habit. Of course, there may *not* be a better way of raising public funds; it may be that able financiers went through all the necessary thought, philosophy and experimenting in connection with such things generations ago, centuries ago, ages ago. It may be that the modern system is the *ne plus ultra*—that there is none better.

But it strikes some beholders as strange, nevertheless—and they are quizzical about it despite the professed orthodoxy of the financing methods in operation today—that public moneys (not to speak of what is borrowed by private individuals and corporations) cannot be 'bought' at less cost to taxpayers and public than the enormous prices which lenders obtain for it. A quizzical inquirer wonders despite all precedent and authority against him why every $1,000 borrowed by the public costs approximately $2,754!

This is what the average price of money really is.

Why should Money be the highest priced thing in the world?

Those who deal in money as a commodity realize a net profit of between one hundred and fifty and three hundred per cent, while recent loans made to some foreign countries (this is not to be confused with the loans made by the American Government during the war to its associates and the Allies) yield a net return of upward of five hundred per cent!

THE local and state governments of this country have borrowed billions of dollars and are now obligated for these borrowings at prices ranging between $2,104 and $4,170 for every $1,000 obtained. Thus it is that 'nominal' rates of interest such as four and seven per cent become huge levers that exert a hidden force which raises the price of money to such a disproportion between its real worth and what it actually costs.

The childish truth of the matter is that the public does not know these seemingly elementary facts, and few if any writers undertake such chronicles. The American people are therefore submerged in a lethargy, too habituated to the authoritative commands of Money to make an inquiry, to ask questions about something which so profoundly concerns them and the future of the nation. A cloud of hand's span in size—usury—is spreading now monstrously across the American skies. A galloping rider plunges triumphantly through the rising mists—like a fifth horseman of the *Apocalypse* who rides the skies: and his name is *INTEREST*.

MONEY is *not* so obscure a subject that it should not be taught even to children in school. There comes a time in the history of every nation called great when the question rises to mandatory heights, when the evils and abuses underlying it have become so swollen that they can no longer be concealed in their grossness. That time looms not distantly for this nation, such is the huge *nominal* total of our debts, public and private; and such is the enormous geometrical reproductive power of money when wedded to interest that it is only a question of time when the country will be enveloped in the gathering mental storm of which the horizon-filling cloud and its silent galloping horseman are the precursors.

The nation has gone far already to bring down the storm and stress which is precipitated by vast and growing debts. But not too far—if the rider of the skies, that fifth horseman whose name is *INTEREST*, can be turned from his course, even ever so little.

The present system permits of an unbelievable waste of public funds, literally the throwing away of tax revenues, and it is questioned by none, in so far as its fundamental aspects are concerned. Is the usurious factor ever called to public attention, and are voters told of it? On the contrary, government officials and industrial executives would seem, in many cases, to serve a main purpose of providing fodder for the money lenders, of making government and industry mere tools with which to serve 'financial' interests. Every opportunity of making huge borrowings in the supposed interest of the public or of the stockholders of a corporation is turned to advantage to make profits for the class which professionally lends money.

At times it would seem that some great corporations, railroads, industries and governmental agencies exist only to serve as feeders for the controllers of money. In the meantime the sums of money in the hands of those who control it grow, swell to bloated and overshadowing proportions—it is the cloud now darkening the hitherto bright skies of the American people, the wet vapor settling on the body of the nation—and thunderingly overhead the horseman rides . . .

Take the case of a county which has just issued three hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds with which to build new roads and improve old ones—secured by a gasoline tax probably. The roads will cost $300,000, but the money which they 'bought' in order to 'buy' in turn the roads will cost $826,425! This is figured at a rate of 5½ per cent for twenty years—and therefore is not an uncommon instance. But it is evident that the county—the people—are to pay, not $300,000 for new roads for their business needs and enjoyment, but almost three times that sum, and still to receive only three hundred thousand dollars' worth of improvements.

By the test which one prominent publicist suggests, namely, to ask not *How much are we spending?* but *What do we get for our money?* the answer in this case would be, We are spending $826,425 and getting for this sum roads which are costing the contractor only three hundred thousand dollars.'

The contractor, thinking that this answer reflects on his honesty, interjects a word of his own: 'But I was not the one to get the surplus $526,425—all that I received was my contract price for three hundred thousand dollars worth of roads; and that I have given full value received will be admitted by anyone who looks over the work. The rest of the money went to somebody else—not to me.'

And that is a neat presentation of the matter.

That county under some better financing system could have *twice* as many new roads for the total sum it must expend, and would have left over on hand a sum in cash equal to $226,425. But no such luck for this or any other county by the modern methods of finance!

FOR the aggregate sum to which this bond issue will mount, the taxpayers might have had their road system and a great new high school building on one of the widest streets in the finest city in the county—thus getting the school free; whereas no doubt when they want such a school building they will be forced to put out another bond issue to cover its cost—say $500,000—and obligate themselves to pay for this half-million dollars the enormous total of $1,377,375! And this new sum for which taxes must be levied would be a wholly futile waste—the half-million dollar high school's cost could have been easily taken care of

within the original obligation of more than eight hundred thousand dollars.

We thus see the pyramiding of public debt, how one unnecessary obligation after another is piled on top of those which were really necessary. This instance is typical, its counterpart may be found far and wide: the people are paying not only for the things they get but are paying extortionately. Where the public might enjoy double benefits in public works—even tripled benefits—it must skimp along with a single benefit *and yet pay for three!*

TO CITE another case. A large seaport in this country planned an immense new industrial utility to cost twenty million dollars. The press and public talked of this enterprise in terms of twenty million dollars. The local chamber of commerce let it be known all over the nation that this twenty-million-dollar utility would be added to the port facilities of their city. How proud they ought to feel now, and with what zim and gusto they might have broadcast and boosted this addition to their fair city's industrial equipment had they but said at the time that this great engineering work would represent a real cost to the taxpayers of $49,500,000 instead of a mere twenty million!

And yet the contractors did the work for twenty million and felt well repaid. The people paid the contractors that much and no more, for it was an entirely legitimate and honest transaction from top to toe. The remaining $29,500,000 will be paid by the taxpayers to others who never turned a hand—except to furnish the $20,000,000 originally required. This group receives as a bonus, premium prize or by whatsoever name it might go, nearly thirty million dollars at the end of twenty years, and gets its original twenty millions back intact!

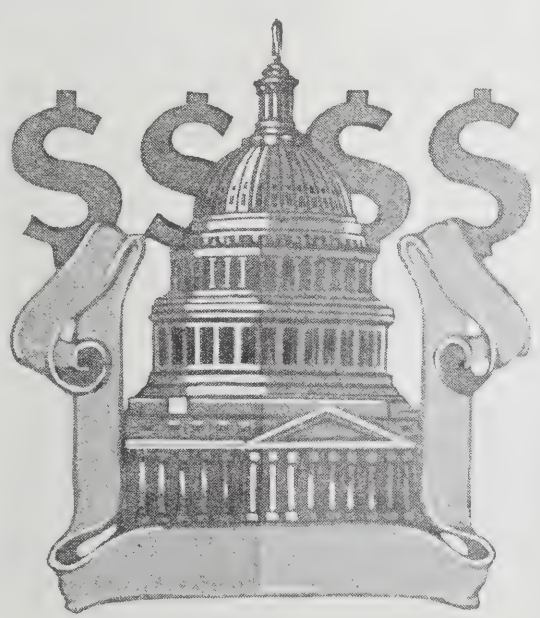
If this is finance—does it mean that all the brains are on one side, on that of the money dealers? Is that, in reality and seriously, what the word 'finance' means?

Had everyone in that large seaport city become so dulled and enthralled by usage and custom as to take such severe punishment 'lying down' as it were? To suffer a thirty-million-dollar debt to be super-added to an already heavily taxed population? To be thus incompetent to devise some better system of 'buying' funds for public use, some less usurious method, at a cheaper price than $4,950 for every $2,000 really needed? But this is not to put blame in a single place when the system above outlined is merely representative of what has already taken place in numberless cities, towns, counties and states. The people so deeply mired in the quicksands of interest-bearing bond issues needs help now—not reproach, nor pity.

The country is already in the cold grip of debt, will begin to feel the pressure, the real hurt—unless effective remedies can be evolved. A tough log, says the old saying, requires a tough wedge to split it: and so, the remedy when it is devised will be seen to be playing against the devil with his own pitchfork—a counterirritant is the solution, of which more will be said at another time.

Returning to the seaport city here referred to, there is yet a strange tale to tell, which certainly will not seem to be a rational recital, but I venture to say that it will sound quite obvious and legitimate to those who know the whys and wherefores of the money situation. Despite the fact that the municipality —which of course I leave unnamed—is thus actually tossing into the sewers, so to speak, almost $1,500,000 a year —for twenty years—receiving nothing in return either in money or property or revenue, and despite this not inconsiderable sum which the taxpayers are *compelled* to find annually and to pay out for *nothing*, these same highly intelligent taxpayers only recently, a few months ago, voted to put out still another bond issue—this time for about $8,000,000—to provide for needed public improvements, increased park acreage, a group of public buildings to form a nucleus for a civic center, and for more paved streets. These it will be admitted are worthy and ambitious public works. This construction and improvement program will represent a cash outlay of just about $8,000,000 —paid to landowners (for the park addition), and to street-paving and building contractors.

BUT for this sum in *cash*, purchased in the form of a bond issue, this municipality must in the aggregate pay the murderous sum total of $22,038,000! Of this, the owners of the land to be acquired for park purposes and the building contractors will receive eight million dollars. That is all their part of the program is worth or calls for. The rest—over $14,000,000—goes to *others*.



OF COURSE this is consistent with the modern financial system which has been outlined. The interest rate involved was *only* 5½ per cent in this case. But the strange factor of this loan is that it is being made by a city which already is wasting—literally casting into the mire—$1,500,000 in connection with the larger bond issue previously discussed. The same municipality which has plunged itself into a debt of $49,000,000 to $50,000,000 for its previous $20,000,000 loan—the same city which is thus gayly tossing away this greater sum is now borrowing, for other purposes, a further sum of $8,000,000 for which it agrees to pay more than twenty-two million dollars!

It is an act indeed worthy of being played before the gods of Olympus —only these wise gods of ancient Greece are capable of laughing the long, loud laughter which this modern tragicomedy deserves. Here is an American city, and it is not an isolated instance —they are all doing it—which could save in five years from its annual wastage of taxpayers' funds enough to raise the $8,000,000 cash required for its new civic improvements, and yet now goes out and makes a loan for this sum and doing so agrees to pay for it in time $22,000,000 or more. The ancients have it, that whom the gods love they first make mad—crazy is the present-day word. Are our people being first made mad—crazed? Certainly one instance like those I have described, or a dozen, might be condoned, understood, but that a highly intelligent nation should continue in this fashion is unthinkable.

The long lane will have a turning. The brains of the country ought to be able to fashion a new financial system. The present one is approaching a disastrous end—'modern finance' cannot survive new systems in the making, devised on truly American models and by Americans. That is to say, there appears to be a hopeful outlook for the future of financing public works, the requirements of local and state governments: but what hope may be held out in connection with private loans, commercial loans, is not quite clear.

(*This is the second of a series presenting some of the hidden features of modern finance underlying public bond issues; and suggesting possible means of offsetting the high price of money. The next article will appear in an early issue.*)

Gibson GIRLS, Gibson MEN *and the* Chicago World's Fair

By VACHEL LINDSAY

Gibson Girls by CHARLES DANA GIBSON
Reproduced by courtesy of *Collier's Weekly*

Portraits by W. W. CLARKE

THIS is not precisely a book review. I am incapable of such a thing. But it is a comment on the Gibson Girl and Gibson Man period, stimulated by many new books of reminiscences. I select for a text Mark Sullivan's carefully prepared book called *Our Times, the Turn of the Century* (1900-1904). This book is going into edition after edition, and has been received with a shout of joy by men of the type of William Allen White. Mark Sullivan used to write in *Collier's Weekly* that most effective 'Comment on Congress.' Here is recommendation enough for me. But there are many reasons why the calmest surveyor of our scene should care to look into this period. Most of it turns on the year 1900. Behold the contrast of that year to 1926! The men in power, or moving toward power in 1900, were William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Whatever your choice of these men, the period from 1900 to 1926 represents the three-sided history their names stand for.

Sullivan has been remarkably careful in his selection of illustrations. I recommend them to every American family at once as a beginning for the restudy of this period. Mark Sullivan has other books of this type on the wing. So have we all who write. Sullivan's books will be about 1912 versus 1925 or 27, 1918 versus 1925 or 28, et cetera.

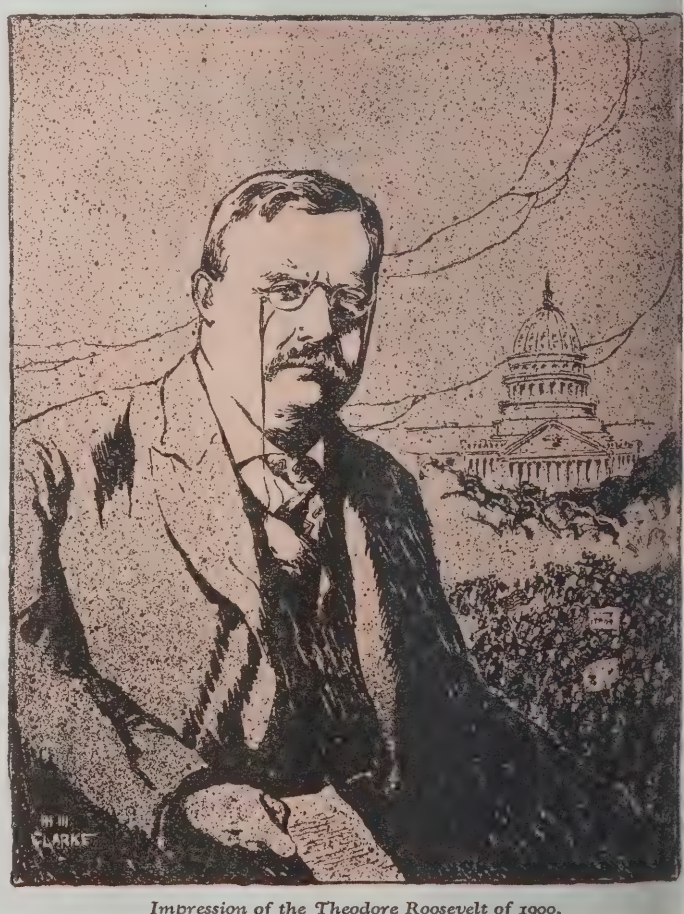
In 1900, every man in America tried unconsciously to dress like the Gibson Man. Of this, every illustration in the book is pathetic proof. There are plenty of such Gibson Men in the book, not enough Gibson Girls.

Wilson is shown at the beginning and at the end of his career—two pictures for friend or foe to study. Bryan is shown at the beginning and at the end of his career—two pictures for friend or foe to study. Of course, our Balkan Bohemians will deny that Bryan, Roosevelt, or Wilson were ever Gibson Men in their youth. Whether Gibson Men or not, in each case the decay, and yet the magnificent lines of great battle, are shown. And all three look more like American than Balkan leaders.

In the pictures of Roosevelt at the beginning and at the end, we do not observe so dramatic a change from youth to age. Yet there is that sugary transformation which makes me apprehensive when I see it in the faces of old friends. I do not want to see that fatal sagging on the face of any. The simultaneous disappearance of these three men has forced us to reflect upon the entire World's Fair, Gibson Girl, Gibson Man period. Mark Sullivan, thank Heaven! thinks well of all three statesmen: Bryan, Roosevelt, Wilson. Any decent American patriot will be in the same state of mind very soon. Mark Sullivan dislikes the kind of men who think they are, even now, smarter than all three, or more powerful than our memory of all three. Now remember, I am not attempting to review Mark Sullivan's book completely, but rather to suggest some turns of thought brought up by the period he has covered. It is the easiest way to write one's own biography, a delightful exercise.

It is my opinion, in spite of our intelligentsia, one of whom I have been for ages, that any Cyrano de Bergerac can have his own way up any alley of this Republic if he carries an ordinary cane in his hand, or even a Richard Harding Davis, Van Bibber cane. And there are no invisible powers of Mammon. Read Cyrano de Bergerac, or even Van Bibber, and give yourself a lesson in citizenship. Learn there that all you need is a big cane to beat the devil out of the opposition. You need not have a million dollars. You do not even need a lawyer or a doctor. Reread that ancient American book, Whistler's *Gentile Art of Making Enemies*. It was because Roosevelt knew about the Big Stick that the Americans welcomed him with such a shout. He had such boys around him as made good Gibson Men, dressed up, though by way of advertising, he called them 'The Congress of the Rough Riders of the World.'

Mark Sullivan does us the honor to like our three great politicians who



Impression of the Theodore Roosevelt of 1900.

have recently passed. He does not require that they be alike. Take for instance Bryan. Bryan was not so strong for the Big Stick. Roosevelt said, 'Step softly, and carry a Big Stick.' Another time Roosevelt said, 'My spear knows no brother.' But Bryan had another way with him. He was a Jacksonian and a Jeffersonian. He was, after all, in his own gentle way, combative.

He said, in substance, 'Sing them down.' And he could do it every time. The silver-tongued orator of the Platte could, till he grew old, sing down in the Democratic convention, any machine ever constructed by any boss. If it was a wet machine, it surrendered. If it was a Wall Street machine, it surrendered. If it was a newspaper machine, it surrendered. It left Bryan shouting and singing—our most triumphant poet: in many ways, our only poet, yet.

Bryan has had little mercy from our intellectuals. They do not think it is refined to admire him. They do not think it is even psychological to admire him. When Mrs. Bryan issued his biography, they all preserved their Greenwich Village regularity by skinning the entire Bryan family. But not one of them could make a speech or sing a song that could be heard across the street.

NOW comes in some autobiographical matter. I am growing gray around the ears, too; and I have just as many opinions about the period 1900 versus the period 1926 as Mark Sullivan. And I have tried to address many audiences. My publishers are willing to O. K. my boast that I have sung for a million people since I was a boy, a tramp and a beggar. When I have all my strength I can make four thousand listen an hour, and nobody will leave the room. But Bryan did not begin till Madison Square Garden was full. When he was a young man, I heard him speak to a whole state house yardful out-of-doors. He sang down seven street cars, forty sick babies, the entire voting population and two passing trains; and the Democrats carried Springfield that year.

My ancestral politics begin to appear between the cracks of this article. But any highbrow, whose brow is so high he thinks Bryan was a fool and a villain, misses the romantic totality of our Gibson period.

Let him try to get the eye of the speaker the next time the new Madison Square Garden is packed, force himself to the platform in spite of the hostile declaimer, and make everybody listen to him the while he says exactly what he pleases. Bryan was one of the illustrations of the fact that Cyrano de Bergerac is not dead. Bryan started his song where he pleased, on his own terms, and ended it his own way. Our intellectuals do not believe this because they have not read it in the papers. But Bryan scarcely spent an hour in his whole life trying to please any newspaper or press association Roosevelt's idea was 'step softly and carry a Big Stick'; and Bryan's idea was 'sing them down.' 'Gayly the troubadour.'

Impression of the William Jennings Bryan of 1900.

I have never believed in the trusts because neither Bryan nor Roosevelt ever went to jail.

As to Wilson as a statesman, all the returns are not in. I have written a poem of thirty stanzas of which Wilson is the hero, and in which he is compared to Socrates. And, moreover, in plain prose, I call him a Gibson Man, with the others. None but a Balkan conspirator will deny it. There is more in the classification than meets the eye. There is a lot more to the Gibson Girl, Gibson Man, Chicago World's Fair civilization than I have begun to suggest.

Obviously.

From Mark Sullivan's book I would like to name one or two of the best titles of chapters. 'The Nineties.' The Nifty Nineties, or the Gay Nineties, as now cartooned in *Life*, give the key, not only to this chapter, but to many chapters. The Gibson Girl, still the perfect flower of American life, who is every so often swatted by Gibson's own magazine, with great good humor on the part of Gibson, is treated with far more gallantry by Mark Sullivan. She was, and she is perfect womanhood. It may be that Gibson is getting tired of exploiting the type in public. But America is returning to the Gibson Girl and the Gibson Man, and to reminiscences of the Chicago World's Fair days. Gibson Girls appear on our streets in spite of the Balkan States, and in spite of the flapper's arrogance. Sooner or later we will have the Gibson Girl versus the Mrs. Abraham Lincoln type! The present movie flapper, just one generation from the steerage, will be nowhere in the argument. Lee Wilson Dodd has a great deal to say that is worth while about the Gibson Girl in the Vassar Alumnae Quarterly. He is a little too sad about her, but he admits that she exists eternally. If you want to get the Mrs. Abraham Lincoln type, read Carl Sand-

(*Continued on page 21*)

Japan *Looks to* America *to* Prevent Wars

Freedom *From* Extra Taxation *for* Armaments What They Most Want

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

JAPAN had one of the most memorable and far-reaching gatherings ever held on the Pacific shores in the third Pan-Pacific Science Congress recently convened in Tokio. Japan set a very high standard for this congress and not only reached it, but, in the opinion of the delegates, as a nation laid greater stress on science and conferred more royal honors upon the scientists than have ever been showered upon the intelligentsia of any of the sixteen countries represented.

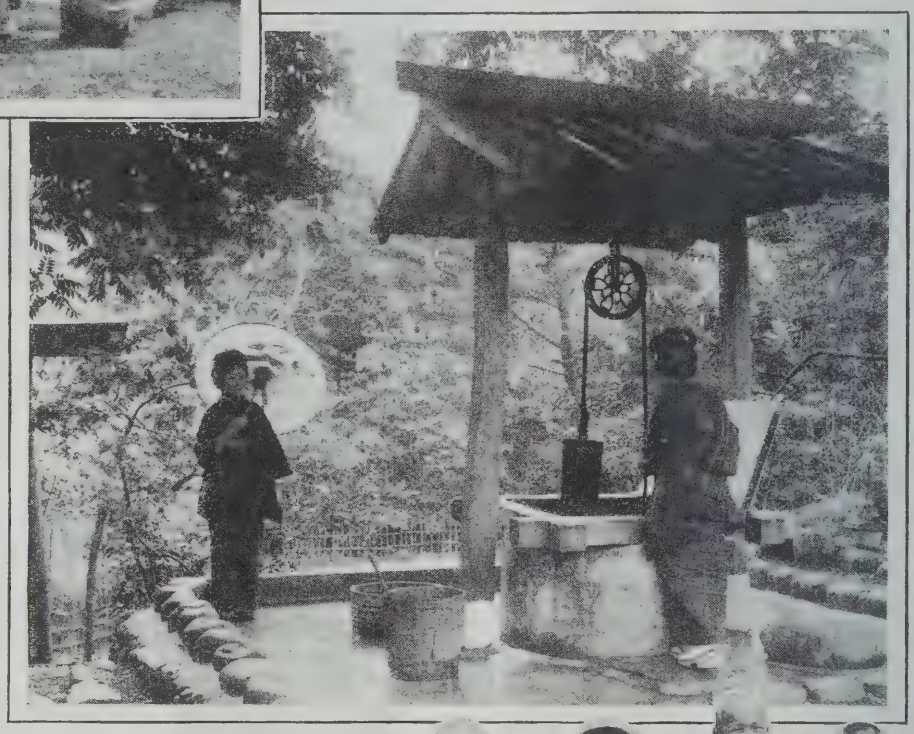
The Pacific will more and more become the theater of world events. But so thoroughly is the outlook of American people based upon a background of European contact that we scarcely realize we are not only on the Pacific, but, along with the nations of Asia, a part of the great Pacific area which in extent covers half the globe and includes sixteen nationalities. Now that all the nations of the world must live under the same roof, the more quickly we come to understand and appreciate the good, each in the other, the more assured we can be that the Pacific will remain an area of peace.

Months ago the Japanese Government issued invitations to the leading scientific organizations of all the countries bordering on the Pacific basin, from the North Seas to the South Seas, to select delegates to represent their organizations at this great Pan-Pacific Science Congress in Tokio. One hundred and seventy delegates, representing all the Pacific countries and leading scientific bodies, met with the four hundred Japanese delegates as guests of the Imperial Government of Japan for an entire month, from October 25 to November 25, 1926.

Surely the Japanese are the most charming hosts in the world and an succeeding congress will find it mos difficult to equal the standard set b them. Sociall these men of sc ence found them selves ranked wit the highest in th empire. While th mornings wer occupied with pro found discussion and papers o ethnology, ocean ography, seismol ogy, biology, agri culture, forestry geology, botany hydrology, e cetera, the after noons and eve nings were devote to entertainment and courtesies The months o forethought an planning of de tails made the sta one of comfort pleasure an happy surprises.

When in mid ocean we receive a radio message— 'Welcome to Japa nese shores.' N matter at wha port delegate disembarked, governmen representative me the boat, and, with as quiet modesty as though hand ing out free ticket to a ball game presented each delegate with a pass over all the railway lines of Japan fo an entire month, with the privilege o traveling through Korea for an addi tional two weeks if one so desired.

All delegates were entertained i the large four-million-dollar earth quake-proof Imperial Hotel. No sooner were we established in our rooms than we were presented with armfuls o



Above—Japanese beauties on their native shores.

Center—Old Oaken Bucket in a picturesque Japanese garden.—E. M. Newman, from Publishers' Photo Service.

Below—More than ninety-nine per cent of the children of Japan are in school.

iterature, books, maps, gifts, books
f meal tickets, badges and twenty or
nore invitations to banquets, teas,
arden parties, luncheons, theater
arties, et cetera. Our hosts for these
vents were the Emperor, Prince Re-
ent, several of the most powerful
rinces of Japan, the president of the
mperial University, the president of
he House of Peers, several of the
ichest barons and baronesses of Japan,
he mayor of Tokio, and others of
imilar rank. Such royal and charming
ntertainment; such evidences of friend-
ness from the school children who in
ome places came out *en masse* to line
he streets and cheer and smile; in-
eed, such courtesy from all classes
ill do much to strengthen the bonds
f international friendship. Besides
hese social events in the 'Paris of the
rient,' ten days were given over to
he most delightful excursions to several
f the famous scenic places of Japan.
No spot in the world can be more en-
hanting than Japan when robed in
er gorgeous tapestry of autumn colors.
urrounded as Japan is by the all-
ervading sense of beauty, it is not
urprising that the Japanese have been
alled the most artistic people in the
orld. The children from babyhood
re 'exposed' to pictures of beauty and
aught to appreciate the artistic wher-
ver found. We, too, felt a desire to
orship the beautiful when the riotous
eauty of Nikko and Hocone burst
pon us. Or when, for two days we
oured by motor and yacht around the
ake region at the foot of the superb
nd matchless Mount Fujiyama.

One delightful thing about Japan is
hat she looks just like the pictures of her, only more so. Matsushima Bay, with its 249 little isles clad in fantastic, gnarled old pine trees; the Inland Sea; Kioto, with her ancient, well-preserved palaces; and the incomparable landscape gardening of the old feudal private gardens in Tokio and Kioto are pictures of surpassing beauty.

The congress was unique in that, in a way, it represented a 'coming out party' or a 'graduation exercise' of the Japanese scientists from their studies in Western science. Japan has been accused of only copying Western science and not contributing. This criticism will have to be relegated to past history, for it is no longer true. All the scientists agreed that Japan is now abreast of the foremost scientific thought in the world today.

For years Japan has been spending great sums of money and sending her best and most mature brains to study in other countries the foremost thought and most successful methods of applied Western science. These men have returned to Japan, and, assisted by a stable and well-organized government, have grafted onto Japanese civilization the best of what they have found. The result has been astounding. The world scientists in attendance at the congress found themselves placing Japanese scientific work on a par with and in some fields in advance of that done in other countries. Each in his own field felt that Japan was making valuable contributions to world science.

Interesting comments were heard frequently from the delegates of the various nations such as, 'Japan undoubtedly has the best educational system in the world today.' In comment, the writer wishes to say that less than one per cent of the Japanese population of school age and above have received less than the education of the three R's. Ninety-nine per cent of the children are in school and their unusually clean and healthy appearance is proof of the constant and careful medical supervision of the past decade.

The Japanese educational system goes on the basis that 'all children are not created mentally equal.' The children of lesser ability, after a foundation in essentials, are weeded out into other training according to their capacity, while the mentally alert are given even greater opportunity for development and self-expression.

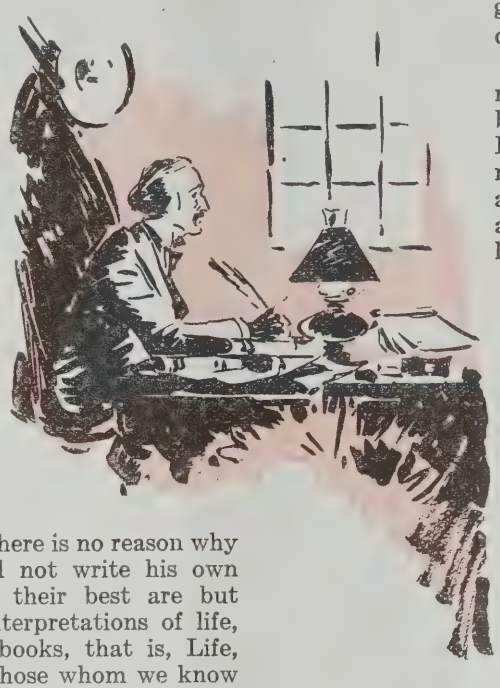
One frequently hears it said that Japan has done more in reforestation, torrent correction and erosion control than has any other country. We traveled from one end of the islands to the other and saw *(Continued on page 24)*

Above—*The charming courtesy and friendliness of all classes impress the tourist of Japan.*

Left—*Opening address of Pan-Pacific Science Congress in Tokio, to which sixteen countries sent delegates.*

Every Person *Has at Least* ONE BOOK *in Him*

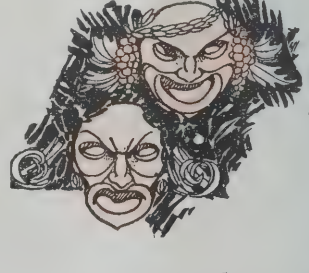
I SEE as many writers and books as the average man, and maybe more unknown writers and never-to-be-known books than most. Indeed, I have in a corner of my library the beginning of a museum of obscure oddities, and another more honorable section of printed pieces begotten in sincerity but brought forth in much unskilfulness, all of them surely destined for the basket and the fire, but I have saved them for a purpose which, though not quite clear to myself, is certainly not one of belittlement. There is no reason why every man should not write his own book. Books at their best are but transcripts and interpretations of life, and the stuff of books, that is, Life, is not limited to those whom we know as authors. Every person has at least one book in him, and unless his creative life lies higher than the realm of letters, that book might as well be written. One man I know has written forty volumes, though not one of them has been published. They are the sketchbooks of his thoughts and actions, his circumstances and friends, a picture of his times seen through his personal experience, and such a record cannot fail of quality and importance. A century hence it cannot avoid being of value.



Anyone can 'commence author' after this fashion. If one cannot find a book that exactly suits one's need, why not write one? I often hear people expressing the wish that there were a history of the United States which they could read, and when I know them well enough to do so, I say, 'Why don't you write one?' There are a hundred best books waiting to be written, and I cannot see why some of them should not be written this way.

WHEN good plays became scarce in our town, and the theater departed too far from the life of the people, what happened? A most wonderful thing, it seems to me: a number of men who would probably not win high rating from the highbrows, started a Little Theater or Players' Club. They had next to nothing at first—a borrowed room, with no platform. It reminded me in a way of that Hall in the Middle Temple where Shakespeare gave a new play on a stage six inches from the ground, without curtain or scenery.

Last night, after many years, I went back to see these Players. They have now a clubhouse and theater which architecturally is a landmark, and an organization which culturally is to me significant of the times. They assured me on every hand that they were not 'serious,' that they were not trying to 'uplift the stage,' and used other expressions by which Americans, men especially, veil the deeper aspects of their attitude. It was a precious lot of trouble to be undertaken for nothing in particular! Here were about four hundred men, some of them millionaires, some of them in the minor categories of salaried employes, gathered about something which goes unnamed. He would probably be voted a booby who should say they were gathered about an ideal. Yet there are no profits since there is no ticket-selling; there is only cost. All the fun has hard work attachments. The club features are had by most of the members in more luxurious degree at other places. The social values can be duplicated endlessly through the city. It is certainly around none of these things that the four hundred odd members are gathered.



Neither are they seeking in private to push the drama's nose farther into filth than public presentations would permit. These Players have no public but themselves and could go as far as they pleased. Their progress, however, is not in that direction. I would not say that on moral grounds they abstain, I would say that on dramatic grounds they find it beneath the level of the art. They tell me that one night, after their plays had been given, famous visiting actor was introduced t the Players and invited to make a fe remarks. He told a story that wa somewhat high in its color, and wa puzzled at the distinct absence of ap plause as he sat down. The grea danger of relating such an incident i that it puts me in danger of bein thought a prude who praises pruder wherever he finds it, and it puts th players in danger of having the virility underestimated. Neither judg ment would be true. A devotion to th drama, as to any other art or science makes for dignity in the *ensembl* even if individuals do occasionally un bend in private.

I SAW four plays and heard on original poem, then lunch was serve at tables permanently set befor the spectators' seats, and after lunc we saw innumerable skits, which to gether would have made a notabl program had they not followed th nobler offering of the plays. This i one night, with an hour or so clipped o the coming day. It meant work—out siders cannot guess how much. I saw scene-shifter who is worth thirty millio dollars. In the drama a master o stage mechanics has as high a plac as the tragedian. The man who handle the lights thinks he has—and is ad mitted to have—as important a rôl as the Player out front. In fact, bot wear the same title—Player So-and-So 'Let not the hand say to the foot, have no need of thee,' as is so ofte done in industry and business.

I met a business man who ha written a delicate fairy play for th children. Manager of a big business he writes, plays, shifts scenery or enter tains guests with equal zest. Th equality freely granted all parts of th work set me thinking. Equality of im portance *is* everywhere, but where is i recognized? In churc I sometimes hear i mentioned, but neve see it observed. I politics it was once cardinal principle, bu now it is blah. Doe it remain for the arts the communal arts like the drama, t prove the equality o service in the only wa it can be proved? The only way, o course, is not ours, but nature's—o necessity's.

The point is—when these me wanted the essence of the drama, the got it out of themselves and not out o a box office. None of them has bee bitten by the stage craze. They are no living in hope of a place on some pro ducer's salary sheet. They are workin out a spiritual impulse in a natural way When they want a good play, they writ one, and act it.

(*Continued on page 25*

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Finance Must Get Into Step

THE time has come when principles found to be practicable, profitable and more just in some lines of work, must be applied to all lines. The suggestion will meet with general acceptance, but the wise ones of the world will perhaps regard it as an innocent and childlike method of instructing them in what they already know. However, it is not so innocent as it seems.

Restrict the principle to industrial methods, and of course the matter is simple. It was not many years ago that the mass production system, successfully adopted by one concern, was said to be impossible for any other concern. Then, as other concerns took it up, it was said to be impossible for any other kind of manufacture. First they said it was only Ford cars that could be made that way and then as other automobile concerns adopted at large the method, they turned and said that it was all right for the motor industry, but could not be applied to any other branch of industry. But as two plus two makes four everywhere and right principles are not susceptible to heat or cold, it came to pass that many industries, not even remotely related to motors, took up the plan, until the glass in the window, the bread in the pantry, the ice in the refrigerator, the books in the library—almost everything we use is produced according to the new method.

THE principle of mass production making for saving and service has been applied to almost everything we use except money. 'It is all right for industry, but you can't apply it to finance,' say the Money Brokers. The time has come, however, when the methods and motives of the best industrial concerns must be applied to Banking, or Finance will find itself outside the lines of tolerance. An advanced age industrially will not continue to walk side by side with an out-of-date financial system.

So far, it is innocent enough. Economy of time, energy, cost, is of undoubted advantage. Fortunately the new method brought with it a new attitude toward the worker, his wage, leisure and conditions of labor. Nothing could possibly have excused the absorption by owners or stockholders of the added benefits of industry under the new system; every moral and economic consideration pointed to the desirability of a distribution of the benefits. Of course, it is not so everywhere as yet; and even where it is an accepted rule of business procedure it has by no means reached its full development; but it is present in sufficient importance to illustrate the rule that enlightened practice is accompanied by enlightened policy, and that a good principle cannot be monopolized—it must be generally spread.

Very well, then; with that understood, let us go on. All of this improvement in industry brought with it a great increase in business. Reduced costs created a wider market, increased wages financed that market for purchases. No department of human interest or importance escaped the strengthened pulsations of economic vigor.

But back of the scenes there stood one interest whose attitude was, and still remains this: 'We will profit by this new principle in business, but we will not adopt it.' Just as people had formerly said, 'This new method is all right for the automobile business, but you couldn't apply it to shoemaking,' so the Money Brokers are now saying, 'It is all right for industry, but you can't apply it in Finance.'

That is, an advanced age industrially, is walking side by side with an out-of-date financial system. The simplest and most fundamental principles of business—the largest extension of service to all at the lowest possible cost—has not penetrated the minds of the Money Brokers. Service has become more and more restricted, partial, and costly to the public. The alliance between Money Brokerage and Industry has usually resulted in disaster for the latter and misuse of the public dependent on it. Money which is a Public Privilege, a Public Asset, Publicly Owned, has been made a private concession in the control of men whose interests are the most limited and whose vision is the least social of any in the country.

It is not surprising, nor is it a case for denunciation, but rather for understanding. The theory of Money Brokerage is that money is a magnet drawing more and more to itself. As compared with Industry's interest in its job and its service, the attitude of Money Brokerage of *interest in its interest*, seems the height of shortsightedness. The highest possible dividends have been demanded, so that honest management has been constantly harassed between the demands of the service and the demands of the debt, until all advance has been a compromise between how little can be given the people and how much can be got out of them.

Obviously such a state of affairs is completely out of step with present progress and present requirements, and it must change or the general status must change. These two things—service in industry and selfishness in finance—cannot go much farther together. Either money brokerage will incorporate the principles of saving and service, or it will find itself outside the lines of tolerance. To suggest that anything so important as money can escape the obligations of economy and service, low cost and high values, is to suggest the impossible. The methods and motives of the best industrial concerns must be applied to banking, not to the mere conduct of a banking house, but to the principles underlying the entire business. The time for that is come.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

A Lesson From the Orient

THERE is no question that a ship canal connecting the Great Lakes with the Atlantic Ocean is highly desirable as a commercial asset to Canada and a great part of the United States. To a lesser degree the Illinois Waterway, joining the Lakes and the Mississippi River, means much to the Middle West. These projects should become realities and probably will be as soon as their utility is fully appreciated.

But one important question must be settled first: To what extent will these connecting links 'internationalize' the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River? That is not merely an academic question. European—and American—gunboats now ply the Yangtze-kiang River far into the interior of China. Every time the issue has been raised, in Asia and Africa and Central and South America, the voice of this country has been for 'internationalization.' But the matter comes more closely home when it is considered in connection with the War of 1812.

At the council for peace negotiations following that war England insisted upon the right of navigation on the Mississippi, under conditions similar to those which now apply to the Yangtze and other internationalized rivers. The English claimed this right by virtue of the Treaty of London, 1794, but had allowed it to elapse. Henry Clay led the fight of the American Peace Delegation against it, and a compromise was effected, providing in substance that the right would lapse 'unless' it could be shown that a navigable portion of the system lies in Canada. What effect this provision in the Treaty of Ghent, signed 112 years ago, will have should the upper Mississippi and the Great Lakes be made navigable to ocean-going vessels remains to be seen. The matter should be definitely settled before either project is undertaken.

An Unofficial Dictator

ORDERS have gone forth to Poland. New laws must be passed, old laws rescinded. The nation's labor system must be changed, its social services, its taxation, its state monopolies and customs. The Polish Government *must* do this—must *not* do that.

These orders do not come from some super-government, such as the League of Nations, nor yet from Marshal Pilsudski, the dictator. They come from the American money trust. The New York *World*, under Warsaw date line, tells the story:

> Regarding the $100,000,000 loan which a Polish financial mission in America is seeking . . . the *World* was reliably informed today that the prospective lenders are making the loan conditional on *immediate adoption* by the Polish Government of the financial and banking reforms recommended by Professor E. W. Kemmerer.

The mysterious Mr. Kemmerer again! International traveling man for the Gold Standard. A mild professor who somehow wields a power that rivals armies and navies. Messenger of the Mighty Dollar to the benighted nations of the earth!

Mr. Kemmerer is one of the most interesting, and at the same time least known individuals in America. A private citizen, he has headed numerous 'American Financial Missions' to foreign countries. Governments have a strange way of 'inviting' him to recommend reorganization of their finances. He has no discoverable official status, but his 'recommendations' are backed up, apparently, by the strongest power in the world. Egypt, Mexico, the Union of South Africa, Guatemala, Colombia, Chile, the Philippines and Poland have been favored with his visits in the past; Ecuador and Bolivia are the present beneficiaries. It may be only coincidence that the countries which he visits are seeking loans from the international money lenders. But it is something more than coincidence that his visits are almost invariably followed by establishment of the gold standard, centralized banking and other tenets of the money trust.

—But Not Forgotten

THE 69th Congress passes into history with few regrets from the nation. Its achievements, most of them, were better left undone; its omissions were as silly as its acts. It was the Senate of the 69th Congress which voted the United States into the World Court and then sang hallelujahs of relief when that body rejected its reservations. It was the 69th Congress which passed the McNary-Haugen Bill, fortunately vetoed, and the McFadden Banking Bill, unfortunately not vetoed. Ignoring a mandate of the Constitution, the 69th Congress took no action on reapportionment, leaving the country unequally and unfairly represented as regards population. It did nothing constructive for prohibition; it shilly-shallied on Muscle Shoals and the Power Trust; and took no definite stand on the political scandals which have shaken the country. Doubtless there have been worse Congresses than the 69th; but we do not remember them offhand.

Two Courts

TWO courts have passed on Messrs. Doheny and Fall. Once they were found not guilty of conspiring to defraud the Government in connection with the leasing of the Elk Hills oil reserve. Now the Supreme Court of the United States has just found that the evidence of conspiracy, fraud and corruption is clear and unmistakable. The justices were unanimous in their decision.

'The whole transaction was tainted with corruption,' they declared. Other statements in their opinion were equally vigorous: 'The interest and influence of Fall as well as his official action were corruptly secured by Doheny for the making of the contracts and leases.'—'It is clear that at the instance of Doheny, Fall so favored the making of these contracts and leases that it was impossible for him loyally or faithfully to serve the interests of the United States.'—'The contracts and leases . . . constitute a single transaction not authorized by law and consummated by conspiracy, corruption and fraud.' Finding thus, the Supreme Court broke the leases, estimated to be worth at least $200,000,000 to Doheny, and refused even to allow the return to Doheny of the $11,000,000 he spent in carrying out his part of the agreement.

Ordinarily judges of the Supreme Court are more cautious than other persons; it is natural to expect that they would be reserved in denouncing individuals who come to plead before them. Yet here they go full length in denouncing the Doheny-Fall deal as marked by fraud, conspiracy and corruption. It is at least authoritative and conclusive.

Witless

THE attempt to impeach Judge Frank Cooper of the U. S. District Court for Northern New York has ended in failure. The refusal of the House Judiciary Committee to take action after hearing the 'evidence' serves not only as a vindication of Judge Cooper but as a rebuke to his detractors.

Judge Cooper was charged with the remarkable crime of upholding his country's prohibition law. He was accused of calling attention of enforcement officers to law violations, of urging the arrest of bootleggers and rum runners. On this ground Representative Fiorelle La Guardia of the East Side of New York and Representative Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn sought to have him removed from office. If their purpose was to display their own contempt for the prohibition law, the course they took was unnecessary. Mr. La Guardia has already made himself noteworthy along this line with his publicly broadcast beer formulas, while Mr. Celler's views are well known in his own district, the only place where they are of much importance. If their purpose was to cast discredit on Judge Cooper or on the law itself, their action was witless. The theory that a judge cannot take an interest in law enforcement is too ridiculous to merit consideration. And if their purpose was to intimidate other federal judges in this attitude toward the Volstead Act, this, too, has failed. The weapon of impeachment is one of the most important in America. Misused, it is a boomerang.

Sugar Weather

THE wind may blow cold from the north but the southern side of the sugar bush is warm with sunlight. Skunk cabbage sprouts in patches of snow, in sharp contrast with the barren spring landscape. That querulous philosopher the nuthatch, perched on the bark of the maple, watches the tree-tapping. He creeps about upside down nervously picking the bark in search of insects. His 'yank! yank!' is heard from early morning until night. The maples stand bare and gray like Druids on the hillsides. The first sap is very sweet. It is cold, too, and makes the throat ache to drink it. The creek is flooded and schoolboys ride the thin floes to where they jam at the bend, the water backing and overflowing the low banks into the woodland. The first bluebird flits along a hedge and in an elm a robin sings of sunny days to come.

The Third Term

THE attempt to incorporate the 'third-term tradition' into the Constitution will probably get nowhere. As a tradition, the 'third-term' custom serves a useful purpose; as a law it would lose such value as it now has. So far the country has never been convinced of the desirability of any President's selection for a third time. It is just conceivable, however, that in a time of crisis the nation might require a President to serve more than two terms. But to limit the office arbitrarily to eight years or ten or any other number, as is now proposed, is to bind the future generations without any apparent reason; it is to distrust the people's wisdom.

Washington's refusal to be a third-term candidate—from which the third-term tradition dates—was wise statesmanship and an excellent psychological move. It did as much as any other single thing to establish the Republic on a firm foundation, for it definitely ended the possibilities, and the fear, of Caesarism. The new nation was pitifully weak; the federal government was still an experiment; predictions were rife it would fail. But the Republic is weak no longer. Caesarism or any form of monarchy is unthinkable. The third-term tradition, once of greatest import, has now become a dubious political weapon. The people who elect the President are the best judges of his service. They have the Constitution to define their rights; they have tradition to define the national continuity of attitude; they have their own good sense to guide them in the immediate instance. They are at full liberty as to their Presidents. They can elect them and impeach them; they can defeat them; they can elect them indefinitely if they choose. And this liberty must remain, unrestricted by statutes.

People *of the* BRITISH ISLES—*The* English

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS

Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

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IN ENGLAND a man's home is his castle. He is not only master of the household, but was, until recently, the teacher of his children and the dispenser of family religion. And just as far as possible the Englishman seeks to make his home distinctively his own, like himself. It is planned, built and maintained to tell its part of the story of a distinctive individual. It is often retained in the same family for hundreds of years. It is, as it were, quite immortal, and each strong head of the family tries to leave the home so that it will tell his chapter in the running story of the family.

The geographic isolation of Britain has produced ethnic isolation. Teutonic individualism and the age-long success of the surviving people of England, coupled with its insular position, intensified this natural individualism and love of independence. A century ago the romanticist Novalis, in emphasizing the individualism of the Englishman, said, 'Every Englishman is an island.'

With this individual isolation has grown another of the Englishman's most pronounced characteristics: *Self-restraint and unemotionalism.* An English woman recently wrote: 'As a nation we have certainly brought disguise of our feelings to a fine art, and this characteristic is dear to the heart of the race.'

It was my experience in the summer of 1914, in common with many other Americans, to see the labored heart-beats of nations which felt that terrible war was upon them. Throughout August I saw day by day in various provinces of Austria and Hungary recruits assemble and march away to war. Everywhere they were cheered by their fellows. Even the women who trudged for as long a distance as possible beside their husbands and lovers smiled through their tears, as enthusiastic cheers along the streets greeted their men. In September I was in England. Raw recruits in civilian dress were marching along the city streets. English citizens stood on the curb and watched the recruits go by. There were no cheers. Fathers and mothers whose sons had responded to the call 'Your King and your Country need you!' stood mute and motionless as they marched away. Among the spectators were stiffened old soldiers in their red coats, but not a sign of the emotion which must certainly have stirred them was audible or visible. Even the spontaneous song bursting from the rhythmic tramping recruits, 'Fare Thee Well, for I Must Leave Thee!' brought no response from the dumb and motionless spectators.

A regular correspondent of the London weekly, *Land and Water*, said: 'We are not at all ashamed of the impulse which makes us stand still to watch the passing of a battalion of Kitchener's army as it marches along . . . The dread of anything approaching emotion, of what we are pleased to call bad form, is the strongest of motives, accounting for much that is quite incomprehensible to people of other nationalities.' The correspondent goes on: 'One attractive Washingtonian, waving a minute handkerchief vigorously, was forcible in her disapproval of English methods. "You watch your new army," she said, indignantly, "but why don't you give them a cheer? Now, if it were we—!" And no amount of excuse for the true Britisher and his truly British habits would satisfy her.'

Self-restraint checks speech as well as emotion in the Englishman. Even in his toil he is not talkative. It has been said that two English laborers will work together all day with scarcely a word between them. Bosanquet says it is easier for the Englishman to work out a situation in actual achievement than for him to express his ideas of the situation in spoken words. He has not acquired the art of easy speech. As Kipling has it,

> Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,
> But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.

British oratory is Celtic (Welsh, Scottish, or Irish) rather than Anglo-Saxon English. The names of Edmund Burke, Charles James Fox and Daniel O'Connell come to us all, proclaiming alike the princely orator and the Celt. Self-restraint produced men of action rather than orators.

Self-restraint has checked the tendency to nimble oral wit and humorous utterance in appreciation of the incongruities of life. The Englishman is commonly said to be without humor. This statement is untrue. Nowhere is there richer humor than in English literature, but in English conversation and chance remarks there is none as compared with the pawky humor of the Scot and the lightning flash of Irish speech. One would probably be correct should he say that the Englishman would consider the indirect sally and the lightness of wit and humor as 'bad form' for him.

With and out of this unemotionalism

I saw houses thatched with grass, built in the 14th and 16th Centuries, the houses where for hundreds of years the present tenants' ancestors had lived.

and self-restraint grows a third English characteristic, *utilitarianism*, producing men who deal with things and facts rather than with theories.

Someone says there is nothing so real to the Englishman as the thing he does with his hands by the sweat of his brow. These are the things he knows best and believes in. There is no closer bond between one Englishman and another than that of doing the same thing. The Englishman has a passion for utility—for driving good nails into good timber for good.

He is matter-of-fact, logical and practical. Theories do not allure him. It has been said of the Englishman: 'An idea is of little use to him unless it can be materialized or expressed in action.' Again: 'It is in the sphere of will and action and practical intelligence that the English qualities surpass.'

Facts are always demanded by the Englishman. He demands more facts than any other man, but when once convinced by facts, his decision endures, because facts endure. In this, that he takes facts most literally, we have another reason for his lack of humor in spoken words. He seems to be unusually able to meet facts, whether good or bad.

The Englishman has the single-track mind. He puts all his energy into the one thing he does. With the real things he can see, count, weigh, handle, use, and appropriate, he is at home. He is essentially not versatile, but busy with a few practical things.

Another important and natural characteristic of the insular Englishman is his *conservatism*. He makes progress by compromise under necessity. In both private and governmental matters he is a conservative. This means that he honors his past which has made him what he is. If things are English, he is not anxious to change them. He is quite satisfied if they remain as they are, English. He is much slower to change things from what they are to what they might be than one would think.

From the plumed medieval knight (the Life Guards on their caparisoned steeds in the busy streets of London today) to the jurist in his long white wig without which the ancient dignity of the unwritten constitution cannot be upheld, down through the liveried servant in knee breeches, buckles and shining buttons, the English conserve the past. In the always throbbing heart of London, if an old church is in the way it is not ruthlessly torn down, as it too often would be in America. It is left standing. The street is bent around it. The church with its historic associations is conserved, be it the small Saint Mary's of the Strand or the great Saint Paul's Cathedral. I saw farmers' houses thatched with grass, on the Manor at Piltdown Commons south of London, which were built in the 14th and 16th Centuries. The head farmer on that estate now lives in the same house where for four hundred years his ancestors had lived. In America not one adult in ten thousand lives in the house in which he was born.

The English conserve the past. An old church in the way is not ruthlessly torn down. The street is bent around it.

English conservatism is like the dead but solid heartwood of the elm trees of Thoreau's *Journal*. It is 'the pivot and firm column of support for all their growth.' The heartwood of a tree does not grow; present growth is tied to the dead past. It makes for stability but not for change.

Concerning governmental conservatism an English historian has said: 'It has never been the custom in England to seek the attainment of ideal perfection in legislative and administrative matters, but rather, as Burke advocated, to advance slowly and cautiously by a system of compromises and checks.'

The English unwritten constitution is a splendid illustration of conservatism. The English way is not to fix in writing at any time sets of rules for governmental conduct. It is to maintain conduct in harmony with traditional conduct of the past. General principles are accepted, and applied as a matter of course. In the constitution usually the changes are slow, gradual, noiseless; this is the antithesis of the American method of changing our written Constitution by radical amendments. It has been said that 'for the Englishman there is no God but convention; compromise is his prophet.'

A fifth characteristic of the English is *endurance*. Progress by compromise is slow. The English people often seem slow and heavy. These characteristics make for endurance, if one may travel at his own pace. The Englishman eliminates trifles. By seizing the essentials, he saves time, energy and material. He seldom hurries or fumes. He never gets 'nervous,' and rarely loses his head. He goes coolly; he knows he's right. The Englishman differs in this aspect of coolness from the Celt. He may get somewhat heated about a matter; he may be profane about it, but he does not explode easily. His point of combustion is high. The Celt heats quickly, explodes terrifically at low temperature, cools off quickly, and smiles. When the Englishman does explode, no one thinks of laughing about it.

One reason why English national things endure is because Englishmen are quite content to let those among them govern who know enough to govern. In America we are prone to get excited over a fad problem and a brand new man as its exponent. Senators and Representatives demand support because they favor drys or wets, good roads, reciprocity, women's votes, or pure foods. In England a man 'stands' for a district to represent it. That means he will attempt to keep it in its *status quo*. That is easiest. It is conservative. It is enduring. If he succeeds, he is left alone for years, often for a lifetime. It is a rare man who hurries when no one is after him. The Englishman is no exception.

One of the chief reasons why the Englishman is slow, cool, enduring, why he is so unlike the quick, springy, explosive, often irritable American, is because he goes to his work in the morning as late as he can, and leaves it for home as early as possible. His home is his—it is quiet, (*Continued on page 23*)

A DOCTOR Looks at Doctors

And Sees Them as They Cannot See Themselves

By JOSEPH COLLINS

Reprinted with permission from February issue of *Harpers Magazine*

MANY things may be said, and have been said, against doctors: that their conduct frequently testifies a proprietary interest in their patients; that they tacitly agree with those who accord them superhuman foresight and insight; that they understand constitutions and idiosyncrasies merely because they know the individual or his ancestry; that study and observation of disease give them some mysterious knowledge of man's motives and urges; that there is an arcanum of drugs beyond the layman's comprehension.

IT IS not the purpose of this article to deny or refute these assertions. The charge here made against doctors is that they cannot see the woods for the trees; that they do not see the individual because they are dazzled by the disease; that the treatment patients receive is too frequently based upon what they ought to have, in the light of certain scientific formulas, rather than upon careful, sympathetic study of the peculiar experience, mode of life, and emotional equipment of the individual who is to be restored to health.

Plato said that medicine is an art which considers the constitution of the patient, and has principles of action and reasons in each case. It is strange, considering how long this has been known, that we should still be so insensitive to it.

To show that many of the guild, and the leaders at that, are insensitive, I propose to cite a case I know best, my own.

Doctors are always telling one another about 'interesting' cases. An interesting case has much the same appeal to the doctor that the latest mode in clothes has to a woman. Neither can help talking about it. It is both instructive and diverting. I have been an interesting case so long that doctors have ceased to talk of me. Now that I am no longer interesting to them they begin to interest me.

When I was eighteen I gave as much thought to illness as an eagle does to ethics, and I knew nothing about disease. I was a freshman in a large Middle Western university, endeavoring to live on fifteen dollars a month, eight of which went to an elderly, soft-voiced woman, full of repressions and radiant of religiosity, who let the rooms of her comfortable house for two dollars a week. She was a devout, self-sacrificing Christian; and not a little of the money which she earned so toilsomely went to the support of Baptist missions in the Orient. She was so engrossed with helping God in the Far East that she had little time and less inclination to concern herself with the bodily or spiritual needs of His images in the Near West, particularly her lodgers. So when, after six months in her house, I fell ill of what seemed to be pneumonia, she let me fend for myself. By the time a physician was summoned I was semi-delirious. When I regained consciousness I learned that I was an interesting case. I was too ill to care.

The professor of medicine in the university, an old man of much reputation, much of it undeserved, was summoned when I did not 'resolve'—that is, when the right lung did not seem to find air any longer acceptable. He suggested that my thorax be punctured with a hollow needle. He was sure it was fluid, the outpouring of an inflammation of the pleura which was compressing the lung. I do not recall my attending physician very distinctly, but I fancy he acted on the principle, 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' He never succeeded, though he never seemed to tire of trying.

I have often heard patients, referring to a doctor in whose care they had been, say, 'He did absolutely nothing for me.' I cannot say that about my first physician. He did his best to make me buy all the medicines of a drug shop and he had a belief in the efficacy of iodide of potassium quite beyond any understanding that I have since acquired.

AS HIS energy waxed my interest waned. Fever of septic origin has some compensations. It lulls the victim to a stuporous state in which he feels little interest or responsibility.

After several weeks I must have been somewhat better, for I was able to sit up part of the time, but I had not succeeded in losing either the cough or the fever, and I was deplorably weak. If the doctors knew the nature of my ailment they did not share their knowledge with me. All they told me was that they thought I was strong enough to make the journey to my home in Western Connecticut, and that I must live in the open air. It was clear enough to me later that they believed they were dealing with tuberculosis. This was before the days of X-rays and other diagnostic means now in common use, but just about the time when it was beginning to be taught that all pleurisies not associated with pneumonia are tuberculous.

I recall very little of the journey home. I lay for many weeks spent and inert, but gradually my forces ceased to ebb, Nature smiled upon me and brought me a restoring balm.

I do not know how 'interesting' my case was to our family doctor, a kindly, gentle, wizened, laconic old man who treated disease symptomatically and did not bother much about diagnosis. If a patient had continuous fever it was a question of aconite or veratrum viride; if periodic, then quinine was the drug, as one was dealing with 'a kind of malaria.' In the same way, if the heart was feeble or of irregular rhythm, the decision had to be made whether to give digitalis or strophantus. A small phial was sought in a big, black, worn medicine case which opened like a dictionary, the content was emptied into a glass of water, and the patient took a teaspoonful every few hours. If he got well the medicine got the credit; if he did not the doctor had not been sent for soon enough. These were the good old days which, thank God, we shall never see again!

MY FIRST good fortune was nature's caress; my second, an encounter with a real physician. His repute, both as physician and surgeon, extended throughout the state. He had been a surgeon in the Civil War, and on his return he soon dominated the practice of his adopted city. He was a big man with deep chest, soft voice, caressing eye, and gentle touch. His linen was immaculate, his clothing conformed to fashion and, though he was the busiest doctor in the county, he seemed never to be in a hurry. He concentrated his attention on a patient as a burning glass concentrates the sun's rays. It is more than forty years since I walked into his office yet I recall every incident as if it were yesterday. He radiated kindliness and sympathy, he reflected interest and concern, and he made me feel that my recovery and my future were of vital importance to him. If he made a diagnosis of my disorder he did not tell me. He counseled me to live in the open, to try to regain the weight I had lost, and to coddle my energy, hoping thereby to store up more. I took to the woods with a dog and the immortal remains of Miguel Cervantes as sole companions, not too far from a cow, and near enough to a village where cod-liver oil and whisky were to be had. I devoted myself to reconstruction and contemplation. At the end of six months I had recovered sixty-eight pounds, had lost an incapacitating breathlessness

and a side-splitting cough, and had acquired some knowledge of how nature cures disease.

Then I went back to my beloved doctor, who invited me to become his pupil, and for several months I basked in the shadow of a man who was a more consummate master of the art of medicine than anyone else I have ever met. I have envied the intellect and affects of many men, but those of Robert Hubbard most of all.

I SPENT two winters in New York studying medicine, if studying it can be called, for in reality it was memorizing lecture notes, compends, and textbooks, and retaining sufficient facts and fictions to pass an examination. Scientific medicine had been born and it was creeping at a snail's pace toward East 26th Street in New York. It had not arrived there, however, when I left. During the summers I shadowed my revered master, and if I have any knowledge of the physician's art I owe it to him.

When I graduated in medicine I was poor in purse and health, the deficiency in health being due in large part to inadequate and insufficient food. I had lost weight and was extremely susceptible to that strange malady of many origins called 'a cold.' I had been impressed with the penetrating clinical insight of one of my professors who had great repute as a specialist in diseases of the chest, and I determined to ask him to examine me and counsel me that I might grow strong and stay so.

He was a deep-chested man, too, with a strident voice and a keen eye. His *fortiter in re* was genuine; his *suaviter in modo* artificial. During the eight years I knew him, I heard many flattering things said of him, but I never heard anyone say he was kindly or compassionate. When he died an obituary notice in one of the medical journals said, 'He was an admirable business man.' When one went to consult him, with five dollars, one rang the stoop-door bell; but if one had only a dollar, the basement bell admitted. I went in with the goats.

He heard a brief account of my story, standing, and then proceeded to examine my chest. Despite breathing exercises assiduously practised and carefully planned calisthenics, I had not been able to overcome the thoracic deformity or to get sufficient air into the lower portion of the right lung to make a resonant sound when the chest was percussed. The professor was visibly astonished and clearly interested.

Like the Ancient Mariner, only with drooping mustache instead of long gray beard, he held me with his glittering eye and said, 'Young man, there is only one place where you can live: Arizona. You'd better get out there as quickly as you can. If you go now there's a good chance you'll recover. You see, that old affair in your lung has started up again.'

There had been no inquiry of plans or prospects, no solicitude for ambitions or desires, no interest in the spirit of the man whose engine was signaling for gas and oil. That day I determined never to sentence a person on sight, for life or to death.

A dollar and eighty cents would take me home provided I travel by boat a large part of the way. I would have five cents left toward paying my fare to Arizona, where I had not the smallest intention of going. Then, as I reached home, the great blizzard of 1888 occurred and my fortunes turned.

One of my neighbors, reputed to be rich, had been overtaken by the storm driving home from the station, and that evening, on retiring, he found that the automatism of an important function had forsaken him, and soon he was in great pain. The nearest physician was four miles distant, and the night was perilous. 'Perhaps the young doctor who has recently come home could do something.'

He could, though he had learned nothing in the medical school, and was quite unprepared to practise medicine. His mentor had taught him many things, including how to pass a catheter.

After the snowdrifts had become pools and the crocuses had thrust out their heads I returned to New York with twenty dollars and a determination to stay.

There were few idle hours in the next ten years of learning and teaching, practising and writing, dreaming and planning. Then the machinery began to creak again. Day after day I felt myself thrust between the hammer and the anvil. At each blow the pain in the right side of the abdomen became a little more constant, the apprehension a little keener, the despair a little more prostrating.

THE first colleague I consulted was reputed to have a comprehensive grasp of human pathology. During my student days the opportunity had come to me to row the poppy-boat for a few nights in which one of his wealthy celibates, worn with age and excess, was making the crossing of the Styx, and I was impressed with the gentleness, solicitude, and attentiveness of his physician. On first contact one could scarcely help believing that his speech was not affected, his manner was not artificial, his gestures not studied, his airiness not assumed. But he was the most genuine of men, who had laboriously taught himself the science of diagnosis, and whose failure to acquire the art of it was in a measure compensated for by his honesty and optimism. Later, when confronted with puzzling problems, I rarely appealed to him in vain. He was generous of his time and talent, sympathetic, understanding, and kindly, and a most indefatigable worker.

He listened with interest to my story, from which, being a physician, I deleted the apprehension. He became deeply absorbed by the immobile side of my thorax and at first was inclined to attribute the symptoms to the 'old lesion' in the chest, but finally decided that I had chronic appendicitis. It was not the fashion then to go, knife in hand, after that vestigial remnant when it began to be troublesome, as it is today. 'An operation may be necessary, but the time is not yet.'

As I was quite unfitted to go on with my work, I went to a seaside town and followed closely the movements of a surgeon who was summering there. I adhered strictly to the prescribed dietetic régime and its various annoying accompaniments, but all to no purpose. When I returned home at the end of the summer I was in worse health than when I left. It, therefore, seemed prudent to seek help elsewhere.

ONE of my first important patients had brought me into pleasant, and to me, flattering contact with a physician who had the reputation of having no peer in the field of diagnosis in New York or in the whole country. He had not only trained himself patiently and laboriously in the hospital ward and laboratory, but he was a 'born' diagnostician and something of a wizard as well. He looked the part. But if he had any fellow-feeling for a sufferer he could conceal it better than anyone I have known.

After careful and repeated examination he confided to me that I had tuberculosis of the kidney: 'In view of that pulmonary trouble that you had some years ago, etc.' I think he enjoyed telling me that I was affected with an incurable disease. Fortunately I did not believe him and, more than that, both his reception of me and his interpretation of my disorder had angered me. I felt I had not been treated like a human being.

At that time I was by way of seeing frequently and intimately, as we were working in the same hospital, a young man whose clinical insight and judgment I had grown to admire and respect. He had come to this country a few years before, penniless and nearly friendless. By virtue of a charming personality, innate kindliness, intellectual honesty, and colossal industry, he was forging rapidly to the front. I could do no better than forsake the counsel of the old men and consult the young.

'The thing for you to do,' said the young doctor, 'is to take an anesthetic and be thoroughly and properly investigated. No one can be positive that it is tuberculosis of the kidney without such examination. And it is much more likely to be a growth than a lesion of the kidney.' (*Continued on page 26*)

The True Story of MARY'S LITTLE LAMB

THERE *was* a Mary, and there *was* a lamb. That, at least, is what the old Redstone Schoolhouse of Sterling District No. 2 stands to prove. But the schoolhouse is not in Sterling now. When it became known as the scene of the immortal children's classic it was removed for preservation and now stands in the shadow of deep woods on a side road near Longfellow's Wayside Inn, where its old walls echo to songs and lessons again.

This primitive temple of education has had a varied history. Built about 1798, it continued in use as a school until 1856, when it was sold for thirty-five dollars and fifty cents. Not a humiliatingly low price when it is considered that the quarter-acre lot of land on which it stood was sold for ten dollars. It was a corner lot, too, on the road between Sterling and Clinton. Although known throughout the countryside as 'the old Redstone Schoolhouse,' it was really an ordinary wooden building of the familiar country type, sixteen by thirty feet, and painted red; its name was taken from the fact that it stood on a rising called Redstone Hill. There were little benches for the very young and rude writing desks which accommodated four of the older pupils, and the chimney had a niche to store inkwells to keep them from freezing.

When its educational career ended in 1856, the building saw various uses until eventually it became part of the Baptist church society's garage at Sterling. Here, in 1926, Mr. Henry Ford discovered it, and then began the train of events which brought the 'Redstone' schoolhouse of Sterling to the Wayside Inn of Sudbury, and restored it to its old-time use. It bears two memorial tablets now. On the right of the door, in bronze, is a facsimile of two pages out of *McGuffey's Reader* giving the 'Mary's Lamb' lesson, while on the left of the door another bronze tablet reads:

IN HONOR OF THE CHILDREN'S CLASSIC
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"
AND OF
MARY ELIZABETH SAWYER—1806-1889—
THE "MARY" OF THE POEM
REBECCA KIMBALL THE TEACHER
JOHN ROULSTONE AUTHOR OF THE
FIRST TWELVE LINES
SARAH JOSEPHA HALE
WHOSE GENIUS COMPLETED THE POEM
IN ITS PRESENT FORM

THIS BUILDING INCORPORATES THE ORIGINAL "REDSTONE" SCHOOL HOUSE, SCENE OF THE POEM, WHICH STOOD ON THE SECOND SCHOOL DISTRICT OF STERLING, MASSACHUSETTS. IT WAS IN USE FRO 1798 TO 1856 AND WAS REMOVED TO TH SPOT FOR ITS PRESERVATION BY MR. AND MRS. HENRY FORD IN 1926

The authorship of 'Mary Had Little Lamb' was once a matter c contention between two parties; namely those who held that Sarah Joseph Hale wrote a purely imaginative poem and those who held that Mary Sawye was the actual heroine and Joh Roulstone the first poet, whose line about the lamb were afterward ex panded. That this contention has bee settled with equal honor to Sara Hale and Mary Sawyer, the presen article is designed to show.

Here, then, is the story of Mar Sawyer. The Sawyers of Ne England came from Lincolnshire England, in 1643, and 'were a unprecedentedly prolific race They probably outnumber an other family race throughout Ne England, unless it be the Wilders; an no one family of them could equal tha of Thomas Sawyer.' So read th chronicles of *The Sawyers in America* They were well named—they were i fact *sawyers*. 'If the Sawyers were no born with saws in their hands, the saw came very readily to their hands . . Every town, village, road and lan throughout New England bears witnes of their skill and industry.' They wer millwrights, wheelwrights, blacksmiths coppersmiths, carpenters, coopers, an they were pioneers in the use of water power. To this day their mills an lumber yards are to be found in th hands of their descendants, and the have made their mark in the academic political and military worlds.

Mary Elizabeth Sawyer.
(Mrs. Columbus Tyler.)

From this race was born, on March 22, 1806, Mary Elizabeth Sawyer. She was of the fourth generation in America and herself the beginning of the fifth generation in her family line. Her father was Thomas, the son of Ezra Sawyer, and her mother was Elizabeth Houghton.

There appears to be no exact data as to Mary's age when the incident of the lamb occurred, but the Boston *Transcript* of February 14, 1878, printed the following:

THE veritable "Mary (who) had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow" visited the Old South Spinning Bee yesterday afternoon and told the ladies present the story of the lamb. When she was nine years old and was living on a farm, one morning she went out into the barn where she found two little lambs, one of them nearly dead . . .

This reference to the age is of course secondhand; another and perhaps more accurate reference appears presently.

The narrative in its most widely known form was published in 1902 by Frederick A. Stokes Company, and is as follows: (To avoid confusion we should say at this point that Mary Sawyer's marriage name was Tyler.)

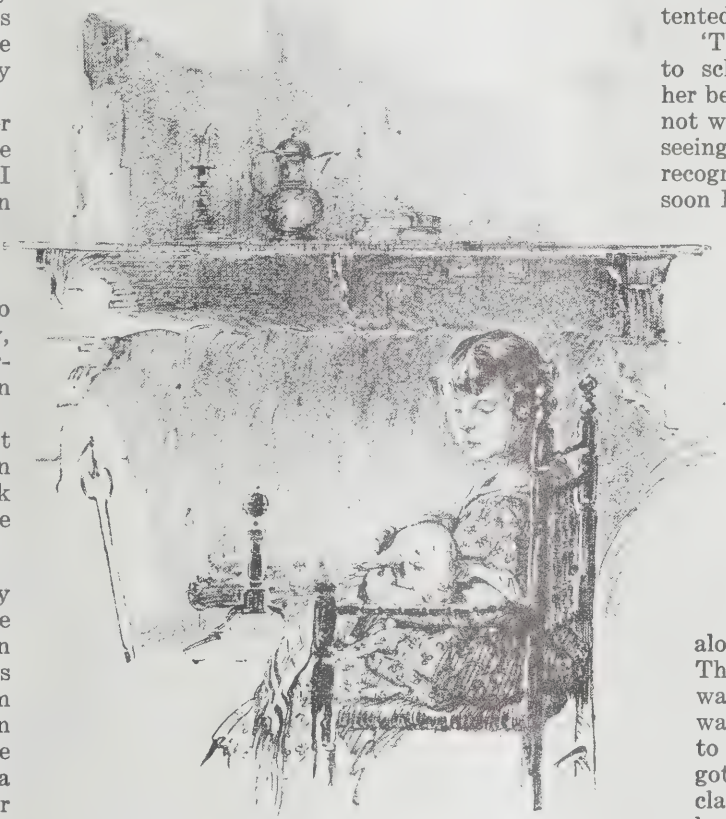
'Well, if I had known,' Mrs. Tyler smilingly said to a visitor at her home a few years ago, 'that the interest I took in my little pet was to have given me so much notoriety, I do not know that I should have carried out the plan I did; but I think I should, for then I was too young to understand much about notoriety, though not too young to take an interest in dumb animals, especially when I saw them suffering.'

At first Mrs. Tyler was somewhat loath to talk for publication; but when informed that it was the little folk for whom the story was to be told, she related the tale as follows:

OF COURSE it will not be necessary for me to tell you about the house where I was born in Sterling; if you have been there, you know all about it. I was always very fond of animals; and from the time I could toddle out to the barn I was with the dumb beasts not a little of my time. I think there was not a horse, cow, sheep, ox, or any other animal upon the place, but knew me. It was rare sport for me to pluck clover tops, and make the horses follow me about the fields for them. By calling to them or to the cows, I could get them to come to me, and I always intended to have something for them when they came.

'One cold, bleak March morning I went out to the barn with father; and after the cows had been fed, we went to the sheep pen, and found two lambs which had been born in the night. One had been forsaken by its mother, and through neglect, cold and lack of food was nearly dead. I saw it had still a little life, and asked to take it into the house; but father said, No, it was almost dead, anyway, and at the best could live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor little thing suffer, so I teased until I got it into the house. Then I worked upon mother's sympathies. At first the little creature could not swallow, and the catnip tea mother made it could not take for a long time.

'I got the lamb warm by wrapping it in an old garment and holding it in my arms beside the fireplace. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. Oh, how pleased I was! But even then I wasn't sure it would live; so I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough if there was not some one at hand to look out for its comfort. In the morning, much to my girlish delight, it could stand; and from that time it improved rapidly. It soon learned to drink milk; and from the time it could walk about, it would follow me anywhere if I only called it.



I got the lamb warm by wrapping it in an old garment and holding it in my arms beside the fireplace.

'My little pet was a fast grower, as symmetrical a sheep as ever walked, and its fleece was of the finest and whitest. Why, I used to take as much care of my lamb as a mother would of a child. I washed it regularly, kept the burdocks picked out of its hoofs, and combed and trimmed with bright-colored ribbons the wool on its forehead. When that was being done, the lamb would hold down its head, shut its eyes, and stand as quiet as could be.

'From the time it could walk until the season came for the sheep to go to pasture my lamb stayed in the woodshed. It did not take kindly to its own species; and when it was in the field, it preferred being with the cows and horses instead of with other sheep.

'The lamb was a ewe and became the mother of three lambs, a single one and twins, and her devotion to her little family was as strong as could be.

WE ROAMED the fields together and were, in fact, companions and fast friends. I did not have many playmates outside the dumb creatures on the place. There were not many little girls to play with, and I had few dolls; but I used to dress up my lamb in pantalets, and had no end of pleasure in her company. Then I had a little blanket or shawl for her; and usually when that was on, she would lie down at my feet, remaining perfectly quiet and seemingly quite contented.

'The day the lamb went to school, I hadn't seen her before starting off; and not wanting to go without seeing her, I called. She recognized my voice, and soon I heard a faint bleating far down the field. More and more distinctly I heard it, and I knew my pet was coming to greet me. My brother Nate said, "Let's take the lamb to school with us."

'Childlike, I thought that would be a good idea, and quickly consented. The lamb followed along close behind me. There was a high stone wall to climb, and it was rather hard work to get her over. We got her on top, then clambered over to take her down. She seemed to understand what was expected, and waited quietly for us to take her off the wall.

'When the schoolhouse was reached, the teacher had not arrived, and but few of the scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded-up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat and covered

her with her blanket; and she lay down as quietly as could be. By and by I went forward to recite, leaving the lamb all right; but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb.

'Oh, how mortified I felt! The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was afterward married to a Mr. Loring, and became the mother of Loring, the circulating-library man of Boston. She laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I could see nothing amusing in the situation. I was too ashamed to laugh, or even smile, at the unlooked-for appearance of my pet. I took her outdoors, and shut her in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon. Usually I did not go home till evening, as we carried our lunch with us; but I went home at noon that day.

'It followed her to school one day.'

'Visiting the school that morning was a young man by the name of John Roulstone, a nephew of the Reverend Lemuel Capen, who was then settled in Sterling. It was the custom then for students to prepare for college with ministers, and for this purpose Mr. Roulstone was studying with his uncle. The young man was very much pleased with the incident of the lamb; and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback to the little old schoolhouse, and handed me a slip of paper which had written upon it the three original stanzas of the poem. Since then three additional stanzas have been added to it. Here is the little poem as I received it:

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out;
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

'From the fleece sheared from my lamb, mother knit two pairs of very nice stockings, which for years I kept in memory of my pet. But when the ladies were raising money for the preservation of the Old South Church in Boston, I was asked to contribute one pair of these stockings for the benefit of the fund. This I did. The stockings were raveled out, pieces of the yarn being fastened to cards bearing my autograph, and these cards were sold, the whole realizing, I am told, about one hundred dollars. After the first pair were thus sold, the ladies wanted more yarn; and they were so anxious to have the other pair raveled out that I gave them also. Now all I have left in remembrance of my little pet of years long ago are two cards upon which are pasted scraps of the yarn from which the stockings were knit.

'I have not told you about the death of my little playmate. It occurred on a Thanksgiving morning. We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened to the stanchions, built along the feed box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave an agonizing bleat and came toward me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head in my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head and look up into my face in a most appealing manner, as if it would ask if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me when the companion of many romps, my playfellow of many a long summer's day, gave up its life; and its place could not be filled in my childish heart.'

The teacher, Miss Polly Kimball.

The little book goes on to say that Mrs. Tyler's later years were cheered by the companionship and loving care of her niece, Annie E. Sawyer, a Somerville school-teacher, who did all in her power to make her aged aunt's declining days peaceful and happy. Mrs. Tyler died December 11, 1889, and is buried in the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery in Boston.

The narrative is then confirmed by this affidavit:

'Commonwealth of Massachusetts, } ss
County of Worcester, }

'Henry S. Sawyer, of Sterling, Worcester County, Mass., being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is a relative of Mary E. Tyler, née Sawyer, deceased; that he lives in the same house in which she was born and married, and in which she lived at the time the incidents referred to in the poem of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" occurred. That he attended school at the same schoolhouse where she attended school at the time referred to in the poem, and that he knows the facts as published in this book to be true.

HENRY S. SAWYER

'Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public in and for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, this sixth day of May, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and one.

William A. Wilcox
Notary Public'

This is the artless and circumstantial story, published everywhere, and told by Mary Sawyer personally to many friends and at occasional small gatherings. Her relation to the poem seems to have been a matter of modesty with her for a long time, and its widest burst of publicity seems to have occurred about the time that sewing bees and bazaars and fairs were being held by patriotic Boston to save the Old South Church from being sold. Mrs. Ann Eliza (Sawyer) Warren, a niece of Mary's, tells in the *National Magazine* for June, 1897, how this came about:

Being in Boston at the time of the Old South Fair, some of the leaders asked her,

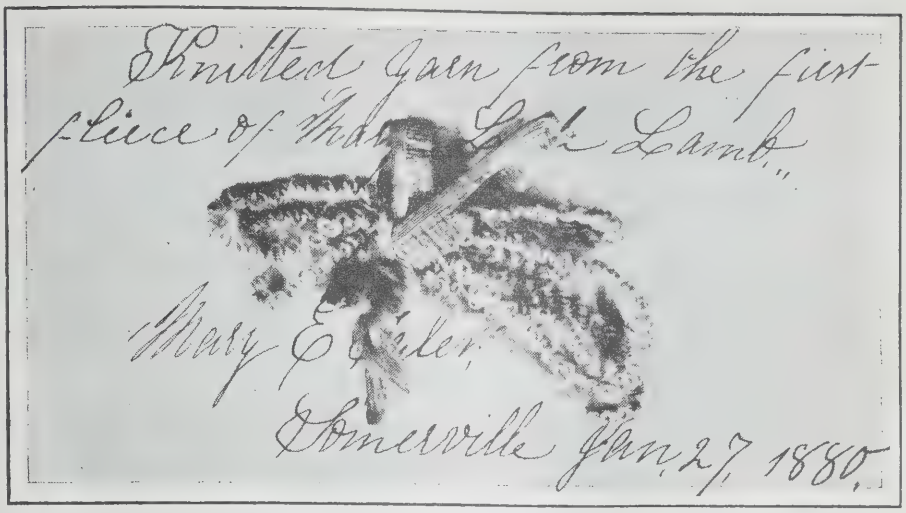
'What shall we do to amuse and interest the children who may come here?' At their earnest request she consented to go every day at a certain hour, and in a side room of the building, tell the story of the lamb to the children and give to each of them a little silken knot of yarn from the fleece of the lamb. By this means she added to the funds of the fair many hundreds of dollars, and indeed this work did not stop with the close of the fair, but for months every now and then, letters would come from far and near, asking for a piece of the yarn.

THERE is no doubt of the distance to which these fleecy souvenirs found their way, if the widely separated points from which they have been offered to the Ford collection may be used as a criterion.

So that if one were to be cross-examined as to the foundations for belief in the story, the first answer would be, *Mary Sawyer said so.* She told a story that is natural and unforced and that has preserved its consistency from the time it was first heard until now. It is a plain tale and every feature of it is a common possibility. Mary was not the only girl who had a lamb for a pet, and Mary's lamb was not the only one that was saved from untimely death by kindly nursing. Yet Mary told the story within a comparatively short distance of the scene of the poem, and at the very scene itself, as we shall see, which would hardly be the case had there been any doubt about it. The town of Sterling and all the neighbors thereof could have risen against her in denial, if the story were unknown or merely a myth. Yet there is no record of that having occurred. Mrs. Tyler lived a most highly respected lady and died at the age of eighty-three in December, 1889. No one who knew her character could doubt her truthfulness, no one who knew her mind could doubt her alertness of memory, and both these qualities bear weight when considering the story of Mary and the lamb.

How uncompromising is her testimony can be understood only by a study of the great number of times she repeated it. On every little card that bore a snip of yarn, she wrote with her own hand, 'Knitted yarn from the first fleece of Mary's Little Lamb,' followed by her signature, 'Mary E. Sawyer,' and the date. Moreover, she wrote in her own hand the poem as she says it was given to her by John Roulstone, and she always wrote it in just that way, never more than twelve lines. Some facsimile presentations of these autographs accompany this article. All these together say, 'This is the fleece of the lamb; this is the poem; and I am Mary.' There can be no doubt about the nature of the unequivocal claim she made for the lamb and John Roulstone's poem. And Boston apparently accepted it.

The story, however, was current long before the Old South publicity, if certain testimony is to be credited. Naturally, if such an event had occurred as Mary's lamb inspiring a poem by being put out of school, the matter could not have been kept secret. It was at least told through the extensive family.



Knitted yarn from the first fleece of Mary's Little Lamb.

Mrs. Mary (Sawyer) Powell, New York City, a niece of Mary Sawyer and a daughter of Nat (Nat was the little brother that helped Mary's lamb over the stone wall on its way to school), writes in 1910:

'The story that father told me is the same as is printed in book form by Fred A. Stokes Company, New York.'

This statement includes Mary's brother as one of the original narrators of the incident. Then there are such references as these which are found in the letters of Eliza Ann (Sawyer) Warren, of West Newbury, Massachusetts.

'My youngest brother who died last October (1910) says: "I have a letter written to me by Uncle Nathaniel not long before he died. In it he mentions Reverend Capen and the verses about Aunt Mary's lamb . . ."

'Brother Frank writes, "I only know of it by Aunt Mary, Uncle Nat and Grandma Sawyer telling me of it, and Uncle Nat was the one who showed me where the lamb was found. Uncle Nat was always chaffing Aunt Mary about it . . . "

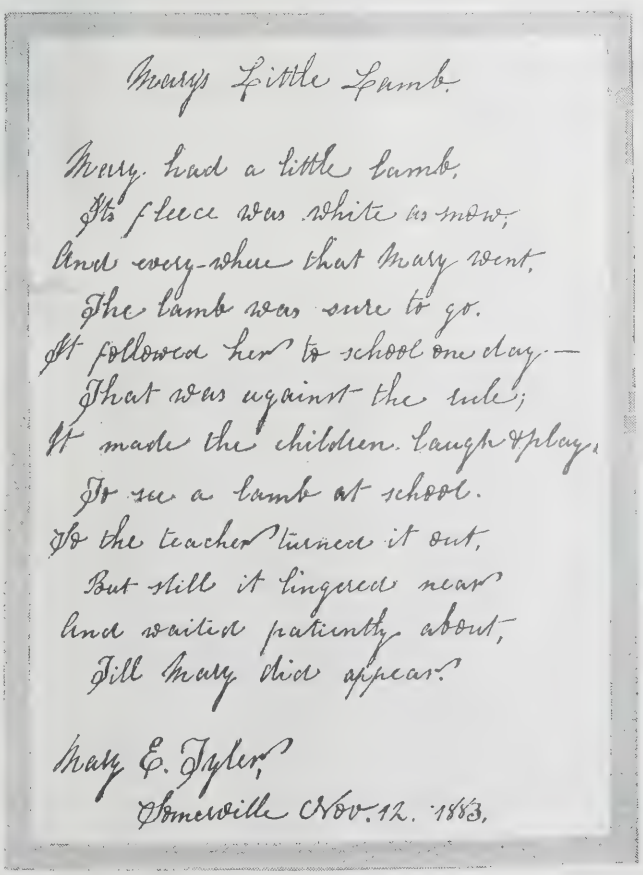
'Aunt Mary used to say that Mrs. Hale never claimed the first three verses, but that she added to them; it was her relatives that claimed the whole . . .

'I do not know what year the incident happened. Aunt Mary was born in 1806. I always supposed her a girl of eight or ten years when it happened . . .

'For myself I have known the fact of Aunt Mary and her lamb from childhood . . . I have an impression when we had a family gathering at bro Edwards' in 1863 or 4, Uncle Nat and Aunt Mary had some fun over it.'

Then there is the niece who lived with Mary Tyler throughout her closing years in her Somerville home and who has this to say in June, 1926:

'In regard to Mr. Roulstone being the author of the little poem of Mary and the Lamb, my aunt always declared that all she knew about it was the fact that he drove, or rather rode, to the school on horseback the morning after the incident and handed her a slip of paper on which were written the first twelve lines . . . The teacher's name was Polly Kimball. It was just a simple childish story that pleased children, for my aunt always told them she fed it the first few days of its life on catnip tea. She was greatly annoyed by the prominence given both it and herself when it was first printed at the time of the Old South Fair and regretted exceedingly that she had been persuaded to tell it in public.'


Mary's Little Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.
It followed her to school one day,—
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh & play,
To see a lamb at school.
So the teacher turned it out,
But still it lingered near
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Mary E. Tyler
Somerville Nov. 12. 1883.

The poem in Mary's own hand.

(This is the first of two articles on this subject. The next will will appear in an early issue.)

Edison · Columbia · Victor

have recorded the music of the Old American Dances, as played by the Henry Ford Dance Orchestra

EDISON

51699 - L - Varsovienne
51699 - R - The Heel and Toe Polka

B-10766 - L - Sicilian Circle
B-10776 - R - Veleta Waltz

A-10777 - L - Rye Waltz
A-10781 - R - Grace Waltz Medley

C-10778 - L - Novelty Dance
C-10780 - R - Old Southern Schottische

COLUMBIA

555-D—
141507 Heel and Toe Polka
141509 A Southern Schottische

556-D—
141499 Sicilian Circle
141500 Medley of Reels

577-D—
141506 Badger Gavotte
141508 Grace Waltz

683-D—
142181 Circle Medley Waltz
142182 Varsovienne

50018-D—
98205 The Plain Quadrille
98206 Virginia Reel

50024-D—
98269 The Club Quadrille
98270 Waltz Quadrille

VICTOR

19907-B - The Ripple
19907-A - Schottische

19908-A - Over the Waves—Waltz
19908-B - Old Southern Waltz

19909-A - Seaside Polka
19909-B - Heel and Toe Polka

19910-A - Badger Gavotte
19910-B - Varsovienne

19963-A - Lancers—Figs. 1-2-3
19963-B - Lancers—Fig. 5

19964-B - Medley of Reels
19964-A - Money Musk

35771-A - Virginia Reel
35771-B - Plain Quadrille (Ticknor's)

LOCAL record dealers everywhere can supply these authentic records. They play most of the music broadcast by the Henry Ford Dance Orchestra from WEAF and connected stations. ¶ Public schools, colleges, clubs and churches throughout the United States have taken up these dances since their recent revival. The public approval of Old American Dances has become so general that today more people are dancing them than during their ancient vogue. ¶ The beauty of personal and group movements and the charming restraint of manner of these Old American Dances recalls the best of the social life of the younger days of the republic when our national character was being developed. ¶ American families can do nothing better in a social way than to enable their children to learn these fine old dances. They are as satisfying as Colonial furniture and silverware and Stuart and Peale portraits. They teach dignified deportment and polite self-possession to the young.

'Good Morning'

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Dearborn Publishing Company
Dearborn, Michigan

Gibson Girls, Gibson Men

(*Continued from page 5*)

Woodrow Wilson at the beginning of the 20th Century.

ırg's *The Prairie Years*—a most noble ›ok.

Other titles that I would like to name ›m Mark Sullivan's book are: *Roosevelt ecomes President*, and *The Automobile merges*. Some pictures I would like to name e those of the early Boer leaders, many *adies' Home Journal* cuts, showing the olution of fashion, and Gibson Man ctures of Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover d William Gibbs McAdoo in 1900. There a cut lifted from *The Covered Wagon* film which our good friend, Mark Sullivan, has d up the whole story of the disappearance free Western land.

As a matter of fact, every picture in e book is beautifully selected and ll worth while. But the book should illustrated by one thousand Gibson rls, some just twenty-four years old in 26.

This seems to be our instant for a more rsonal review of the first quarter of the ntury. Here, for instance, in Sullivan's ok, is a picture of Richard Mansfield, who roduced Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* the American stage in 1898. At that ry moment my future brother-in-law and had persuaded the local Delphic committee of Hiram College to put on this, our vorite play, for Commencement Week. e, and everyone else, coached the principals for six months, and had every word of le translation by heart. There were some ry beautiful girls in this coeducational hool, who took the part of Roxane and her bevy of beauties more beautifully than it has ever been done since. Right now I can recite that balcony scene, and so can my brother-in-law.

Last spring for one week I attended Walter Hampden's *Cyrano* at the Hampden Theater on Broadway. I can say in all honesty that it is better acting than Mansfield's a quarter of a century ago. The new translation by Brian Hooker seems infinitely better; and Clayton Hamilton's introduction to the new edition is a joy to my soul. It brought back the ancient days at Hiram when my future brother-in-law and I tried to teach a coeducational, fresh-water college the marvels of this French drama, without ourselves being able to read French.

The Clayton Hamilton preface, calling back that time in a far more serious way than these remarks, justifies the great shout with which William Allen White and the rest continue to welcome Mark Sullivan's book. This Cyrano aspect is another sign that our old leaders in many fields have passed with amazing rapidity, have been brilliantly supplanted almost in a night, and that the instant of retrospection is upon us.

The people of this instant are curiously the people of twenty-five years ago. There is an amusing sentence in the theatrical chapter of Mark Sullivan's book: 'James O'Neill, later to be revived in a vicarious fame as the father of Eugene O'Neill, was playing in the nineties *The Count of Monte Cristo*.'

There is a bit of verse in which I try to indicate, with all due respect to Eugene O'Neill, that in all things we are the sons of our World's Fair fathers and our Gibson Girl mothers!

I

I will not spat them plays upon the wrist, bo;
Eugene, I seen your Pa in *Monte Cristo*.
Desire Under the Elms may still keep tryst, bo,
For I seen your Pa make love in Monte Cristo.

II

Our actor's dynasties we see persist, bo.
Beyond the Horizon lingers Monte Cristo;
So we forgives your high art mud and mist, bo,
For the sake of good old Ham-Sides Monte Cristo.
Why do we like your shredded wheat and grist, bo?
We thinks a lot of the son of Monte Cristo.
Where did you learn to write with foot and fist, bo?
Watching them fights in the Count of Monte Cristo.
Them *Hairy Apes* by me will not be hissed, bo,
I seen your Pa a whale in Monte Cristo.
Emperor Jones with kings can still enlist, bo.
Your Pa could scare 'em stiff in Monte Cristo.
Eugene, your *Great God Brown* can still exist, bo.
I seen old James a god in Monte Cristo.
Your sloshing seas and sailors mermaid-kissed, bo,
Came from that *World Is Mine* scene, Monte Cristo;
And I have figured out a list of things, bo,
That *Anna Christie* learned from Monte Cristo.
Though all nine muses splash upon your list, bo,
They learned to dive them dim days long ago
Trying in vain to drown proud Monte Cristo.

I know of no better way to take this instant than to read Mark Sullivan's *The Turn of the Century*, to read the new translation of *Cyrano*, with the same old eternal moral: 'Step softly and carry a Big Stick'; to look at a complete collection of the old Gibson Girl portfolios, and to note how that dazzling type is taking possession of our new universe.

The type may be camouflaged under various aspects, but the new Gibson Girl differs little from her sister back in the nineties.

The Inside Story of Sinclair Lewis

(*Continued from page 1*)

During the visit Lewis was looking for a preacher to assist him in writing the new book. He invited the writer but it could not be arranged. He invited one or two others to take several months off and help him with the book. Finally he persuaded Dr. L. M. Birkhead, a Unitarian, to help him. Mr. Birkhead began his ministry as a Methodist preacher but was unhappy in the Methodist church and withdrew. It is interesting to know this in the light of the present preacher book.

THERE was what Mr. Lewis called the 'Sinclair Lewis Sunday School Class' while he was in Kansas City.

This group of so-called Liberal preachers had been meeting for years and it assembled at his request to talk things over. Mr. Lewis called himself the teacher of this Sunday school class.

They were Universalist, Unitarian, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, and Lutheran—the ministers who made up this class. There were also visiting newspaper editors, business men and authors who dropped in from time to time.

Lewis was very frank in his approach; he was no diplomat. He was a bludgeoning belligerent. Usually he opened the so-called Sunday school class with a bombardment of the church. 'What the hell right has the church to exist anyhow? What accounting can you loafers give to society? What right have you to draw salaries? What do you believe in anyhow? What have you to give to the world?'

After these opening remarks, the preachers had their comeback. There were many answers given, which thoughtful visitors from time to time, like William Allen White and others, agreed were real answers, but as far as we learned none of them seemed good answers to Mr. Lewis. He was not out to get answers. He was to obtain material to buttress an idea he had of preachers and the church and he would not admit any other type of evidence.

The group that met in this class were aware all the time of just what Mr. Lewis wanted and what he was going to do. He was honest with them and they were fair with him. Everyone had a stimulating time. Lewis has a quick mind even if it is not a profound mind—and he awakened that group of preachers as they had never been awakened before.

A PREACHER left one of the first of these meetings and exposed the dreadful fact that though it was a group of preachers they did not even say grace before they ate.

'That bird is a crook and I'll prove it to you before I leave this town,' declared Lewis.

He did. He hates hypocrisy, and what he calls 'bunk' in any profession.

He was not after the beautiful things about the church or the ministry. He wanted to paint his idea of a minister who was a crook and a sexual pervert, and he has done so in *Elmer Gantry*.

The fact that no such minister exists in the church, or if he ever gets in, does not continue to stay in the church, did not make any difference to Lewis. He wanted to depict a bad minister and—not actually having found one—he drew one from his own mind.

William Allen White commented to me: 'He has painted an unrelieved villain. That is not good art. Besides no preacher of that type could live in the church. He would never have survived the small town, much less have gone on to success. It is bad art. Lewis' psychology is wrong and his characterization is untrue.'

Mr. Lewis has not done what we expected him to do. We knew he would be scathing. We knew he would be biting. We knew he would paint a caricature. We looked for those things. But we expected more than this. We looked to Sinclair Lewis to understand his theme and he has disappointed.

We could have stood anything if the new book had been big enough to have helped the church; even to the puncturing of some of our bubbles and the exposing of our real weaknesses.

After the two months in Kansas City, Lewis, with a Kansas City preacher, went into retirement in Minnesota where he wrote the first draft of the new novel. Then he went to Washington.

Sinclair Lewis is a sentimental fellow after all and this move to Washington was made that he might put the final touches to *Elmer Gantry* where he had finished *Main Street*.

Dr. L. M. Birkhead was with him all during the writing of the new book. He was there to give technical advice, and to act as a detail man. The fact that he is a Unitarian and a man who left the Methodist church gave him an opportunity to know well the two great denominations.

MR. LEWIS for six months subscribed for many church papers and read them diligently. He had his work room filled with Bible dictionaries, theological works, Methodist disciplines, hymn books of every type. I have often taken stock of his library during the incubation of the new novel and found him with a preacher's library larger than many a preacher has after ten years in the ministry.

He worked carefully and his efforts to do a big thing were commendable; but what he failed to do was to get into the heart of any single ministry, of any single church, to see the inside story.

William Allen White remarked to me, 'Seventy-two seductions in one book are too many.'

Sinclair Lewis is a great writer. He rose to great heights in *Babbitt* and *Arrowsmith*, but he has failed in *Elmer Gantry*. The book is neither interesting nor true. It lacks the touch of reality. It is hopeless. It will not do the great thing that we preachers who opened our homes, our churches, and our hearts to him expected it would do. We thought it would be a big book and it has turned out to be a futile book.

One of the best men of letters I know, a literary critic, an editor and a man who has been one of the greatest boosters and admirers of Lewis, said to me, after he had read the proof sheets of this work: 'Sinclair Lewis challenged God to strike him dead in Kansas City. God did, but Lewis did not know it. When the people read his new book they will find it out and so will Lewis.'

Mr. Lewis has actually been at the business of writing this book since about May the first, 1926. The plans were made and the book outlined in Kansas City in May and early June. The first draft was written in the summer, during July and August, 1926, in camp up in Minnesota not far from Sauk Center, his home town which he immortalized as 'Gopher Prairie.' He has taken less time on this book than on his other books and it bears the marks of haste.

Every preacher who knows Mr. Lewis likes him personally. He has won a place in our hearts. We played the game with him. We trusted him as a friend. He has not betrayed that trust as a friend but he has as an artist. We showed him good men and true. We showed him Dr. Burris Jenkins, one of America's great ministers, who has preached in this community for twenty years: true, tried and wholesome. We showed him the inside and the outside of our churches and homes: clean, pure, hospitable and friendly. We took him with us to call on the sick and to bury the dead. We had him with us at family prayers, and prayer meetings. We had him with us when we kneeled to pray with dying men and women. He saw all sides of the minister's life. But he forgot the better side.

What Is a Dollar Worth?

FROM Truth to Probability' is an article by George Boas in the March number of *Harpers Magazine*. Its theme is the difference between statistical and Aristotelian logic. For example:

Suppose the question were raised, 'How much is the dollar worth?' Aristotelian logic would say, 'One hundred cents.' All dollars are the same to Aristotelian logic. There is a quality, 'dollarity,' incorporate in each dollar which makes them all dollars. If a coin hasn't that quality it isn't a dollar.

But when a man asks, 'How much is the dollar worth?' he doesn't mean 'How many cents does it contain?' but, 'How much will it buy compared to what it used to buy?' He is no longer thinking of the dollar as a member of a group of identical items, like a stack of blue poker chips, but as something fluctuating and unstable. There is no longer a question of *the* dollar, but of *a* dollar; or, if you prefer, of the dollar of 1914, the dollar of 1915, the dollar of 1916, and so on. And the dollar of 1914 happens to be worth almost three times as much as the dollar of 1925.

Which dollar is the real dollar, the Aristotelian or the statistical? The former has absolute qualities, the latter relative. The former makes for clear simple additions which a child can perform, the latter for dark and complicated calculations which are secrets to all but the economist. If the Aristotelian dollar is real, then a man who had $1,000 in 1925 was as rich as a man who had $1,000 in 1914; if the statistical dollar is real, the man who bought a Liberty bond in 1917 for $100 and sold it in 1925 for $102 lost money.

People of the British Isles

(*Continued from page 13*)

lain, comfortable. He els at home in it. He at home. This is in ntrast to the Ameri- n man's home which his wife's and daugh- r's. And in further ntrast, when the nglishman gets me, he is likely to d his wife there. he Englishman has isure to spend in his me or for sport in e open air; he thus eps young and cool. he Englishman plays ore, eats more, sleeps ore than we do. He rns less, spends less, lks less, and enthuses ss. In the wear and ar of life he often ems to have greater durance. The en- rance of Englishmen d the nation is part their conservatism, rt of their utilitari- ism, part of their lf-restraint, and part their independence. One may not un- uthfully say to be English is to endure.

King John signed the Magna Charta in 1215. In the English constitution usually changes are slow, gradual, noiseless.

The Englishman does not easily cast his in. He is among the last of our immigrants become an American. The Irish immigrant is said to become an American as on as he catches sight of the Goddess of liberty from his ship at sea. 'Once an nglishman, always an Englishman.' Again, Wherever the Englishman is, he is at home.' ipling tells of finding a lone Englishman in e back lands of India two weeks from nother white man, and all alone with his itive house boys, who regularly put on rmal dress for dinner at his solitary plate his solitary table.

A sixth characteristic of the English is *lf-satisfaction* and pride of race, developing mplacency and aloofness. The Englishman confident there is no better breed of men. e rests secure in his belief in the superior- y of the English race. Through all the aseless struggles among the divers peoples England the survivors have emerged ronger, more complacent and fitter than eir ancestors. No wonder the Englishman s the air of a man well satisfied with him- lf. He is so old, so well known and re- ected, that he does quite as he pleases herever he goes.

It often appears that the Englishman its his worst foot forward—and, further, does not seem to care. This is in striking ntrast to the social Latin peoples who th their polite and suave manners are nt on making a good impression at any cost.

English complacency has been noted by l critical students of the race. Collier ys: 'One need not, however, refrain from iticism on the score of the sensitiveness the patient. The British public is as im- rvious to criticism as an elephant's hide stabbing by sticks of boiled macaroni.'

England's self-satisfaction shows no- here better than in her national poetry. Her poetry, where national, is the song of pride—pride of race.

Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause;

said Bryon. It is full of pride of victory by arms, and joy in that victory.

> For this is England's greatest son,
> He that gain'd a hundred fights,
> Nor ever lost an English gun,

says Tennyson, speaking of Wellington. It boasts of present life, deep-breathing and full-veined, unwearied and unconquered. No poet has sung more powerfully than Kipling of the sea and of conquests on the sea.

In church and abbey, in street and square, London is magnificent with monuments of the conquering heroes of England, whose conquests are the themes of her greatest poets.

It will be seen that the English have the habit of success. They have failed at times in various parts of the world, but in England, at the seat of the heart and brain of the race, the unbroken habit of success has swept forward for more than eight and one-half centuries. The Englishman at home can scarcely conceive of English failure, since the past life of the English nation has been so long, its isolation so protected, its muscle, bone and brain so excellent, its characteristics so the warp and woof and familiar fabric of success.

So it is that England stands today in her accustomed place in the Old World, and the nations and peoples bewildered by overnight changes in governments and customs may turn toward one familiar quarter where radical changes are unknown and where even normal changes never come with too great rapidity.

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Japan Looks to America to Prevent Wars

(*Continued from page 7*)

no mountain or hill that was not either reforested or in the process of scientific treatment. Japan found Korea in a denuded condition with erosion far advanced and she has undertaken the stupendous task of controlling this erosion and revegetating the denuded slopes.

THE writer particularly interrogated a large number of prominent delegates in many fields of research, and all were unanimous that Japanese scientists are leading all other countries in seismology (the study of earthquakes); in the improvement and practice of sericulture (the silkworm industry); in the scientific control of fisheries and in reforestation. Our delegates also agreed that the work of the Japanese scientists in biology, medicine, chemistry and other branches of research is well abreast of that being done in other countries.

Japan, with a population half that of the United States, has only about one-twentieth as much agricultural land. Thus necessity will force her to work out a model scientific utilization of plant, soil and water which may be a real contribution to other countries. Japan is so highly organized and centralized that she can carry out new projects which would be almost impossible of accomplishment in other countries except over a long period of time.

The phenomenal development of Western science and education in Japan is more amazing when one realizes that it was only about seventy years ago that Japan was really opened to Western influences and that the studies and scientific works mentioned previously are the result of the past forty or fifty years. Yet Japanese civilization is not of recent growth. After seeing the art and culture of Japan, we appreciate that growth has been made from firm roots running deep into the past with its fine culture, its art and its love of the beautiful.

The first stimulus to study Western learning came through the medical men. For centuries Japan had received her ideas from the Chinese physicians. Some traders at Nagasaki left there a Dutch *Human Anatomical Work* by Kulm. Japanese doctors secured possession of this book and, although unable to read, they pored over the charts and pictures. They found the pictures of the human heart and inner organs to be very different from their charts of Chinese sources.

An attempt was made to reconcile this difference by saying, 'Of course these Western barbarians' insides must be very different from ours, because their exteriors are so different. Their eyes and skins are so opposite in color. They have to wear shoes with heels because they have no heels of their own and sit in chairs because their knees will not bend. Since their exteriors are so different, their insides must be equally so.' This conclusion was not accepted by two physicians who secretly secured a criminal corpse and investigated. To their delight, they found that the hearts and internal organs of the white and yellow men were alike. From this discovery first came the impetus to study and obtain Western learning.

Japan may be said to have taken on Western civilization, but not to the extent of destroying her native charm—the bright kimonos, the unique hairdress, the clatter of wooden sandals, the well-kept, irregular yet fenceless fields resembling a huge checkerboard or patchwork quilt, the quaint villages and artistic thatched roofs, the gay shops and the clean polished floors, the adorable children, sometimes carrying a tiny kimonoed baby on their backs, and best of all the genial, smiling faces of the Japanese people of all classes.

WESTERN science has covered the countrysides with electric poles carrying light to nearly every city and hamlet in Japan, yet the first hydroelectric plant was not installed until thirty-five years ago.

The Japan yearbook states that Japan has water power sufficient to supply an average of twelve million horsepower annually. She has yet vast reserves of electric power for future development. Although in possession of sufficient wood supply, the cooking and heating is often done by electricity. Eight thousand miles of railways, which are kept in excellent condition and run exactly to schedule, connect all parts of the islands. Every small village has its light and roomy school buildings. Wherever we went, even to more remote regions, the school chil looked healthy and energetic. This co tion is the direct result of the tireless systematic medical supervision of the few years. Streets have been widened splendid country roads constructed w one can ride in luxury and meet cars o the various makes from abroad.

The great industrial cities, such Osaka, have incorporated the most mo ideas in social settlement work and provements for laborers. This was brought about by public opinion, a America, but originated from the emplo and city officials who sent representa men to the industrial centers of o countries to obtain the best plans for proving the social conditions of the pe

JAPAN is modern yet Oriental. The s building yards, the modern docks, the way stations, the latest methods of mo building construction everywhere in dence, the street cars and auto-bu make one feel a happy mingling of East West. Japan is now the recognized le in the Orient and has the important mis of bringing the civilizations of the and West into harmony.

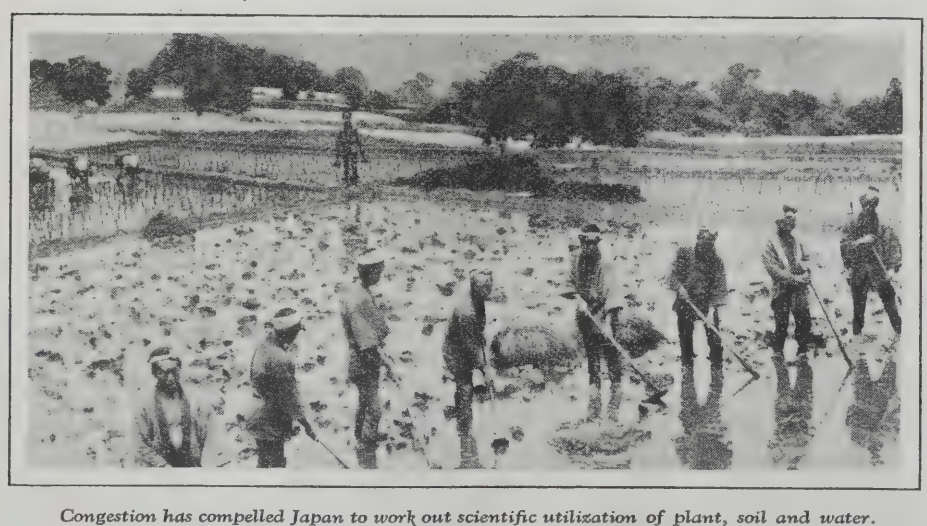
One wonders what has been the stim or impetus back of this phenomenal p ress. Certainly it can be said that Japanese have a most commendable sonal pride in their mother country ar spirit of patriotism worth emulating. T too, they are a most versatile people. W convinced that a new idea is better, do not tenaciously hold to the old a their Chinese brethren. The Japanese not long in recognizing that their militar ambitions were incompatible with the ri spirit of peace and brotherhood. Pol were reversed and the new governo Korea is sympathetic and well liked by Koreans.

Japan's attitude toward China has been reversed and she is now going n than halfway to secure friendly comme relations and the good will of the Chi people. There is a growing moral sciousness being aroused among the J nese which bids fair to do away in time the licensed prostitution, which is the outstanding blot on the nation. If Ja can take the moral leadership in the Or as well as the scientific leadership, she indeed perform a great mission.

The sentiment everywhere in Ja seems to be the hope that there will b more wars. The tremendous reconstruc work all over the country, as well as successful grappling with the greatest si calamity which ever befell any nation w the two great cities of Tokio and Yokoh were destroyed by earthquake, is suffic to excite the admiration of the world.

On several occasions the writer as why we should be the recipients of s overwhelming friendliness from the cour people, and received the reply that Japanese thought we were on a peace c mission to prevent wars in the Pa basin and that freedom from the taxa of wars is what they most want.

The heart of Japan was deeply grie



Congestion has compelled Japan to work out scientific utilization of plant, soil and water.

by the anti-Japanese legislation in America. Not so much that Japanese laborers should be excluded, but that it should have been done in the manner it was—without discussion or explanation. Instead of retaliating, Japan recently passed a law giving special privilege and allowing foreigners to buy and hold land in Japan. This was a privilege which previously had not been allowed.

The congress bespoke a new spirit of international friendship and coöperation: 'To initiate and promote coöperation in the study of scientific problems relating to the Pacific region, more particularly those affecting the prosperity and well-being of Pacific peoples, and to promote a feeling of brotherhood and strengthen the bonds of peace among Pacific peoples.'

Hyphenated Report on Paris

A NEW York evening paper had the bright idea of sending a reporter to Paris to give an account of economic conditions. For this task the selection fell upon a somewhat doubtfully distinguished hyphenated German-American. This delicate type of attention from a New York journal naturally touches the French. If only the enterprising journal could have obtained a German U-boat captain to observe the Parisians and to report his German or German-American observations! That exquisitely good taste conduces to promote international friendship.

This German-American in Paris was astounded at the cheapness of pretty nearly everything. Evidently the journal pays its reporters well, for this journalist is accustomed to buying his suits at one hundred and twenty-five dollars in America. Alack, most journalists and scribes in the United States, certainly those not hyphenated, must content themselves with suits at thirty or forty dollars. This New York (?) journalist was amazed to buy a tie at twenty francs 'which in New York would cost three dollars.'

This naïve reporter found it difficult to pay more than a dollar for his dinner in Paris. Apparently his knowledge of Paris suffers from decided limitations even as does his knowledge of New York. There are a hundred restaurants in Paris, almost wholly devoted to the foreign trade, where a dollar will *not* buy a meal—as thousands of Americans will testify.

In point of fact the necessities of life, like butter and eggs and meat, cost approximately the same in Paris as in America. Clothes are cheaper but about the same as in London and elsewhere on the Continent. Rents are cheaper particularly when you get a cheap apartment, without central heat and with a lack of the decencies. Taxis and drinks are cheaper and so is human labor, but those things do not play a great rôle in the expense of the tourist.

New Yorkers who come to Paris expecting to enjoy at most modest expense a 'fool's paradise,' as Paris is affectionately termed by the hyphenated journalist, are due for a real disappointment, as they will find that while the franc is only three or four cents, yet if it is said often enough, the total is sufficiently large even in dollars.

Every Person Has at Least One Book in Him

(*Continued from page 8*)

The plan is workable in more literary ways: if you want a good book, write it. Write it for yourself instead of for a publisher. Of course, you *may* find a publisher, or one may find you. But that is not the object to have in view. Dependence upon the incorporated presses is as bad as dependence upon the incorporated show producers. It is not necessary. And it is distinctly bad for both the presses and the producers.

The Little Theater and the Little Writer is perhaps an answer to a good many troublesome questions.

I HAVE been asked to advise on the 'taking in' of magazines, to use an old expression. Well, you can't take them all. There are too many hundreds of them. Judging from the experience of publishers, people are less and less subscribing for the popular magazines, and more and more buying them from the news stands. The subscriber was once the person sought, now it is the casual buyer; hence the appeal of front covers and sensational articles as quick, eye-catching selling devices. One pretty good magazine a month could be made out of the best in all of them. *The Literary Digest* does this in a general way; *Living Age* does it in another way; *The Reader's Digest* in another. Just as we take some of the book reviews to learn what books are being published, it might be a good thing to take *Poole's Index* to learn what magazine articles are being published, and then buy the ones we want.

But this assumes an earnestness in readers which does not widely exist. Reading has become the vice of idle moments, competing not too successfully with the trivial movie and the jazz radio program. For reading as an opiate, a time-killer, there is perhaps no advice to give, except to say that the reading habit, once established, can be trained in any channel, and a man is a fool not to do some *hard* reading—that is, reading which for him seems hard. It becomes easy enough upon acquaintance. The sounder the magazine the smaller the circulation, as a rule—the two exceptions being, I believe, *The Literary Digest* and *The Dearborn Independent*, which lead the list in point of circulation among serious magazines.

IN THE matter of books, however, the trend is the other way. Books of substance are going up in popular esteem. Little as Wells' *Outline of History* is to be esteemed as history, its large sale disclosed the willingness of multitudes to tackle a hard subject if only it is promising enough. And look at the astounding popular success of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy* (Simon and Schuster, $5) ranking as a 'best seller,' and this in spite of the fact that it is dependable as history and scholarly as a compendium of philosophy. Dr. Ripley's *Main Street and Wall Street* (Little, Brown and Co., $2.50) is also opening up a sensational success, though it deals with finance.

Of course, the real book of real finance is yet to be written. No financier can write it. The average banker is too much engrossed manipulating the game as it is played today, and the average professor of political economy, in trying to make the rules of the game appear to be fundamental and scientific, which they are not.

The best book on fundamental finance that I have seen of late is written by a professor of chemistry. I must review it for you one day. The author is Frederick Soddy, M. A., F. R. S., professor of chemistry in the University of Oxford, and Nobel Laureate in Chemistry, 1921. The title is *Wealth, Virtual Wealth and Debt, the Solution of the Economic Paradox* (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London). Whereas Dr. Ripley's book will have a wide reading by Americans because it appeals to the stockholding habit among us, Dr. Soddy's book should be sought out by those who want to know what it is all about. And unless I am wholly wrong, finance in the United States is coming into such a position that it will soon be about every man's ears, and we shall renew the national interest which mounted to such intensity during Andrew Jackson's fight with the National Bank, during the Greenback scare, and during Mr. Bryan's advocacy of the free coinage of silver.

A Doctor Looks at Doctors

(*Continued from page 15*)

This counsel carried me headlong to despair, and in that despair I turned to Baltimore. There I knew there was a wise man who united qualities of head and heart in godlike manner. He had made me feel, as he had probably made thousands of others feel, that he had a unique strain of friendship for me. I admired him, reverenced him, loved him. I sought him out. It was early evening when I arrived at his door. I told him my mission, but he would not listen to my story. He and his gracious wife were about to take a short drive and I must accompany them and return to dine with them. As we went through the door he inquired casually where I had put up. On our return I found the contents of my bag spread upon and in the bureau of their guest room. Soon after dinner he withdrew, saying some urgent matters demanded attention. When I went to my room I found a scrap of paper upon which was written, 'Gone to Milwaukee. Stop here until I return.'

When I spent an hour with him, three days later, one would never have suspected that he had anything in the world to do save to learn how I had worked and played, lived and loved.

The only reflection he made upon my impaired lung was, 'Nature did one of her best repair jobs for you.'

When he had completed his examination, and I awaited the verdict, he said, 'What are you going to do, now?'

'Whatever you tell me,' I replied.

'Very well, then. Stay on here a day or two longer; I want to think over your case.'

THE next day he asked me to his study and put an arm affectionately around my shoulders; his saturnine features lengthened, while his Celtic eyes took on an expression of greater gravity, and he said, 'Dear old Alcibiades, it's just as serious as it can be. You've got a tumor of the brain.'

The more reasons I gave him for the incorrectness of his diagnosis, the more obdurate he became. Finally he displayed not a little offense that I should pose my opinion against his and professed to be injured.

For a moment I forgot that joking was as essential to him as food, and indulged in with infinitely more relish. More than once in early life his propensity for perpetrating practical jokes had come near to thwarting his prospects, and in his maturity it often brought him to the brim of the caldron. Then like a flash it came to me that it was the unruly half of himself that had the whip hand this time, the half that made him go into the garden, after an attack of gravel, gather a handful of tiny pebbles, and put them in the excretion to dumfound his physicians when they came to examine it.

My recovery had already set in. I was not an 'interesting' case to him. I was an individual who had attempted to live beyond his means, to work beyond his strength. I was a boat with one of its propellers gone that had striven to keep abreast with fully equipped ocean liners and by so doing had strained another propeller. I was a victim of the disease of the ardents, and it required an ardent to detect it.

My recovery was neither rapid nor dramatic, but it was as complete as an ardent's can be, and before it was accomplished, I had redrawn my map of life on a somewhat smaller scale.

Soon a new interest, growing out of the branch of my work in which I was taking keen interest, began to absorb me: the founding of an institution in which nervous and mental disorders, especially those without recognizable or detectable organic change, could be adequately studied and properly treated.

AFTER twenty years of enormous labor, the war broke out. My colleague in the Neurological Institute, Pearce Bailey, was at once assigned by the Surgeon General to most important duties in Washington. Though our infant enterprise in 67th Street had cast off its swaddling clothes and was prancing about dressed conspicuously and becomingly, it still needed discipline and direction. Nevertheless, Pearce Bailey had small difficulty in convincing me that I should take a commission and assist him to put in effect the elimination tests of officers' training camps. I presented myself for examination and was accepted without the slightest hesitation. After several months of that work I was assigned to duty with the American Red Cross in Italy, and remained there until after hostilities ceased. I returned to Washington and presented myself for examination and discharge.

I had been one of eight thousand that the *Aquitania* deposited in Halifax, and *en route* to Montreal the train got snowbound. There was a difference of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit between the temperature within and without the car in which I traveled. A mild bronchitis was one of the results. It had not fully passed when I confronted the board of examiners. The young man entrusted with the chest examination concentrated eagerly upon the thoracic deformity and the adventitious sounds to be heard in the chest on coughing and deep breathing. I sought to enlighten him by telling him it was something Nature had saved from a conflagration that had once nearly consumed me, but he looked at me at once so knowingly and so pityingly that I gave over the attempt and asked him instead where he lived and worked. He informed me that he was instructor of physical diagnosis in a well-known university. If automatons could have diseases, I should select him for their physician.

I TIRED of his attention when he suggested that I return the next day for an X-ray examination. He was determined to substantiate his findings with what he no doubt considered irrefutable proof. Fatigue lessening my inhibitions and his self-sufficiency exciting my anger, I told him that I had been away from my work eighteen months and I proposed to go to New York that evening.

I received my discharge: thirty per cent incapacitated, active tuberculosis right lung, inactive left!

His conduct, attitude, and conclusion did not depress me nearly so much as the conclusions of my medical advisers thirty, or twenty years before, but they still gave me sufficient concern to lead me to consult a friend who was then retiring from the practice of his profession after a brilliant career, a man of penetrating clinical insight, abundant horse sense, and sound judgment.

I told him of my experience in Washington; he expressed great astonishment, and greater after he had examined me.

'No,' said he, 'you haven't tuberculosis; in my opinion you never have had, and at your age I feel reasonably sure that you never will have.'

The only unpleasant thing about that conference was my friend's reference to my age.

Forty years ago we did not know nearly so much about inflammation of the lungs and pleura as we do today. There is no doubt that I had had pneumonia and that it was accompanied, as it nearly always is, with pleurisy. In this instance the sheath-shaped membrane whose one surface covers the lung and whose other forms the lining of the chest exuded pus, or a fluid that became purulent, thus constituting the disease empyema. With that condition I had struggled for a year, and its results had affected me for a lifetime. Today the pus in the pleural sheath or cavity would have been discovered and a surgeon summoned. The battle between the pus cells and those white blood cells which have many-shaped nuclei would have been merely a skirmish and not the long-drawn-out struggle it was, attended with devastation of the respiratory space beyond reconstruction but not beyond compensation. Forty years of hard and varied work testify that compensation occurred in my case.

NATURE does not often overcome empyema without the surgeon's aid; but she did in this instance though none of the doctors save one seemed to realize it. To most of them I presented the pattern of tuberculosis, so they cut the cloth from that pattern.

It does not seriously reflect upon the skill of my first medical attendant and his consultant that they did not find the pus in the right pleural cavity. They suspected it was there, else they would not have repeatedly thrust a trocar into the thorax. But for the others to assume that I had tuberculosis because I had once for many months had fever of a certain type, cough, shortness of breath, emaciation, and loss of strength, and because the chest, when examined, revealed signs of 'consolidation,' is a fair example of the failure with which I charge physicians—that is, they are so prone to occupy themselves with the theoretical requirements of a case that they lose sight entirely of the human being and his life story.

They deny this charge, but individual experience supports the allegation, and the popularity and success of numerous therapeutic organizations and agencies outside the medical profession prove it. It is the patient who should be treated in most instances, not the disease.

Nature is able to cope with the majority of diseases that do not have their origin in the patient's ancestry. All that the physician can do is to help Nature, or at least not to handicap her, and to invoke the aid of a surgeon to remove a new growth or an organ which has already been destroyed by disease or accident.

That is all that he does when he gives antitoxin or salvarsan; that is what he does when he solicits his surgical colleague to remove an appendix which is threatening to burst, a spleen which has ruptured, or a swelling which is occluding a vital space or passage. That is what he does when he earns the reputation of saving life.

The conduct of physicians that I, as a patient, have encountered convinces me that either they do not appreciate that constituent of personality which psychologists call the affects, and which is usually called the emotions, and the importance of the rôle which these affects or emotions play in conditioning his destiny, well or ill, or they refuse to be taught by observation and experience. There is probably no physician who has not seen patients whose disorders have resisted his efforts restored to health by an appeal only to what is popularly called the 'mind.' If there is such a physician, he must have had small contact with temperamental people, and he must frequently have turned a deaf ear to dinner-table neighbors.

THERE is one medium in which Nature does her best work. It is fearlessness. Apprehension halts Nature, fear fetters her. We profess to believe it, but our conduct belies our profession.

I recall sending a vigorous, athletic man of fifty-six, the source of whose increasing sciatica I was endeavoring to fathom, to a well-known throat and nose specialist to get an opinion on the propriety of removing tonsils that looked fairly healthy. When the doctor got a report from the pathologist to whom the secretion pressed from the tonsils had been sent, he told the patient that his tonsils should be removed, and then added, 'At your time of life, a tonsil operation is a serious matter, just as serious as an operation for gallstones. I am going to have a vaccine made and I want you to be inoculated every five days for three weeks; then I shall operate.' I was present and heard the conversation. On reaching the street, the patient said, 'When I was young I was afraid to die. I don't think I am afraid now, at least not much afraid save of death from one cause. I don't want to be scared to death. If my tonsils must come out, you must find someone else to do the job.'

The physician should not only thwart fear, he should engender courage. Frequently he does the reverse, not purposely, but because of obtuseness, lack of intuition, or of personal experience with disease. Intuitiveness is a very valuable asset in the practice of medicine, and personal experience with painful or protracted illness is another.

In what way could fear be more successfully engendered in an ambitious youth than to have it conveyed to him indirectly that he was the victim of tuberculosis, or in an impressionable young man than by telling him he had an uncommon display of that dread disease?

No one who inquired closely and understandingly into the life I led from the age of twenty-two to thirty-two could have failed to realize that my bodily mechanism, even though it was not handicapped, would be likely to creak and snap under the strain to which it was being subjected. Not one of the half-dozen famous men whom I consulted took into consideration the temperament of the individual, or the kind of life he was leading. None of them was interested to know that on arising at seven I would hurry to a 'studio' and try valiantly for twenty minutes to get in a knock-out blow on the body of the extraordinary septuagenarian who presided there, and then submit to a rub down that would energize me for the day. Not one of them knew or cared to know that I was making every day from twenty to thirty calls, chiefly in the tenements; few, if any, of them were curious to learn that my evenings were spent writing editorials for medical journals, making extracts and summaries of foreign medical literature, getting ready the material for a book; and not one of them inquired how many dispensaries I was attending, or whether I still did obstetrical work at my soul's expense.

Had they expected me to tell them that it was my custom after a hard day's work to have my dinner on my desk, then dictate to a stenographer for two hours, follow that with an hour of correction and elaboration of the manuscript, then breathe a sigh of relief, saying, 'Now for some genuine relaxation,' and take the relaxation in the form of a rarebit and a draught of ale, then a long cigar and an hour with a poet or romancer, and so to bed, I should have thought it a pose and they an affectation. Their inquiry was limited to 'What do you complain of?'

Pen-and-ink impression by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

With two exceptions my doctors were not interested in *me*. They were interested in a morbid condition of my body which was enigmatic to them, and in a repair job of Nature the like of which they had not previously seen. They saw the pathological specimen which I presented, not the psychological problem. Because the symptoms and signs of disease did not conform to any definite type, they made an assumption prejudicial to my welfare, interruptive of my usefulness, and destructive of my happiness. Of course they may have thought that, being a physician, I knew the importance of living a hygienic life and how to do it; but my very presence should have shown I was ignorant or culpable.

I find it easiest to forgive the young man who gave me such a distressing discharge from the Army. He was so sure of himself and he felt so sorry for me! The professor who was positive that only in Arizona could I hope to keep alive never betrayed the smallest astonishment, when I met him now and then in later years, that I had been able to withstand New York; and so far as the diagnostic wizard was concerned, he was so absorbed with sentencing other unfortunates that he had neither time nor inclination to read about the reprieves that had been granted. They have both gone to their reward, but I forgave them long before they started.

DOCTORS are constantly trying to standardize disease. When they encounter a case that does not fit the specifications furnished by clinician or pathologist, they reject it. That is, they assume that it must belong in some other category. One of the reasons why training in psychiatry would be a valuable thing for every practitioner or specialist is that it would teach him that disease cannot be standardized, that the individual must be considered first, then the disease.

Standardization of treatment is not so bad as standardization of disease; still, it merits a vigorous protest.

Standardized treatment works a cruel hardship on the individual who happens to have a very common disease in his own very personal manner.

My observation and experience convince me that when physicians become engrossed with what is called scientific medicine they not only get divorced from the art of their profession, but they acquire a degree of contempt for it which in many instances amounts to scorn. When they do this they give a leg up to supernaturalists, they prepare a cropper for themselves, and they render the sick a profound disservice.

Our medical schools are not giving adequate consideration to the material that is being presented to them for shaping and developing: the mind of the prospective doctor. They concentrate exclusively on disease. They neglect the student who is to prevent, interpret, and combat it. It is only human nature for the man who deals daily with bodily deformities and mental shortcomings to grow superior to his world. If he happens to be a big and vigorous man himself, this sense of personal fitness in a universe of bodily failures easily breeds the arrogance, bored tolerance, facile condescension, and autocratic dogmatism with which physicians are often charged. It would be a wise thing to devote a part of medical education to the mind of the physician himself, especially as it concerns his patients. For the glories of medical history are the humanized physicans. Science will always fall short; but compassion covereth all.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'You probably consider yourself a speller of average ability,' remarked ***the Casual Caller*** as he dropped into the office. 'Here is a little test, a list of ten words; and I'll defy you to spell half of them correctly.'

We accepted the challenge—and misspelled six of the ten words. The list follows:

kimono	battalion
supersede	picnicking
paraffin	rarefy
tranquillity	sacrilegious
naphtha	liquefy

* * *

'Some day,' said ***the Tourist,*** when Douglas fir becomes scarce you may see lumbering done at the bottom of a lake. Years ago volcanic eruptions occurred along the backbone of the Cascade Mountains, causing many natural dams behind which lakes were formed. The forests in these artificial valleys were covered with water and the trunks of those stalwart old Douglas firs are still standing on the bottom of the lake. One of my western friends, connected with the forestry department, dropped a charge of dynamite beside one of the submerged trees and the explosion blasted off a huge section which he retrieved by means of tackle, for the water had so weighted the wood and soaked into it that it would not float. He dried the section and it is very good lumber, a bit light and brittle perhaps but worth salvaging. We'll probably never have to use this submerged, water-soaked timber, but it's there when we need it and will be there for centuries.'

* * *

'A Marine officer whom I met on a train in the West,' said ***the Newspaperman,*** 'told me the inside story of the General Butler-Colonel Williams episode at San Diego a few months back—an episode so colored in the newspapers, you may remember, as to give Butler the appearance not only of having violated hospitality but of having betrayed a friend. I can vouch for the reputation and the reliability of the man who told me the story; but of course the story came to me secondhand, and may be a bit inaccurate as to details.

'It seems—so the Marine officer told me—that a year or so back the Marine Barracks at San Diego had the name of being one of the worst bootlegging places in Southern California. It was considered one of the safest places in the region to keep liquor, safest because, like Caesar's wife, it should have been above reproach. The condition was known, but the remedy was difficult. It was just about that time that Smedley Butler ended his service as police director in Philadelphia and returned to active duty in the Marine Corps.

'Butler was called to Washington and given command of the San Diego depot, with strict orders to clean up the place. "You are the man for the job," the Secretary of the Navy is reported to have told him. Well, General Butler hadn't been in San Diego very many days before he *did* begin on the job; but he committed that unpardonable sin (in America) of *starting at the top* instead of at the bottom. Instead of court-martialing a few privates and then quickly hushing the matter up, he court-martialed officers, from lieutenants on up the scale. Colonel Williams, who was arrested a few days after Butler's arrival, as you may remember, was convicted of serving liquor at a party and was reduced a few numbers in file—a sentence that was considered by many as surprisingly light.

'A terrible ruckus was stirred up, and Butler was accused of almost everything from ingratitude to insanity. Those higher up, when they saw the way the newspaper wind was blowing, promptly got out from under and left the General "holding the sack." And of course as a good Marine officer, he had to bear the brunt of the attack and remain silent. But he didn't remain inactive. As I recall it, he rounded up about 150 men and officers in a thorough housecleaning. And there hasn't been a drop of liquor smelled in the San Diego Marine Barracks from that day to this.'

* * *

'It is strange how stock speculators love to delude themselves,' observed ***the Financial Economist.*** 'The recent great stock boom in Wall Street was fostered by underwriting banks and supported by pool operators, on promises of big distributions of profits by industrial and railroad corporations. Stocks paying normally from four to six per cent dividends were churned up in the market to $150, $250 and more a share, on warmly nursed rumors that there would be large melon cuttings in the shape of stock dividends. Some of these promised stock dividends have materialized: they have been followed immediately by a sharp slump in the prices of those particular securities. One company, paying four per cent dividends, whose stock had been worked up to 150, increased its dividend to six per cent, to the intense disappointment of the speculative element, who were actually disgruntled over a cash distribution in lieu of the watered stock for which they were hungering.

'Now the stock dividend is the worst fallacy in speculation. A schoolboy can realize that a company which pays ten per cent stock dividends yearly, in ten years has doubled its capital, and thereby reduced its capital value per share by fifty per cent.

'Stock dividends fail to increase the stockholder's equity in a corporation, and they do not increase his chances of sharing in future profits. Intrinsically, they are a disadvantage so far as security owners are concerned. I heard a good illustration of the true inwardness of the stock dividend the other day. If a company, for instance, is organized with a share capital of $100,000, for which it issues one thousand shares, each share represents one-thousandth of its assets. The concern, at the close of the first year, earns $20,000 profits; its net assets now amount to $120,000, and each share has a book value of $120.

'The directors pay a cash dividend of five per cent, and in doing so, they reduce the book value of each share to $115. Some of the shareholders object to the comparatively small dividend, insisting upon a further distribution; so the directors pay an additional dividend of fifteen per cent in stock. The stockholder, who at the beginning owned 100 shares, now possesses 115 shares. But what has he really gained? The book value of his shares has declin in proportion to his stock dividend. The are now 1,150 shares of stock outstandi but the value of the company's assets h not altered; it amounts to $115,000. T stockholder has 115 shares of a book val of $100 each, whereas he had before 1 shares of a book value of $115. It explained that the disadvantage of a sto dividend lies in the fact that a stockhold cannot realize upon it without reducing h proportionate ownership in the compan So it is easy to understand the folly boosting share securities to fabulous figur in anticipation of a stock "melon." T stock dividend may be a good speculati lure, but intrinsically it is a snare and delusion, the precurser of lower dividen and a top-heavy structure of watered capita

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'Such persons who have had the opportuni —or I might say the misfortune—of fr quenting some of the criminal courts of t metropolis,' said ***the Lawyer fro New York,*** 'probably would have be amazed on observing the tactics and liste ing to the arguments of some of the "di tinguished counsel." New York can boa of many of the best lawyers in the countr but it also admittedly possesses some the worst legal talent to be found an where on earth. The result is that a mov ment is under way to provide harder tes for would-be lawyers. It is charged th the legal profession is crowded with i competents, and a petition has been fil with the Court of Appeals for the holding a public hearing to thrash out the matter raising the requirements for admission candidates to the bar. It has been disclos that young men who know almost nothing American history, of American literatu whose intellectual backgrounds are barr and infertile, and who know only enou about the law to pass a formal bar examin tion, are obtaining the right to be enrolled licensed members of the profession.

'The experiences of members of the co mittee on character and fitness of applican for admission to the bar make interesti reading. According to them, many of t applicants had never even heard of *T Federalist* or of Bryce's *American Commo wealth,* while others were unable to name single member of the President's Cabin or a single Senator from any state. 1,208 candidates who took the state b examinations, 187 said that Alexander Ha ilton was once President of the Unit States. One applicant expressed the beli that Magna Charta was a naval expediti and another described Andrew Jackson a Union general of Civil War fame. Sor applicants were scarcely able to speak write grammatical English, and othe were described as immigrant boys wh "know little and care less about our form government, and are totally without know edge of or feeling for the history a background of American and English i stitutions and government." There's n reason why the legal profession should l open to everyone who applies for admissi to it, and the state certainly has a right a a duty to establish reasonable standards f admission.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question: What is the term of office of the president of Germany and is he eligible for re-election?

Answer: The president of Germany is chosen by direct vote, his term of office is seven years, and the incumbent is eligible for re-election.

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Q.: What is the amount of money spent annually for insurance premiums in the United States?

A.: The annual premiums paid are approximately as follows:

Life insurance policies	$2,500,000,000
Fire insurance	713,203,549
Ocean marine	39,612,681
Inland marine	24,223,288
Tornado, windstorm and cyclone	26,019,259
Plate glass	16,250,992
Hail	11,398,894
Steam boiler	6,122,278
Riot, civil commotion and explosion	1,470,272
Collisions, exclusive of automobile	1,668,801

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Q.: What were the gross and net earnings of the national banks for 1925?

A.: The gross earnings of the national banks for the year ending June 30, 1925, were $1,124,000,000; the net earnings after payment of all expenses were $365,000,000.

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Q.: What was the gross and net operating income of the railroads for 1925 and what taxes did they pay?

A.: The Class I railways of the United States representing a total of 236,771.21 miles earned an operating revenue of $6,186,608,567 in 1925; the net railway operating income was $1,136,984,243; the taxes paid amounted to $363,242,428.

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Q.: Where can I get information regarding soldiers of the Revolution, full names, from where enlisted, numbers of regiments and dates of discharge?

A.: The Adjutant General's office in Washington has a collection of Revolutionary War records and a request for information relating to a particular soldier (or officer) of that war will be given prompt attention upon receipt of sufficient information by which the record can be identified, such as the designation of the organization in which the soldier served, or the date and place of enlistment and the names of some of the company and regimental officers under whom he served. This collection of Revolutionary War records is far from complete, however. The Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C., has some Revolutionary War records and the authorities of the various states also have some. The following is a list of references in the various states:

Connecticut—Adjutant General of the State of Connecticut, Hartford.

Alabama, Mississippi and Georgia—Georgia Historical Society, Savannah.

Maine and Massachusetts—Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Boston.

Maryland—Adjutant General of the State of Maryland, Annapolis; Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore.

New Jersey—Adjutant General of the State of New Jersey, Trenton.

New York—Director, New York State Library, Albany.

Pennsylvania—Librarian, Pennsylvania State Library, Harrisburg.

Tennessee and North Carolina—North Carolina Historical Society, Raleigh.

Rhode Island—State Record Commissioner, Providence.

South Carolina—State Historical Commission, Columbia.

Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia—Librarian, Virginia State Library, Richmond.

New Hampshire, Vermont, Delaware—Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C. (only).

During the Revolutionary War, Georgia embraced the greater part of the territory now known as Alabama and Mississippi; Massachusetts embraced the territory now known as Maine; North Carolina that now known as Tennessee; Virginia that of Kentucky and Illinois. Ohio was known as the French Territory until 1788.

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Q.: How are the Philippine Islands governed?

A.: The Philippines are a government dependency of the United States, to which country the islands were ceded by Spain December 10, 1898. They are governed by a governor-general and a legislature which was established by the Jones Act of the United States Congress in 1916 and succeeded the Philippine Commission under which the affairs of the Islands had been administered since July 1, 1902. The senate has twenty-four members, the house ninety-three. The members of the legislature are elected by popular vote except two senators and nine representatives who are appointed by the governor-general. The cabinet of the governor-general, consisting of the secretaries of the six executive departments (interior, public instruction, finance, justice, agriculture and natural resources, and commerce and communications), is made up of Filipinos elected by popular vote with the exception of the secretary of public instruction, who is also vice-governor.

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Q.: Who drove the last spike in the first transcontinental railroad and was it a golden spike?

A.: The Union Pacific Railroad was built west from Omaha, the Central Pacific east from Sacramento, and on May 10, 1869, the ceremony of connecting the two roads was held at the place of junction, Promontory Point, Utah, which is located at the north end of Great Salt Lake. For this ceremony there was provided a specially prepared and finished tie of California laurel wood. David Hewes, a prominent Californian, had a golden spike cast and presented it for use as the last spike. This golden spike was driven by Governor Leland Stanford of California, aided by a number of prominent railroad men and public officials. Immediately after the ceremony the laurel tie and golden spike were removed and a regular service tie and iron spike took their places. The golden spike is now in the museum at Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. The laurel tie was in the possession of the Southern Pacific Company in San Francisco, but was destroyed in the conflagration which followed the earthquake of April 18, 1906.

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Q.: Kindly give length and breadth of the U. S. S. West Virginia, U. S. S. Mississippi and U. S. S. Oklahoma.

A.: West Virginia, length 624 feet, breadth 97 feet 3½ inches.

Mississippi, length 624 feet, breadth 97 feet 4½ inches.

Oklahoma, length 583 feet, breadth 95 feet 2½ inches.

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Q.: How many Negro slaves were there in the United States at the beginning of the Civil War?

A.: It is estimated that the fifteen slaveholding states including Delaware, with 1,798 slaves and 19,829 free colored, and Maryland with 87,189 slaves and 83,942 free colored, had, in 1860, a total population of 12,240,000 of whom 8,039,000 were white, 251,000 free colored and 3,950,000 slaves.

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Q.: Which is the older city, Detroit, Michigan, or St. Petersburg (Leningrad), Russia?

A.: Leningrad was founded June 29, 1703, by Peter the Great. The first settlement in Detroit was made July 24, 1701, by Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac.

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Q.: How many Winnebagos are living and where?

A.: On June 30, 1926, there were 1,096 Winnebago Indians at the Winnebago Agency, Nebraska, and 1,328 Winnebagos at the Grand Rapids Agency, Wisconsin.

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In a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT an error in statement occurred in answering a question as to the hanging of the national flag. Instead of reading, 'When the flag is displayed vertically over a wall or window the union should be to the right of those who view it,' it should read, 'When the flag is displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall, the union should be uppermost and to the flag's own right, that is, to the observer's left.' The number of letters calling our attention to this has been gratifying.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

Telling How 'The Captive' Was Withdrawn

The interesting interlocking relations existing among the theatrical and motion picture producers of New York—as well as certain of their business tricks and ethics—were dealt with by the *World* in its articles recently concerning the withdrawal of one of the Broadway plays. Under the date of February 16, the *World* predicted that *The Captive* would be withdrawn by the group producing it, that an effort would be made to vindicate the show and that subsequently an attempt would be made by another producer to restage it. The predictions made in the article (which, incidentally, prominently mentioned Otto H. Kahn, widely heralded as a patron of the arts) were all fulfilled a few days later. At this writing the attempt to restage the play, which deals with sex perversion, has not been successful.

'Although this development [the predicted withdrawal of *The Captive*] seemingly is a victory for the city authorities who started the current stage clean-up campaign,' the *World* stated, 'in reality it resolves into nothing more than a clever bit of chess. For negotiations already are under way by which *The Captive* will be put on by another producer after a very short suspension.

'Withdrawal of the play is a concession to expediency rather than a confession of defeat. It is reported due to the feeling of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which controls the Charles Frohman Company, now presenting *The Captive*, that public reaction to a continued defense and championship of a sex-perversion play might be prejudicial to this organization's far more extensive interests in screen productions.

'Indications are that in abandoning the show, Gilbert Miller, the managing director, through counsel, will defend *The Captive* as a "problem play" treated in a dignified and artistic manner on a high moral plane, and will admit it is being withdrawn because that course is expedient.

'It is known that Mr. Miller already has been in conference with Horace B. Liveright, book publisher and producer of *The American Tragedy*, the dramatization of Theodore Dreiser's novel, now playing at the Longacre Theater . . . How much a canny move at chess this switch in the management of the play becomes is indicated by the fact that Otto Kahn, the banking genius behind Famous Players, also has been on occasion a sympathetic backer of Mr. Liveright and frequently is referred to as the "silent partner" in *The American Tragedy*.'

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Before electric signs were invented actors had to make their reputations by acting.—Springfield *Republican*.

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Speaking of the value of New York dramatic criticism (most of the metropolitan critics hailed *The Captive* as great art when they first reviewed it), Berton Braley contributes a neat bit of verse to 'The Lantern' column in the New York *Herald-Tribune*. In passing it might be noted that among the better-known New York dramatic critics are Percy Hammond, Alan Dale, Alec Woollcott and Heywood Broun—the latter a prime defender of the ultra-modern in all its phases. Braley's verse is entitled 'One Exception':

Alec writes of Percy
And Percy writes of Alan,
Ignoring both the drama and the mime;
Alan writes of Alec
And Alec writes of Alan,
But Heywood writes of Heywood all the time.

Then Percy writes of Alec
And Alan writes of Percy,
Completing thus a circle most sublime;
But Heywood writes of Heywood
And Heywood writes of Heywood,
And Heywood writes of Heywood all the time.

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If we could see ourselves as others see us we'd soon find someone we thought looked worse and be happy again.—*Ohio State Journal*.

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War on School Histories

War has been declared on American school histories. The House Military Committee has been told that a number of these histories give erroneous and imaginary accounts of the part played by American fighters. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas J. Dickson, retired army chaplain, is quoted as saying that a number of American history authors have given merely their own opinions of what actually took place, rather than facts. For example, the comment of one historian was that with but six months' training the American troops were equal to the experienced troops of any nation.

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It cost the Japanese Government $2,000,000 to give the late Mikado a proper funeral. When a Japanese taxpayer cries, 'Long live the Emperor!' he means what he says. —Spokane *Spokesman-Review*.

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He Is a One-Man Bookstore Without Books

Some students give their lifeblood to hospital patients, to work their way through college. Others shovel snow, tend furnace, wait table or, if artistically inclined, do special decorating jobs for fraternity parties. But Lynn Wells, a student at Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin, has a way of his own.

Wells is known as the campus bookstore. On pretentious letterheads one reads that he deals extensively in books—foreign, out of print, suppressed, any kind at all. *Sink or Swim*, by the renowned Horatio Alger, is not too lowly for his business; nor, on the other hand, is *Canterbury Tales*, by the late Geoffrey Chaucer, too high. Surely his correspondents conclude, this campus bookstore, Lynn Wells, president and general manager, must be a pretentious establishment.

And yet the most unusual thing about the Ripon senior's bookstore is that it exists only in print, as a myth. A curious visitor, should he chance to search out Mr. Wells, would find him no doubt seated comfortably in his college study at West Hall smoking, studying, chatting. What books there are lie about quite as unsymmetrically as books usually do in such studies. With the exception of the undignified proprietor and his dignified letterheads, not a sign of the campus bookstore exists. But, then Wells is the store.

Wells' scheme is merely that of supplying Ripon College professors, the town's literati and the so-called intelligentsia of the student body with books which they order. When the volumes come they are immediately delivered, and thus no stock ever lies about. The clientele of the campus bookstore is, nevertheless, surprisingly large for Wells gradually has discovered obscure sources for books otherwise difficult to obtain. Nearly all of his orders go to foreign countries.

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A hick town is a place where the bootleggers never make enough money to get out of the criminal class.—Memphis *Scimitar*.

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You may some day address mail to Albuquerque, Coolidge. The Albuquerque Advertising Club has launched a movement to change the state name of New Mexico to Coolidge in honor of the President.

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Wedded Bliss Among the Hopis

The secret of wedded bliss is found in Hopi land. The Hopis marry for love and remain in love with each other through life according to a whit adopted member of five Indian tribes. When the husband busy the wife sit beside him singing ol Indian love songs to cheer him in his work when the wife is weaving those gorgeou gray and black blankets and rugs for Fre Harvey and the tourist trade on the Sant Fe the husband in turn sings to her. Whe the Hopi maiden is ready to wed she a ranges her coiffure in a certain manne Then standing in front of her hut she signa the young man of her choice as he passes by An engagement usually results, but befor the marriage takes place the young ma must give his bride two-thirds of all hi worldly possessions. The marriage servic is simple but binding. Divorce is even mor simple. The wife puts her husband's ha outside the house and shuts the door. Th husband must then return to his mother o to his godparents. The elders of the villag subsequently review the wife's bill of com plaint. If it is found justifiable the husban is disgraced for life and is driven off th mesa into the desert to shift for himself a best he can. Divorces among the Hopi are exceedingly rare, there being but thre on record in the past eighteen years.

The International Jew in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

BRIEFLY TOLD

AN OLD IRISH legend of about the year A. D. 944 gives an account of a vision of a ship or an airplane in the clouds.

AN UNDERGROUND RIVER passing under Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in the Alps, has recently been discovered.

TRAFFIC CONGESTION ON the highways of the United States is responsible for an annual loss of $4,000,000,000 in time and wasted fuel.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FISH show that, unlike humans, the warmer the temperature the greater their food consumption.

ABOUT 5,700 KNOWN plants and trees growing in Mexico have been listed by the Smithsonian Institution.

JAPAN RECENTLY HELD in Constantinople an exhibition of its products which afterward were given to Turkish charities.

A WRIST WATCH serving as an alarm clock has been invented. A revolving unit with protruding points that touch the skin serves as the alarm.

SENSE OF COLOR is not developed in children until they reach the age of about two years.

WHEN FIREMEN ATTEMPTED TO rescue a cat which had been on a house roof at Folkstone, England, for two days, the animal dived down the chimney, landing unhurt in the sitting room fireplace, soot-covered and frightened.

A SURVEYOR IN Arizona reports having seen a drove of 40 horses frozen to death, but standing erect in a snowdrift just as they had huddled together before the storm.

THE TOTAL CONSUMPTION of candy in the United States averages one good bite a day per person.

AIRPLANES MUST BE tagged and numbered like automobiles, according to a Department of Commerce ruling.

AN EXPLORER RECENTLY returned from the Colobus jungles says that monkeys indulge in community singing. 'The leaders give a few rather low hoarse notes. Then with one accord they all join in, their voices rising with a sort of humming, droning sound which is wild, weird and indescribably fascinating.'

DICKENS' *Christmas Carol* met with such success that the first edition was sold out the day of publication.

DURING 1926 THE State of Pennsylvania planted over ten thousand shade trees along the trunk-line roads of the state.

GREAT BRITAIN'S latest submarine is said to be capable of remaining submerged for two and one-half days.

UNSANITARY CONDITIONS IN AND around the homes of Persian peasants, and the ignorance and indifference of the mothers are responsible for Persia's infant mortality rate of seventy-five per cent.

TRADE IN RUBBER at high prices has brought great wealth to the natives of the Malay Islands. Necklaces of American gold eagles are worn by the Malay women and girls.

WITH THE OPENING of the diamond mines in South Africa in 1867 diamonds were brought to America. They have grown in popularity and have increased in value. They are now five times as valuable as in 1867.

MORE THAN HALF the tobacco smoked in Canada is grown in that country. Farms totaling twenty-eight thousand acres, principally in Ontario, produce annually more than thirty million pounds of high-grade tobacco worth $7,000,000.

THE LOWEST SPOT on the surface of the earth is where the River Jordan empties into the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

DIAMONDS WORTH $4,000,000,000 are owned by Americans.

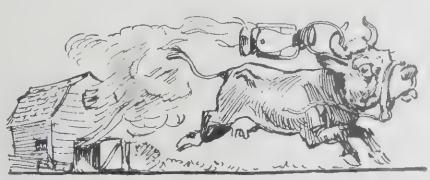
E. D. HOWE OF Weedsport, New York, believes that a man married fifty years should be rewarded by the Government. Accordingly, he has asked a New York Congressman to secure passage of a bill granting him a pension.

FOR TWELVE YEARS Colchester County, Province of Nova Scotia, has had no prisoners in its county jail. The jail has been ordered put up for sale at auction. The town has a population of four hundred.

THE EXPRESSION 'a bee line' is derived from the fact that a honey bee, having finished its job of collecting all the honey possible, mounts a little into the air and then settles down to take its quickest way home.

LIGHTNING, INSTEAD OF being flat and jagged as it appears, really follows a spiral course and wanders round and round in space before finally arriving at its destination.

Llanfairpwellgwyngyllgogerycheyrndrobwellandysiliogogogoch is a small town in Wales. Literally translated it means Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near a rapid whirlpool and near St. Tysilio's Church which is near a red cave.



A COW HOOKED ITS HORN through a lantern and dashed madly through a barn at Geneva, New York, setting fire to the building and a straw stack.

THE BRAIN OF A child of two years is four times the weight at birth and one-half the adult weight.

FIVE-STORIED HOUSES have been unearthed at Ostia, the harbor town of ancient Rome.

THE FEZ, THE gayly colored, bowl-shaped cap worn by the Turks, is made brimless to allow the wearer while praying to bow his forehead to touch the carpeted floor of the mosque.

HARRY LAUDER TELLS US that bare knees in Scotland did not originate in an economy campaign, offering as proof the fact that a good kilt costs more than three pairs of trousers.

AFTER SERVING A fifty-day term in the county jail, a Los Angeles man was told that he had been sentenced to the city jail. The judge decreed that he must again serve his sentence, this time in the proper place of confinement.

SWEARING IS UNKNOWN in the Sioux language. A flick of the finger, resembling the snapping of an arrow and denoting scorn, is the ultimate in condemnatory gestures.

MAIL SERVICE IN Austria was recently suspended because a post office employe failed to doff his hat to the Vienna postmaster. Fellow workers, taking offense at the postmaster's reprimand, called a general strike.

AN INDIAN PRINCE has his private train equipped with a huge tobacco pipe, mounted in the locomotive, from which smoke is piped to each compartment for passenger's use.

THE NEW YORK Y. M. C. A. has given two thousand bachelors quartered in its buildings a year in which to find a wife and home. The last census gave New York City 887,000 bachelors between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-four.

A GROUP OF PARIS scientists recently tested hat heat. At a temperature of 97 degrees Fahrenheit, the heat beneath a sporting cap was found to be 98.6 degrees, a derby 92 degrees, a felt hat 86 degrees, a stiff straw 79 degrees, and a panama only 77 degrees.

THE FIRST MACHINE GUN, invented in 1717 by James Ruckle, is described as follows: 'The gun is a revolver and is mounted on a tripod; it has a single barrel and a rotation chamber. The shape of the chambers and of the bullets may be changed or varied, some for shooting square bullets against Turks and others for shooting round bullets against Christians.'

FIFTY PER CENT of the paintings 'by old masters' in all the collections of the world are fakes, in the opinion of a noted New York painter.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the necessity for Finance adopting the modern principle of Industry.

Sinclair Lewis set out to write a preacher book. He lived with preachers, had long talks with preachers and himself preached. And now a preacher, William L. Stidger, says that after it all the author of *Main Street* knows less about preachers than those whom the Scriptures stigmatize as having eyes that see not and ears that hear not. (p. 1)

Mr. Stidger says in substance that preconceived notions of what a preacher ought *not* to be have so blinded the novelist as to what a preacher really *is* that in his new book, *Elmer Gantry*, he has created a Frankenstein monster of clerical degeneracy that no one will recognize. (p. 1)

If one borrowed 20 cents from another and had to pay back 49½ cents it would obviously be a dear transaction for the borrower. Yet this is what is happening in millions of dollars in connection with bond issues. For every million borrowed over two millions have to be returned. This is a strain that will snap the spinal column of the nation if saner methods of financial surgery are not forthcoming. (p. 2)

'Girls will be girls' is what they used to say in the nineties, and now it is 'girls will be boys.' In the days when the Gibson Girl's piquant personality peeped out from the pages of popular magazines bobbed hair was unknown and frocks were thirty-six inches to the yard. Vachel Lindsay shows that in those days many other things that clash with today's notions were typified by the Gibson Girl. (p. 4)

After reading Inez Marks Lowdermilk's article we are forced to the conclusion that Japan knows far more about us than we know about Japan. One thing we don't seem to realize is that Japan's education system is considered by many the best in the world, but more important still, that the Japanese consider peace an essential to continued progress and look to America to help them out. (p. 6)

To say that every person has at least one book in him does not mean that every person has swallowed a minimum of one volume. It means that there is in everyone sufficient personal material for a book. But how is this material to be got at? This thought is in itself food for a volume. (p. 8)

After telling us where the people of the British Isles came from Professor Jenks presents a fine analysis of what resulted from this fusion of many races—the Englishman. (p. 12)

What a doctor thinks about doctors is a thing that it is usually difficult to find out. The general idea is that a doctor is so busy looking after other people that he has no time to look at himself, but another doctor can. In this case Dr. Joseph Collins gives a very interesting diagnosis. (p. 14)

'Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow.' Who is there living in this land, and in many other lands, who has not learned these lines in early childhood and never forgotten them? It is the supreme epic of those who are very, very young, with its appeal to budding sympathies and expanding outlook. Here we have Mary telling her own story as well as that of the lamb. (p. 16)

Here are some opinions from readers regarding articles that have recently appeared:

Yakima, Wash.

I read with more than passing interest in a recent number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the article by E. J. Clifford, entitled: 'South when you mean North.'

I am glad that this article on education appeared in your magazine. It deals with rather a startling theme, and the wonder is that teachers have not ere this taken it up. The Clifford theory is deserving of attention from the teacher fraternity.

Although I have spent no inconsiderable part of my life in the open, with a record of 3,027 miles horseback in one year, mountains, plains and desert hills, my associates largely Indians, my sense of direction has ever been faulty.

Not until I read the Clifford article in question did I realize the possible cause of this undeveloped sense of direction with which I have ever been handicapped. I recalled my earliest school days back in the Monongahela hills of the trans-Allegheny. 1st . . . log cabin with split sapling chestnut benches facing the south. 2nd . . . seated facing the west. 3rd . . . lumber built schoolhouse seats facing the north.

Geography and history were my favorite studies. Now, when I come upon a stream running in the wrong direction or a trail that has been blazed the wrong way, I will simply reverse the facing of those old open wood-fire schoolhouses, and get out of the dilemma pronto.

L. V. MCWHORTER.

Lakewood, N. J.

I probably never would have subscribed to your paper if I had not accidentally picked up a copy and scanned your editorials. Since then I have read each and every issue.

A great politician was speaking over the radio the other day about the great number of illiterates in the United States. I never knew I was illiterate until I read your magazine. At the rate the truth is twisted and turned by our American newspapers to suit the particular interests backing them, you may rest assured that three-quarters of the American people are 'illiterates' when it comes to knowing anything like the exact conditions existing in our country today.

I have discontinued reading newspapers altogether. I prefer to be called ignorant by those who are 'smart' through reading them.

If you know of any more publications in the United States that are still working heart and soul for the interests of the American people, I would be pleased to receive their names from you.

I am one of the millions of Americans who are searching for the truth.

FRANK V. WEAVER.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

The Inside Story of Sinclair Lewis and His Preacher Book—*William L. Stidger* - -
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WILLIAM L. STIDGER is the Methodi preacher with whom Sinclair Lewis stayed i Kansas City when preparing material for h latest novel, *Elmer Gantry*. This renders h criticisms of the book the more interesting.

HENRY LAKET is the nom de plume of New Orleans architect whose constructive an analytical mind has enabled him to present convincing picture of the ramifications of bon issues and the dearness of money.

VACHEL LINDSAY was born in Springfiel Illinois. He walked from his native state to Ne Mexico in the summer of 1912 distributing 'rhyme and speaking on behalf of 'The Gospel of Beauty Among his best known poems are 'Gener William Booth Enters Heaven' and 'The Congo His collected poems were published in 1925. Th prose writing contains all the piquancy of h poetic productions.

INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK has lived i the East for some years and possesses an intima knowledge of China and Japan. She is the wife a professor at the University of Nanking, an her articles on the lesser known customs of th Chinese people have already made her known our readers.

ALBERT ERNEST JENKS, noted anthropol gist, was born at Ionia, Michigan. He has travele extensively, compiled numerous scientific work and is professor of anthropology in the Universit of Minnesota. He is a prolific contributor scientific and other periodicals. His forme contributions to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDEN on ethnological subjects have excited wid spread attention.

JOSEPH COLLINS has won international re utation as a neurologist. He was professor in ne rology at New York Post Graduate Medic School from 1897 to 1909, and is the author numerous textbooks dealing with the nervou system.

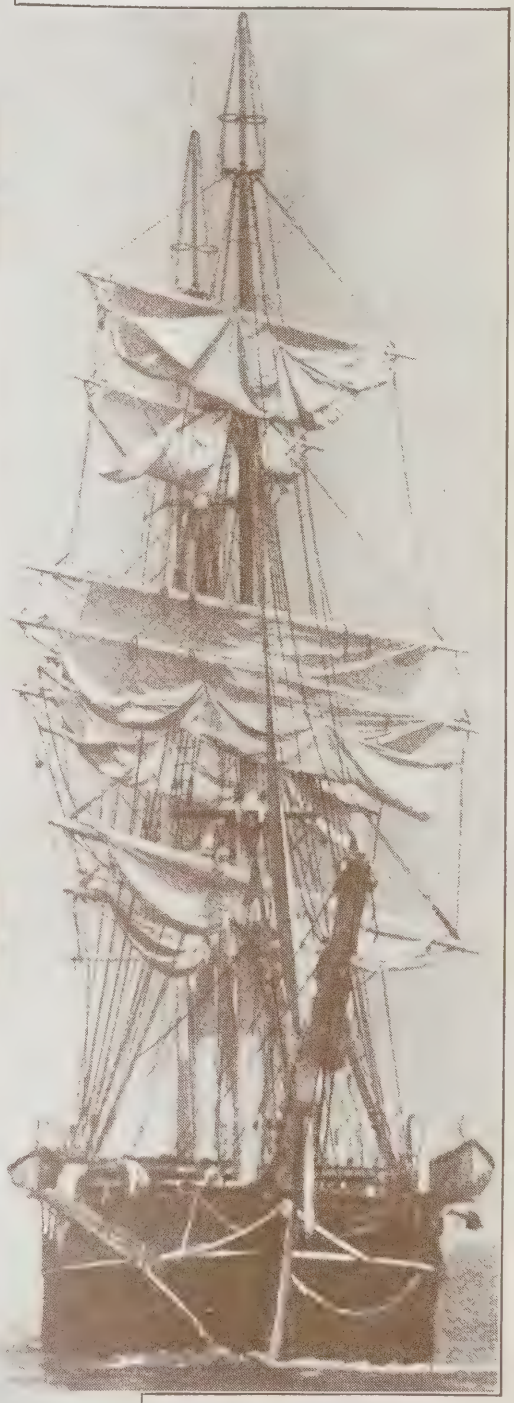
The LURE *of* Wind *and* Water

Adventure *in* Fascinating Sailboats

Safe home in Boston Harbor, after a trip through 'tough weather' in crossing the 'big pond.' Steam trawler sheathed in ice.—Herbert Photo.

Top-heavy with its full swell of canvas, this tiny yacht, in a yacht race in Sydney Harbor, Australia, requires expert seamanship. To the initiated, this is the most thrilling of sports.
—Herbert Photo.

Right—
Her sails furled as she is towed into port, this splendid sailer illustrates admirably the maze of ropes and pulleys termed tackle—the A B C of sailing.
—Albert Cook Church Photo.



Left—
Wind and water harnessed by the ingenuity of men, who here match skill to outwit one another in the most fascinating of races—the 6-Meter International, Larchmont Yacht Club Regatta Week.
—Edwin Levick, New York.

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ISSUES are born, not invented ❧ They come in their own time ❧ A nation does not escape the burden of a bad course by making a new issue; the choice made and the situation created must be lived out, its lesson must be learned; then and only then a new Issue—a new chance to choose—may arise ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Five Cents a Copy | MARCH 26, 1927 | $1.50 a Year

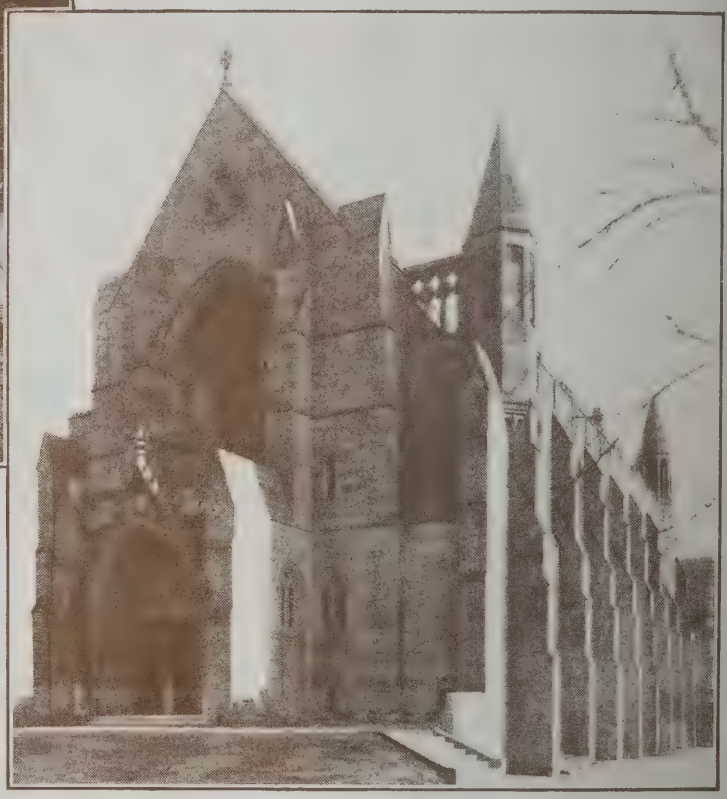
From Keels *to* Wheels—

Ships That Pass Through the Ford Furnace

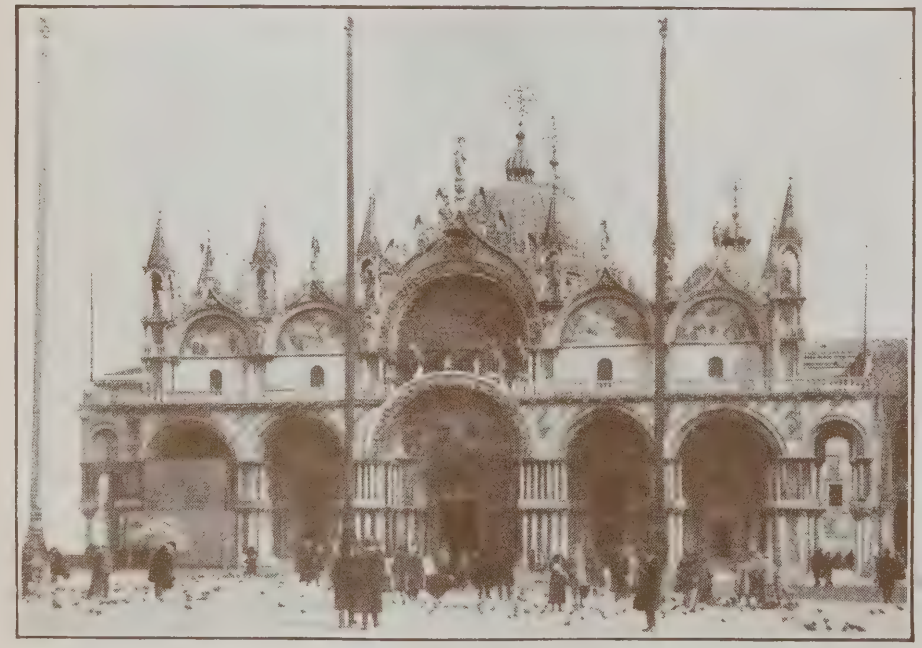
CATHEDRALS
Past *and* Present

Thought and Feeling of Ages Handed Down in Structural Gems

The Cathedral of Seville, one of the largest and grandest Gothic structures in existence, was built on the site of an old Moorish mosque, parts of which remain. It is claimed the body of Columbus lies here, and a wealth of art treasures are preserved in the cathedral. The Tower of La Giralda, seen here, was the minaret of the old mosque, and is adjacent to the cathedral. It was the model for Madison Square Garden Tower of New York. The top is surmounted by a bronze statue of Faith, thirteen feet high, which moves in the wind like a vane (giralda). —Publishers' Photo Service.



The Synod House of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, like the other accessory buildings of that institution, is Gothic, while the cathedral itself is internally Byzantine and externally free Romanesque. When completed, this cathedral will be one of the largest houses of worship in the world. With the group of accessory buildings, it stands in a close of about twelve acres. —Keystone View.



Left—
St. Mark's Church, the oldest church in Venice, originally the chapel of the palace of the reigning Doge, was named for the patron saint of Venice. From the year 828, when seafarers brought home relics to place in the original church, the custom has persisted, and the church has come to be regarded as somewhat of a museum. —Keystone View.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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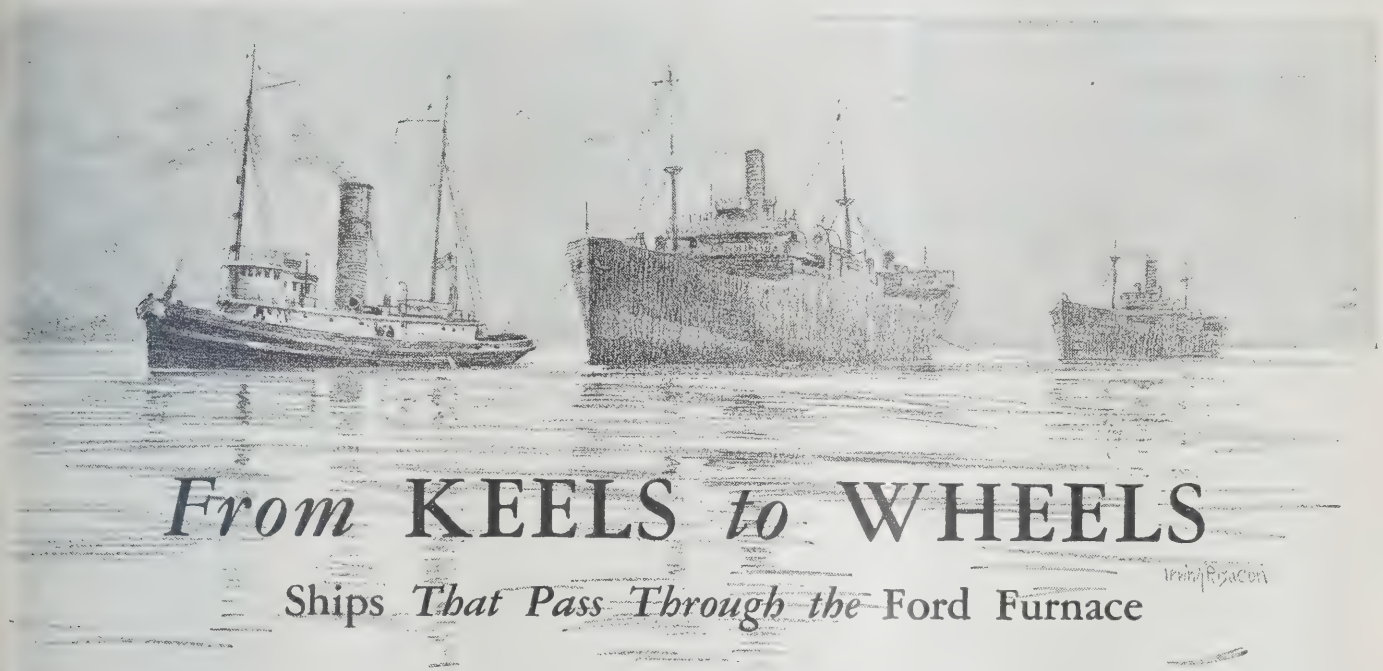


From KEELS *to* WHEELS

Ships *That Pass Through the* Ford Furnace

By PIERCE CUMINGS

THE soul of transportation never dies. It may pass from one physical form to another, but it always carries on; it does not perish. Stage by stage, it goes forward to build the new on the shell of the old.

Progress of necessity demands sacrifice but progress does not demand waste. It is an immutable law of nature that nothing in this world is ever lost: there may be change, but no annihilation. This, therefore, one of the important problems of mankind to effect essential changes without waste, either in men or materials. Things no longer useful must be transformed into things that are useful.

The Great War wrought titanic changes in the world. At its conclusion new tasks had to be faced, new problems created. Great armies had to be returned to useful occupations, the vast machinery of war had to be converted to peace-time uses. Enormous quantities of equipment, hurriedly built in the rush days of the conflict, were forced into disuse with the cessation of hostilities. To restore these to usefulness, to transform them if need be until they could again be of utility—this was the problem confronting governments and people everywhere.

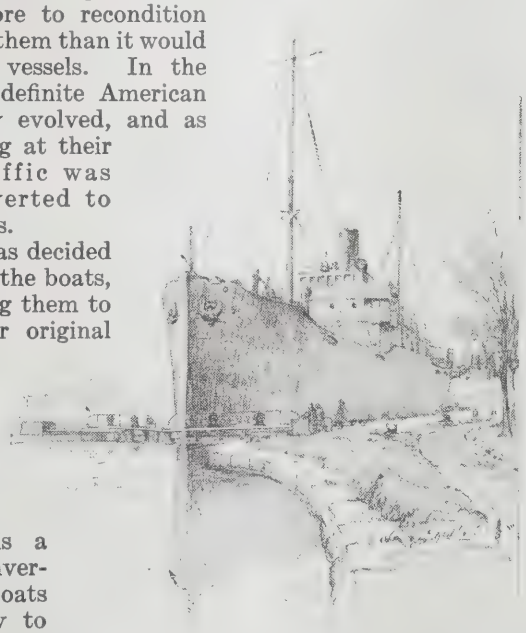
Wrapped up in this problem for the United States Government was the question of disposing of the Emergency Fleet, constructed at such prodigious cost to the American people. A few ships could be, and were, sold to private companies; others were operated by the Government; but vast fleets of them, after a few post-war voyages, were tied up in rivers and harbors in all parts of the country, there to rest in pathetic idleness, gaunt ghosts of the sea.

Idleness inevitably sapped their strength. As the years passed the ships deteriorated more and more. Rust took its toll. Some experts declared it would cost more to recondition and modernize them than it would to build new vessels. In the meantime, no definite American shipping policy evolved, and as the ships swung at their moorings traffic was gradually diverted to foreign bottoms.

At last it was decided to scrap 199 of the boats, but in scrapping them to carry out their original destiny.

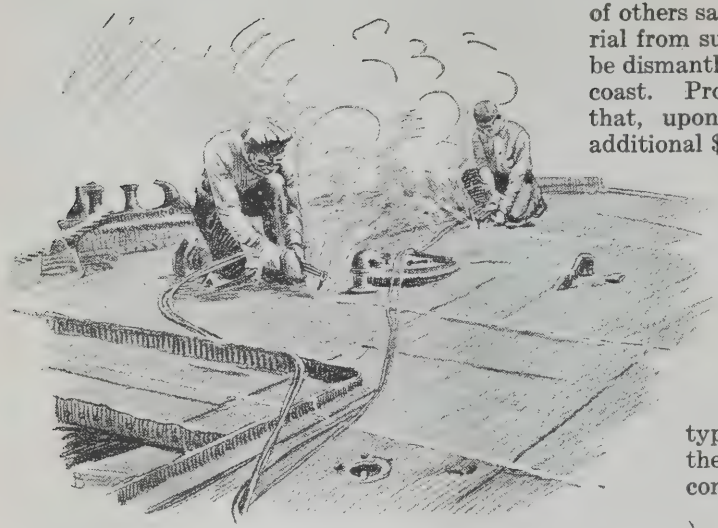
This article is not a discussion of the wisdom or lack of wisdom of that decision. It is a story of the conversion of the boats from sea duty to land duty. It is the saga of 199 ships: ships which, built bit by bit, metal on metal and wood on wood, were torn apart the same way and the materials used for the purpose to which they were originally dedicated—transportation!

Picture a dock, half a mile long. Ten ships line its side—one ship, rather, and nine remnants of ships—the latter in progressive stages of dismemberment. A panorama of shipbuilding can be seen here, but it is a panorama reversed, starting with a completed ship and ending with a husk.



Passing through a lock on the Welland Canal.

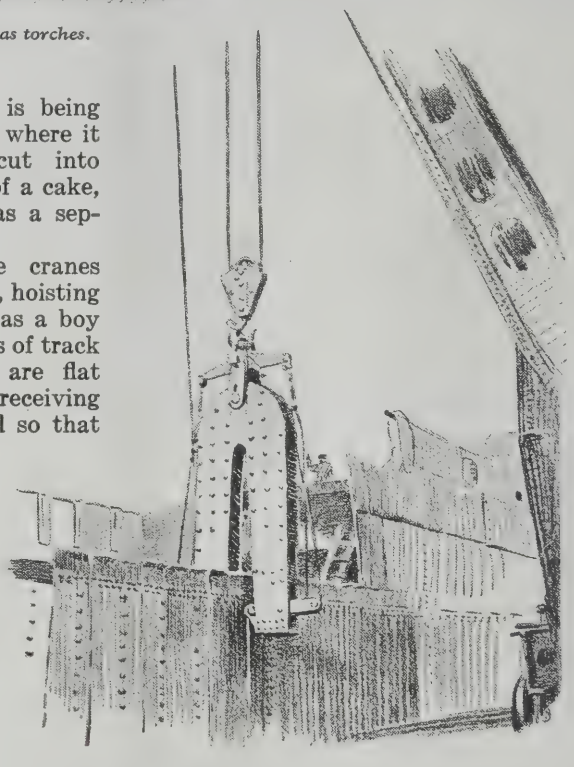
From one vessel the superstructure is just disappearing. From another the deck is being cut. Another, a mere shell, is being stripped of its side plates. (A crane bobs up and down from the shore, plucking huge slices of steel from the boat's side, for all the world like a dentist pulling teeth from some giant's jaw.) At the end of the line is a hull, or pan, barely



Cutting the deck plates with oxygen-gas torches.

above the water's edge. It is being eased into a floating drydock where it will be hoisted, drained, cut into rectangles with the precision of a cake, and thus pass into oblivion as a separate entity.

Flanking the dock large cranes slide back and forth on a track, hoisting these slices of ships as easily as a boy at jackstraws. Three other sets of track parallel the first; on them are flat cars and gondolas, each car receiving its particular kind of material so that sorting will not be necessary later. Loaded, the cars are switched to the piling grounds where the material is stored for future use, or they are drawn to the mills where the scrap is loaded into charging boxes, to emerge once more as molten steel. As one ship is torn apart the line moves forward and another slips into place. Three times in five working days the line moves—and another ship reverts to metal and wood.



Large roller shears for slitting the side, used experimentally on the 'Fondulac.'

The story of this transmigration of ships starts really on August 18, 1925. On that day a contract was entered into between the Ford Motor Company and the United States Shipping Board for the sale of 199 Government vessels at a price of $1,697,470. The ships were sold 'as is' and 'where is,' the company guaranteeing completely to dismantle and scrap them 'in such manner that they are rendered nonusable for other than scrap.' The contract allowed the company, however, to utilize the engines, boilers, auxiliary machinery and other equipment in its own plants, branches and subsidiaries.

It was stipulated that the company should not operate the vessels except to move them to the plant at which they were to be scrapped, and that it should not carry on them any cargo for its own account or for the account of others save scrapped material from such ships as might be dismantled on the Atlantic coast. Provision was made that, upon payment of an additional $51,470 for each of the submarine-type vessels or $16,470 for each of the lake-type, the company could use them for any purpose it saw fit.

The submarine-type boats gained their name from the company which built them, the Submarine Boat Corporat of Newark, New Jersey. They w the largest of the ships purchased, be 324 feet in length, and of a deadwei of 5,060 tons. The lake-type boats, called from having been constructed various Great Lakes shipyards, av aged 251 feet in length, and ranged deadweight from 3,300 to 4,155 to Fifty of the ships were submarines a the remainder lakers.

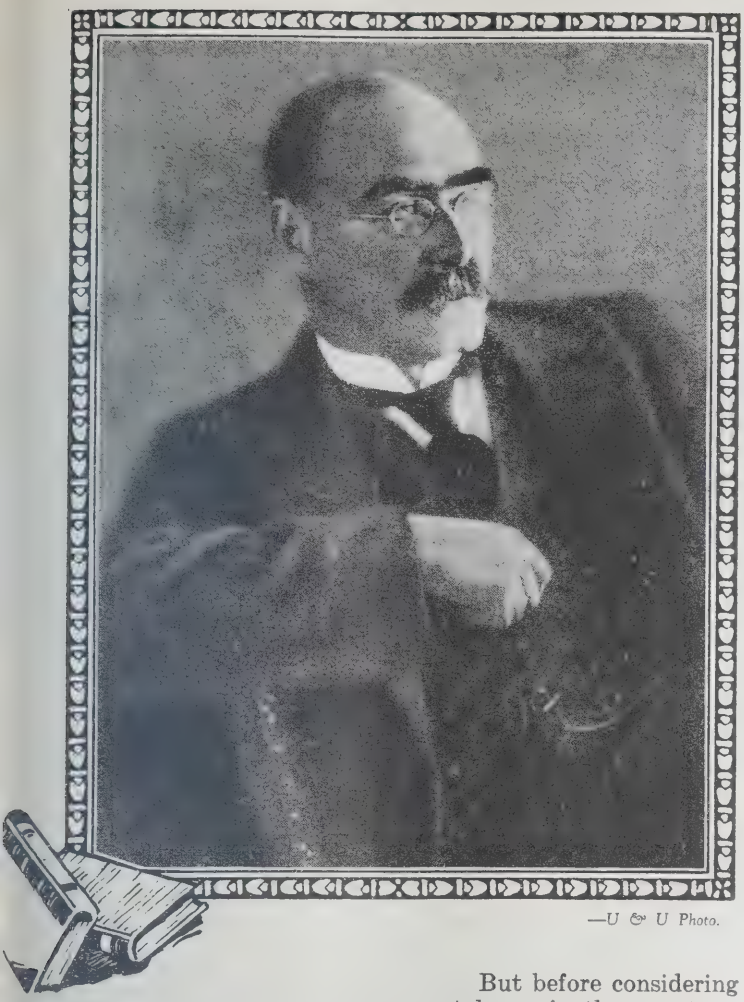
The vessels were scattered at vari points along the Atlantic and G seaboards, 109 at Norfolk, 21 at H Island, 30 at Jones Point in the Huds River, 10 at Staten Island, 9 at Oran Texas, 2 at Mobile and 18 at N Orleans. All except four had been bu during 1918 and 1919; of those fo two had been built in 1917 and two 1920. Most of the lakers had se service solely on the Great Lakes a in coastwise trade; a few—and so of the submarine-type—had compris part of the 'bridge to France' duri the war.

The first task was to get the sh from their moorings to the Ford plant, situated on the River Rou near Detroit, where the main scrappi operation was to take place. It is Fordson that the great steel furnaces the company are located, and there th the major reclamation and salva projects are carried forward.

The submarine-type boats could n enter the Great Lakes; they were t long for the locks of the Welland Ca between Lake O tario and Lake Er Arrangements w made, therefore, cut them apart the Atlantic seaboa so that, dissevere they could be load into the lakers a thus conveyed Fordson. Three the lake-type bo

(Continued on page

The operation being carried forward at an Atlantic seaboard shipyard.



—U & U Photo.

KIPLING *Has a* Grouch

Because Neighbors Find Fault With His Farming

By HOWARD WHITE

SINCE Rudyard Kipling, in his poem 'The Vineyard,' taunted the United States on the debt settlement with England there have been other indications that he is nursing a nasty grouch on his farm down in Sussex. The honest citizens of our own country are not the only ones against whom he has launched his lyrical vituperation. Certain of his fellow countrymen recently bore the brunt of a similar outburst of the famous poet's temper.

Only a few weeks ago he snarled dolefully in verse at people who disturb peaceful Sussex for a day's holiday. He caviled at the merry trippers who came to steal a few hours of sunshine in the sleepy country where he resided so retiringly.

It was to see what I could learn about Kipling's apparently aggravated crossness that I recently paid a visit to his own stamping ground, Bateman's, near the little village of Burwash. If I am any the wiser for my visit, it is only because I talked to the lord of the manor at Bateman's. Kipling is inaccessible. For many years he has denied journalists the joy of asking him the plain questions.

However, I think I have found answers to some questions that Kipling's American admirers have been asking themselves since he jarred their sensibilities by putting politics into poetry.

But before considering Mr. Kipling at home in the country, where he has been a poet-farmer for many years, it is best to recall that these little outbursts are not exactly the sign of a new Kipling complex.

A perusal of his works shows that he has trodden on the toes of nations and peoples rather indiscriminately in the past. It is said that this obstreperous spirit kept him from receiving the somewhat doubtful honor of the poet laureateship. The guardians of the British Empire seem to have doubted, somewhat justly perhaps, his willingness to stifle his muse if there were a question of diplomatic policy at stake.

And even before Mr. Kipling achieved his present pedestal of fame and honor he took pains to scotch the American scene. When he was very young and still laboring under the stigma of being a journalist, he said some rather uncomplimentary things about our voices, accent, manners, architecture and culture. His adventures in our country, during which he built a honeymoon retreat known as 'The Crow's Nest' in Vermont, lost a son, and went through a severe illness in New York, seem to have left a permanently bitter taste in his mouth. This bad taste, of course, was not washed away by some rather painful experiences with certain piratical American publishers.

From Charing Cross station in London it is a pleasant railroad journey of about an hour and a half through the hop fields and orchards, rolling meadows and wooded hills, along a holly-hedged right of way to the Kipling country.

When I landed at the town of Etchingham it was dark and dreary and I was glad to find a bus of well-known make to take me to Burwash, three miles away. A country woman was at the wheel. From this good lady I learned that there were three inns with inviting names at Burwash. As we drove along I pondered whether to stop at the Bell Inn, the Rose and Crown or the Bear Inn. Circumstances beyond my control, however, were to settle the question of Bell, Rose or Bear.

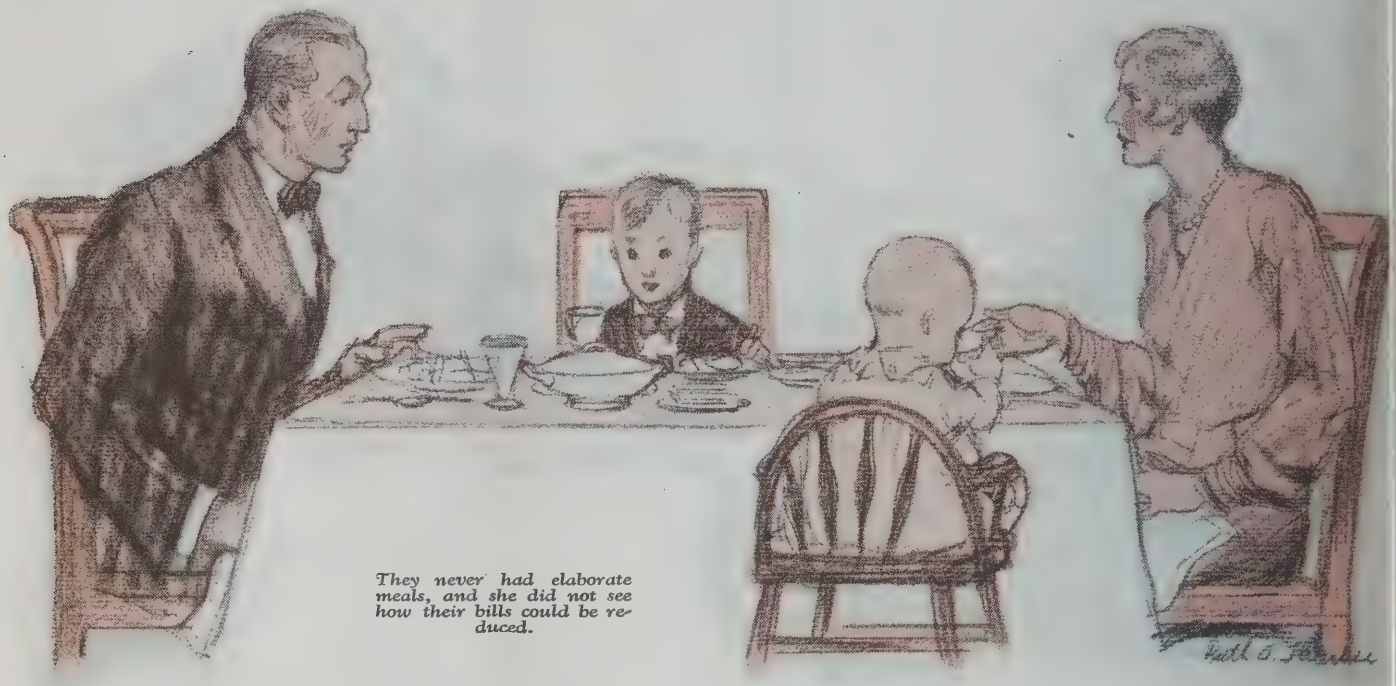
By the time I reached Burwash I had decided to try the Bell Inn, which is mentioned in Kipling's story of 'Hal o' the Draft' in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Here I had to beat on the door of the historic old hostelry for some time before a maid finally peered out and informed me that the inn was 'full up.'

STUMBLING along the pitch-dark village street I found the small alley that led to the Rose and Crown. There I caught only a glimpse of the cozy interior and of a blazing log fire, for it also had no room for wayfarers that night. I was summarily turned away to consider my last chance, the Bear.

No place appears more self-sufficient or inhospitable than a country village on a cold, dark night. My spirits sank as I prowled along the path past the few lighted windows in search of the sign of the Bear. At last I came to that good inn, where a fire was soon blazing and supper started.

All seemed quiet and peaceful at the sign of the Bear until six o'clock, when a great clamor arose in a room adjoining the one where I was having a sort of high tea or (*Continued on page 26*)

Overstuffed Furniture and *Empty Refrigerators*



They never had elaborate meals, and she did not see how their bills could be reduced.

What Do YOU *Pay to Eat?*

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

Illustrated by RUTH THURBER

NOT long ago one of these always-with-us 'experts' announced that the Average Family of Moderate Means spends forty per cent of its income for food. And I added to that statement the grain of salt so necessary for all food flavor: That woman does not know her groceries!

They are old friends of ours, that Average Family of Moderate Means. True, we do not know their exact income. That's another of the things that even your closest friend doesn't tell you! We may discuss many other personal subjects with the unembarrassed freedom that the advertising columns urge, but only in the back pages of popular magazines and in midwestern 'realism' do we find those frank conversations. Besides, except around income tax time, or when someone is trying to collect money, the people who tell their incomes in an offhand way are apt to be boasting. Many of us take out our Delusions of Grandeur that way, when we know there is not a person present who works for the same company, and could check up on us.

If someone would only tell us the exact income of that Average Family we might settle the whole affair with a slide rule, as experts can settle the household affairs of the world! Surely 'moderate income' does not mean the really poor, who are now the Vanishing Americans. 'Kept within reasonable limits,' our dictionary aptly puts it. The family that lives comfortably but with care, we would say.

I spent some time trying to find out what a number of families in the same city, same section, same outward circumstances, spent for food, and it would take a certified accountant to find the 'average' family of the group.

The first family on my list did not surprise me, for I already knew about how they lived. A nice young coupl two small sons, and a part-time servan She keeps her food bill, including mill at forty-five dollars a month. Tha means, with healthy appetites to co sider, careful buying and not too man fancy desserts; good, substantial foo and plenty of it, but little entertainin except the informal kind. You can have six-course dinners when you allo fifteen cents a person for that mea A very reasonable food bill, I though and below twenty per cent of the income. Surely few did better.

Woman does not know her groceries.

The next family again contained tw children, and a cook. They do not kee expense accounts, and she could no give an exact figure. Her grocery bil which she charged, ran about fort dollars a month, but did not includ green vegetables, meat, milk, chicken or eggs. She seemed surprised that any one tried to proportion a food bil People must eat, and she simply go what they needed. They never ha elaborate meals, and she did not se how their bills could be reduced.

It really is fun, looking over th back fence and seeing how people live Mrs. A, with three adults and one chil in the family, and a cook when sh can keep one (which is seldom) spend about $125 a month for food. To much, when the rest of their living i little above the forty-five-dollar-a month family. But Mrs. Lynn, wh has a most attractive home—on th outside—spends (Continued on page 23

The Comedy of Cross-Purposes

A Tale of the Church, the School and the Stage

By CHARLES D. CAMERON

ON ONE corner of a triangle of streets I met none other than the Reverend Mather Cotton, eminent in the ministry and the magazines. His fine gray eyes were somewhat weary with a day of research in the public library, so he was listening rather absently to a serious-faced young man, whose theme was the Sunday school.

'Thank you for calling this to my attention,' he said, finally, the formula he used for all tiresome people. He was bowing the young man away. At the same moment he caught a glimpse of me, and came on eagerly, knowing he would find a listener rather than one to whom he must listen.

'Our youthful superintendent of the Bible school,' he remarked, 'is concerned about some of the new lesson quarterlies. He complains that they are worldly, unspiritual. I shall have to try to take him aside and make it clear that we must train the mind first of all, that we must know the facts of the universe.

'He's a good man and a good superintendent. He seems to have some kind of psychic magnetism which draws the children to him. An adaptable temperament, you understand. He talks to them about the drawing power of love. You can see he has had no psychological training.

I DID not have time to tell him that the quarterlies of which he complained were my own choice. For I could see that the old quarterlies were of an antiquated type. They were merely religious.'

Into the fine gray eyes flashed some of the light of those who see their mission in life, the same light that glowed in the wintry cabins of New England among Mr. Cotton's ancestors.

'The Sunday school, or the Bible school, should be a school indeed. Indeed, what else should the Church be? The mission of the Church is to teach, like the Great Teacher. We cannot be surprised at sin when we see the ignorance of the world. I discovered a child of thirteen in our Sunday school who knew nothing about the discovery of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-amen. Even her teacher did not seem to realize the importance to archeology of that excavation.

'Education is a long way from the complete accomplishment of its aims. But the Church is eternally young, and can take up the labor of teaching and training with new vigor each year. I wish you would come to our little meetinghouse and see what we are doing. We have an adult Bible class of one hundred studying the History of American Diplomacy. Our evening worship consists partly of a question box on current events. The work of education is a heavy one, but you can see, everywhere, that the churches and the interdenominational church federations are really attacking public questions of every sort, and doing all they can for enlightenment. I wish our young superintendent did not emphasize mere religion.'

WITH the Church teaching politics and the School going in for Drama, and the Stage emphasizing religion—each institution trying to do the work of another—there ensues a condition which this article describes.

More of the same kind of conversation, as learned as an encyclopedia and as worldly as a fish market, was furnished by the Reverend Mr. Cotton. We separated, he with his weary eyes somewhat refreshed by that far vision of an enlightened globe of educated inhabitants; I wandering aimlessly.

Aimlessness ended at the next corner, for here I ran into Dr. Froebel Mann, head of a school system, and teacher of teachers.

'YOU should have been with me earlier,' I said. 'I have heard such a warm eulogy of education. It was something which would have delighted any educator, though perhaps I did not quite appreciate it——'

'Education seldom is appreciated by the layman,' replied Dr. Mann. He spoke more formally at first, less ritualistically as he proceeded. 'The ordinary man hardly realizes what education has come to be in our day. They still pull the old bunk about the three R's. They seem to think education is mere instruction. You can get mere instruction out of an encyclopedia, out of a newspaper, out of a question box in a public-events class in a church!

'We intend, on the other hand, to make the schools a real preparation for life. This is the inspiration of the modern "project" method in education. We project life—throw life before the student, so that he meets situations in his school world which are like those he would meet in the actual world—only in miniature. But we are now entering upon a grander era in education, based on another instrumentality, the Drama.'

'Yes,' I remarked, 'I have often been struck at the number of school children attending performances——'

'I am not referring only to the Drama as presented in the theaters,' Dr. Mann said, with a magisterial interruption. 'We make use of the theater, of course. But we find, from the kindergarten age onward, that there is a powerful appeal to the learner in the Drama. Pageants and games, representations, impersonations, reaching from the very beginning to the end of educational life! This would be an ideal of true education.

YOU cannot help noticing the dramatic activity of every school, every university. Really, one of these days some lively manager may take one of our sophomore classes and book 'em through the coast on big time. The playing of actual dramas by students is an expression of mental activity. It bears the same relation to mental health and alertness that athletics bear to physical activity. Education is wonderful, indeed. It deserves eulogy, you can't put it on too thick, since we brought the Drama to our aid, the pageant, the dialog, with the motion picture camera as much a part of school furnishing as the dictionary.'

Dr. Mann turned away, having uttered his own eulogy of education, without asking what previous commendation I had heard, or from whom I had heard it. I went further, quite determined, after this brilliant indorsement of the Drama, to spend the next few hours in a Temple of Drama. And as I went on my journey to the next corner, one of the High Priests of that Temple, Garrick David, of Garrick David, Incorporated, came toward me with his stately Edwin Booth stride.

'Your eloquent press agents,' I began, 'should have been with me a moment ago. They (*Continued on page 27*)

WAR *Feeds the* Money Trust

Our Big Conflict *Means* More Profits *for the* Finance Oligarchy *Than* Twenty Years *of* Peace

By HENRY LAKET

Cartoon by W. W. CLARKE

THERE is no connection between the actual cost of public improvements such as roads, schools, drainage, water supply, street paving or municipal buildings, and the actual *cost* of the *money* which is borrowed through issues of bonds to cover these public works. Bonds issued by the national Government to pay war expenditures likewise give no indication of the cost of the funds so secured. The profitableness of war to the money lenders reaches stupendous totals not at all represented by the mere face value of the bonds—these show *only* the amount of cash *received* by the Government, and not the amount *paid* or to be paid by the Government—that is to say, by the people.

FOR a simple arithmetical proof of this fact, which somehow goes unchronicled despite its profound significance, is evident when it is stated that while the present estimated national and local public indebtedness is approximately *thirty-two billion* dollars —the actual face of the bonds covering actual expenditures—the *REAL* public debt which accrues from the existing public bonds totals not less than *seventy-nine billions*. But the only published estimates that the average man or woman sees is that of the smaller sum named.

Lending money for peace-time pursuits, for public works and local, state and federal improvements, is hugely profitable, but after all, all the vast public works, roads, public buildings, paving, schools, levees, and all the diversified peace-time works which have been installed by and for the benefit of the people of this country in the last two decades, represent a bond face value of only about thirteen billion dollars. Large enough at that, almost anyone would say, but such expenditures escape criticism because they have been applied to serviceable and beautiful additions to our civilization.

But vast as is this sum spent in peaceful endeavors, and hugely profitable as it has been for those who lend, the maw of coördinated and organized international finance is not satisfied and it requires that the people furnish *more*. War loans provide the means for this; it is finance carried to the *nth* power, for people will spend in a few years of war double the amount of their requirements over a period of a score of years of peace.

Hence war loans feed the insatiable beast which rides the modern skies—the Fifth Horseman of the *Apocalypse*, so he might be termed. The last great war advanced the money powers of the world and gave them the vantage ground of an almost complete command over the human pawns which comprise the populations of the various nations. Organized finance has now attained a stage in its development which possesses world-wide coördination: a higher point than it has reached in the history of mankind, because of the universal means of communication and transport which have drawn together and centralized all basic trades. Competition in the international money trade has been eliminated, control is central. A universal money oligarchy exists: the great and little wars have each performed a share in intrenching this force, but the last great war was the capstone which was required to complete this citadel of power—the world now is theirs!

Taking the United States alone, the great war left in its wake a bonded national indebtedness of approximately twenty-four billion dollars, par value. But this 'par' does not in any way indicate the *actual* debt which the national Government owes. In spite of the fact that the 'face' of the debt at the close of the war has now been reduced to nineteen and one-half billion, nevertheless the United States Government—the people themselves, we!—actually has a sum equal to about forty-four billion *yet to pay!*

ONE war of this kind produces a highly accelerated increase in the forces of money. One big war produces more profits for the organized money interests of the world than twenty years of peace, measured by the last twenty years. But measured by the expenditures on peace-time projects in the last two centuries one big war—financed by orthodox methods which no voice is ever raised to question—equals in volume of loans and profits to the money powers two hundred years of peace and civilization!

The public debt of this country is based on what is called a 'low' interest rate; otherwise the figures stated above would be multiplied to murder dimensions, if already the total obli tion is not killing. European gove ments are mortgaged at a rate where they are indebted for seventy- billion dollars for every twenty bill borrowed.

Belgium—the nation that had sympathy and aid of the world twe years ago, ten years ago, eight ye ago, six years ago—was forced to m a loan of $100,000,000 last year which the international banks t hold the bonds in that sum will rece in return a total of about $523,150,0 Part of this represents the actual s given to Belgium for her needs (actually received $94,000,000, the agr amount), and the rest, $429,150,0 represents what? Human sympat Where is the world sympathy and w to aid, of ten years ago? This differe is profits and 'legitimate' charges, goes to the banks or the lenders. Th nations, like those individuals, w most need 'sympathy,' apparently pr to be the most profitable objects u which to endow 'charity' and 'help.

BUT, as Pollyanna would say, 'C should be glad to be a United State money doesn't cost us so much o here.' No, Pollyanna is right: United States Government could pr ably borrow $100,000,000 today four per cent for thirty years—and t would therefore amount to a to obligation of only $291,500,000, agai the cost to the Belgians of $5 750,000! And while this explains h much better off we are, as a nation a people, nevertheless does it obsc or excuse the fact that we have o selves already purchased about thir two billion of funds and have agr to pay therefor—on the installm plan, which is the stomach, backbo and brains of 'finance'—a sum equal about seventy-six billions?

Cato, that old Roman, was ask what he thought of usury. It is s that he made no other answer to t question than by asking the person w spoke to him what he thought murder. It was Cato, too, who brou about the destruction of Carthage, t Phoenician (Semitic) menace of t ancient world, by his insistent repeati in the senate and out of it, the cry n celebrated: *'Delenda est Carthag* 'Carthage must be destroyed!' In ti a similar cry will be raised in t modern world, but directed against t

nodern variation on the ancient Car-haginian oligarchy—the oligarchy of rganized world finance.

And before Carthage there was Babylon (Semitic, too) which fell, the ncient world arrayed against it. And fterward fell Venice—for no other eason than that, like those before it, t was the world center of usury. hakespeare well knew whereof he rote!

IT IS just this extraordinary burden f overhead charges in connection with oans which individuals, and small and arge businesses, corporations and in-ustries, government, local, state and ederal, are staggering under, and lindly striving against, wondering why rogress can never be made, or if chieved, why so slowly. When success s obtained against such odds one is d to the reflection that because of ne unconscionable burden of what ractically amounts to usury which nen still have the strength to shoulder, ne achievements of the human race eem even more remarkable than one as considered them to be. For they ave been accomplished under a handi-ap greater than any which Nature erself has ever imposed on any living eings.

Man's attainments, despite the normity of the extra and unnecessary ad fastened to his hand, foot and rain, give but a faint indication of hat he might accomplish; to what xtreme heights of mental and material apacity he might be able to rise if but eed from the need of dragging with m at every step, hindering his every ove, this well-nigh killing load.

To an unusual extent American cal and state governments are sub-itting themselves willingly, gladly, the effects of cumulative interest arges. When this is considered in its ue and most terrible aspect, and when iis discerned how apidly such arges pile up in enty or thirty ars—how swol-n become the ffers of those o control the urces of money, *cash*, and how rrespondingly minished and runken become te resources of te borrower—it ould be obvious tat the settle-nents made by te United States vth European btor nations ve leaned so far the side of rness toward or debtors that it is possible that our own people have been treated unfairly as a result. We have extended the time of payment over a period of sixty-two years, at an interest rate so 'low' that in that long term of years the amount of principal and interest amounts to a sum not doubling the original amount loaned.

Fully to grasp the significance of the justness and mercy of these terms to our late associates in the war, it is only necessary to refer to the loan made by the international banks in 1926 to Belgium, which, running for only thirty years, but on the lending terms customary with professional lenders, will call for a settlement at the rate of $5.36 for every $1.00 loaned to Belgium by the recent consortium of banks.

If this loan were to continue for sixty-two years the final total would shatter that nation—it would exceed the monstrous sum of $1,499,000,000! Whereas, for this same loan, on the terms used by the American Government in its debt settlements, Belgium would be indebted at the end of the sixty-two-year term for a total hardly reaching $200,000,000.

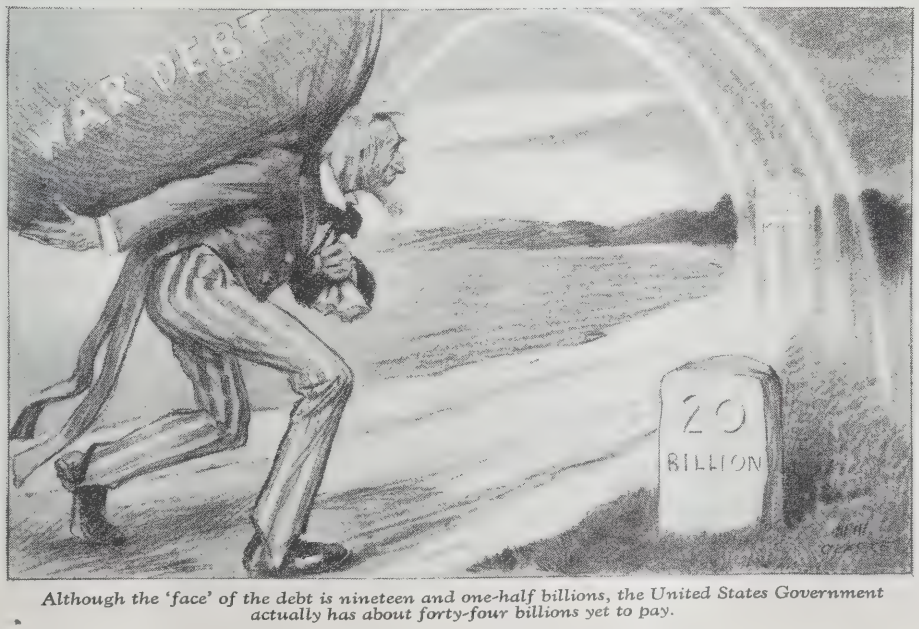
THAT is a profound illustration of finance as it really is and as it might be —of an ideal set by the American people in their dealings with debtors abroad, a not unattainable ideal if, with its lack of greed, it could be applied generally. And yet, even this fair settlement, at a figure and on terms so far below the customary terms granted by 'financiers,' produces a profit of nearly one hundred per cent! The ideal should be set still lower! And much lower! At least we know by this example that governmental loans *can* be handled, somehow, on a basis of a price of $200 for each $100 loaned: while the ordinary process (recently practised on Belgium) requires a price which approximates, for every $100 loaned, the sum of $1,499!

The question is—and it should be answered—Who gets this difference, and Why?

Other questions arise—How soon will usury conditions in America approximate the frightful nature of those in which Europe now agonizes? How soon will the American people be similarly imperiled? The genuine symptoms of the disease are already seen on every hand in this country. The hidden 'overhead' charge is mounting swiftly on top of the ordinary cost of government. Is it any wonder therefore that the problem of money and taxation is assuming a new and interesting shape?

MOREOVER, this Old Man of the Sea, this incubus which is fastening itself on the neck of American business, industry and government, is being felt now to some extent. The reality behind it is not discernible, however, to many. They feel certain effects, they feel a restraining something operating throughout business and government, but the great wrong of the thing behind it all is concealed by current subtle fallacies.

The true price of money, which makes it the highest-priced staple commodity in the world, escapes notice. Otherwise it is only fair to assume that the business brains of this nation would seek for another passage out, would try to devise some workable system whereby most if not all of the terrible and needless charges connected with borrowed money might be minimized. There is no such thing as a 'low' or a 'small' interest rate under present circumstances. This is the chief fallacy which must be eradicated, cleared away before a lucid understanding of the impending menace can be appreciated. The United States with the best intentions in the world toward its European debtors could find it possible, because of limitations of the system, to reduce the overhead charges, by ruthless cutting governed by a desire to help, to a point where the principal still *doubled* itself at the end of sixty-two years. And yet by the ordinary processes of liquidating loans, the interest rate of seven per cent, say, multiplies the principal *five* times in thirty years!



Although the 'face' of the debt is nineteen and one-half billions, the United States Government actually has about forty-four billions yet to pay.

(*Continued on page 22*)

Reading in Lent

Taking my stand, like J. M. Barrie's family solicitor, on the hearth rug of my library, my back to the fire, I discover that the books arrange themselves in two companies, and strangely enough, almost illustrating the parable, those around the walls to my right may be called the Christian regiment, and those around to the left the pagan. When I say Christian, I mean religious, though when I say pagan I do not mean precisely that.

If called on suddenly to say why this almost equal division, why this multitude of religious books, I should have to ask time to think. They are not the remnants of an inherited clerical library, none of my forbears were clergymen; these books are all my own purchases. I was not raised on religious literature. In my parents' home I do not now recall a single religious book, except the Family Bible, a volume with paneled covers stamped in gold, and illuminated pages for Births and Marriages and Deaths, with many chapters of introductory matter illustrated by fine old steel engravings of the Feast of Trumpets, the Israelites Crossing the Red Sea, and the Widow Casting her Mite into the Treasury, all so wonderful that I did not for many years penetrate as far as the sacred text. None of my aunts or uncles harbored religious literature, or indeed any other sort, in their houses. My grandmother, of course, was different. She had tracts. Many of them. When I visited her, she read them to me in the gloaming. The sad sky homesick for departed day, the sad boy homesick for familiar streets and faces, and the sweetly solemn voice of my grandmother —and the tract! I trust I am not indifferent to the spiritual welfare of any child, but nothing shall drive me to read him tracts in the darkening of day. There was one about the Second Coming. The world woke up one morning and found strange vacancies everywhere; all the religious folk—of certain primitive sects—had disappeared in the night: 'one shall be taken and the other left.' Dear grandmother sighed, and I knew that it was my father she was thinking about —he would be 'left.' Well, they are both gone behind the veil, and I think I could now read that tract in the gloaming without homesickness. We gradually learn to be at home in the universe.

Those volumes reaching from floor to ceiling and halfway round the room —some may trace them to my grandmother's influence, and I would not grudge her that; but then there would be the equally numerous pagan side to be accounted for, and there were no conscious pagans in our family. I sit in the midst of this hollow square, ranked eight deep—not books, but men—from the first century, a few even earlier, until yesterday, and *I know why they are there.* Poor gropers and they who have gained the hilltop, apostles and apostates, saints and sectaries, prophets and philosophers, mystics and archeologists and critics—

They are there because they have formulated the profoundest problems, prosecuted the farthest researches and have prodded the ribs of Reali itself for an answer. They know a wrestle with my deepest questions, a their thirst for light by the ways experience, reason and holiness unquenchable. Religion is the all-i clusive science.

IF THIS is true, why the left half my hollow square of books? It is t fruit of this other sun. I see now, by a flash, how grandmother wou have viewed it: this army at the left arrayed against this army at the righ No, it is its offspring. The tree is green and cool and lovely and the s all fire, but without the sun, no tre So these. I look again critically alo the shelves, and note the newer book is the pagan regiment outdoing t other? No, I see my regiment of t right permeating all the others, when the sun turns north the wint wanes. True it is that patches of sno in some secluded spot defy t April sun, but even in f northern climes the issue certain.

One day I started at Fort second Street and walked Brentano's, where presently the round of departments came to one marked 'Religious It illustrated exactly what I not mean by religion here. saw books on astrology, tele athy, suggestion, thoug power and the variations the receive in different cults, all which have their place and us but they are not religion. The do not describe it nor accou for it. The *War Cry* of th Salvation Army is a far bett treatise for the student religion than are the classes books I have indicated. The place and value are given fa and scholarly consideration i Gaius Glen (Continued on page 2

The Widow's Mite.

MR. FORD'S PAGE
OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Stagnation Possible in Prosperity

IT WOULD not be at all surprising if the world were to discover that it is on the brink of a new experience, or at least a new form of an old experience. To put it into words just as one sees it is not particularly easy, but it may be attempted after this manner: the world shows signs of growing tired of a certain kind of prosperity, just as it grew tired of a certain kind of poverty. There are signs that the zest of mere buying and selling, making and having and owning, the mere zest of business for business' sake, is suffering a decline.

This is very hopeful, most of all for that class who will never discover what business is until they are confronted with its decline—not in volume or value—but in satisfaction.

Man has always suffered from the delusion that he lives in two worlds, and his perplexity has been increased by the further delusion that it is his work to pull both worlds together into one. He has failed to see that he lives in one world and that it is only he who is guilty of trying to divide them in two. He has only succeeded in dividing himself, and out of this have come all the seeming antagonisms, dualities, inconsistencies and irreconcilable opposites which we attribute to the world.

Leisure was a good thing to desire and have, but men once got it by establishing a system of slavery. Greek civilization, with all that is praised in it, was founded on a slave organization. It divided in two human society and human rights, consequently it was unnatural and had to go.

Leisure is a good thing today, but until now most of it has been bought at the cost of other people's leisure. Across the sea we incline to admire the leisurely methods which make both ends of the week a holiday, business a necessary nuisance to be attended between Tuesday, say, and Friday; but it is bought at the cost of a dangerously neglected industrial situation. It divides the same race in two, in a most artificial division.

Here in America, the same mistake appears. Men seek 'culture.' They seek the graces of society and the arts. They are made to believe that without expert knowledge of the latest patter in certain circles, they are 'vulgar.' It is amazing the power which these 'circles' have, since their members are mostly do-nothing heirs and heiresses of men and women who knew how to work! But such is their power that they have driven a wedge between the world of work and the world of culture, a division artificial in the extreme. And mischievous, too, because if ever the world of art is to be established, it must be upon the same and durable qualities of the working world, and if ever the working world is to be established it must be by the inclusion of the finer elements of life. Art without life becomes an insanity, and work without the art of fine social justice becomes an oppression. Division, therefore, does not help; it only deepens the wrong. It is the formula of unity that we want.

Sometimes a country that is filled with money and goods and people becomes stagnant. And the wise men do not know why. They allege many causes, but no one feels that the right one has been hit upon. One thing they do not say is that sometimes the people simply grow tired of merely being busy and prosperous, for even business and prosperity lose their savor if they are nothing more than what we usually mean by these terms. The economist has never taken into account the possibility of people growing tired of mere business and mere prosperity. And the economist never will take it into account until his inquiry is broadened. The division of science into departments has unquestionably increased knowledge, but it is the reunion and mixing of the departments that increase wisdom. Permanent division would be as dangerous here as elsewhere.

MERE making and selling, buying and having, does not long satisfy the growing human nature. These operations must gain larger meanings and relations, or they soon grow stale. Then we have the spectacle of a country filled with goods and money, and yet become stagnant. It puzzles the economists. The phenomenon of people simply growing tired of being merely busy and merely prosperous could only have been produced by immense business and unparalleled prosperity. It is a new pressure upon society to find new and deeper meanings to justify its activity, and more compelling goals than we now have. Selfishness is the least sustaining motive in the world, the earliest to wear out.

The phenomenon of stagnation amid plenty has been growing for a generation, the difference in the more recent phases of the ailment being that stagnation now occurs without producing dire physical need. We are learning that the game of business will not play itself, that the players of business will not keep playing when their interest flags, that it seems to be a law that interest flags in proportion to the lowness of the purposes involved. Selfishness is the least sustaining interest in the world, the least of the sources of wise action, the earliest to wear out. Men have thought otherwise about selfishness, but this is the true account of it. As a motive power in continuous effort and increasingly refined effort, it fails miserably.

Faced with this experience, men of the far past have said, 'Away with the material interest in life altogether. Let us fast in caves until life be past.' Leaders of the present are saying: 'Regard business and labor as necessary evils, but *escape* from them into art or poetry or society or something else—get as far away from it as often as you can.' Are either of these wise?

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Trial of Aaron Sapiro

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will carry a week-to-week story of the trial of the libel suit brought by Aaron Sapiro against The Dearborn Publishing Company, publishers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, for $1,000,000 damages. Trial of the suit has begun before a jury in the United States District Court at Detroit.

Mr. Sapiro has been identified since 1917 with the business of developing, organizing and directing activities of coöperative associations for the marketing of farm products on what is generally known as the Sapiro Plan.

His suit is the result of criticisms of the Sapiro Plan made in a series of articles appearing in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The first was published in the issue of April 12, 1924, at which time, and for a number of years previous thereto, the Sapiro Plan had been in operation and had received such wide publicity as to become a subject of national interest.

The articles continued at intervals over a period of a year, the last one appearing in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT issue of April 11, 1925. They covered the operation and effect of the Sapiro Plan in a wide variety of agricultural pursuits, for at that time the Plan was so generally promoted that it was being used in almost every section of the country.

Under the Sapiro Plan of coöperative marketing organization, farmers or growers, in whatever locality an association was formed, signed contracts binding themselves to deliver their entire crop output to the association over a fixed period of years, the association to sell the products, paying the farmer after deducting all operating and selling expense. It was claimed for the Plan that, through this form of coöperative marketing, prices could be better controlled and that the producer would receive greater return for his products.

Investigation of the Sapiro Plan by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT showed just the reverse. With few exceptions the investigation disclosed that the Sapiro Plan of coöperative marketing resulted disastrously for the producers.

Following publication of these stories, Mr. Sapiro in 1925 filed his suit for libel.

'Religious Prejudice'

THERE is a great deal said in this country about 'religious prejudice.' It would serve to clarify our thought in the matter if we coined a more accurately descriptive term. A prejudice is not necessarily evil. Most of us have a prejudice in favor of our own families or states or nations. Most of our attitudes of mind are the result of the slant which race, religion and social status have been building up in us for generations. Few of us argue every case on the facts—we have a whole series of practical predetermined judgments (or prejudices) to serve in most instances. We are prejudiced in favor of law and order—most of us; we are prejudiced in favor of supporting the Government; we are prejudiced in favor of liberty. Yet it is entirely possible for special pleaders to show cause why these attitudes should be modified in special instances, and sometimes the weight of the facts and the pleading have the effect of modifying even a right prejudice. Most of men's prejudices are in the right direction; 'as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' and the general inclination is toward the Pole Star of truth.

A prejudice that is religious is, first of all, a prejudice in favor of religion, and more particularly the religion which the person concerned knows best or has found useful to him. This is a form of religious prejudice which all religious persons possess, and none can gainsay it. It is the kind of religious prejudice which made possible religious freedom—and who can gainsay religious freedom?

But we have given a good name to a bad temper. It is desirable that all citizens be prejudiced in favor of all religion in general, and of some personal form or phase of it in particular. It argues the full-roundedness, or at least the possibility of full-roundedness, in human experience and character. It is desirable, also, because it saves the mind from the very evil which we think we are describing when we say 'religious prejudice.' That is, it prevents bigotry. The Founder of the Christian religion may be said to have had a prejudice in favor of religion, but bigotry He attributed to Satan. The term 'bigot' is of doubtful origin. The dictionaries define it first as hypocrisy. The bigot is certainly a hypocrite, especially the religious bigot, because he pretends to be the defender of something in which he has no part or lot. It is the genius of religion to broaden men, not to narrow them. Religion destroys selfishness by begetting a wider human inclusiveness; it destroys mundane provincialism by opening up the infinite reaches of the invisible; it destroys the narrowing influence of time by enlarging the mind with the conception of eternity. Any way you look at it, the genius of religion is to broaden, and the man who has not been broadened has no license to appoint himself as the exponent or defender of religion. This is the evidence that bigotry is hypocrisy—the bigot is a hypocrite in pretending to be intensely interested and closely associated with matters he has not even touched. Let us, therefore, rename him and give him his right label.

This, of course, will not satisfy the person who believes that religion is sometimes the cloak of an

ambitious political and worldly program. In such an event, it is the religion that becomes the hypocrite, pretending to be one thing and being another. And if the matter be deeply enough searched it will probably be found that the fault does not inhere in the religion at all, but in ecclesiasticism, which is quite a different thing.

Ontario Tries Again

ONTARIO is about to tackle the liquor problem from another angle. It simply means that a new prohibition experiment is being made. This fact is overlooked when the 'wets' and the 'drys' get fighting among themselves. The actual political changes in Canada which have resulted from public wrestling with the liquor problem have been variously described as 'wet' or 'dry' victories, but they could be more accurately defined as stages in the public study of the problem with a view to determining the best mode of handling it. Every successive change in Canada has amply demonstrated an unshakable public conviction that a liquor problem exists which calls for wide public action. Certain steps have been taken from which few believe there will be any retreat. The status of the saloon, for example, is fixed; it is permanently eliminated. Not even the most ardent 'wet' will argue that point. And with this determined, the only possible movement is toward some form of prohibition. It may be a partial form, but it is a form of prohibition.

It is overlooked that in this country the same period of experimentation preceded the Constitutional Amendment which made prohibition a fact. We had state and county option and a whole network of regulatory laws, all of which extended over several generations and engaged much public thought. In fact, it was the never-ending compulsion of public attention to liquor and its control that eventually led the American people to conclude that the only satisfactory way to deal with the problem was to abolish it at the source. To be sure, this action brought with it another problem, but one which is more clearly defined and more directly dealt with. There are those who wish we were back in the old period of experimentation. Others are quite satisfied for us to remain as we are. With the Constitution as it is, we cannot well do otherwise. But it will be extremely interesting to observe Ontario's new experiment, to see whether it works any better than the one which preceded it.

First Aids to Crime

NO LAW-ABIDING private citizen needs a machine gun. Neither does he need a blackjack, a sawed-off shotgun, a revolver silencer, a sword cane, brass knuckles, burglar tools or that newly developed small arm, justly popular in underworld circles, which projects a deadly stream of poison gas or liquid. And yet he can buy these things—in most states—with as little trouble as he can a package of cigarets. In fact, legal restrictions governing the sale of tobacco in many sections *are more stringent than those governing the sale of weapons.*

In the hope of obtaining standard regulations for the sale of weapons, the National Crime Commisson has sent to all state legislatures now in session a model firearms bill. It prohibits the sale of some weapons, useless to anyone not engaged in a serious career of violence, and restricts the sale of others to such persons as might have legitimate use for them. Manufacturers and dealers in revolvers would be licensed, and all purchasers would have to obtain permits. Possession of a revolver without a permit would lead to severe penalty. So, too, would the commission of a felony while armed with a dangerous weapon. Progressive sentences are provided in the bill for each successive felony until, on fourth conviction, the criminal could be given a life sentence. This provision is borrowed from the Baumes Law in New York, with the exception that whereas under the Baumes Law the life sentence is mandatory for fourth conviction, under the model bill it is discretionary with the judge.

The bill was drafted by a committee which included representatives of the Army, the police, prosecuting attorneys, firearms manufacturers and revolver and rifle associations. All its features may not be adaptable to all states, but in the main it provides necessary safeguards. The organized criminals of the country are utilizing the most effective methods and the most efficient weapons yet devised in their war on Society. Against them Society has a porous barrier of antiquated laws and ponderous customs. The various state legislatures should act at once on the commission's bill. Postponing action until a later session would be foolish. Crime, like time and tide, waits for no legislature.

Marines—Then the Bankers

BIT by bit the Nicaraguan situation becomes more apparent. Close on the heels of the landing of 1,200 additional United States Marines comes this cable dispatch from the tiny Central American republic:

> President Diaz and United States Minister Eberhardt have conferred relative to the terms of a $700,000 emergency loan submitted by a New York firm, but no decision as to the flotation of the loan has been made. President Diaz said Nicaragua is in an excellent position to seek a larger loan of from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000 once peace is established.

First the Marines, then the Bankers. *'Once peace is established'*—mountains of meaning in that phrase! Once 'peace'—meaning Diaz—is established, a new market will be opened for the floating of a $12,000;000 to $20,000,000 loan. Once 'peace' is established, profits will resume their march toward New York. And two thousand Marines are in Nicaragua to see that 'peace' *is* established.

Communique—The Bankers have landed and have the situation well in hand.

The True Story of Mary's Little Lamb

AMONG the many who heard the story of Mary and her little lamb as told by Mary herself, and who afterward wrote it for a magazine, was Mary Balch Briggs, formerly of Debham, Massachusetts, who from 1898 until her death in 1912 was a teacher at the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, Hampton, Virginia. Miss Briggs edited a little paper called *Work at Home* and in it told of visiting with Mary and hearing the story of the lamb.

'. . . I had seen with my own eyes an equally remarkable personage, no less than Mary who had a little lamb. She was no empty dream. She ate dinner with an appetite that belongs to a veritable body; she shook hands heartily; she sat by my fireside; she told the story of her lamb; she even wrote with my own pen the original verses of the poem. The Lamb's Mary is now Mrs. Columbus Tyler of Somerville, a fine-looking, uprightly, young-hearted lady of eighty.'

Miss Briggs' story clears up the nature of the wrapping which was thrown over the lamb at school:

'Mary threw over it a little striped blanket of her mother's weaving which she wore to school instead of a shawl.'

Another figure, however, looms in the story—John Roulstone, who Mary always said was the first to hand her the poem, or rather the first twelve lines which dealt simply with the school incident. We know as much of John Roulstone's life from boyhood to death as we do of Mary's life, though John died in 1822 at the age of seventeen.

The question now is, Can it be shown that John Roulstone had any part in the making of the poem? To begin, we should never have had knowledge of John in this connection had not Mary always included him in her narrative. Had her story been a piece of fiction she might just as well have named anyone else, the teacher for example, or some of her own relatives. However, in the Mary Sawyer accounts of the incident there is no room for any name save that of John Roulstone.

Who was he? Mary says he was a young man fitting for college under the tutelage of his uncle, the Reverend Lemuel Capen, the minister at Sterling. These are facts. Mr. Capen was the minister at Sterling from 1815 to 1819; the pamphlets containing the sermon given at his ordination in 1815 and his own farewell address of 1819 are in evidence. There is also a sixteen-page tract entitled, 'Tribute of Affection to JOHN ROULSTONE, JR., a Member of the Freshman Class in Harvard University; who died February 20, 1822, Age 17, Boston; printed by John Cotton, Jr.'

The next day he rode across the fields on horseback to the little old schoolhouse.

Illustrated by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

This tribute was written by the Reverend Lemuel Capen, who says in the preface that he knew John from his early youth, and during the last five years of his life had almost the sole direction and oversight of his conduct and was 'constantly in a situation to discover all that could known by human inspection.'

The youth was well born, his fathe Captain John Roulstone, being member of the Ancient and Honorab Artillery Company of Boston. T captain's portrait hangs on the walls Faneuil Hall and his grave is in t Granary Burying Ground. Sent Sterling to be fitted for college, would be about twelve years ol Taking the 'five years' of the Reveren Lemuel Capen's account as determinir the time that John spent in Sterlir we may say that he lived under t direction of Mr. Capen from the ag of twelve to seventeen. Two or thr of these years would fall before M Capen's resignation in 1819. As Joh was born in 1805, he was thus a ye older than Mary. On the basis of the dates, Mary could not have been le than eleven years old when John, the age of twelv came to live wit Mr. Capen—that i if the 'five years' Mr. Capen's chr nology comprise a of John's residen in Sterling. It ma be noted here tha in Francis H. Sav yer's copy of th book containin Mary's story, o page 39, she ha written 'in 1817' a the date of the lam episode. It fits a the computation This would mak John twelve yea old, and Mar eleven.

There is then n manner of doub that there was John Roulstone and that he lived i Sterling.

What were his abilities or charac teristics by which we may judge of hi possible authorship of a children's poem Reverend Lemuel Capen, in his memo rial 'Tribute,' wrote:

Children were special objects of his at tention. He was equally their protector an guide. Instead of taking pains to irritat and vex them, as many young persons ar apt to do, he delighted in making ther happy; and devoted much of his leisure t their amusement and instruction. It wa peculiarly interesting, and sufficientl

There was a high stone wall to climb, and it was rather hard work to get her over. We got her on top, then clambered over to get her down. She seemed to understand what was expected, and waited quietly for us to take her off the wall.

proved the goodness of his heart, as it showed the confidence they reposed in him, to see a family of little ones running to get him, when he approached, and clinging round him with a kind of filial fondness. He was distinguished for a scrupulous regard for truth.

Mr. Capen goes on to describe the boy's 'assiduous attention to his studies, and his diligence in the improvement of his time . . . it is rather probable, that during the last year of his life, his close application to his books in some degree prepared the way for his fatal disorder, or at least served to accelerate its progress.'

Thus far we have the portrait of a lad who loved children and was devoted to his studies. To those who know the period, the latter fact will bring no doubt. It was a time when ambitious boys were brought up on literature and looked forward to scholastic preëminence. That has largely passed out of American life, but in the days of John Roulstone the principal outlet for intellectual eagerness was in the declamation of sonorous lines or the imitation of the poets. Perhaps no other period in our country saw more amateur poetry than the first fifty years of the 19th Century.

Did John Roulstone write? The nearest approach that can be made to an answer is again in the 'Tribute':

> Though not essential to the principal design of this narrative, still it may not be uninteresting to say something of the literary character of its subject, especially as he was no less distinguished in this than in other respects. The qualities of his mind, as well as those of his heart, were of a very high order. Accuracy and discrimination were prominent traits, which would have qualified him for close investigation and research; but his taste and inclination would probably have led him to cultivate classical learning, rather than the abstruse sciences. He possessed a lively fancy and a correct judgment. His moral purity seemed to have diffused itself over his whole character, and extended even to the formation of his literary taste. In elocution he greatly excelled. He not only acquired ascendancy over his own passions, but appears to have studied with much care and success those of mankind in general; and could describe them with a voice, an expression and a manner, which at once commanded admiration and encouraged hope.

The reader will be quite competent to form an opinion whether these traits of character and these attainments were such as to lead, in a verse-making age, to the writing of the first twelve lines of 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' by John Roulstone at, say, the age of twelve. One reader has already suggested that the diction of the Reverend Lemuel Capen led him to wonder if the boy had not benefited somewhat by the clergyman's own ability to versify. Mary's niece, who is still living, says she had never heard even the faintest suggestion that possibly Mr. Capen had helped in the making of the poem. A daughter-in-law of the Reverend Lemuel Capin, who is now resident at Dedham, Massa-

(*Continued on page 20*)

Climbing MOUNT BAKER, *Washingto*

By DOROTHY E. PILLEY

A remarkable feat was recently achieved when Mount Baker was climbed by the northeast face by a party of three mountaineers consisting of Miss Dorothy E. Pilley, Ladies' Alpine Club; I. A. Richards, Alpine Club; and Ben Thompson of the Mount Baker Forestry Patrol Service. This is the first time a woman has ever succeeded in making the ascent by this difficult route. Both Miss Pilley and Mr. Richards have had wide experience in climbing the Alps.

The very ease of the ordinary ascent tempts the climber to neglect precautions.

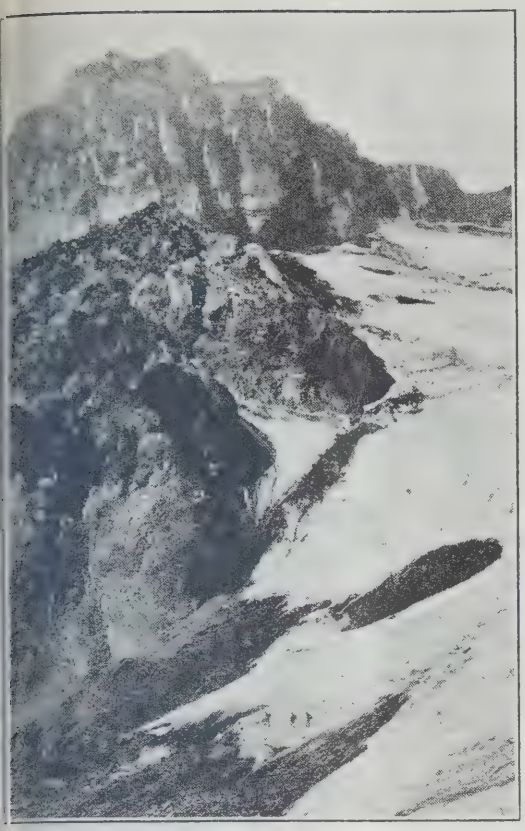
NORTHERNMOST of the giant volcanoes that dominate the Pacific Slope soars Mount Baker. From the Olympic peninsula or the islands of San Juan de Fuca, or even from the heights of Vancouver Island, one can often pick its silvery gleam, hanging like a dim presence in the sky, above the misty horizon. From this distance it seems to be quite cut away from the earth. I saw it once from the deck of the Port Angeles ferryboat. The immense white wisp was only just visible, cloud-like, but with a firmness of outline that no cloud possesses. I picked it out with peculiar pleasure. Only a few weeks before, fresh from a month's mountaineering amid the marvelously colored precipices of Glacier National Park, I had crowned a long-standing ambition by climbing Mount Baker, and by a route which had only once before been followed. So it was with more than ordinary interest that I looked up from the streaming waters and the white foam of our wake and caught sight of the mountain.

The contrast between Mount Baker and the Montana mountains had brought home to me again the wealth of mountaineering opportunity which America possesses. No more striking experience can be imagined than to pass, as I had done, almost direct from the spectacular cliffs of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain to the gentler snow-crowned summit of this monarch of the coastal range. Its shape definitely suggests the volcano, a heavier but not less soaring Fujiyama, the vastness of its glaciers very apparent at this distance. From the Olympic peninsula, or from the islands, it occupies the horizon in solitary majesty, for none of its surrounding mountains, not Shuksan nor the Three Sisters, fine though they are to climb and to see at close range, seem from afar more than foothills. So it must have appeared to Lieutenant Baker when, as Vancouver sailed through the straits of San Juan de Fuca, it first came distinctly into his vision. We can imagine the enthusiasm with which he called his commander's attention to it.

Not even Mont Blanc from the hills above Grenoble or Monte R[illegible] from the Cathedral of Milan, famous [illegible] these sights are among Europe[illegible] landscapes, have anything to bo[illegible] over Mount Baker when seen fr[illegible] Puget Sound. The same air of [illegible] tachment from the earth seems to [illegible] long to all three. Gazing at the lumin[illegible] crest of Mount Baker, clearer now, [illegible] the sea wind was sweeping away t[illegible] intervening mist and smoke, I found [illegible] easy to understand the feelings of [illegible] first conqueror, that pertinacious Br[illegible] ish mountaineer, Edmund T. Colm[illegible] of Victoria.

For two years his efforts were t[illegible] rewarded. Ascending from the Ska[illegible] side the hostility of the local India[illegible] proved too great an obstacle. Final[illegible] in 1868 he gained the coveted summ[illegible]

The first time a woman has ever succeeded in making the ascent.



lo experiences are more interesting or more full of beauty.

l· Clearwater Creek and Thunder and loosevelt glaciers. His route has only len repeated once in its upper section, l· a party of climbers who, being cught in a tremendous storm near the smmit, had to pass the night in a cve hewn in the ice.

The route usually followed nowacys must be well known to many nountaineers of the Northwest. One cmbs up from the little village of Glacier ·a Heliotrope ridge, and proceeds over giciers whose crevasses, although upon astupendous scale, offer no hardships. Valking sometimes along a flat-topped th-foot causeway of ice between cnyons whose vertical sides plunge cwnward for hundreds of feet, sometnes zigzagging between narrower fsures and sometimes making astoniingly easy progress up immense spes of innocent snow, the climber cmes to what is called the Saddle, ad the extensive summit plateau. The Saddle, or the slopes near it, was oce the scene of an accident as pathetic a any in the annals of mountaineering.

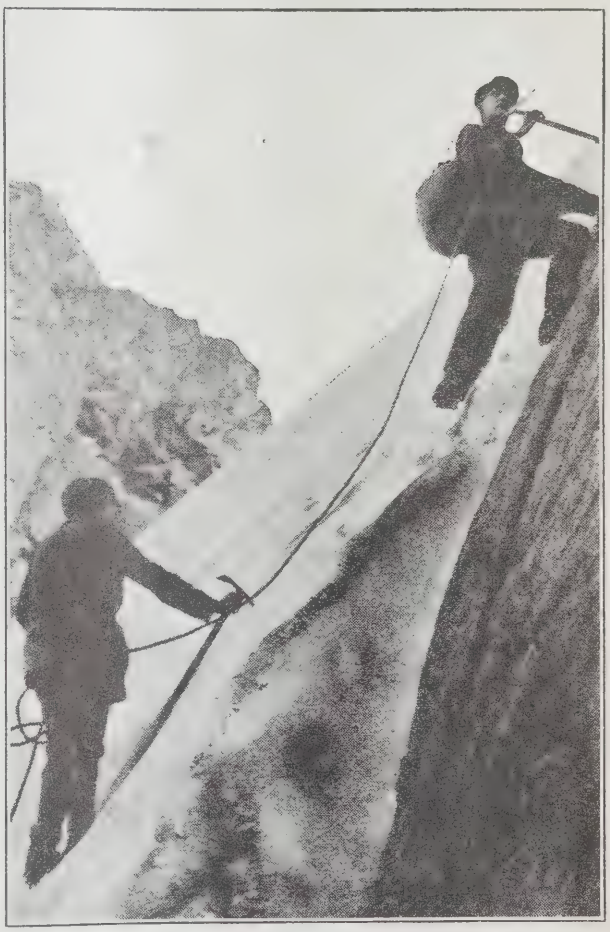
Two old-time prospectors were using te mountain as the easiest route to te Baker Lake region. In the days lfore trails were in existence it dubtless was a relatively easy though nt a safe way for ill-equipped men ufamiliar with the dangers of glacier tvel. What might only too well have ben expected happened. One of them boke through the surface of snow cvering a concealed crevasse and fell ino the engulfing darkness below. Ijured and trapped beyond any possibility of escape, he was yet able to speak to his companion above, to give him a last message to his wife and family and bid him make his solitary way back to safety.

Considering the number of unroped and uninitiated persons who have since disported themselves upon the glaciers of Mount Baker, it is surprising that more such fatalities have not resulted. Even an experienced mountaineer is not immune from these dangers as the death, through a similar accident, in 1913, of C. P. Bishop, president of the British Columbia Mountaineers, showed only too clearly. The very ease of the ordinary ascent tempts the climber to neglect the precautions which sad experiences have made universal in the Alps even upon the least difficult of glaciers. With these precautions to guide him, however, no hale person should hesitate to enjoy the exhilarating sport of mountain climbing. There are few experiences more interesting or more full of beauty, and finer ice scenery is not to be beheld in the world than on Mount Baker.

Our own ascent was made from the side of Austin Pass. Leaving Heather Meadows, where there is a convenient and delightfully situated hotel, one follows an easy trail and makes his way over several small glaciers to a point known as Kiser's Camp. The presence of firewood there insures a comfortable night, for from here the whole route of the tomorrow's climb lies plain to view.

Below this point a tortuously riven glacier fills the valley. Beyond, the open snow-slopes rise, broken only by the shadowy crisscross markings of crevasses, to the sharp edge of the summit plateau. They are divided by a long, low ridge that falls toward one, crowned by a point, Pumice Stone Pinnacle, which at this distance of several miles looks unimportant. It is marked at its foot by a hollow, bare space in the glacier which when approached proves to be a moderately live crater emitting whiffs of steam and vapor and is clotted with deposits of sulphur. Possibly before long parties will follow this ridge, thus making the crater a halfway stopping place where feet which have been feeling the chill of the snow may be warmed—to the detriment of their owner's boots.

Our own intention had been to follow this route, but on the way to the crater we came upon a line of faint tracks left we knew by climbers of the week before. This party had failed and we knew the reason. An impassable rift in the glacier stretching across the whole face of the mountain had barred further progress, it was reported. We knew that a similar failure might easily be our fortune if we followed them, but somehow on that perfect morning, with the swelling, rounded steps of the glacier beautifully dappled with blue shadow and sparkling in the early sunlight with myriad diamond lights, the lure of the snow was irresistible. Risking failure, therefore, we determined to explore the reputed impasse. Up we wound, halting only once where a little pool of water caught in a cleft of blue and gleaming ice invited us to lunch. After gaining a great height we (*Continued on page 29*)



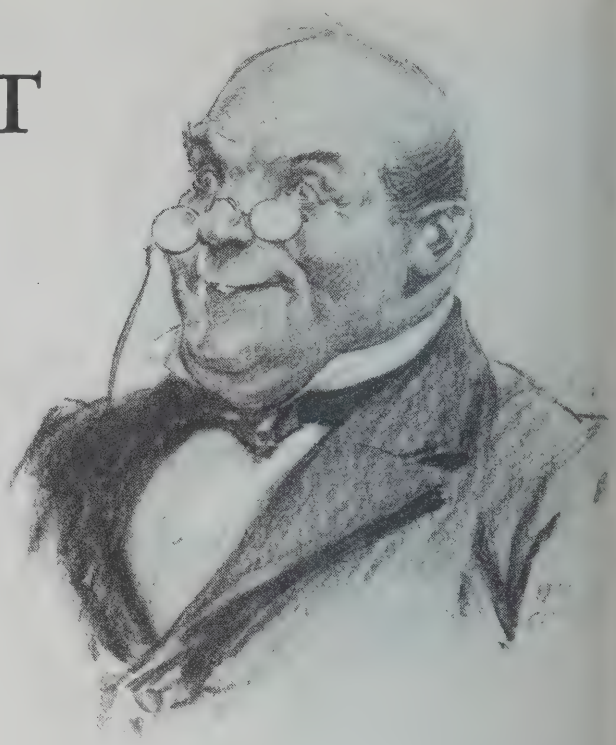
Making astonishingly easy progress up immense slopes of innocent snow.

The HAPPY OPTIMIST

By HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

Copyright, by HUGH WALPOLE



The most terrible optimist.

DURING thirty-seven troubled years I have learnt something about life. One of the most romantic incidents in that life—one from which I learnt a very wholesome lesson—I am now going to relate.

I have a certain reputation for helping people out of their difficulties, and sometimes complete strangers, by my advice.

There came to my office one day a thin, harassed-looking woman, with gray hair and pince-nez, soft, kindly eyes, and clothes not of the smartest. She introduced herself as Mrs. Lane, and asked whether I could give her ten minutes of my time. 'I have heard of you from a friend of mine,' she said, 'a Mrs. Bumpus, whom you helped at a rather difficult moment in her family history. I was telling her my little trouble the other night, and she said that you were just the person to help me out of it.'

'I will certainly do what I can,' I said. 'What's the matter?'

'I do hope it won't seem to you too foolish,' she went on rather nervously. 'In a way, nothing's the matter, and in a way everything is. In any case, I must have some advice. I'm a woman of thirty-eight, and I've been married for fifteen years. I am married to one of the kindest, most amiable, most faithful of human beings, and that is saying a good deal nowadays, men being what they are. You will think it very curious, therefore, that, after saying this, it is nevertheless about my husband that I have come to speak to you.'

'Perhaps he's too kind and tender,' I said. 'I know that that can be monotonous. You want me to help him to a little ill temper?'

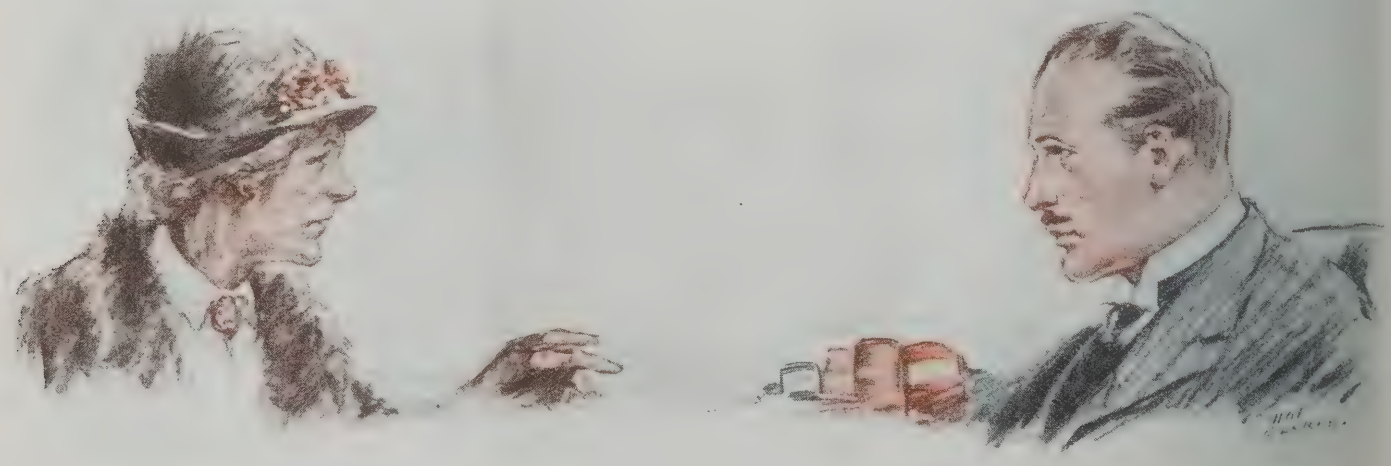
'How wonderful you are!' she cried. 'You're nearly right and at once, and I'm so glad, because now I needn't explain all sorts of things which would take a long time and serve no purpose. It isn't that I want any ill temper, but it's nearly that. The fact of the matter is that my husband has grown through all these years into the most terrible optimist. He is so persistently cheerful, looks so deliberately upon the bright side of things, refuses so entirely to be upset by anything, even toothache, that the children and I and an aunt who lives with us, to our horror, are discovering that although we all love Charlie very much, we are beginning to avoid his company, to go out of the house when he comes into it, and to stay away with friends whenever a chance offers itself. What becomes of marriage, Mr. Johnson,' she asked me solemnly, 'when the wife avoids her husband and the children shrink from their father?'

'Yes,' I answered, with becoming gravity, 'that is certainly the beginning of the end.'

'But it's not only that,' went on Mrs. Lane. 'His men friends and my friends, everyone who comes to the house, in fact, is beginning to feel it just as we do. He doesn't notice anything himself, and just gets happier and happier. I don't know if you're a married man, Mr. Johnson.'

'No, I'm not,' I answered, and added, 'unhappily.'

'If you were,' said Mrs. Lane 'you would understand how terrible it is to know that, however irritating things are, your husbnad will always feel that they're for the best; that however gloomy you yourself may be when you wake up in the morning you will inevitably hear your husband singing in his bath; however bad the weather may be, you will certainly be told that it's going to be fine tomorrow or was beautifully sunny yesterday however many mistakes our wretched



She introduced herself as Mrs. Lane, and asked whether I could give her ten minutes of my time.

overnment makes, you will be assured hat any other government would make rrors far worse. I'm sure this seems ludirous to you, and yet this simple thing s breaking up our home life and making ıe almost hate my husband, and yet I ove him, how deeply no one can know.'

Mrs. Lane appeared to be greatly istressed.

'AND what do you want me to do?' asked.

'I thought—I don't know—of course , seems silly, but I wondered whether erhaps, as you're so clever, you could ink of some way to make him a little ss cheerful, not so invariably optiistic. I've tried one or two ways ıyself, but they've all failed. I asked is Aunt Bessie to come and stay with s—all his side of the family are agreed ıat she is one of the most tiresome old omen ever known—but the more resome she is, the more cheerful he ecomes. Then I developed nervous eadaches, because I was told that there as nothing more irritating to a ıan; but all he said was that I'd be etter soon, and then I'd be so ad that I was better that it would ally be worth while having had ıe headaches. Then I happened overhear him say to a friend ıat the one article of diet he ouldn't bear was lobster, and I ave him lobster four nights runng, and all he said on the fourth ght was that it showed what habit ould do, because he'd always ncied that he didn't like lobster, ıt now that he'd had it once or vice he was becoming really very nd of it. This must all seem, Mr. ohnson, perfectly fantastic to any rdinary person, but I assure you ıat I just long for an outburst of mper, some expression of disntent. I've seen that his bath is kewarm, that his collars come ck frayed from the wash, that is studs are never where he expects find them, that his bootlaces rst just when he's in a hurry; ve asked for twice as much housekeping money as I ought to have; ve put the children in his way st when he wants to take a nap; even had one of those little meranian dogs in the house beuse I knew he didn't like them, d, indeed, I hate them myself—to no effect. Unless something n be done, I shall have to leave m. It's becoming a perfect obssion with me, and I don't know what olish or mad thing I may do if you n't help me. He'll be round here in moment to fetch me. I told him to ll for me here because I thought you ght to see him.'

'This is a very difficult case, Mrs. ne,' I said, shaking my head. 'After , if I were to succeed in spoiling his mper, you mightn't thank me afterwards, you know. You might look back with longing to these earlier happy days.'

'Never, never, never!' said Mrs. Lane, with the utmost determination. 'Anything would be better than this. And he never can be very bad-tempered. He hasn't got the build or anything. Just a little temper about once a month would make all the difference to me.'

At that moment a small boy announced 'Mr. Charles Lane to see you, sir,' and there came into the room a large, jolly-looking man with a red face, a slight tendency to corpulence, pince-nez set a little crookedly on his nose, and a cheery smile on his face that instantly, in the words of one of our most favourite novelists, 'lit up the dingy office as with rays of sunshine.'

'This is my husband, Mr. Johnson,' said Mrs. Lane rather nervously. 'Charlie, this is Mr. Seymour Johnson, a friend of Mrs. Bumpus, with whom we were dining the other night.'

'Why, I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Johnson,' said Mr. Lane, coming forward, a large hand outstretched. 'What a charming place you have here! I've just looked in to fetch my wife for a little shopping that we're going to do together. Well, little woman, how are you? Ready to come along?'

'Yes, Charles,' said Mrs. Lane, getting up with a weary air.

'That's right. Splendid morning for shopping. Bit overcast outside. Very thing to make you like to be under cover. Wonderful weather we've been having, Mr. Johnson.'

'Well, I don't know,' I said. 'It's rained pretty steadily the last few days.'

'Oh, we must have some rain sometimes,' said Lane. 'Nothing so bad as a drought, you know. Let's have rain now, and we'll have fine holiday weather later on. What do you think of the general situation?'

'Seems to me,' I said, 'about as bad as anything could well be. Strikes every week, all our trade going to foreign countries, income tax going up every minute—no, I must say things are pretty serious.'

'Do you think so?' said Lane. 'I wonder at that. After all, what can you expect after a war like this last one? Everything's improving, it seems to me. I think it's marvelous that we've come through these years since the Armistice with as little trouble as we have. You wait another six months and you see how our trade will run ahead. Things couldn't be better, in my opinion, and I'm not generally an optimist by any means, am I, old woman?' he asked, turning round to his wife.

Miss Allan was a strong, rather stern-featured woman.

'Well, Charlie,' she said nervously 'I couldn't exactly call you a pessimist.'

At that he roared with laughter, slapping his chest and making the maps on the wall shake the dust off their glaze as though they also agreed with him.

'I suppose I'm not exactly a pessimist. Why should I be? I've enjoyed splendid health, Mr. Johnson, all my days. I've been a lucky man, too, with the best wife in the world and three of the most ripping little nippers you ever saw in your life. I attribute my health,' he said, coming close to me and looking at me with intense seriousness, 'to having a cold bath every day of the year, winter and summer, quarter of an hour's Muller's exercises before the open window, and eating a good hearty breakfast. Now, breakfast is the meal to build the day on. You have a good breakfast, and nothing can go much wrong.'

To myself, who find a small cup of tea and a thin piece of bread-and-butter as much as I can manage in the early morning, there was something truly cannibalistic about Lane's morning diet. It is quite true that I felt more deeply depressed during his five-minutes' conversation than for many days past, and that I wished him earnestly to go.

I did see Mrs. Lane now as a real victim, and I said to her as she turned about to go: 'In that matter about which you were speaking to me just now, Mrs. Lane, I will see what can be done. I'll communicate with you further.'

'Thank you,' she said, and went out with her husband.

The Lanes have a jolly house in Maida Vale, and one beautiful afternoon I found myself sitting in their garden watching Lane, in his shirt-sleeves, bend over the little beds that ran beneath the old red brick walls, pulling out weeds and doing mysterious things with a trowel. He was certainly a fine figure of a man, I thought, as I watched his broad back and stout, strong legs, the absolute negation of ill-health, indecision, and any sort of nervous trouble. I'm never going to turn that back and those legs into the working apparatus of a pessimist, I said to myself. I am beaten at this game before I've begun it. He straightened himself and turned round, his broad, red face flushed with his exertions. 'By Jove, it is jolly,' he cried, 'this weeding! There's nothing like it for sheer fun. Why everybody doesn't spend all his time weeding, I can't think.'

'It's a good thing they don't,' I said rather irritably, 'or there'd be nothing ever planted.'

'Oh, do you think so?' he said, laughing. 'Planting's very jolly, too. Anything to do with the garden is splendid.'

I discovered that my earlier determination to force Lane into loss of temper as soon as possible would not be an ungrateful task on my part.

'I simply don't agree with you,' I said crossly. 'If you will forgive my saying so, I think you're talking nonsense.'

'I dare say I am,' he answered cheerfully. 'I do talk a great deal of nonsense. Don't you like gardens, then?'

'Oh, the gardens are all right,' I said.

'You mean the people in them are so tiresome?' he said. 'Well, I can't agree with you. I love my fellow humans. People are fascinating, I think. Nobody's dull if you really get to know him. Everyone's so much jollier than you would expect.'

'Oh, really, Lane,' I said, 'I haven't known you very long, and perhaps I've got no right to speak, but whom do you know? I could introduce you to one or two whose jolliness would be difficult even for you to find.'

'I dare say you're right,' he answered, 'but in my opinion the great thing is to see the best side of people. We all have a good side, you know, as well as a bad side, and if you only look at the good side—well, naturally you like people better. Then I'm not a clever fellow like you. I do admire men who write and that sort of thing. Now, tell me,' he said, looking at me cheerfully, his hands on his broad hips, 'how do you write? I mean, how do you begin, for instance? How do you ever think of all those things that they say to one another? How does a book start in your head?'

I groaned. This case was going to be very difficult.

'Look here, if you don't mind,' I said, 'we'll talk about all that another time.'

'Oh, I say,' he asked, with great anxiety, 'you're not feeling ill, are you? Is the sun too much for you? Let me move that chair into a shady corner.'

FOR Heaven's sake, leave me alone!' I burst out. 'Forgive me if I seem a little irritable.'

'Why, of course,' he said. 'I know what it is to feel irritable. I quite understand. You won't feel irritable long on a day like this. I tell you what,' he went on very seriously, 'when I'm feeling a bit off colour, I just go up to my bedroom, strip and do a few Muller exercises. Puts me in condition in no time. If you'd like to wave your arms a bit, you're quite welcome to the room upstairs.'

'Good Heavens, on a day like this!' I murmured

'Oh, well, perhaps it is a bit warm, bu there's nothing like a good sweat for making you see things cheerfully. Are you musical by any chance?' he added, after a moment's thought.

'I am a little,' I said weakly.

'Because I don't know if you like the flute. It's rather jolly sometimes to sit in a garden and to listen to somebody on the flute. Of course, I'm not very good. I'm really only learning, but there are two or three tunes I have pretty nearly got now and if you like to sit under that tree——'

'No, thanks,' I said, very crossly indeed. 'If you don't mind, I think I'll go to sleep for a bit.'

'Certainly,' he replied. 'You go to sleep for a half an hour and you'll wake up as jolly as anything. Do let me move that chair of yours into the shade. You won't mind my going on with my gardening, will you?'

IT WAS a strange thing that somehow the thought of that broad back and those stout legs exposed in earnest endeavor once again before me was more than I could endure. I was wondering what excuse I could make to escape, when Mrs. Lane appeared.

'Hullo, darling!' cried Lane. 'That's splendid! Come out and join us. We've been having a most delightful talk. Mr. Johnson's been telling me all about his writing. Most interesting. Now he thought he'd have a nap for a little.'

'Oh, no,' I said hurriedly, 'it was only a moment's suggestion on my part. I didn't really mean it. One gets a bit sleepy sitting in this garden.'

'An awful thing's just happened,' said Mrs. Lane hurriedly. 'If Mr. Johnson will forgive me, the housemaid has just ———' She whispered in Lane's ear.

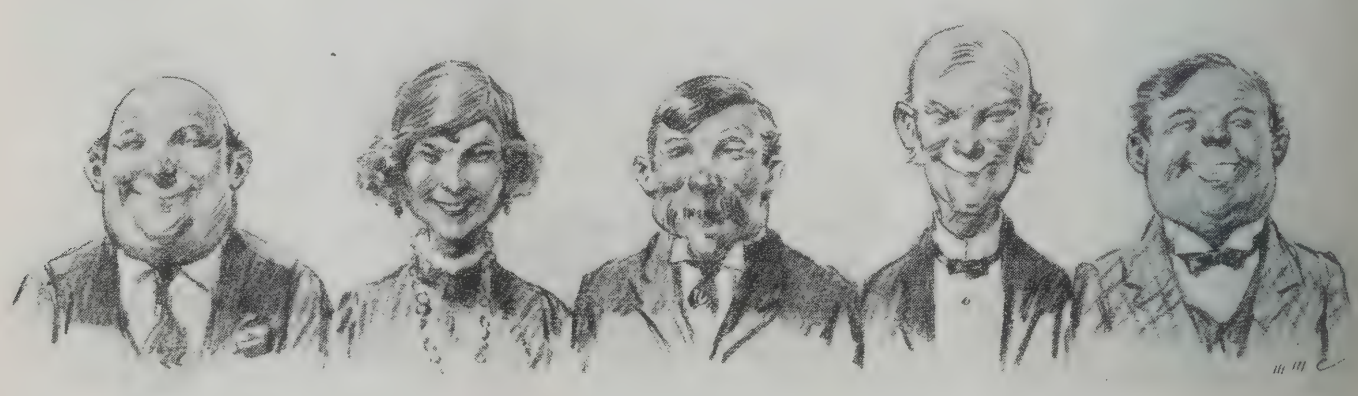
'Oh, has she?' he said laughing. 'What a funny thing to do!'

'It isn't funny,' said Mrs. Lane indignantly. 'She's broken about a pound's worth of china—all that pretty breakfast set!'

'Never mind, dear,' he said, patting her shoulder; 'we'll get another one in no time. In my opinion,' he said, turning cheerfully round to me, 'maids don't smash things half often enough. One gets so tired of always seeing the same china at every meal. We haven't had a new breakfast set for ever so long.'

'Oh, of course, if you're a millionaire ———,' said Mrs. Lane, tossing her head.

'That's all right, darling,' he answered, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand; 'don't you worry. We'll be in to tea



soon. Or shall we have it out here? By Jove, it would be jolly to have tea in the garden!'—speaking as though no one had ever had the idea before. 'Just think, having tea in the garden! What a jolly thing to do!'

I suddenly felt that the last thing in the world I could ever do would be to have tea in the garden.

'I'm awfully sorry,' I said, getting up, 'but I must be getting back, I'm afraid. I'll come and have tea another day.'

As I went down the Edgware Road on the top of a bus, I was conscious of a deep and all-pervading melancholy. The world, although the sun was shining, was suddenly gray. I could believe in no one's goodness of heart. All my friends, as their names occurred to me one after the other, seemed to me treacherous and false, all my little ambitions vain and absurd. I realized, with a sudden mental jerk, that Lane had done this for me, and did I spend many weeks in his company I would become a misanthrope, a final hater of my kind. In the succeeding days I considered every possible medium through which I might work upon Lane's mind. The case became an obsession with me as none of the others had ever been. I realised, as I said just now, that most of the other problems had been solved by the readjustment of surroundings. How was I to readjust Lane? Into what company could I throw him that would depress him and lower his vitality? What was there latent in him which, if exaggerated, would turn sweet to sour, amiability to bitterness, love to hatred? There was golf, for instance. He did not, so far as I knew, play golf. That would undoubtedly be good for both his figure and his temperament. Or there was bridge, or I might interest him in some freak religion, or drive him into stamp collecting. No, as I thought of all these things, their futility froze my inventiveness.

At breakfast one morning I was especially bothered by my problem. The thing was beginning to disturb my sleep. I was neglecting the rest of my work for it. I idly turned over the pages of *The Times*, then, looking down the agency column, my attention was suddenly caught by this: 'Society for the Promotion of Happiness. All those who are interested in the happiness and well-being of their fellow creatures are cordially invited to pay a visit to the offices of the above Society (hours 10 to 10), where they will realise that gloom and depression are not natural to the spirit of man, and may be avoided by the simplest methods. Offices: Cumberland House, Victoria Street, S. W. 2.'

I scarcely know what it was that suddenly determined me to pay these people a visit. It was not that I could hope for any real help from them with regard to Lane's case, but here were obviously some more optimists of Lane's own kind. I was, perhaps, curious to see whether they beat him at his own game.

The next afternoon I climbed the stone staircase and knocked on a door. I entered a quite ordinary-looking office, where, behind the usual wooden barrier, a girl was seated typing, and an elderly lady at a table was biting the end of her pen. 'Is there anything I can do for you?' she asked, looking at me rather sternly.

'I was interested,' I said, 'in your advertisement in *The Times* yesterday. I came round to see something of your work.'

'You must talk to Miss Allan,' said the lady. 'I'll inquire whether she's free.'

She returned a moment later, saying that Miss Allan would see me, and I went through into a farther room that had a bright red carpet and was hung with framed supplements from the illustrated papers.

Miss Allan was a strong, rather stern-featured woman, dressed in a bright orange that clashed somewhat painfully with the carpet, having every sign about her that she knew her own mind, and was not going to stand any nonsense from anybody.

'You've come to inquire about our work?' she asked, pushing her spectacles a little farther back on her nose.

'Yes, I have,' I answered. 'I was interested by your advertisement.'

'Our work,' she began in a high singsong voice, as though she were reciting an oft-repeated lecture, 'is an effort to bring into this gray-tinged world the spirit of life, happiness, and gaiety, to make men and women realise that it is in themselves to command their destinies, and that by taking a little thought, practising certain simple exercises, and refusing to allow their minds to be invaded by ill-disciplined thoughts and desires, they may attain a high standard of cheerfulness and sociability hitherto unimagined by them, and that by laughter, and the happy employment of music, and the sturdy practice of vegetarianism, they may bring gaiety into the lives of their fellow human beings and light up the world with sunshine.'

She paused to take a little breath. She went on again: 'To look on the bright side of things is, after all, easy enough for all of us, if we do but obey certain simple rules. Selfishness is the curse of the modern age, and I have found that by a steady reiteration of some of the more obvious rules of a well-ordered life, by such simple things as early rising, cold baths, a few exercises, and the steady practice of healthy laughter, the world may be turned into a garden, and we may go dancing through life, our heads up, our voices lifted in song, our mood an inspiration to all those around us. Our charges are,' she added rapidly, 'three guineas for a course of six lessons, five pound ten for twelve. Families of more than three can be dealt with at a cheaper rate.'

'Thanks very much,' I answered. 'Can you show me any of your work in progress?'

'Certainly,' she said, looking at me with some suspicion. 'Are you from a newspaper, by any chance?'

'No,' I answered. 'I'm simply a private individual.'

'Have you got sickness in your family?' she asked quickly. 'Has your wife left you, or are you in any way financially embarrassed?'

'Really,' I answered, 'that seems to be my own affair, or, at any rate, should remain so till I've agreed to take some of your lessons.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly,' she answered with indifference. 'I should say that a dozen lessons would do you all the good in the world. However, you shall see first exactly what we're doing.'

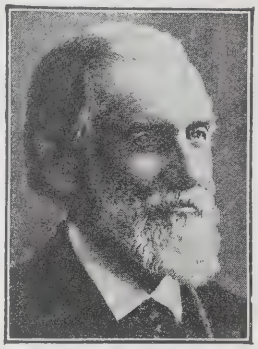
(The concluding installment of this story will appear in an early issue. It fully maintains the interest of the first part.)

'The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of disease.'—PROFESSOR FOGES, VIENNA.

The Lazy Colon

(Large Intestine)

By CHARLES M. CAMPBELL
Associated with
ALBERT K. DETWILLER, M.D.



Sir Hermann Weber, an eminent English physician, was descended from exceptionally short-lived ancestors for four generations. Making a study of longevity, he decided to try for a long life. His celebrated book on 'Longevity' was published in his 95th year (1923). The principles he lays down are fully digested in the chapter on Longevity in 'The Lazy Colon.'

An authoritative discussion in simple language of newer methods in the treatment of Intestinal Stasis (constipation and allied disorders).

Not a Health Book in the usual sense nor given to fads and theories, but derived from the investigations and discoveries of 300 Physicians and Scientists of international reputation, since the X-Rays were first used in studying the 28 feet of human intestine in 1907. *This tract, says Foges of Vienna, is the most prolific source of dangerous disease.* Including particularly heart disease and cancer; also kidney, liver and stomach disorders. Simple, authoritative, extremely interesting.

Many re-orders. A reader in ordering six additional books, says: 'I intend to give the six additional copies to friends. The book is so sensible and full of helpful information clearly presented that I think it will be prized in any home.'

Judge E. H. Gary, head of U. S. Steel: 'It is a fine piece of work and I congratulate you.'

Prof. John Dewey, Columbia University, N. Y.: 'I read the book with much interest, parts of it several times. You have rendered us all a service by making this material available.'

Martin W. Barr, M.D., noted physician and author: 'Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book.'

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: 'The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work, which will no doubt have a large sale.'

Hon. Wm. R. Green, Chairman Ways and Means Committee, Congress, says: '"How to Add 20 Years to Your Life" would be a good title for this book.'

Lloyd H. Wright, San Gabriel, Cal.: 'Send by return mail one copy of "The Lazy Colon" recommended to me by my physician, Dr. Olsen, of Los Angeles.'

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The True Story of Mary's Little Lamb

(*Continued from page 13*)

chusetts, expresses surprise that there is any question over John Roulstone's authorship of the poem; it has always been accepted in the Capen family, she says, that the verses originated as has been told here.

It remains to say that there is one element lacking to make the evidence unanimous and it is the claim of authorship for Sarah Josepha Hale, a distinguished writer of the period and the author of numerous poems for children. Mrs. Hale had a career of great usefulness and is credited, among other works, with being the force that made Thanksgiving a national holiday, and the organizer of the Seaman's Aid Society, as well as a strong force behind the Bunker Hill Monument fund. She was the author of a score of books and at one time editor of the famous *Godey's Lady's Book*. All these mark her a woman of extraordinary force and ability. In this instance the question is not: Could Mrs. Hale have written the lamb poem? The question is: Did she write it?

Naturally, the descendants of Mrs. Hale are putting the available testimony forward, as follows: First, the fact that in 1830 there was printed at Boston a book entitled:

POEMS
For Our Children
Designed for
Families, Sabbath Schools, and Infant Schools
Written to inculcate moral truths and virtuous sentiments
By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale

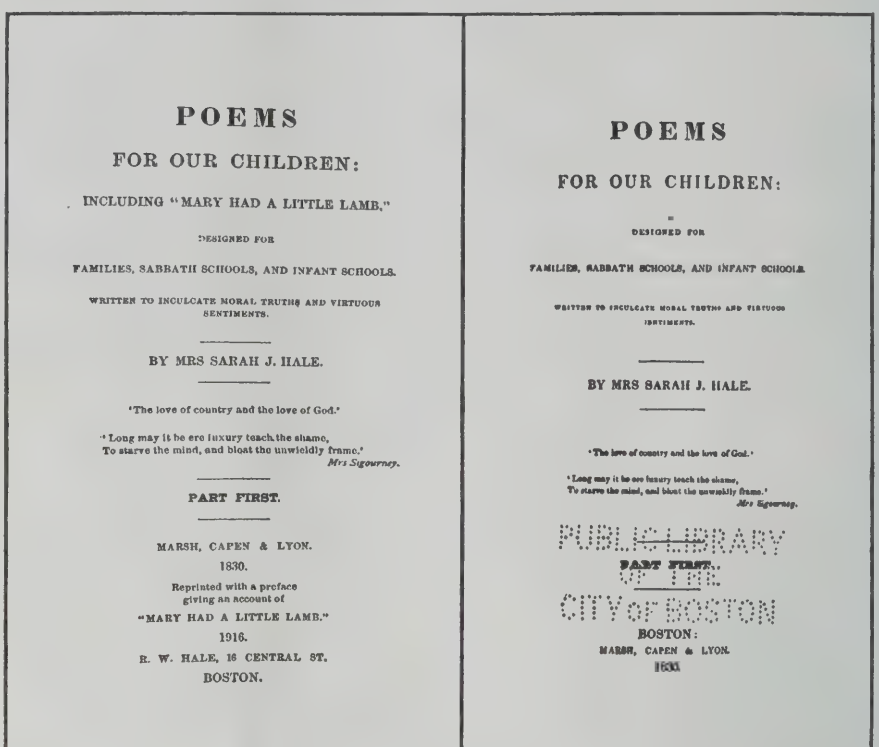
'The Love of Country and the Love of God.'

'Long may it be ere Luxury teach the shame,
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldly frame.'
Mrs. Sigourney.

Part First

Boston:
Marsh, Capen & Lyon
1830

And this book contains a poem, 'Mary's Lamb,' which comprises three stanzas of eight lines each. The last twelve lines contain all the moral reflections; the first twelve, as every reader knows, are pure incident. It is the first twelve lines that are most spontaneously quoted when the poem is recalled—for they make a simple picture. The following lines are a little more involved as most moralizing is.



POEMS

FOR OUR CHILDREN:

INCLUDING "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

DESIGNED FOR

FAMILIES, SABBATH SCHOOLS, AND INFANT SCHOOLS.

WRITTEN TO INCULCATE MORAL TRUTHS AND VIRTUOUS SENTIMENTS.

BY MRS SARAH J. HALE.

'The love of country and the love of God.'

'Long may it be ere luxury teach the shame,
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldly frame.'
Mrs Sigourney.

PART FIRST.

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
1830.

Reprinted with a preface
giving an account of
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."
1916.

R. W. HALE, 16 CENTRAL ST.
BOSTON.

POEMS

FOR OUR CHILDREN:

DESIGNED FOR

FAMILIES, SABBATH SCHOOLS, AND INFANT SCHOOLS.

WRITTEN TO INCULCATE MORAL TRUTHS AND VIRTUOUS SENTIMENTS.

BY MRS SARAH J. HALE.

'The love of country and the love of God.'

'Long may it be ere luxury teach the shame,
To starve the mind, and bloat the unwieldly frame.'
Mrs Sigourney.

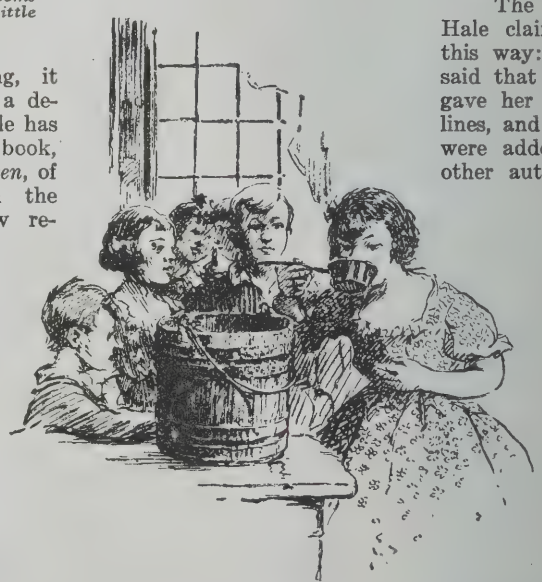
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

BOSTON:
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON.
1830.

Title-page of original and reprinted copies of 'Poems for Our Children,' in which 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' first appeared.

Before proceeding, it should be said that a descendant of Mrs. Hale has republished the little book, *Poems for Our Children*, of which he says on the wrapper it is 'Now reprinted without change in size, type, binding, or cover, with the addition of a brief preface telling its history, 1916.'

It should be noted, however, merely in the interest of fact, that the reprinted title-page does carry a change by bearing the line 'INCLUDING "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."'



Had this line appeared in the 1830 edition, it would have been most significant: it would have indicated either that the little poem had a vogue at that period which made it desirable to give it special advertisement, or that the authorship had been disputed and was here strongly challenged by special mention of it among Mrs. Hale's productions. But this, of course, is mere speculation; the poem never was specially mentioned by Mrs. Hale. She apparentl did not regard it as of unusual importanc as indeed in her scale of work it was no When she published another book in 183 she referred to the volume of 1830 and eve mentioned some of its poems, but n 'Mary's Lamb.' Sh writes in her preface t the children in 1834:

'Some time ago I wrot a little book, naming i *Poems for Our Children* A number of these poem have been set to musi by Mr. Mason; and you have never seen th book, you have probabl heard or sung

'If ever I see
On bush or tree'

or,

'Our father in Heave
We hallow thy name

I was told that thes songs were very popula with the young, and thi encouraged me to writ this book for your grat ification. I have include in this book all th favorites from the othe and added others whic I hope will become favor ites.

'Mary's Lamb' wa one of the pieces re printed in this later vol ume.

The case with th Hale claim, then, stand this way: Mary Sawye said that John Roulston gave her the first twelv lines, and that other line were added later by an other author, Mrs. Hale The Hale de scendant claim tha Mrs. Hal wrote the en tire poem, tha its presence i her boo proves it, anc that to doub it is to cas aspersion or Mrs. Hale's truthfulness.

It is not believed by the present writer that the question of truthfulness enters at all. Certainly Mary Sawyer was a truthful woman, and certainly Mrs. Hale was.

Mary Sawyer says that her lamb followed her to school, was put out of school, and that John Roulstone, hearing of it, composed a little poem about it—all he knew about it, in fact, and all that Mary said happened. Mary does not tell about the teacher moralizing upon the love which

hildren should bear to animals. Probbly that was the furthest thing from he teacher's mind when she saw the chool thrown into disorder by the udden apparition of the lamb.

Therefore, the moral portion does ot appear in Mary Sawyer's version f the poem.

If there is no doubt that the inident occurred, there is no doubt iat the poem describes it just as it ccurred. It did not describe the eacher's colloquy with the class, ecause it did not occur.

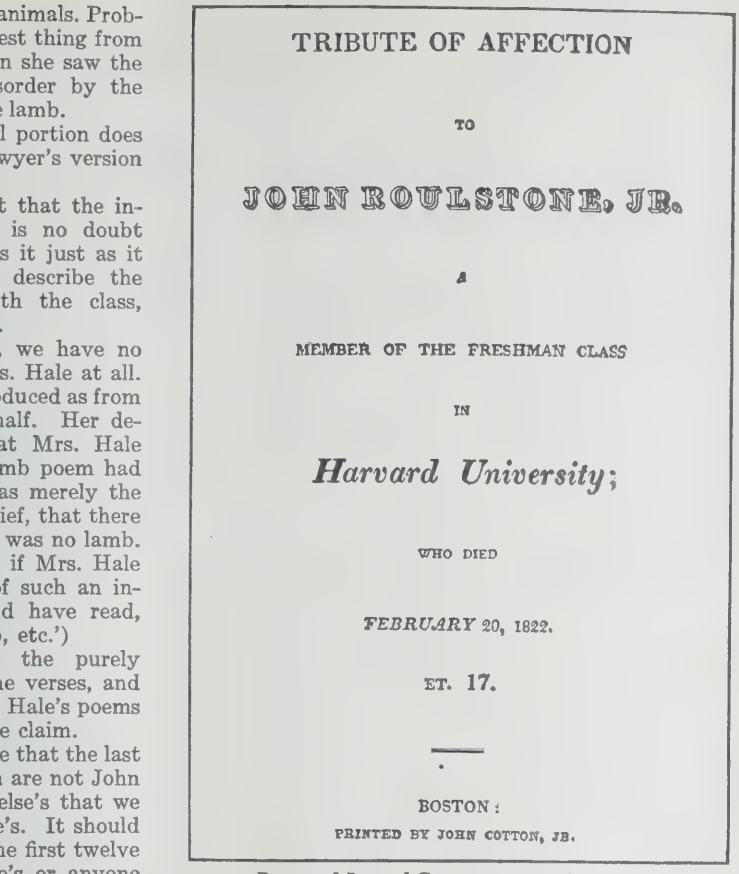
On the other hand, we have no irect account from Mrs. Hale at all. o letters have been produced as from er hand or in her behalf. Her dendants maintain that Mrs. Hale ways said that the lamb poem had o basis in fact and was merely the ncy of her mind; in brief, that there as no Mary and there was no lamb. Someone has said that if Mrs. Hale ad been the heroine of such an indent, the poem would have read, arah had a little lamb, etc.')

This statement of the purely naginative origin of the verses, and ie 1830 edition of Mrs. Hale's poems e the bases of the Hale claim.

It is conceded at once that the last velve lines of the poem are not John oulstone's or anyone else's that we now, except Mrs. Hale's. It should e conceded also that the first twelve ies are not Mrs. Hale's or anyone se's that we know, except John oulstone's. In the face of the two ntentions, certainly the weight of every nd of testimony is on the side of the erling origin of the first twelve lines.

Consider the course such verses would ke. They were first made as something of 'josh,' as we should say today. Mary had nuggled her lamb into school and had been und out; the joke was on Mary. The ies got themselves recited around the eighborhood to her intense annoyance. o wonder she was not inclined to talk out them, until the Old South Fair owed her an opportunity of doing some od with her story. She was of that type, e 'doing good' nd, who would be illing to suffer a tle personal innvenience for the ake of service. om farm to farm, om party to party, e poem would run people repeated l sorts of verse in ose days much ore frequently an we do now—ntil it became a mmon byword. o one knew where i came from, no ne cared. Not eryone knew who ary was—there ere plenty of larys in New England. We recite day,

winkle, twinkle,
little star,
ow I wonder what
you are.


TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

TO

JOHN ROULSTONE, JR.

A

MEMBER OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

IN

Harvard University;

WHO DIED

FEBRUARY 20, 1822,

ET. 17.

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY JOHN COTTON, JR.

Reverend Lemuel Capen wrote a sixteen-page tribute to John Roulstone.

But who wrote it? Do you know? Did the person who wrote it originate it? Did the person who first wrote Mother Goose rhymes originate them, or simply gather up couplets and rhymed sayings which had been polished smooth by long usage in the common speech? There may have been a little Jack Horner, but who originated the lines about him?—were they just written out of someone's imagination? Probably not—Jack had somewhere set someone a-rhyming on his name.

Now, the point of this is that the Sawyers lived near the north line of Massachusetts and the Hales (or the Buells, for that was Mrs. Hale's maiden name) lived near the south line of New Hampshire, and that for all purposes they were in the same general community, and both within the range of any cross-country saying that might arise. For, as the popular song circulates among us today, so did smart sayings, good stories and new verses circulate throughout adjacent counties. 'Mary had a little lamb' is one of those sayings which easily fit into the memory and easily flit from the tongue. There is no earthly reason for Miss Buell failing to hear of it, even to recite or sing it herself. Sarah Buell was sixteen years older than Mary Sawyer, and was married the year that John Roulstone died.

Is it illogical, in view of the supporting testimony of the Sterling claim, to say that Sarah Buell, now Sarah Hale, a widow, starting out to make her way in life by means of her pen, should recall the countryside saying about Mary and a lamb, and use it as the basis for a little moral preachment on kindness to animals? It is not illogical—and it neither accuses Mrs. Hale of plagiarism nor Mary Sawyer of untruthfulness. To all intents and purposes the poem which Mrs. Hale had in mind—*the poem about kindness to animals*—was hers. But it is not the same poem that Mary claimed—the poem that is exclusively about one lamb.

Mary was right when she said there was a lamb and a Mary.

Mrs. Hale was right when she said that, with her, it was only imagination, for that is the only way she could have had it even when hearing the simple verses come cross-country from Middlesex County in Massachusetts to Sullivan County in New Hampshire. It is the only way every reader since has had it. But imagination must have a foundation in reality and Sterling furnished the reality.

An interesting inquiry might be pursued along the line of the literary higher criticism to ascertain whether the acute and expert sense of style can detect a 'seam' between the first twelve lines and the rest of the poem. How naturally the first lines flow. Each of them is, in a way, complete in itself.

Mary had a lamb.
Its fleece was white.
It followed her to school.
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play.
And so the teacher turned him out.
But still he lingered near.

The whole story is told in very brief and complete sentences. Notice also, how very naturally the lamb behaves.

Pupils of the reconstructed little schoolhouse, and the present-day lamb. Mr. Henry Ford is seen at right.

It does just as a lamb should do. How naturally the teacher behaves too! And how naturally the children behave. There is not an artificial note in all of it. These are twelve lines of the very essence of natural simplicity. But with the thirteenth line there comes a subtle change. The very first thing to change is the style of making a line equal an idea. The twelfth line leaves the lamb outside waiting for Mary to appear. The thirteenth line—

And then he ran to her, and laid—

Nothing so sophisticated as that construction in all that goes before. It is not uncommon in Mrs. Hale's poetry, but it is absolutely absent from the Sterling version of the poem.

And more than the style changes with the thirteenth line—the naturalness changes also and a more sophisticated 'imagination' appears. The lamb is almost made to talk—

As if he said—'I'm not afraid,
You'll keep me from all harm.'

This may be necessary to a moral, but not to the report of an incident.

And then the 'eager children' inquiring of the teacher, 'What makes the lamb love Mary so?' is entirely out of tune with the unadorned and self-certifying naturalness of the teacher's act in turning the lamb outdoors.

Then comes more of the sophistication of style which is entirely absent from the first twelve lines:

And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind—

That is not the way John Roulstone would write. That is not what he did write, for that is what did not occur. This is the imaginative work of Mrs. Hale. It would be interesting to compare all her poetry with the simplicity of the first twelve lines of the original 'Mary's Lamb.' Such childlike simplicity is inimitable and is not likely to be found anywhere in an adult's work.

THERE is surely significance in the fact that the public in general usually gets no farther than the first twelve lines, there being an instinctive feeling that after that point the poem passes from the objective to the subjective, from the natural to the artificial, from lyric simplicity to homiletic sophistication.

And there is another point—a minor one, to be sure—but worthy to be noticed: the sex of the lamb. Mary's lamb is 'it,' as undoubtedly a lamb would be to boys and girls of the age of John Roulstone and Mary Sawyer. In her later years, Mary told that the lamb was a ewe. But to a boy of twelve and a girl of eleven, the lamb was 'it.' But in Mrs. Hale's version the lamb goes through all the verses as a male: 'he, him, his.' In the second line of Mrs. Hale's version—'Its fleece was white as snow' is the only note of neuter gender; all the other notes are masculine. In Mary Sawyer's poem this inconsistency does not appear.

Mary Sawyer was married in 1835 to Columbus Tyler. For thirty-five years she was a matron in McLean Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts. Her home in that place was and still is well known.

War Feeds the Money Trust

(*Continued from page 7*)

But the United States did find it *possible*—and this is the essence, the whole point—to minimize, to reduce the cost of money to debtors. It *has* been done: it *can* be done again.

It is not necessary to dwell even for a moment on the beneficial results which rest in the possibility of reducing the terrifying accretions applying to the initial cost of money, or preventing the continued growth of this enormous money trade. It has the power to enslave the race. Rightfully used, however, it can become the lever that will raise worlds, that will lift man to undreamed heights of progress and civilization.

IT IS hoped that rationalism will be introduced into the subject of modern financing—on the borrower's, the debtor's side. There is plenty of rationalism in an inverse ratio on the side already of usury, of the money organization: it is an *ancient science.* No modern science has been developed so highly, with such exactitude, or is so unerring in its conclusions, or has such complete knowledge of its own power. Borrowing heretofore has been subject to the lender's science, to rules devised by him.

It is possible that some fundamental principle, some hitherto not discerned element can be found, something vitalized with a force of its own, with which to shape a fiscal tool or vehicle to carry men to higher peaks of civilization than have ever been reached: something which will permit man's mind to step out of the age-old vicious circle of financial method—which only kills eventually all who enter it—and begin a new ascent, to make a spiral stair of the circle, as it were, to found a new and advanced fiscal science upon the ruins of the old, as the advanced and tremendously valuable science of chemistry rose from the fallacious 'black art' of alchemy, and as the science of astronomy with its magnificent sweep, its search into infinitude, issued from the magical rites of astrology. *And it is, moreover, possible that such a vital principle when found and applied will be of American origin.*

Pen-and-ink impression by
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

There are things which indicate that the existing fiscal theories formulated and practised by the masters of money are a superficial gloss over an unsound base; and one proof of this is the fact that it deals only in the superficial, the impermanent, and never in substance and reality. It deals with money not as a medium of exchange as a measure of value, as a standard of value—a means only, a useful tool at the right hand of man—but as a *commodity* and secondly as a *self-reproducing* commodity, that is to say on the philosophy, for example, that $1.00 becomes more than itself in one year becomes say $1.07 of its own volition.

This is an attribute denied by Nature to anything else in the world—reproduction always must come from *union* in some form or other with something else. *Money plus labor* therefore *is* productive, this union creates something more than either the original money or the original labor. But one dollar of money allowed to rest in a bag in a vault, say, for ten years, will be exactly one dollar when taken out at the end of that time. But fiscal science asserts that if that one dollar is *borrowed* by somebody, and even though it is immediately dropped into a sewer and left there, it will amount in ten years' time to $1.75.

NOW this is a purely imagined power in money: it does not possess any such capacity unaided. A young seedling, however costing one dollar and planted now, may in ten years' time, become a remarkably productive fruit tree; or a rough block of wood or pile of lumber, when united to the handiwork, the labor, of someone, and it does increase in value over its initial worth—and besides that adds to the property and wealth of the community; the land upon which it is built also gains a new value by being united to a real improvement; and the land immediately adjacent thereto gains a certain increase likewise by being united to the spot where the house has risen, where something really new has been created. Something real has been added to the world, a service and useful function have been performed, and therefore things of that sort do gain in value. But the one dollar dropped in the sewer, even though a *borrowed* dollar, remains exactly one dollar, no more or less.

Money is not self-reproductive; money of itself is not worth more at the end of a year than it is at the beginning. It is, like anything else, worth only its face value at *any* time.

Nevertheless, by the operations of fiscal science it readily sells for prices ranging between double its face value to five and ten times that value. People—and governments—who buy it at such figures are on a ruinous road.

They are playing the other fellow's game—and *therefore* must *always* lose.

This is the third of a series presenting some of the hidden features of modern finance underlying public bond issues; and suggesting possible means of offsetting the high price of money. The next article will appear in an early issue.

Reading in Lent

(*Continued from page 8*)

Atkins' *Modern Religious Cults and Movements* (Revell, $2.50). One no longer says of this or that teaching, it is false; one rather sees that blind Samsons, groping about, have found one pillar of the temple, and have sought to build on that one pillar a temple of their own.

Of course, in discussing Lenten reading, one might do better by knowing where the reader is in his knowledge, interest and experience, and what he particularly seeks—an account of the universe, its purpose and its destiny; a strength for the duty of today; or a consolation under some tragic experience.

I have first in mind the intellectual reader who in his pride wishes a respectable entrance to this great field. He may begin with the fact that the thing is here and what it seems to say and mean by its being here. Suppose he begins with William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. William James is highly respectable in the intellectual world, being Harvard's great philosopher. Another respectable thinker is William Ernest Hocking, another Harvard philosopher, though his work, *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*, is published by the Yale University Press. *The Meaning of Personal Life* by Newman Smyth (Scribner's); *What May I Hope* by George Trumbull Ladd (Longman's); *Ultimate Conceptions of Faith* by sound old George A. Gordon (Houghton Mifflin Co.) and *The Right to Believe* by Eleanor Harris Rowland, instructor in philosophy and psychology at Mount Holyoke (Houghton Mifflin Co.) are all meat for mature minds. A recent book is *Reality*, a new correlation of science and religion, by Dr. Streeter, of Queen's College, Oxford.

Those who would make up the great deficiency of the Protestant church in its teaching office have a rich field in which to browse. If they seek acquaintance with the ways of criticism regarding the Bible, there is Professor A. T. Robertson's *Luke the Historian in the Light of Research* (Scribner's) or Dr. Sanday's *The Fourth Gospel*. Dr. Moffat's *The Approach to the New Testament* and Dr. Milligan's *Here and There Among the Papyri* (both Doran) illustrate the immense compulsion which religious thought puts upon the highest type of mind.

Suppose it to be the matter of Prayer that engages our reader. Great wealth awaits him in this department. Begin at the boldest outpost of critical examination such as *The Power of Prayer*, a symposium of scholars (Macmillan), and proceed to the warmest classics of inner experience, like that of *Preacher and Prayer* by E. M. Bounds, the obscure Georgia country preacher, or the conversations of *Brother Lawrence*, a barefooted lay brother of the Carmelites at Paris in 1666, taking in by the way Mahoney's *The Philosophy of Prayer*, and Herman's *Creative Prayer*, and Slattery's *Why Men Pray*, and Fosdick's *The Meaning of Prayer*, and you will find a wide range worth exploring. It is significant of our times that the only new contribution made to our knowledge of Prayer in this generation comes from a layman, Glenn Clark, professor of English, Macalester College, whose *Soul's Sincere Desire* has found a large public, while another little book, *Effectual Prayer*, by Russell H. Conwell (Harpers) of *Acres of Diamonds* fame, gives a record of forty years of prayer in Philadelphia. I have wondered why I do not hear more about this little book.

As regards Jesus, the best documents are the Memoirs which we call the Gospels. But if one lacks initiative to think until he has heard what 'modern thought' has to say, there are the *Jesus of Nazareth* by Rabbi Klausner (Macmillan); *The Historicity of Jesus* by Case (The University of Chicago Press); *What Jesus Christ Thought of Himself* by Stokes (Macmillan), and *Belief in Christ* by Canon Gore (Scribner's).

I do not deceive myself that anyone will read all these books during Lent, or even a considerable part of them. They are suggested as possible entrances to those who have not kept track of the immense and rapidly increasing volume of literature on the various subject of religion.

What Do You Pay?

(*Continued from page 4*)

but thirty-two dollars a month for food, five dollars a week for the family table, and the rest for the boy's certified milk. Mrs. Lynn has an allowance of fifteen dollars a week, and out of that pays all house bills and buys what clothes she and the boy have. There are three adults and one child, but the men say that Mr. Lynn always eats his lunch at the best place in town, where his one meal will cost more than the rest of the family spend in a day. So instead of giving Mrs. Lynn due credit for being a wonderful manager I feel like giving her a low intelligence rating. Living in a $15,000 home on $15 a week is the prize inconsistency.

There were whipped-cream families and skimmed-milk families, in that $32 to $135 a month range. There were well-stocked, bought-in-quantity pantries, and hand-to-mouth, day-by-day buying. But the surprising part was that there were so many low food bills.

Several families who had bought Sheraton dining room furniture had reduced their dinner menus to meet its slender lines. Others had bought Royal Bavarian service plates, but had little to put on them. There were men who were dieting to buy diamonds, and whole families who were living on red beans and rice in order to buy Chinese rugs.

Of course much depends on what food means to you. If it is merely sustenance, spend as little as possible and you are all right. But there is a happy medium between the people who are merely animated stomachs and those who live on roots and herbs. Breakfasts are necessarily hurried, and lunch can rarely be a united family meal, but dinners can be one of the real pleasures of the day. That is the time when the whole family can be together, when we can laugh and talk and be our nicest selves. And while some people can be clever and amusing on vegetable soup, it sometimes takes chicken and a fancy salad to make us so.

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From Keels to Wheels

(Continued from page 2)

were reconditioned for use as towboats; and seven seagoing tugs were purchased from the Shipping Board at a cost of $42,500 apiece. All of the ships had to be gone over carefully and made seaworthy, boilers and winches put into shape, steering apparatus tested and repaired, so the trip could be made in safety. Shipyards at Norfolk, Chester, Pennsylvania, and Kearny, New Jersey—located near Ford branch factories—were engaged to dismantle the fifty submarine-type vessels.

Winter puts an end to navigation on the Great Lakes for four months each year. It was considered advisable to hold most of the ships on the Atlantic seaboard until the spring of 1926. One vessel, however, the *Lake Fondulac*, was taken to Fordson for experimental purposes. It reached the plant on December 17, 1925.

TOWING units of a tug and two lakers were decided upon, and a trip time of thirty-five to thirty-eight days set. The towboats were equipped with wireless so they could keep in daily touch with the home office, where their movements were recorded on a large map, as well as receive storm warnings and communicate with other ships and land stations. Each laker had to be assigned a crew of nine men and provisioned for the trip, and each had to be taken to one of the three shipyards and there loaded with submarine scrap. It was found that the remnants of one submarine-type boat would fill approximately two and a quarter lakers. In spite of the difficulties encountered on the route only one ship met disaster during the navigating season of 1926. This, the *Lake Grogan*, was driven ashore at the eastern end of Lake Erie during a heavy storm.

The operation at Fordson is basically simple. The incoming ship is not taken immediately to the wrecking line; instead, it is tied first to a nearby wharf, where it is stripped of wood and other light materials. As the wood is taken from the boat it is placed on conveyors, sorted, the nails pulled, and then carried to the woodworking shop where it is cut into specified sizes for crate units. Nothing is wasted, not even sawdust or scrap pieces. Standard hardware is removed from the ships and stored.

Once in the dismantling line the ship soon begins to lose its distinctive appearance. Masts are unstepped and loaded onto waiting cars. Smokestacks are loosened and removed. The bridge is cut away; deck cabins are hoisted over the side and towed away for use elsewhere, some as yard offices at different parts of the plant. The scrap of the boats dismantled at the seaboard is unloaded and carted either to the furnaces or to the piling grounds according to the day's needs.

While this is going on the deck is chalked off into sections, each section being a multiple of the charging box capacity, and the torches are put to work. As the sections are cut free the cranes hoist them to waiting cars. Lead pipe and copper tubing are removed, lifeboats, life preservers, rope, chains, ventilators, lavatory fittings, bolts, screws, locks, steam winches, doors, hatch covers, cables, anchors, engine room controls.

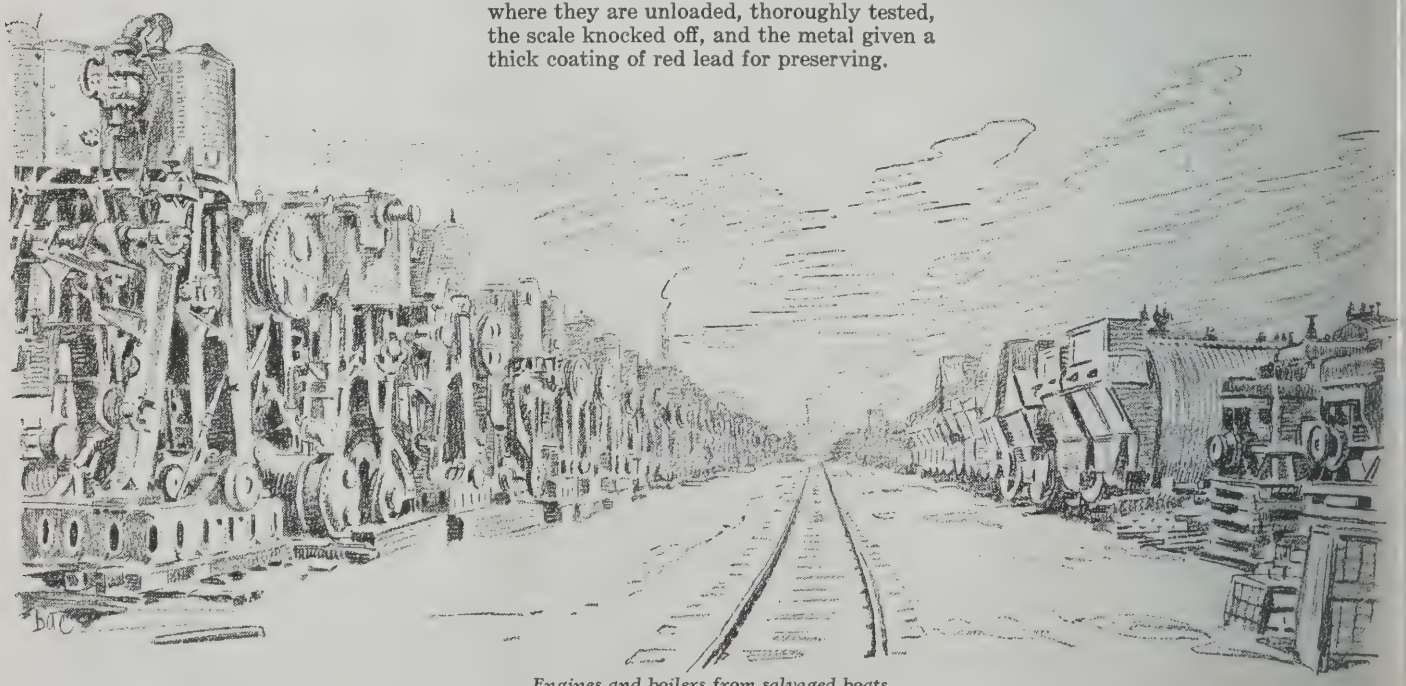
AS THE upper part of the vessel yawns open under the play of the torch and the crane the boilers and engine are exposed. The lakers are fitted with three-cylinder reciprocating engines of 1,000 to 1,400 horsepower; the submarine-type with steam turbines. With the decks removed, the boilers and engines are loosened from their foundations and cables attached. The boilers are hoisted first. Each weighs about forty tons. They are swung onto specially constructed cars, cradled so they will not slip. Then comes the engine. It weighs from seventy to eighty tons, yet it is hoisted as a complete unit. A locomotive tows the boilers and engine to the storing grounds where they are unloaded, thoroughly tested, the scale knocked off, and the metal given a thick coating of red lead for preserving.

With the deck removed and the pow plant out, attention is turned to the sic plates of the ship. These too are chalked sections and the torch used to cut then Clouds of rust fly as they are lifted free.

THE rudder is unfastened and hoisted entirety. The ship nears the end of the li a mere pan, barely above the surface of th water. The propeller shaft is exposed an removed in sections. The spare propelle are preserved for possible future us Stripped almost nude, the pan is ready fo the final curtain. A crane tows it into th drydock. It is lifted to the surface and hole punched in the bottom to drain wha ever water may be there. Then the pan, to is chalked into sections, the flame separate them—and the ship passes into its ne existence.

The work of tearing up the submarine type boats went on at the eastern shi yards throughout the winter. While it wa in progress extensive preparations wer under way at Fordson for handling the flee as soon as the ice should clear. It was de cided to have a unit of ten ships in the di mantling operation. With this in view special dock was constructed. Travelin cranes of various sizes were bought, one mammoth 200-ton wrecking crane capabl of lifting an entire power plant from vessel's hold. A special floating drydoc was built for the final phase of the operatio Miles of track were laid from the dock t the piling grounds where the material wa to be stored. Arrangements were made fo handling the scrap in the blast furnaces Even a small woodworking shop was in stalled at a wharf near the dismantling dock

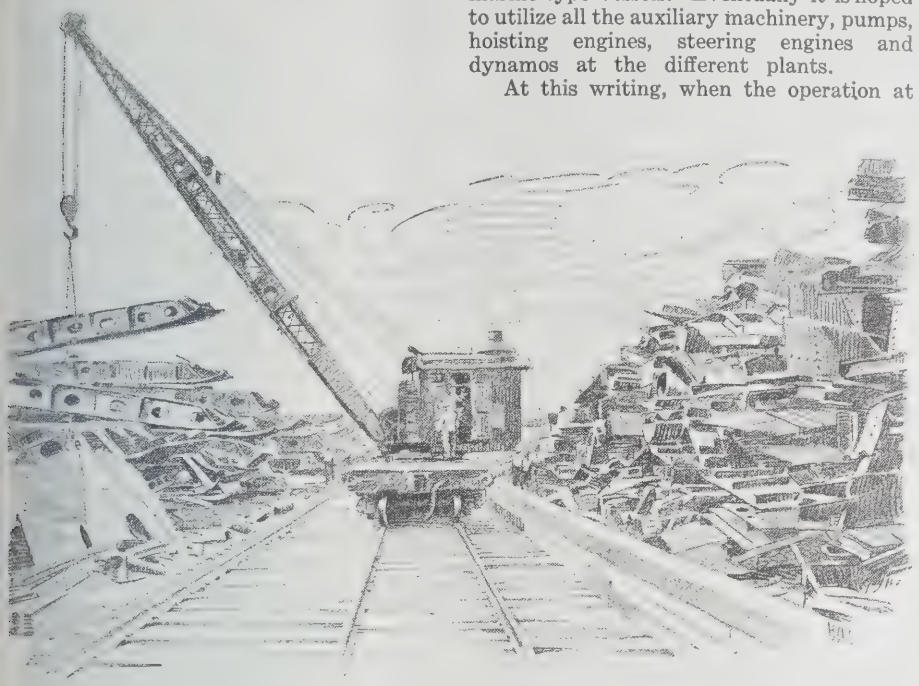
Different scrapping methods were use experimentally on the *Lake Fondulac* t determine the most efficient. At first th deck plates were literally torn off, hydrauli jacks forcing the rivets from below whil cranes tugged at them from above. Th plates came off readily enough but the



Engines and boilers from salvaged boats.

vere too jagged for efficient handling, and he method was later abandoned. Another arly experiment was the use of large roller hears for slitting the sides of the boat, ut these also were abandoned. Finally the xygen-gas torch was adopted for most of he cutting work.

With the opening of navigation in the



Piling the scrap at Fordson.

able quantities, and each ship yields about fifteen tons of non-ferrous metal.

Eleven boilers have been reconditioned and installed at varous points. One engine, equipped with a thousand-kilowatt generator, is in active operation at the Fordson locomotive shop; experiments are being conducted with the turbines from the submarine-type vessels. Eventually it is hoped to utilize all the auxiliary machinery, pumps, hoisting engines, steering engines and dynamos at the different plants.

At this writing, when the operation at Fordson has virtually ceased because of the winter closing of navigation, the total actual scrappage is 115 ships. Seventeen more, however, are in the process of dismantling, making the equivalent of an additional six completely scrapped ships, or a grand total of 121. Of the submarine-type boats, thirty-four are completely scrapped and sixteen are being torn down. Eighty-seven lakers have been received at Fordson, eighty-one completely scrapped, and six converted into barges. One laker was scrapped on the Atlantic seaboard. It will probably be the latter part of the summer before all the ships are dismantled.

It is impossible to say whether the project will yield a profit. The chances are that the company will break about even through the utilization of every possible article. But the project cannot be measured in terms of money, for it was conceived, and has been carried out, in terms of service and experiment—service to a Government that was hung up with useless ships on its hands, and experiment in tackling a new and massive task. Part of the profit will appear in increased engineering experience.

The 199 ships, swinging idly at their moorings, represented titanic waste, they marked the epitome of uselessness. Waste and idleness, whether of men or of labor or of materials, are fundamentally wrong, for they are the chief cause of low wages and low standards of living. In buying the ships the Ford Motor Company undertook to turn them back to usefulness. It ventured to restore them to their original purpose, to transportation. And in restoring them nothing is wasted—nothing save the dust, blown away by the wind. The spirit and fiber of the ships that rode the sea now ride the land in the form of motor cars.

oring a schedule for the ships had to be orked out. The operation at Fordson, nce started, had to be kept going connuously. This meant that a reserve upply of ships must always be on hand. rom Norfolk to Fordson is approximately ,500 miles. The route called for utmost kill in the handling of the ships, leading s it did through the fog and storm area of ie North Atlantic coast, the difficult t. Lawrence route with its twenty-six cks, Lake Ontario, the Welland Canal, id treacherous Lake Erie, noted for its idden squalls.

The reclamation work has by no means ided, however, with the passing of the ip; it has only entered a new phase. A e must be found—and found within the nits of the company—for every article taken om the 199 vessels, for every bit of metal id cork and wood and cloth. The steel ates comprise, of course, the most imortant item. These are melted in the huge harging boxes and then go into the making motor car and tractor parts. Thirty-even different parts are at present made, ostly shafts, axles and gears. Hydraulic ears, the largest ever built, have been ade for cutting the scrap into usable sizes.

A new process has been devised for re-vering the copper tubing, and drawing it size for use in the motor cars and tractors. he lead pipe is all reconditioned, cut to tandard size, and stored for future call. ork from the life preservers has been tilized in insulating some half-hundred y kilns at the Iron Mountain plant of the mpany in Northern Michigan. Re-gerating units have been installed at some the company's lumber camps, as have hting units, pumps and other equipment. sbestos has been recovered in consider-

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Kipling Has a Grouch

(Continued from page 3)

supper. Investigating the cause of the racket, I discovered that the farmers and townspeople were now assembling for their Saturday-night beer. From then until ten o'clock that night there were sounds of good cheer over the ale and cider in the public room.

Sometimes this part of England is called 'Silly Sussex.' During a tour of the 'pubs' after supper I learned the reason for this appellation. The farmers of Sussex do not nurse a can of beer for several hours in studied silence as is often the case in other parts of England. In Sussex they laugh and crack their jokes.

At the Bell Inn public room there was a goodly crowd of bearded old country folk having their bit of fun. For a half-hour I sat in a corner with a glass of good Sussex cider, listening to their jokes. But vainly I strove to understand. Their Sussex dialect was too broad and too strange for an outsider to grasp at first hearing.

FROM the Bell Inn I went to the Rose and Crown. There in the large low-ceilinged public room was a monstrous log fire blazing in a fireplace large enough to roast an ox. An exciting game of push penny was in progress with the barmaid challenging all comers. But again finding it impossible to understand the old farmers, I returned to the Bear, which by that time was doing a thriving business.

That night I slept in a feather bed and the only noise was the mournful squeak of the inn's sign, which swung on rusty hinges outside my window.

When I awoke the next morning the light of day showed me a scene which was well hid the night before. The straggling single street of Burwash with its clusters of cottages lies along a ridge. Below is a peaceful valley beyond which the higher wooded hills of the Weald rise. The sun was on the ridge and the hills, but in the valley was a sea of mist. From the cottage chimneys smoke was curling. A more peaceful scene is unimaginable.

The mellow old village of Burwash has a church, St. Barnabas, which is a perfect part of the scene. It stands across the road from the Bell Inn, commanding the valley below, its steep pointed spire a landmark for the countryside. It was in this steeple that the notorious old foundryman, Master John Collins, hid the guns that he had planned to sell to enemies of the king, as told in the story 'Hal o' the Draft.' Even now in the south aisle of the church is the long, sepulchral slab of iron which commemorates a local ironmistress, one of the famous Collins family.

THE old sexton showed me the brass of Anthony Cruttenden (1660), over which one steps, and pointed out the broken graves in the churchyard. Graves with broken backs were resting places of those who had died of consumption, according to the sexton. 'Them as have had a spice of consumption will have broken-backed graves sooner or later,' he declared.

At the services which I attended that morning the vicar preached a sermon on 'Stewardship' and incidentally alluded to the fact that Mr. Kipling had helped materially in the recent restoration of the roof of the ancient church.

BATEMAN'S, Kipling's home, is hidden in the valley down from the ridge on which Burwash rests. It is a huge well-weathered stone house that gives good evidence that it was built in the 'spacious days of good Queen Bess,' as it truly was. The old house, which appears to be as solid and enduring as a Norman castle, is said to have been erected by a forge master who made a fortune founding guns for the sturdy ships that fought the Spanish Armada and voyaged to the New World.

From a distance the most striking feature of the house is a great group of chimneys. There are six in a row at one place and divers tall chimney pots at either end. A narrow little entrance way flanked by heavy oak benches leads to the front door. Inside the beautiful old house there are enormous squared oak beams, like the timbers of a ship, rich dark oak paneling and dozens of windows with old leaded panes.

On the whole, the people of the countryside appear to be anything but acutely conscious of the presence of the distinguished author in their midst. He is a legendary figure of little importance to many of the old inhabitants. 'Mus Kipling? Yes, I've seen him walking with his dog,' is the noncommittal reply of many. Others first learned of his importance to the outer world when he was ill last winter and the town was suddenly crowded with newspaper reporters. Only from the 'Corporal' and a few other old codgers did we learn anything of a positive nature.

ONE morning before breakfast when the heavy frost was still on the ground I walked down the hill from Burwash to a little bridge over the brook below Bateman's. There I met the Corporal, who came by this title, I learned, because of his former service in His Majesty's Army.

The Corporal was resting a heavy bag on the parapet of the bridge. His beard was long and scraggly and white. His old coat was tied together with string. His boots were heavy and muddy, he wore big mittens and carried a heavy staff. But his face was as rosy as a prize apple and his eyes twinkled merrily under bushy white eyebrows.

After a few remarks had been exchanged regarding the fine weather, conversation turned naturally to the subject of farming. And although the Corporal's accent made him difficult to understand, I soon gathered that the ancient industry of agriculture, here, as elsewhere, was in a bad way. Pointing to a nearby field of hops, he told me that in better times much more of the land had been used to raise this aromatic vine for making beer and ale.

'The farms here have all gone to pot since these farmers' alliances and unions,' the stanch old Corporal declared. 'The land ain't half farmed any more.'

He pointed out certain well-kept fields and meadows across the bridge and said they belonged to 'Mus' Kipling. I saw several new farm buildings and, some distance beyond, the huge roof of Bateman's with its reeking chimneys. In one of the meadows were sheep bearing a large red K on their flanks.

Apparently the Corporal had no respect for Mr. Kipling as an agriculturist, for he immediately began to pick flaws in the author's farm, buildings and methods. The new buildings near the bridge first fell under his displeasure. 'He has put up a lot of new buildings,' the old rover declared. 'I don't understand why he needs such —— big houses! The old ones were good enough.'

'Isn't Mr. Kipling a good farmer?' I asked after he had informed me that the sage of Sussex owned about two hundred acres in this vicinity.

This innocent question released a flood of scorn. For fifteen minutes the Corporal enumerated the shortcomings of Mr. Kipling, closing his tirade with the statement that he was a 'rotten farmer' and that he would like to have a chance to talk to him alone for an hour, to tell him all he did not know about farming.

CONTINUING on this subject, the Corporal said that Mr. Kipling was a difficult person with whom to do. He proved this by pointing out that the writer could not keep help, his foreman having been the last to leave the farm summarily. The fact that the 'fancy' farmer had a foreman, a steward, a secretary and many retainers excited his ire.

When I queried whether he had read any of Mr. Kipling's books, I was shocked to hear him answer that he had, but considered them 'rot.' He insisted that he was a judge of literature, when I remonstrated, on the ground that he had once been an actor and had played the rôles of David Copperfield and Oliver Twist. 'Those be good parts,' he declared, dismissing Kipling and all other modern *litterateurs* in scorn.

Regarding Kipling's Sussex fairies the Corporal seemed to have some doubt. There might be and there might not be fairies, was his opinion, but he added that he had seen many queer things in this country.

'Well, got to be going,' the old man concluded as he shouldered his heavy bag. 'These be chips for my fire,' he explained. 'Chop the chips short and hang the pot low, I say,' was his parting shot as he started up the hill toward the village, leaving me to ponder on his strange attitude toward a great man.

FOR three days I tramped about the countryside gossiping with the workers in the hedges along the quiet lanes. From them I learned that the author enjoys little fame among the peasants of the countryside for his writings and they are not quite ready to accept his newfangled farming endeavors. In fact these hoary gray-bearded old fellows look at Kipling as somewhat of an upstart and newcomer in the vicinity. It seems that it takes more than twenty years, in fact a few generations, for a name or a reputation to take root in Sussex.

According to the local people Mr. Kipling is not often seen. This has been true particularly since his illness last year. I caught but a single glimpse of the some-

what stooped, but seemingly vigorous poet, as he walked swiftly along a road with his faithful dog.

There in the Sussex country which he now appears to love so dearly that any threat of intrusion on his solitude unnerves him, it indeed seems a long way to India, scene of Kipling's unregenerate younger days when he sang so sanguinely about swanking, swashbuckling soldiers and put Mandalay on the map. There it is easy to understand how sleepy Sussex has superseded the spell of the tropics, and how fairy tales and philosophical verse have succeeded the bellicose chants of his youth. In fact 'Gunga Din' and *Puck the Fairy* seem farther apart at Burwash than they do in any collection of Kipling's works.

From the evidence collected from the people of the country where he is now spending the autumn of his life, the great exponent of British nationalism and imperialism is anxious to get his feet firmly planted in the mud of Sussex and little more. He seems to want to shrink into the quiet scene and become identified with it. Has he not written—

> 'I've given my soul to the South-
> down grass,
> And sheep-bells tinkled where
> you pass.
> Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails
> at sea,
> I reckon you keep my soul for me.'

But why, now that he sets himself up as a farmer and country gentleman, does he not absorb some of the peace that surrounds him? Why does he snarl at a debt arrangement entered into by his cousin, Premier Stanley Baldwin? Why is he cross with the careless people from the city who come for a short day in the country he thinks so beautiful, rousing him to write:

> 'They string a clamorous Magic
> To fence their souls from thought.'

The answer seems to be that Mr. Kipling having found peace is determined to preserve it for himself alone. He wants not to see heedless city dwellers who cannot ponder long over *his* beauty, when he starts for his morning walk with his dog. Nor does he appreciate the penetration of contentious ideas into his quiet house, where there is no telephone. The world irks him. He would hold it at arms' length, and when it intrudes in person or principle, objectively or subjectively, his old bellicose spirit rears its ghostly head and the intruder gets scotched in biting verse.

Mr. Kipling, I conclude, has become an 'ochlophobist,' a person, according to the Oxford dictionary, 'who has an aversion to a crowd.'

The Comedy of Cross-Purposes

(*Continued from page 5*)

would have made wonderful copy out of an enthusiastic utterance on behalf of the Drama. It was an utterance which would have won the hearts of the public, and the brains of the conservative ones who think they are not the public, because of the man who expressed these sentiments.'

'I feel that the public is already won to the Drama,' said Mr. David. 'I think the developments of the past few years have convinced managers that there is one type of theme, one kind of play, one style of picture, which is sure of overwhelming success. More and more we are turning to that, though of course a few will struggle on in the old ruts.'

I asked by mute attention for further explication.

'THE mission of the Stage,' said Mr. David, 'is religious. We rejoice to recognize this after the success of *Ben Hur*, which was first a phenomenally successful novel, then a tremendously profitable play, and since has been presented with magnificent results in the pictures. You notice that great success can come to a picture or a play when there is nothing religious about it except the name, as in the case of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. The great magnates still turn to classics and popular novels for run-of-the-mine pieces, but their big efforts go out in such productions as *The Miracle*. In the very motion picture theaters an awe begins to gather around a man who has been deemed worthy to portray Jesus of Nazareth.

'My press agents, of whom you speak—all college men—have remarked that the theater began in religion. Yes, they have written articles for *The Christian Review* and *The Bible Monthly* setting forth how the Greek drama began with the worship of the gods, and the plays of the Middle Ages were first given in churches in connection with religious festivals. Well, I have been too busy organizing my circuits to go into that kind of study, but—I can see this: If the stage began its career as a church annex, its best policy is religion! So there are hundreds of men in New York, Chicago, London, and every other city, who are busy at this moment planning and writing religious plays.

'The Drama is returning to its place. There will always be a great many shows which are not religious, and some which are irreligious or even anti-religious. Some, of course, will be merely educational. But the great play is the religious play, and the Drama is at its best, not when it tries only to picture the evil in the world, but when it shows, as well as it can, that there is another world, and that there is a God, and that mere education and mere amusement don't count for much.'

MR. DAVID had walked along with me and turned the corner. I was back where I had met the Reverend Mr. Cotton.

'I can see that Religion, Education, and Drama are great forces in civilized life,' I remarked.

'They are,' said Mr. David, 'especially Religion.'

'And any man,' I went on, 'must give his whole life to his calling. Therefore a man must give his main thought to Religion, or Education, or the Drama, or to any other calling which may be his.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Mr. David. 'The other day I met with my noonday lunch club, and sat with Mr. Cotton and Mr. Mann, you know them. We all agreed that the best work is done in any state of society when each man sticks strictly to his own line of work, without interfering with and bungling the activity of others.'

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CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'I went to the cosmetics department of a big store,' said ***an Obedient Husband,*** 'because my wife asked me to get her some face powder. She gets two kinds, two shades, and mixes them with some mystic rites of her own. When I began to negotiate with the charming young lady at the counter, she seemed quite determined to sell a single package of an entirely different shade. When I held firmly to my instructions, she remarked, "Our men customers nearly all use this." And then I realized that she thought I wanted the face powder for my own beautification.

'It seems, from what I could learn that morning, that while men no longer have a monopoly in the consumption of tobacco smoke, men are acquiring powder puffs, rouge, lipsticks, and particularly face powder of the brunet shade. My grandmother says that at least one of the sexes should wear long hair, and the present situation makes me wonder which it will be.'

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'In Spain one is immediately and constantly impressed by the good nature of the Spanish people,' said ***the Globe Trotter.*** 'The politeness is more than formal, being friendly and cheerful. The Spanish sense of humor is quite similar to the American. No matter what peculiarity of language or dress the Spaniard observes in the foreigner, he has always the feeling that the amusement is mutual. An American woman is an object of interest to the *senorita* with her high comb and mantilla, but the *senorita* immediately appreciates that she likewise is an object of interest to the American.

'Distinct and clear enunciation is a virtue in the Spanish people. In directing a stranger the policeman speaks slowly and distinctly so that the slightest familiarity with the Spanish numerals enables one to get the directions.

'The ordinary rules of sanitary treatment of food are followed more closely in Spain than in the Latin-American countries. This is evidenced by the wider use of package goods, by the substitution of tongs for fingers, and by a more careful washing of dishes. One has a more comfortable frame of mind when dining.

'In numerous ways Spain is making the effort to learn of the advances being made in other countries and she is trying to adopt the best. Spain is coming along.'

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'Books need critics,' affirmed ***the Eminent Litterateur,*** as he launched forth on one of his favorite themes. 'The idea that a man cannot write, so he criticizes, is untrue. A true critic has creative power, but it takes a different form from that of the book writer. He must be a person with wide literary background, and he must be more just and more analytical than the average person.

'A book is an idea. Frequently, in the process of writing the book, the author loses track of the idea. It is the function of the critic to discover the idea, to find what the author wanted to do, whether he did it, and if he failed, why. He is the midwife of the book, but unfortunately he is rarely called in until after the child is born.

'Yet it is an unpardonable mistake for the critic to tell the author how he should do his work. It is futile in any case, for authors are notoriously obstinate; and their obstinacy is justifiable, for after all, it is their idea, and they alone can work it out. Most manuscripts could be improved by condensing. That condensation the critic may safely indicate.

'The reader, too, needs the critic, for, after all, readers are part of books, and most of us understand only about sixty per cent of what we read. It is the duty of the critic to raise that sixty per cent to eighty or eighty-five per cent. The cradle must be warmed for the book, and that is the province of the critic. For example, Conrad's recognition came rather late, and as a result of the right kind of critics. He had been writing for years, before a group of critics, his friends and admirers, explained painstakingly to the public his new study of the psychology of men on the sea, in woods, and in new environments. In other words, the critics pointed out to readers what to look for. And it is a natural consequence that when critics prepare readers for the author, it enables the author to do better work.

'Unless the real critic functions, the pseudo-critic, or ballyhoo man of the literary world, will fool the public. The critic should either puncture the bubble, or help it along. In short, the value of fair-minded and intelligent criticism is that it holds the exploiters in check.'

INDEXES *for VOLUME 26 of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, covering the period from October 24, 1925, to October 16, 1926, are available. The supply is limited. The price is ten cents a copy.*

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The Newspaper Correspondent who has seen much service abroad came into the office with a clipping about China. 'Here is a paragraph,' he said, 'which reveals a whole lot about the situation there, in a very few words. It says: "The Southern soldiers generally refrained from looting when they reached Hangchow except in the homes of foreigners. Such places were sacked."

'This anti-foreign sentiment is one of the important features of China's civil war; and it is the one thing on which all factions agree. Hatred for the foreigner in China is growing, and ten thousand marines in Shanghai, or even a hundred thousand, can't stem it. Fair and honest treatment of the Chinese by the world powers is the only thing that can, and even then it will take years for the feeling to die out. Responsibility for the dislike rests directly upon the foreign nations, and upon the foreigners resident in China. The latter reflect the overbearing attitude assumed by their home governments, and do as much as any other single agency to stir up trouble.

'The attitude of snobbish superiority assumed by many of the white residents is almost unbelievable. The Chinese are treated by many, particularly by Europeans, not only as an inferior race but as scarcely human beings at all. Their contempt for the natives is expressed in many ways in harsh treatment often amounting to brutality, in ignoring and ridiculing the rights and sensibilities of the Chinese, in regarding the lower classes as little better than beasts of burden. One man stands out particularly in my remembrance of the last time I was in China, about four years ago. I'll call him Captain Jack, and I regret to say that he was an American. His way of getting things done was to kick or cuff or whip the particular Chinaman who happened to be working for him. Many a time I have seen a native gaze back steadily at him from under a shower of blows—and gaze not in humility or even in rage, but in a cold, calculating way as though to say, "My day is coming some time; *and then you had better look out.*" That day may be *now.* Of course, Captain Jack isn't typical of all foreigners, but there are enough like him to account for the bitter feeling. And that feeling is finding its outlet.'

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From ***the Wife of a College Professor*** at the University of Nanking comes a letter shedding additional light on the Chinese situation: 'We are expecting the Southern army to take Nanking as well as all this section of China in the very near future. The sentiment is so strong in favor of the South that the gates will probably be opened to them here. We have been wanting China to develop a national spirit and it is growing so fast, and has been ever since the May thirtieth incident, that it keeps us running as fast as we can in order to keep up. Occupation by the South always means strikes and rather a hard time for foreigners, but we feel it is the only hope in sight. The Northern soldiers are unbearable. Of course, you know that the Christian general (Feng) is on the side of the South and is again coming on the scene from the northwest, and, by preventing the entire Northern forces from being thrown against the South, may bring a more speedy victory. We all feel the South will eventually win, unless something unforeseen occurs.'

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'Fifty per cent of the people, by actual count, change their status every year,' said ***the Advertising Man.*** 'A man may be in the market this year, and out next. A family may be out of the market for a certain commodity this year, and in next. Aside from the real necessities, there is an annual fluctuation of half our population, considered as purchasers. How does it come about? By the simplest kind of process. A baby is born, and the expense may put a family back a year as to the purchase of a car or a high-priced radio, or a refrigerating machine. Or a boy may have finished his college course, which releases the family from that expense, and allows it to consider using the money elsewhere. We estimate that every boy who finishes his college course releases his family to the extent of $1,000 a year to be spent on other things. In the case of farmers, a good year enables them to be good customers, a bad year changes their status to that of poor customers. And that is how it comes about that half our people change their purchasing status every year.'

Climbing Mount Baker

(*Continued from page 15*)

ame to a point where another line of re-rning tracks could be seen branching off oward the ridge of rocks on our right. We ust, we knew, be near our objective. We reasted a short slope of steeper snow and ere it was. A chasm fifty feet across with ertical walls of pure white ice, more than irty feet high, cut like an enormous ench across our path. It seemed unending right and left. Here the tracks which we ad been following waltzed about over a nall area and then turned downward again.

The only possibility of access seemed to e offered by a weakness in the opposing all some hundred feet to our left. To cut eps up such a wall would be a task re-uiring at least two to three hours if it ere possible, which was doubtful. A really rmidable work of excavation would be equired. However, it seemed worth while look closer. It was without any decided nticipation of success that we wandered a higher point on the left to survey the bstruction to better advantage. The esult was a thrilling anticlimax. Less than enty yards beyond our former limit of ision the great impassable chasm suddenly arrowed to nothing. Just at the point here it left off, a brother chasm, even rger, opened, but between them, athwart ie obstacle, lay a neat connecting gangway bout as wide as a garden path and as easy follow. A short detour soon put us upon it.

We felt sorry for the party who had been ere before us, when we reflected that they ad been defeated by a difference of only me ten feet in their line of vision. It is in ttle encounters such as this that depends ie success or failure of mountain expedi-ons. One has to investigate the seeming ifficulty, before he can be certain it can e called one.

Above we made rapid and care-free rogress. Our way wound continually be-veen vast trenches and led us steadily steeper slopes. As we mounted, the azure the exposed facets of ice took on an even velier purity. Not to stand entranced by ie unearthly beauty of some of these ice asses seemed a desecration. But time essed. The slopes above were more steep, e could see, all the way to the lip of the ateau, and the final reaches might be ry slow work.

A light snowfall of the week before had vered the slopes with a crisp carpet into hich the spikes of our crampons could bite ith perfect safety; but at a steeper angle is snow might well be powdery, and, if , it would have to be cleared away and a ep hewn in the ice below. Time passes ickly in such labor, our rate might easily ow down to less than one hundred feet hour; and the nearer we came to the last all the taller it grew!

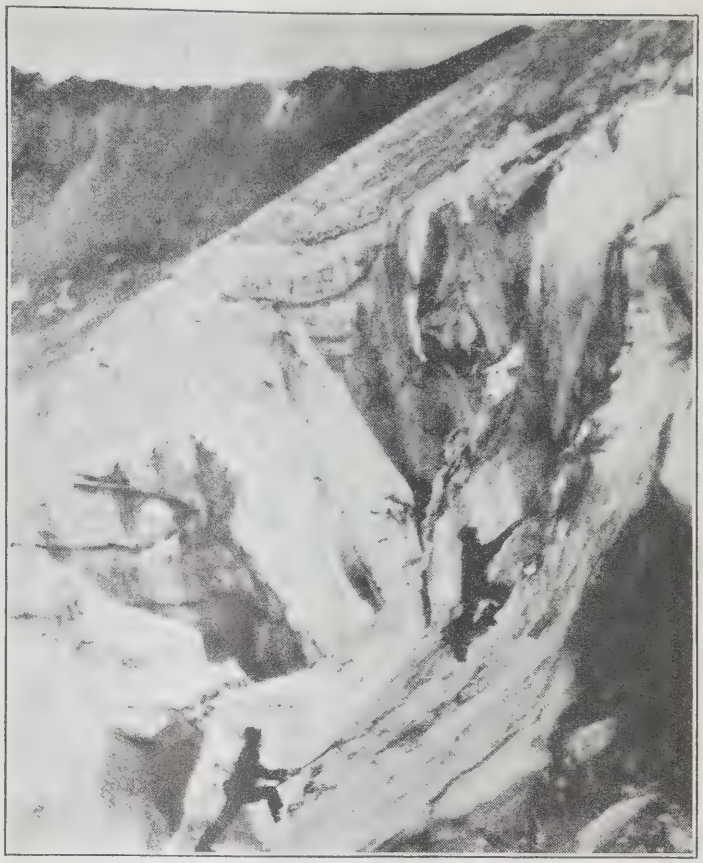
Mountaineering is full of a subtle, con-aled drama. The great peaks constantly reaten difficulties which vanish just when ey seem most serious, a compensation rhaps for the awful suddenness with hich they can loose bolts that strike from clear sky. We had crossed the last cre-sse and were well launched upon the al wall before we knew whether it was ing to yield us an easy staircase or compel to call out all our reserves. For the snow at first did what we had feared. It turned powdery for a few yards and steps had to be cut through it into the solid ice. The angle of the slope was far too high for any risks to be taken; a slip would have terminated, long before the party could have checked itself, in the blue-black depths of a lovely but sinister crevasse that gaped below.

Just as we had braced ourselves for a very toilsome and difficult hour, the snow at this point grew deeper, and moist enough to bind under the foot if carefully and repeatedly trodden down. Thus treated the fragile stuff will form steps up which the climber may walk with perfect confidence. How the heart lightens at such moments! The sky seems more cheerful, the distance to be covered shrinks, fresh energy wells up in mind and body. We were not long in climbing what remained of the slope.

A low belt of rocks juts out of the snow just below the plateau. As we crossed them we remarked with some astonishment a long, thin piece of sash line tied to them and hanging loose, not far distant. It looked white and frail as though it might have been there for many years. The first party and probably the only other party to climb the mountain by our route descended in their own tracks. That was in 1906. Doubtless they fixed this piece of rope to aid them in their descent. To think of it swaying there aloft on that unvisited slope in the winds of twenty years gives one an odd and not unpleasant thrill. It seemed to add something to the wildness of the mountain rather than to take away from it.

All day long streamers of white harmless cloud raced across the summit plateau, coming a little lower as the hours passed and sometimes swathing the upper one thousand feet of the mountain. We had anticipated a cold wind in the final stages of our ascent, and now as we made the last few steps and swung ourselves over the sharp edge to the comparatively level ground above, it was a pleasant surprise to find only a moderate breeze blowing and the mist which enshrouded us shot through and through with sunlight.

A ghost of a sun now and then sailed wildly through the white scud that blew by us, and, as we mounted over a rough, hard-crusted surface of glittering snow compacted of delicate frost feathers and fast frozen hailstones, we could feel ourselves coming more and more out of the upper level of the cloud and into the sunlight. A little later we were standing on the dome-shaped summit looking out in all directions over a broken wilderness of cloud masses pierced irregularly by the black outlines of lower hills.



The peaks threaten difficulties which vanish when they seem most serious.

It was too late to stay long on the summit. We decided to take the comparatively quick descent by the regular route. There is a peculiar pleasure in thus *traversing* a big mountain. To come down from the world of the snows into new country, which one has never seen or visited, is to participate in the quintessence of travel. A fanciful person can almost feel himself a stranger to the earth, entering upon a fresh cycle of existence like a visitor from another planet.

THE descent was rapturous; a few minutes ambling over the undulating summit plateau, then a sudden turn round under a shoulder and one finds oneself trotting diagonally down across an immense, gently tilted slope of snow, evidently on a slope of soft volcanic dust. Here and there the foot strikes through and the snow is stained for some yards by the earthy footprints of the man ahead. A thin crisp film, lying on the surface of the snow sheet, is torn off by one's strides and slips in a whispering, hissing stream beside and below. Halt a moment and the whole slope seems alive with its sibilant slither. A very few minutes of this easy progress and the lower peaks of the mountain rise up as by magic and encircle one. A soft, earthy ridge continues the transformation. By the time it is necessary to stop running down the slope and take to the glacier, one is out of the upper world of cloud and sky and back in the labyrinthine regions where the problem is less one of getting up or down than of making clear headway.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question: Does the Government have a Coast Guard Academy on the western coast of the United States? Is there an oversupply of officers from these academies?

Answer: The Coast Guard maintains and operates only one academy, located at New London, Connecticut, which trains young men as cadets for commissions in the Coast Guard. There is not an oversupply of officers in the Coast Guard, the number of places being fixed by law. The number of cadets to be appointed each year is based upon the requirements of the service. The next examination for the appointment of cadets will be held from June 20 to 25, 1927. For further information write to The Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Q.: Please give me some information regarding the sinking of the Lusitania. Was it carrying contraband of war?

A.: The *Lusitania*, a British Cunard liner, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine, ten miles off Old Head of Kinsale, on the southwestern coast of Ireland at 2:05 p. m., Friday, May 7, 1915. She left New York, May 1, commanded by Captain W. H. Turner, with a crew of more than 600 and 1,250 passengers, among them 188 Americans. Her cargo was valued at $740,000 and consisted of copper articles, brass, furs and small-arms cartridges, but no guns, high explosives nor loaded shells. She sank about twenty-one minutes after being struck by the first torpedo. The total death roll amounted to 1,154, of which 755 were passengers, 114 being Americans, and, in addition, there were 35 infants. The German claim that the *Lusitania* carried guns was disproved by American officials of the port of New York who inspected the ship before her departure. The Federal District Court of New York, in a decision written by Judge J. M. Mayer and filed August 24, 1918, held that the vessel was unarmed and carried no explosives of any kind.

* * *

Q.: What are the names of the present members of the President's Cabinet?

A.: Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State; Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury; Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War; John G. Sargent, Attorney-General; Harry S. New, Postmaster-General; Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy; Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior; William M. Jardine, Secretary of Agriculture; Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; and James John Davis, Secretary of Labor.

* * *

Q.: Was Dred Scott ever set free?

A.: The United States Supreme Court decided against Scott in March, 1857, but the whole question was soon decided by the war. Scott and his family were inherited by Calvin S. Chaffee of Massachusetts, were conveyed by him to Taylor Blow of St. Louis for emancipation and were given their liberty May 26, 1857.

Q.: Please tell me the Presidents' pictures found on the various stamps.

A.: The stamps of the regular issue of 1922-1926 which have the pictures of Presidents on them are as follows: 1 ½c, brown, Harding; 2c, carmine, Washington; 3c, violet, Lincoln; 5c, blue, Roosevelt; 6c, orange, Garfield; 7c, black, McKinley; 8c, olive, Grant; 9c, pink, Jefferson; 10c, yellow, Monroe; 11c, peacock blue, Hayes; 12c, purplish brown, Cleveland; 13c, green, Harrison; 17c, black, Wilson.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q.: Where are the United States naval training stations located?

A.: At Hampton Roads, Virginia; San Diego, California; Great Lakes, Illinois; and Newport, Rhode Island.

* * *

Q.: By whom was Abraham Lincoln defeated in his first race for the legislature?

A.: The fortunate candidates for the Illinois State legislature in the 1832 election were E. D. Taylor, J. H. Stuart, Achilles Morris and Peter Cartwright, the first of whom received 1,127 votes and the last 815. Lincoln obtained 657 votes, receiving almost the unanimous vote of his own neighborhood, the precinct of New Salem, 277 votes against 3.

* * *

Q.: For what public offices was Abraham Lincoln a candidate and was he successful in all the political races he entered?

A.: In 1832 Lincoln was an unsuccessful candidate for the Illinois state legislature but was successful in the 1834 election and was thrice reëlected. In May, 1844, Lincoln lost the Whig nomination for Congress to Edward Dickinson Baker who was elected in August of the same year. His one election to Congress occurred in 1846, his term ending at the inauguration of President Taylor, March 4, 1849. In the spring of 1849, Lincoln, at the request of some of the leading Whigs of his state, was a half-hearted applicant for an appointment, at the hands of the President, for the office of Commissioner of the General Land Office, but did not receive the appointment. In November, 1854, he was elected to the state legislature of Illinois but resigned his seat that he might become a candidate for United States Senatorship from that state, the Senator from Illinois at that time being elected by the state legislature. This election in 1855 Lincoln lost. Douglas defeated Lincoln for the United States Senatorship in 1858 for the six-year term beginning March 4, 1859, by receiving the vote of every Democrat in the House, fifty-four members, while Lincoln received the vote of every Republican, forty-six members. In 1860, Lincoln was elected President of the United States on the Republican ticket and reëlected in 1864.

* * *

Q.: Where can information regarding British soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War be obtained?

A.: Write to the Keeper of Public Records, Rolls House, Chancery Lane, London, England, for this information.

* * *

Q.: Please inform me as to the number of mules and horses in the United States in 1900, 1915, 1920 and 1925.

A.: Figures for 1900 and 1915 are not available but those for 1910, 1917, 1920 and 1925 are as follows: Horses, 1910, 19,833,113; mules, 4,209,769. Horses, 1917, 21,126,000; mules, 2,915,000. Horses, 1920, on farms, 19,766,000; in cities and villages, 1,705,611; mules, on farms, 5,427,000; in cities and villages, 378,250. Horses, 1925, 16,554,000; mules, 5,758,000.

* * *

Q.: Our American history class would like to know of an event that occurred in 1654.

A.: The whole of Acadia was subjugated in 1654 by an English force from Boston under command of Major Robert Sedgwick of Charlestown and Captain John Leverett of Boston. Peace was effected between the French and the Iroquois also in 1654 and traders again appeared on the upper Great Lakes, and Indians from thence on appeared at Montreal.

* * *

Q.: Did any Speaker of the House ever succeed to the Presidency?

A.: No. Under the Constitution, Congress may provide by law for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, designating what officer shall then act as President, and, by a statute passed March 1, 1792, it was enacted that in such a case the president of the Senate, or, if there should be none, the Speaker of the House, for the time being should act as President until the disability should be removed or a President should be elected. This statute remained in force until January 19, 1886, but the contingency provided for never occurred.

* * *

Q.: What was the extent of the witchcraft persecution in America?

A.: All the American colonies had laws against witchcraft similar to those in England at the time and from the first there were occasional trials and executions on that charge. The great Salem witchcraft delusion occurred near the close of the 17th Century. Fifty-five persons suffered torture and twenty were executed before it ended.

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE PIANO WAS INVENTED about 1710 by Bartolommeo di Francesco Cristofori, an Italian.

WITH A COLLECTION of 2,500,000 specimens representing 113,000 species, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington qualifies as the world's largest bughouse.

NEW YORK CITY has more than one hundred buildings that could be termed skyscrapers.

A WHALE SHARK has 24,000 teeth set in eighty rows of three hundred teeth each.

THE LARGEST BALLROOM in the world is to be built in Chicago. Its construction will cost more than one million dollars and it will provide for 7,500 dancers.

DURING 1926 IN Premier Poincaré's home department of the Meuse in France it was unnecessary to hold a single session of the criminal court.

A MAN IN South Africa has just papered his room with 500,000 used postage stamps.

A MOVEMENT IS UNDER way in Japan for the passing of a law permitting women to be admitted to the bar.

KING GEORGE OF Great Britain has adopted the style of wearing violets on his lapel, held in place by an elastic band sewed to his coat.

KENTUCKY CLAIMS America's prize fat boy. Meredith Taylor, four and one-half years old, weighs 125 pounds, wears size 42 overalls, a size 17 shirt and 7½ cap. Almost as broad as he is tall, he is still growing.

A HOG WITH TWO hearts was butchered at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, recently. The main heart was normal in size, shape and form. The other was about the size of a hen heart, had the same characteristics, connected at the same place as the larger heart, and lay at the side of the larger organ.

LORNA DOONE NEVER lived and the romance of that name was founded on a myth, according to research workers.

THE 3,000 B. C. gold was embellished with silver because silver was then considered more valuable than gold.

SMALLPOX WAS KNOWN in India in 2000 B. C.

A WILL, CONSISTING of twenty-five words, exclusive of signatures, disposed of property valued 'at more than $1,000.' It was written on the back of a bridge score card by a Mineola, New York, woman.

ALTHOUGH IT IS FAMOUS as the home of skyscrapers, New York City has only about twenty buildings with thirty stories or more. The highest is the Woolworth Building at 233 Broadway. It is 792 feet high and consists of sixty stories.

'THERE IS NOTHING more odious than the majority; it consists of a few powerful men to lead the way; of accommodating rascals and submissive weaklings; and of a mass of men who trot after them without the least knowing their own mind.'—Johann Wolfgang Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections.*

GUN TOTING MAY become a felony in Montana, now that wild animals, Indians and old-time outlaws have vanished.

THE CONGREGATION of the Mount Zion Church at Shaker Bend, Kentucky, was thrown into a near panic when a four and a half foot black snake was discovered coiled in a bookcase near the pulpit.

THE CHINESE WERE probably the first people to use coal.

PHILADELPHIA POLICE WILL use blood tests to determine intoxication if experiments now under way prove successful.

TWO FRENCH DESERTERS of the World War have been living for twelve years in the forest caves of the wooded mountains. They returned to their native village, Vollins, and are facing a court-martial.

THE BABYLONIANS were the first to use the arch in building.

A CONTRACT FOR fifteen million tins of beef for the British army was awarded American packers. Australian packers lost the order, it is said, because the previous consignments were carelessly packed.

THE JEFFERSON BIBLE is a work of forty-six pages compiled by Thomas Jefferson, of passages from the four Gospels cut out and pasted in a volume according to a scheme of his own.

TO KEEP THE COUNTRY GIRLS on the farm several departments of France have proposed the giving of dowries by the state to girls marrying peasants.

LAWRENCE BONET OF Washington has presented to the West Point Military Academy a brace of old-fashioned, muzzle-loading, flintlock pistols, a silver mold for making balls and a wooden ramrod owned and used by Napoleon I.

COYOTES WILL HUNT silently for hours for field mice, a park naturalist in the West says.

ENGLISH HISTORY SHOWS that when thievery was punished by death, pickpockets plied their trade among the dense crowds watching the public execution of pickpockets.

A VAULT THAT IS SURROUNDED by water and provided with a bomb-proof roof has been given to the Bank of France.

HOMER COULD RECITE the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* from memory.

AMONG THE RELICS displayed each year at the Waterloo banquet, held at the home of the Wellingtons on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, are some artificial flowers, which were among the decorations at the ball at Brussels the night before the battle.

A FORTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD bill of thirty-four dollars for sixteen sacks of wheat was discovered undelivered in a deserted log post office at Red Landing, Missouri.

A HINDU ARTIST is planning a world tour, during which he hopes to pay his expenses by writing on grains of rice. Working four hours, he is able to write four hundred letters on a single grain.

PARIS BUS CONDUCTORS have started wearing sabots, or French wooden shoes, during the coldest weather. With thick woolen socks they are the warmest of footwear.

A TEXAS WOMAN HAS asked newspapers to advertise for her husband, last heard from when he enlisted in the Confederate army.

TONS OF PUMICE STONE are mined annually from the Lipari Islands, off the coast of Sicily. Pumice is made from lava, the crust of which has hardened before the bubbles inside have had time to escape.

SHOES THAT RETAIL at $12.15 a pair in Australia, the land of cattle, may be bought for $5.80 in London or $7.80 in the United States.

SPRINGFIELD IS THE NAME of forty-nine communities in the United States, five in Canada, and one each in South Africa and New Zealand.

THE SOIL OF HAWAII is entirely volcanic lava.

A BULL NEAR Hayden, Ohio, disliking the looks of a red box car, charged a freight train. He derailed one car containing dynamite. There was no explosion but the bull was killed.

THERE IS NOTHING IN the Koran which orders that women should be veiled or that they should not receive education.

LESS THAN ONE PER CENT of the beef produced in this country is exported.

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO an American tourist, climbing Mont Blanc, threw his pistol away during a blizzard. The pistol has just been found in a shallow stream at the foot of the glacier.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses interest in life as related to one's work and leisure.

The cover design of this number is by Irving R. Bacon. It represents one of the phases of the process of converting ships into motor cars: a panorama of shipbuilding, but a panorama reversed, starting with a completed ship and ending with a husk.

From keels to wheels well describes the series of operations transforming the vessels purchased by the Ford Motor Company from the United States Shipping Board into vehicles that will travel the highways in place of the waterways of the world. (p. 1)

A vivid narrative of scenes that Joseph Pennell would have delighted to depict has been written around this titanic demolition of ocean craft and the passing of them on to the furnace to provide material for the most modern land transportation. (p. 1)

Rudyard Kipling boasts that he is un-interviewable, and that newspapermen may look out for modern equivalents of man-traps and spring-guns if they attempt to violate the sanctity of his home farm in the south of England. (p. 3)

But something even better than a more or less stereotyped talk with Kipling has been furnished by Howard White, who, while not actually bearding the literary lion in his den, mixed with the denizens of his domain and found that the king of letters had at least one tender spot. (p. 3)

Whether judicious budgeting should run to ornate house furnishing or a refrigerator filled with wholesome food is a question which Mary Willis Shuey takes up with the reader. Mrs. Shuey has a practical mind and practical experience and her conclusions are full of enlightenment. (p. 4)

The topsyturvydom that seems to prevail in certain directions in connection with the functioning of churches, schools and theaters is well illustrated in Charles D. Cameron's story. (p. 5)

Vast as is the sum spent for peaceful endeavor and largely profitable as it is for those who lend, the lenders are not satisfied and require that the people furnish still bigger returns. War loans provide the means for this; it is finance carried to its highest power, for people spend many times more for war than they would do in the same period for peace. (p. 6)

Lent is the season when people are supposed to think more and eat less. The right kind of mental pabulum for this season may be hard to select, but 'Reading in Lent' may help. (p. 8)

There is more about Mary's little lamb this week. Research has given us additional reminiscent lore establishing this supreme epic of childhood more solidly than ever. (p. 12)

Dorothy Pilley, of the Ladies' Alpine Club, England, is the first woman who has ever succeeded in climbing Mount Baker, Washington, by the northeast face. Miss Pilley tells the story. (p. 14)

'The Happy Optimist' is the title of another short story by Hugh Walpole. Human interest is judiciously blended with flashes of humor. (p. 16)

Here are some opinions for and against prohibition:

Galeton, Pennsylvania.

A short time ago 'Mr. Ford's Page' contained a statement to the effect that there is not now as much drinking among the young people at social events as before prohibition lined up among our legislative mistakes. This is not so. In the old days the young fellow who went to a dance full of liquor had to pretty well disguise the fact if he wished to obtain partners for the dance. Now many of the young ladies won't dance with a young man unless he has a bottle on his hip. In other words the exception has become the rule.

My second suggestion is that you use the columns of the INDEPENDENT to fight the growing tendency of the Federal Government to usurp the power of the individual states. Where conditions in the various states are so vastly different, the uniform cut-and-dried formulas of the central government too often fail of their purpose.

Let the states govern themselves as intended by the Constitution.

J. F. BENSON.

Ponsford, Minnesota.

We have been very much pleased at the stand you have taken on the prohibition question. The breadth and strength of your arguments have surely been very inspiring. The following is a short article I wrote for our local paper:

'We cannot understand why there should be so much petty personal bickering as to when, where, how, or why the Volsted Law got to be a part of our Constitution; the great fact exists that it is there, and in our opinion the great question at this time for every honest mind to decide is simply this: "What are the natural fruits of its requirements?" Does personal abstinence from alcohol drinking promote virtue or vice, poverty or wealth, happiness or misery, ignorance or education, industry or indolence, and, last but not least, charity or oppression? Upon this ground and this alone we claim that every true American citizen should honestly and conscientiously determine for himself whether or not the Volsted Act is an honor or disgrace to one of the greatest human documents in all the world, the Constitution of this United States.'

J. W. NUNN.

San Diego, California.

While I do not agree with all your opinions and statements, your analyses of national issues and fearless dissections of subjects which are of vital public interest are intensely attractive, and impart knowledge to me which I seldom find in other periodicals of any description.

More power to the naked and neglected truth.

ROBERT A. HOWARD.

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Hugh Walpole

HOWARD WHITE was formerly in the American Consular Service, stationed in the Azores. He is now a writer with the North American Newspaper Alliance and is resident in London, England. Mr. White is a keen observer and a concise and interesting writer.

MARY WILLIS SHUEY lives in New Orleans. She is an authority and prolific writer on things Southern. Her articles on Southern cookery and on the welfare of children and other subjects that appeal particularly to our women readers have appeared from time to time.

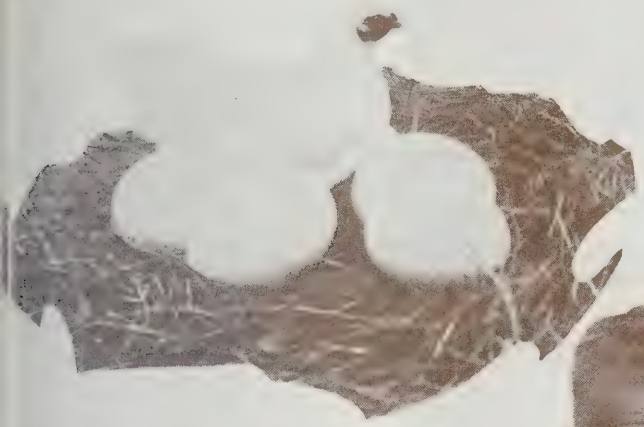
CHARLES D. CAMERON is a journalist and special writer of wide experience. He has made a special study of social problems at close range and his latest contribution to our columns denotes keen observation.

HENRY LAKET, a New Orleans business man of prominence, follows up his former articles on finance with one that shows just where money enters into war-making and war enters into money-making.

DOROTHY E. PILLEY, of the Ladies' Alpine Club, London, England, has established a wide reputation as a mountain climber and writer on mountaineering. Her writing has that vivid touch that only personal experience can give.

HUGH WALPOLE, the eminent novelist, is just concluding a successful lecturing tour in this country prior to returning to England. Other short stories from his pen will appear in our columns.

Curious Incidents *From the* Animal World



This white Leghorn hen in a zoo barnyard discovered a nest of five ostrich eggs. With typical maternal instinct, she attempted to hatch them, but finally gave up in despair.

—Herbert Photos

The goat has for all time been regarded as the emblem of everything that is evil. None the less fascinating is this Himalayan Tahr, a shaggy-haired brown wild goat characterized by short, triangular, sharply keeled horns. That it is sure-footed and somewhat of a climber is evident from this picture.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Below—

Newark, New Jersey, is proud of her 'Jack the Hugger,' a baboon whose chief delight is in hugging little puppies. This pet poodle looks a trifle bewildered, but apparently is resigned. *—Herbert Photos.*

Center—

'The Cowboy of the Sea' captures turtles and fish with no paraphernalia other than his bare hands. This 400-pound turtle he brought ashore after a strenuous battle. *—Herbert Photos.*

Left—

'Ponchartrain Billy' is 'Teddy's' favorite taxi. At an alligator farm in Los Angeles, this big collie, 'Teddy,' cares solicitously for a family of baby alligators, and the saurians respond surprisingly to his devotion. *—Herbert Photos.*

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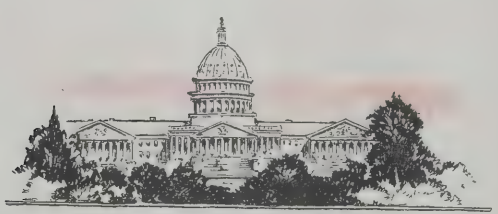
URBANA ILL

PEOPLE who begin by surrendering their duties to a government, end by being compelled to surrender their rights. The American nation has kept its rights by attending to its duties. But fashions change. It is a bad habit to run to Washington for everything, just as it will be a bad condition if ever Washington comes to run everything.



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Five Cents a Copy | April 2, 1927 | $1.50 a Year

Where Shall I Go Next?

Commander RICHARD E. BYRD

APR 4 1927

Adventurings in Holland

HILAIRE BELLOC

Dropping Our Political Pilots

HARRY PENCE

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

America *of* Yesterday

Reflected *in* Buildings *of* Homelike Simplicity.

The primitive story of the land is here told—the fertile, rolling hills of Virginia produced the grain that the old gristmill, with its clumsy, always interesting water wheel ground to flour.

—H. Armstrong Roberts Photo.

This old mill of the Middle West, placed alongside a stream and shaded by a fine old tree, is built on severely utilitarian lines.

Old-fashioned back-country church of the type visited in bygone years by the circuit rider. The motor car is fast making these churches obsolete. This one is in the Ozarks of Missouri.

—Ewing Galloway Photo.

This homelike farmhouse of yesteryear, with its fence, pump and veranda, seems to belong to the landscape as truly as do the trees that give it shade and the mill-race that gives it interest. To many builders of America, such houses recall boyhood homes.

Rural home seeking privacy behind an interesting old fence.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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1927

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Number 24

WHERE *Shall I Go* NEXT?

Few Fields Are Left *for the* Explorer; Yet I Look *for* Fine Adventures

The airplane bearing Byrd and Bennett, photographed as it left Spitzbergen on its epochal flight to the North Pole.

By COMMANDER RICHARD EVELYN BYRD, U. S. N.

AFTER I came back from the North Pole last June I had six good offers to go into business. One of these was from a successful advertising man who was a partner in a great manufacturing plant.

'But we can give you $25,000 a year!' he exclaimed, when I politely refused to show any enthusiasm about his business. He acted as if I had been impertinent.

'But I don't want to go into business,' said I.

'Why not?'

'Because I have still some exploring to do.'

He reached out and patted my shoulder in a kindly way, as if to say, 'You poor misguided man.' Actually he said: 'But, Byrd, there isn't anything left to explore.'

Luckily I was equipped to dispute him. I unrolled a chart of the world which I had brought along with me and showed him some of the things that are left for man to do and see and find out about on this great globe of ours.

Of course, my especial interest still focuses in the Arctic. I reminded my friend that there is in the region of the North Pole over four million square miles still untrodden by man and unseen by human eyes. In this vast area may lie unknown continents inhabited by strange animals, even human beings. Think of it: an area larger than the whole United States! And one section (north of Alaska) is over a million miles in extent.

I didn't let my mind dwell too much on outlandish speculations. I tried to remember what Kipling said in his 'If' about not letting dreams be your master. But it is quite impossible to visualize a brand new piece of land without peopling it with everything from prehistoric monsters to giants. Just imagine yourself for a moment in the explorer's shoes and see if I'm not right.

The chief goal of another Arctic flight would be the center of the unexplored area north of North America. Brave Roald Amundsen flew across the Pole but didn't see very much on the American side of the Polar Sea. Mists spoiled his view. Even had it been clear he would have seen only a narrow strip. So it is still quite possible that large tracts of land lie north of Canada near the Pole.

'But what use would it be,' asked my friend, after I had run my finger around the chart several times, 'if you did find some land in that awful iciness?'

'Probably no immediate use,' I confessed. 'For instance, I could not visualize mining coal and sending it south. Yet coal is mined in Spitzbergen and sent to Europe profitably these days. And Spitzbergen is only about seven hundred and fifty miles from the Pole.'

'But you couldn't get people to go and live in that desert place, could you—unless they were a lot of Eskimos?'

I couldn't resist the temptation to sit down and tell him the wonderful story of the lost Norse colony of Greenland. How the Scandinavians built up towns and villages of tens of thousands

of inhabitants back in the 14th Century. How war and pestilence came to Europe and temporarily put an end to all shipping.

How when mariners once more went back to visit the poor colonists they had disappeared. How to this day no one knows what happened to that vanished race. How some scientists have pictured them escaping up the Greenland coast and out to the northwest in an effort to reach Europe through the Northwest Passage.

How, if so, it is quite conceivable they may have discovered a land in the Polar Sea which we have yet to find.

I TOLD him that wonderful yarn. I went on:

'Imagine the sensation of presenting to the world a continent and a race of white people that have been spinning around on the earth with us for centuries wholly beleaguered by ice and snow!'

But he only smiled. I smiled, too; for much as I like the story, I can't let myself put much faith in it.

A great many people looked on last summer's Arctic work as a purely sporting adventure. In the eyes of many Americans we polar flyers were just a lot of circus performers.

In a sense that was true.

You see we were all headed for that big unexplored area north of Alaska. I wasn't sure that I could get there this year so I was interested in flying to the Pole to prove that it could be easily done.

Amundsen not only wanted to get to the Pole but he was keenly curious about the unknown area. Captain Wilkins was closest to the unknown area but he had the toughest proposition when it came to hopping off. He had first to cross the Alaskan mountains to Point Barrow. His tragic disappointments are well known, but not so tragic as to prevent his making a flight again this year.

ALL three of us were successful. This may sound funny, but it is true. I proved that a plane could fly to the Pole and back with great ease and comfort. Amundsen proved that a lighter-than-air vessel could make the flight from Europe over to the neighborhood of Asia and Alaska, thereby establishing the possibility of a transatlantic route.

Wilkins proved, despite his accidents, that an airplane was perfectly practicable in the wilds of north Alaska in the dead of winter. All three of us looked on new unexplored territory and brought back scientific data.

I am also interested in the Antarctic. It is difficult to realize what a vast continent there is down around the South Pole, an enormous area far larger than Europe. Amundsen and Scott penetrated this white desert to its highest point over 10,000 feet above sea level; but their exploration left it as little known as was the great North American Continent in the generation following its discovery by Christopher Columbus.

'WE CAN'T use the Pole now that we've got it,' says Commander Byrd, but the attempts that have been made to reach it have opened up fresh areas for settlement in Greenland, Canada, and Alaska. Every day the world is getting more crowded, and the explorer says there are still large habitable areas.

So my plans for the future are not a little based on quick execution and, if possible, on material success. I mean that further Arctic flights attract me only if they offer possibilities of new land and new people. I don't propose to do any circus stunt over the Polar Sea or the Antarctic region just for the sake of the noise.

ON THE other hand, I am not opposed to stunt flying in the sense of long and difficult flights. I am strong for the transatlantic flight. I believe that a successful flight from New York to Paris will fire other men to establish a regular air line across the ocean. With radio developed to its present perfection, and endurance of our big planes what it is, I think we're going to have such an ocean service in the coming decade.

The trouble with stunt flying is that it so often defeats its own end. (Of course, I mean by stunt flying long flights and not looping-the-loop.) Some one crashes or falls down and floats around in the ocean or burns up, and public opinion says: 'Why do they allow such foolhardy pilots in planes?'

People must not forget that mankind pays a price for every sort of progress. The discovery of the North Pole has cost more than two thousand lives. We can't use the Pole now that we've got it; but the exploration that went into reaching it had a great deal to do with the development of seafaring knowledge as well as the opening up of habitable areas in Greenland, Canada and Alaska. In the same way research in physics has cost many hundreds of lives. Yet today we have the radio, the airplane, liquid air, and thousands of other boons to civilization as the result. The same thing may be said of chemistry, and other branches of science.

So when I hear critics condemn a man for taking chances in order to make some memorable flight, my answer is always: *'In counting the cost consider the bargain.'*

I should like to add that wherever I do go next I shall have something definite in view that isn't tied up with any geographic objective. I want to prove that aviation is safe.

I have three children growing up. I suspect that they will feel a good deal about aircraft as I felt as a boy about a bicycle. You know that our mothers and fathers had a hard time learning to ride a bicycle. When you and I came along, riding a bicycle was more or less natural. We learned the trick in a few hours.

I think that's the way it's going to be about aircraft. The children of today are going to catch hold of piloting and fly just as easily as we got hold of riding a bicycle.

BUT the great deterrent in all flying just now is the danger of it. Nothing helps kill the bogy of aeronautical peril like long flights successfully made. When Sir Alan Cobham flew to Capetown and back and to Australia and back, he advertised to the world that the airplane could on occasion be a pretty safe proposition. I think Bennett and I did that, too, when we flew to the Pole and back.

Now that aerial exploration is an accomplished fact I look to see the maps of the earth soon deleted of their blank spaces. There are not many blank spaces left in the temperate zone. But in central South America and in some parts of Africa there are still large tracts of the interior which have never been visited by white men.

SUCH areas as these no doubt offer greatest chances for commercial reward. New discoveries of diamonds are always possible since diamonds can be formed by the action of heat on carbon. A volcano shooting through a coal bed may well create diamond crystals. It wasn't so long ago when a deposit of platinum almost a mile long was discovered in the Ural Mountains.

Another aspect of future exploration is that of developing inland areas and islands. Our present method of reaching inaccessible spots on the earth's surface by motor transport and portage is both difficult and expensive. Roy Andrews, for instance, lost a whole year when he had to come back last autumn from China on account of civil war there. He could not take his motor caravan through belligerent districts. This is particularly disappointing because he had just discovered first tangible evidence that ancient man resided in central Mongolia.

I look forward to seeing the aerial explorer of the future go out with a small staff and make (*Continued on page 23*)

Goose and Gossip With WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and SINCLAIR LEWIS

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IT WAS goose at dinner, and gossip most of the night that followed. William Allen White was the ost in Emporia, a ypical 'Main Street' own—the kind of treet that made Sinlair Lewis famous.

Ex-Governor Henry Allen was one f the house guests lso.

Mr. White carved he goose. He stood p to carve.

His friend Henry Allen, who is about ne same build as Mr. White, told the crowd story which illusrated, so he said, why Ir. White stood.

The story conerned a fat man who xplained the reason e quit playing golf. aid he: 'When I get ne golf ball close nough to hit, I can't ee it and when I get far enough away to ee, I can't hit it.'

A characteristic ews note appeared n the Emporia *Gaette* that afternoon, eading:

—Alvord Photo.

A pose for the 'fam'bly album'—four who waxed playful in front of the camera: left to right—'Bill' White, Jr., William L. Stidger, William Allen White and Sinclair Lewis.

That tall, handsome red-headed man ou may see going around with W. A. White ese crisp days is Sinclair Lewis, author of *Main Street, Babbitt, Arrowsmith* and other ovels that have been rather violently raised by the *Gazette*. Mr. Lewis and his iend, the Reverend William L. Stidger of ansas City, are visiting the White family. enry Allen of Wichita ran up today to et an earful of wisdom and an eyeful of ie red-headed author.

Emporia has a population of ten ousand, in which the *Gazette*, Mr. hite's paper, has a circulation of ve thousand. It has a Presbyterian ollege and a normal school. It has alt Mason who writes the rippling ymes, William Allen White and the hite household, including Bill White, r., just home from college, with the vowed purpose of settling down in mporia for life as a newspaper editor.

Such is this Kansas 'Main Street.' The only difference between this town and the Gopher Prairie of which Lewis wrote, is that Emporia has William Allen White, and he has built such a fine mousetrap, preached such fine sermons, written such fine books, that the world has made a beaten track to his doorway, even though he has built his cabin in the wilderness of mid-America.

The great of the earth come and go. A citizen of Emporia said: 'Today it is Mr. Lewis, tomorrow it is Jane Addams, or Upton Sinclair, or Charlie Chaplin, or Colonel House—always somebody coming and going. It is our chief indoor sport watching the Santa Fe trains to see who is visiting Mr. White.'

Being a humble follower of both William Allen White and Sinclair Lewis I stood by and listened in on conversation and argument. I felt as if I were tuning in on all the sending stations of the earth when those two met. As Dr. Burris Jenkins remarked concerning Mr. Lewis' visit to Kansas City: 'I felt as if I had hold of an old-fashioned electrical machine, one handle in each hand, a negative and a positive, both going full blast. After that visit, I won't need any electrical treatments for a year.'

Mr. White, in his letter inviting us to Emporia, said: 'If I'm not at the train, don't worry—just wait. I may be off following the fire wagons to a fire.' But he was there, promptly and smilingly.

Mrs. Joaquin Miller once told me about the first time that her husband met Whitcomb Riley. They had both looked forward to the meeting for years. Riley invited Miller to Indianapolis. The train arrived. Newspaper reporters were waiting for the first words of greeting. There were none. Miller put his arms about Riley and the two walked off arm in arm without a word for ten minutes. When asked why they didn't say something, Miller replied, 'What was there to say?'

Not so these two prose writers and novelists. They jabbered away and kept at it with few interruptions for two days. I will have to confess that Mr. White did less of the talking and more of the listening, but he seemed glad to do it.

Bill, Jr., came in while we were lunching. He had been out on a murder trial—Emporia's annual—they said. 'We have an average of one murder a year, and it's an event when it happens, as is the trial,' said William Allen White.

Then came talk of the Lewis books. Mr. White started it: 'I'm one of your

six best readers. I bought forty copies of *Main Street* and sent them to my friends.'

Mr. Lewis opined that William Allen White was one of the first editors in America to give *Main Street* its premier boost into the best seller class.

I thought as they talked, 'Why not? Mr. White lives on Main Street and he would find much in that book to verify his own experiences.'

THEN came talk of shows and theaters. *What Price Glory* was coming to town the next week. Mr. White was disturbed. I asked why. He replied: 'Because we are not sophisticated to the Son-of-a-Sea-Cook School of Art yet.'

That seemed to me to be the most penetrating observation on the modern cursing, sex-saturated drama that I had heard for a long time.

The afternoon was spent in the *Gazette* office. It is a typical small-town newspaper office. There is the front business office where Mr. Hughes presides. He is Mr. White's long-time friend, and business manager of the *Gazette*. Mr. White says, 'I go to him when I want five dollars. I say, "Could I get a little cash today?" He looks at the bank book and says, "Maybe. I can't give you five, but here's four!" '

Back of the business office is Mr. White's editorial room, with a big chair, leather seat full of holes, dirty and knife-carved; and an old typewriter which looks as if had come over in the *Mayflower*. Piled in one corner is a half-opened box. It is the only thing that looks new in the office. It is a box containing copies of Mr. White's book on President Coolidge. He autographed one each for the visitors.

Then we talked about books. Mr. White turned from a half-written editorial to chat.

We wormed it out of him that his *A Certain Rich Man* sold more than one hundred thousand copies, *In the Heart of a Fool* nearly that many and the Woodrow Wilson book close to fifty thousand copies—which easily puts this country editor in the best seller class himself.

All we could get him to say about what he was going to write next was: 'I will finish that Roosevelt book. It was interrupted when Mary died. She was in and out of my study so much while I was writing it that when she went away I just hadn't the heart to go on with it.'

We agreed that of all those who have already written a Roosevelt life, and of all those who are planning to write one, William Allen White is best equipped.

'I have it nearly finished. It will not take much work to finish it.'

'Will it be a critically discriminating book, or just a friend's estimate? In other words, will you tell the truth about Roosevelt?' Mr. Lewis asked.

'Whoever would attempt to tell the truth about Roosevelt would be a liar,' replied Mr. White with a smile. We later learned that before the Roosevelt book there will be issued by this prolific author a book of reminiscences over a period of fifty years.

MR. WHITE turned back to his battered machine and one-fingered away at the editorial. It gave me a chance to look about. I was glad of it, for I was fascinated with that office. On an old plush-covered sofa in one corner was a pile of framed pictures as high as a man. They were covered with the dust of years. I'll wager some of them have been there since Bryan first ran for President. I excavated them myself, feeling like an explorer digging into an Egyptian tomb. There were autographed pictures of Bryan, General Wood, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding. On top was a picture of Bryan sitting at a table in the New York Convention, in his shirt sleeves, fanning himself with a big palm leaf, with the most pathetic look I have ever seen on a man's face. Mr. White turned from his editorial to explain that the picture was taken immediately after Bryan had been hissed by the galleries. It had a Bryan autograph: 'I had never seen this picture, but am glad to have it in your possession. W. J. Bryan.'

Back of the editorial room are the reporter's offices, and back of them the form rooms, the linotypes and the job presses. In the basement are the large presses.

IT IS a two-story brick building, a typical 'Main Street' newspaper office, but the great of the earth have gone in and out its double doors.

When I finished digging into that morgue, excavating that tomb of dead history, my hands were black with dust. Mr. White pointed to the next room where the printer's towel hung on the roller, dirtier than ever. However, it made an improvement on my hands.

White was soon opening his mail. One letter was from the Motion Picture Colony—one Will Hays—protesting about Mr. White's recent *Collier's* article on pictures. There was a letter from *Harpers* about Mr. Lewis, a timely coincidence, and Mr. White turned and said, 'Here's a letter about my favorite author.' Another was from an undertaker's journal, *Casket and Sunnyside*, objecting to Mr. White's reference in the Coolidge book to the 'manners of an undertaker.'

Then there was talk about the strangely humorous names that trade journals take upon themselves, suggested by *Casket and Sunnyside*. Mr. Lewis had just come from Kansas City, where a convention of cleaners and dyers was going on; he had seen a copy of *The Cleaning and Dyeing World*.

Then followed introductions all around, from manager to printer's devil. Mr. White's visitors meet all his men; and it is a friendly family, this group of printers, reporters and clerks. They enjoy an average employment in this household of fourteen years, and they seem to be happy. All wear loud neckties. I asked why. A reporter said: 'We have to get 'em pretty wild to keep up with the boss!' I glanced up. The boy was right.

There was a walk about Main Street. Everybody knows Mr. White in Emporia. It's a (*Continued on page 20*)

Home of William Allen White in Emporia, showing part of the 'educated gardens' at the left.

EASTER—*Is It* Christian *or* Pagan?

By CHARLES D. CAMERON

Border by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

AT EASTERTIDE, among us, the devout lose thought of all else in commemorating the Resurrection. The gay rejoice, with sighs of memory, at the relaxation of Lenten abstinence. The worldly flaunt the pomp of a new social season. Toddling children in white, basket on arm, wander about the house searching for the wonderful colored eggs left by the White Rabbit. And somebody, devoted to antique custom, repeats the ancient absurdity:

'Easter, Christmas, and the other Christian Holidays are merely adopted pagan festivals!'

The iteration of this nonsense of the season can now be expected like the confetti of an Italian carnival or the horns of a Scottish Halloween. It comes in the ordinary circles of American life as regularly as the hanging of holly wreaths or the outflowering of the immortal white lilies.

The weird notion circulates only within the intellectual range of certain individuals, as the myth of the egg-purveying White Rabbit finds acceptance only among Santa Claus' children. No scholar of the first rank would include the White Rabbit in a treatise on domestic animals, nor Santa Claus in a discussion of philanthropy, nor 'pagan origin' in an authoritative work on Christian festivals. But some numbers of people have actually been found who take the notion seriously, just as there are children who become so convinced of the reality of Santa Claus that it is a heavy task to undeceive them.

The difference between the Child Mind that believes in the White Rabbit and the Sophomore Mind that dogmatizes about the identity of Christian and pagan rites and days, is that the Child Mind is tolerant and enlightened. His White Rabbit does not devour Easter lilies or any other hopeful flowers that grow between the graves of this world. The Sophomore Mind—sometimes visible in a young intellectual flapping immature wings, and sometimes found in an older man whose thought has never ripened beyond the promise of youth—is intolerant. It is unscientific. It is arrogant. It glares upon us with a red signal of danger, for 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'

When one looks back from this Easter to all the Easters that have been, it seems too bad, indeed, that the old pagans never knew that Christianity was only paganism. Sixteen hundred and fourteen years ago, Constantine the Great issued from Milan a decree of complete tolerance for the Christian religion. This decree, which brought up from sunken catacombs and from obscure exile the chieftains of faith, was issued while Constantine himself was still a pagan—it preceded by some years his assembling of the Council of Nicea and his own baptism.

Of course, it is easy to see the origin of this fallacy of Easter and Christmas as pagan festivals. The fallacy is like an assertion that the American Fourth of July is a festival in honor of Chinese dragon gods, adopted by the superstitious Yankees and associated in their superstition with the idea of their independence.

How could anyone say that? By pointing out that firecrackers were invented by the Chinese as an offering to dragon gods, that punk sticks, with which firecrackers are often lighted, are burned as incense in Mongolian temples. This may not prove to all that the Fourth of July originated in China, but it presents the identical kind of evidence offered to prove that Christmas and Easter originated among the heathen.

We Yankees, of course, know that it was only by chance and accident that firecrackers ever came to be burned on the Fourth of July. The familiar noise-making instrument was the gun, and the gun is what the boys wanted. The firecracker was a substitute—it produced the noise with lessened peril. So it was adopted, not as a Chinese votive offering, but as an American toy.

The word Easter we have taken from paganism, and we of English speech alone have taken it. Nearly all other languages of Europe call Easter by a name that recalls the Passover season, which was also the time of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. We have taken the word only, and added an entirely new meaning—just as the Scandinavians took the old word *Jul* or Yule—and applied the name of this February pagan festival to the December celebration of the birth of Jesus.

Christmas and Easter and the other great festivals of historic Christianity are of Christian origin and purpose and meaning. Yet the days themselves are not essential to a devoted profession of Christianity, as Puritans, Covenanters, and Quakers, among other sects, have shown.

Sapiro Sues THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Libel Trial Starts Before Federal Judge *and* Jury *With* Opening Statements *by* Counsel

WHETHER Aaron Sapiro, Chicago attorney, was libeled by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is to be decided by a jury of six men and six women sitting in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Michigan, Southern division, at Detroit, before Judge Fred M. Raymond of Grand Rapids, Michigan. The case is based on a series of articles criticizing the Sapiro Plan for coöperative marketing of farm products.

The articles complained of were published two years ago and Mr. Sapiro asks $1,000,000 damages against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The trial may last several weeks and promises to go into every detail of Mr. Sapiro's activities in promoting his coöperative plan.

The history of the case begins in 1924 when THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in its issue of April 12 of that year, published the first of the articles complained of by Mr. Sapiro. For the period of a year, other articles were printed at intervals, the last one appearing on April 11, 1925.

Following publication of these articles, Mr. Sapiro, in 1925, filed his libel suit for damages.

His declaration consists of twenty-one counts in which 141 instances of alleged libelous statements are cited as having appeared in the series of articles.

The plea filed for the defense is a voluminous document of more than five hundred typewritten pages, one of the longest and most extensive pleas in court history.

The opening of the trial was fixed for March 15, when Judge Raymond, after listening most of the previous day to arguments on a motion by the plaintiff's attorney to strike the plea filed by counsel for The Dearborn Publishing Company, denied the motion and directed the calling of a jury to try the case.

Trial began before a crowded court room. A score or more of newspapermen were present to send the story out to the country, for it has become one of national interest, due to the prominence of those involved and the interest throughout the agricultural districts in the coöperative plan as promoted by Mr. Sapiro.

Representing Aaron Sapiro in the trial are Mr. Sapiro himself, William Henry Gallagher, Detroit attorney, and Robert S. Marx, a former Cincinnati judge but now of Chicago, law partner of Mr. Sapiro, and William F. Lynch of Chicago. Mr. Sapiro was admitted by Judge Raymond to practise in the United States District Court.

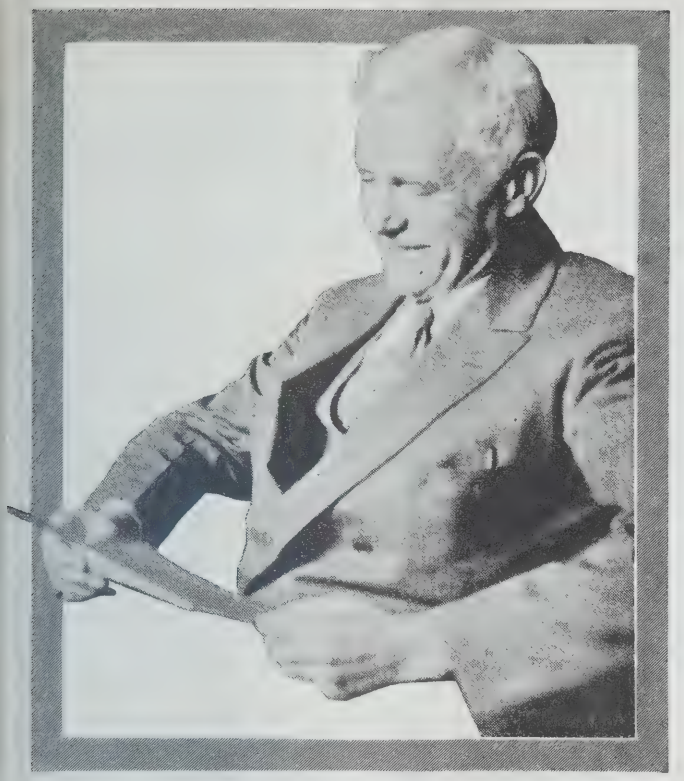
Representing THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are U. S. Senator James A. Reed of Kansas City, Missouri, a chief counsel; his law partner, Judg Richard J. Higgins; C. B. Longley general counsel for the Ford Moto Company; Raymond E. Watson, at torney of Kansas City, Missouri Judge Stewart Hanley, and Attorne Ward N. Choate, both of Detroit.

Indications of the extent to whic the defense intends to go in the tria are given by more than two hundre depositions which have been taken i various parts of the country where th Sapiro Plan of coöperative marketin was introduced and in the fact tha more than one hundred witnesses als have been called to testify. How man witnesses will be called by the plaintif has not as yet been indicated by hi counsel.

Under the rule of procedure adopte by the court in which Judge Raymon did most of the questioning of venire men, the jury was completed within a short time.

Before those accepted were sworn in for service, Judge Raymond explained to them that the trial of the case would extend over several weeks, that it would be an arduous one and that any who felt that for physical or other reasons they would not be able to serve throughout make it known and they would be excused. Apparently satisfied that they could endure the

Upper row, left to right—*Carl P. Haag, Amor M. Duart, Ernest Schweim, Herbert Schoenhals, Charles C. Parkhurst, Charles J. Daly.* Lower row, left to right—*Mrs. Grace L. Stiles, Mrs. Cora Hofman, Mrs. Grace A. Jewel, Miss Anna M. Konen, Mrs. Emma Clarkson, Mrs. Anna Brown.*



Senator James A. Reed.

rocedure, none of the jurors made any ffort to be released from service and ıey were accordingly sworn in.

Those on the jury which was drawn om various sections of the district, ɔmprise the following:

Mrs. Emma Clarkson, housewife.
Charles C. Parkhurst, dry goods mer-ıant.
Mrs. Grace A. Jewell, housewife.
Miss Anna M. Konen, housekeeper.
Herbert Schoenhals, hardware dealer.
Carl P. Haag, retired druggist.
Mrs. Anna Brown, housewife.
Amor M. Duart, accountant.
Charles J. Daly, farmer.
Ernest Schweim, retired cafe proprietor.
Mrs. Cora Hofman, housewife.
Mrs. Grace L. Stiles, widow.

Opening statements were made rst by Mr. Gallagher, chief counsel ɔr the plaintiff who took up nearly vo days in presenting to the jurors Ir. Sapiro's contentions in the case, ıd by Senator Reed, who addressed ıe jury on behalf of the defense.

In opening his statements, Mr. allagher dwelt for some time on the w of libel and then in reference to ıe parties in the case said:

'First of all, who are the parties? No ıe need say to a Michigan jury who Henry ɔrd is.

'The other defendant is The Dearborn ıblishing Company. In this case it is ry important for you to understand who ıd what The Dearborn Publishing Company

'We expect to show by evidence in this se that The Dearborn Publishing Com-ıny is merely the creature of Henry Ford, s mouthpiece, his spokesman.'

Regarding his client, he said in part:

'The other person involved in this law-suit is Aaron Sapiro. It is of some interest to you to have some idea of who this man is. You know he is a stranger in our community. He is now a resident and citizen of the State of Illinois.

'He first saw the light of day in 1884 in the city of San Francisco, California, making him now some forty-three years of age.

'When he was nine years of age he was one of seven children, and in his ninth year he had the misfortune to lose his father *through a railroad accident.* That circumstance left his widowed mother with seven children to take care of in the world, of whom he was the second eldest.

'After about a year's struggle with her situation, the widow placed four of these children in a Hebrew orphanage in San Francisco. He was one of them, and he remained in that orphanage until the year 1900.

'During that time he attended the common schools of San Francisco, until he was graduated, and then attended the Lowell High School in San Francisco until he was graduated. At the time of his graduation from the latter institution in 1900, some of those who were interested in this orphanage decided to send him on to institutions of higher education, and he went to the city of Cincinnati, where he entered a Hebrew institution, theological in character, where he continued for some six years, at the same time attending the Cincinnati University in the same city.

'He was graduated from the Cincinnati University I think in 1906 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He remained at the university as a second or assistant professor of history for another year, and was then given the degree of Master of Arts.

'Altogether I believe he remained in that city until 1908 . . .

'At the end of that time he returned to his native city, San Francisco, resolved to enter upon the study of law, and accordingly entered the Hastings Law School of the University of California, and at the same time entered a lawyer's office in the city of San Francisco, and studied his law in the law school and in this law office until 1911, when he was graduated from the university law school, and was admitted to practice in the State of California.

'Upon his admission to practice as a lawyer in 1911 he first entered upon the practice of his profession while occupying the position of secretary to the Industrial Accident Board of the State of California. While acting in that capacity, he framed the California law which made provision for Workmen's Compensation.

'After about two years with the Industrial Accident Board, he entered the practice of law, at first with two or three other men in a firm, and after about a year's time passed from that into practice by himself.

'About the year 1915 he was introduced to the subject matter which brings us into this lawsuit. About the year 1915 Governor Johnson of California appointed Colonel Harris Weinstock director of marketing of the State of California. As indicated by its title this office had something to do with the markets of that state.

'Mr. Weinstock had known Mr. Sapiro through Mr. Sapiro's being located in an office with a lawyer who had formerly been Weinstock's attorney. When Colonel Weinstock was made director of marketing, and found the farmers of California coming to him with problems on marketing, he found that very often those problems involved legal propositions and required the consideration and determination not merely of a coöperative marketing expert, a man versed in marketing of farmers' products, but a man versed in law as well.

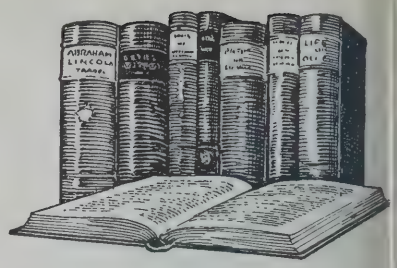
'So Colonel Weinstock called upon Mr. Sapiro to lend to him his experience and his talents in aiding and guiding these farmers who had these problems brought there for solution.

'From his study of these problems and study of the law applicable to them, he evolved himself certain definite, distinct ideas which he believed would be useful to the farmers to put into practice in solving these problems that they found themselves confronted with, and, so, when he was called upon, he had definite, distinct notions to offer, and was prepared to explain and expound those definite, distinct notions.

Aaron Sapiro.

'Now, in due time, the ideas that Mr. Sapiro expressed came to be known as Sapiro's ideas; and the general plan upon which he advocated the marketing of various groups of farmers' products became commonly known as *(Continued on page 26)*

Concerning BIOGRAPHY



THE spark that first made my mind flame into visions and ambitions was a biography. No publisher today would print it, no reader give it house room, its name would not be recognized by the wisest New York reviewer. As you may guess, it happened in days before the biographers thrust the biographed into the shade, when the life was the thing, and the book its servitor. For I do not remember the writer's name, but the fame of his subject will remain as long as my memory functions. It turned away my life, for good or ill, from many possible channels into the one whose control of me I shall never escape. Such is the terrific tyranny of an obscure book taken at the tides of life.

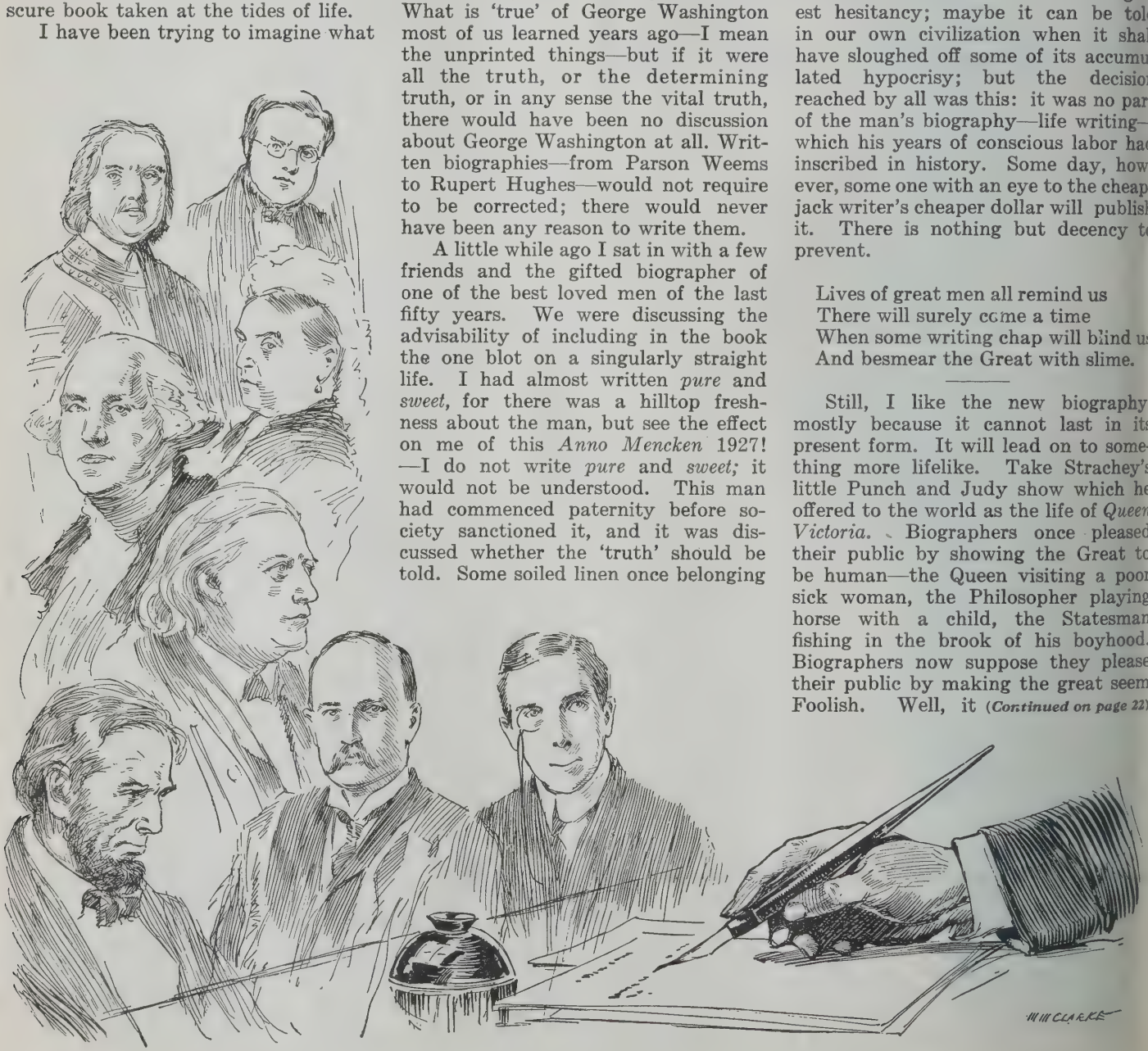
I have been trying to imagine what would have happened to the good man whose life I read in that thin little volume had he fallen into the hands of a modern biographer. It is a useless exercise; no modern biographer would give a thought to my poor hero. But the idea persists, because so much of modern biography is *revisionary;* it goes back over the road to repair the defects of the less sophisticated original biographers. And it loves only shining marks. George Washington is one of them. No doubt the modern biographies of George Washington are true—in the same sense that it is true that your most respectable friend did not beat his wife yesterday; but if that were all that is true of him he would be neither respectable nor your friend. What is 'true' of George Washington most of us learned years ago—I mean the unprinted things—but if it were all the truth, or the determining truth, or in any sense the vital truth, there would have been no discussion about George Washington at all. Written biographies—from Parson Weems to Rupert Hughes—would not require to be corrected; there would never have been any reason to write them.

A little while ago I sat in with a few friends and the gifted biographer of one of the best loved men of the last fifty years. We were discussing the advisability of including in the book the one blot on a singularly straight life. I had almost written *pure* and *sweet,* for there was a hilltop freshness about the man, but see the effect on me of this *Anno Mencken* 1927! —I do not write *pure* and *sweet;* it would not be understood. This man had commenced paternity before society sanctioned it, and it was discussed whether the 'truth' should be told. Some soiled linen once belonging to Robert Louis Stevenson, but long before cast off in his skyward sweep had just been waved before the reading public by two biographers, and the little group was disturbed by what they believed to be 'the new frankness that was coming into biography.

THE incident we were discussing had occurred before the man's mind had waked. It was in his young animal years. It was worlds away from any relation to his life or fundamental character. In another civilization it could be announced without the slightest hesitancy; maybe it can be told in our own civilization when it shall have sloughed off some of its accumulated hypocrisy; but the decision reached by all was this: it was no part of the man's biography—life writing—which his years of conscious labor had inscribed in history. Some day, however, some one with an eye to the cheapjack writer's cheaper dollar will publish it. There is nothing but decency to prevent.

Lives of great men all remind us
There will surely come a time
When some writing chap will blind us
And besmear the Great with slime.

Still, I like the new biography, mostly because it cannot last in its present form. It will lead on to something more lifelike. Take Strachey's little Punch and Judy show which he offered to the world as the life of *Queen Victoria.* Biographers once pleased their public by showing the Great to be human—the Queen visiting a poor sick woman, the Philosopher playing horse with a child, the Statesman fishing in the brook of his boyhood. Biographers now suppose they please their public by making the great seem Foolish. Well, it (*Continued on page 22*)



MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Unenlightened Material Success

BECAUSE the original motive which binds mankind to labor is the need for physical sustenance, it has been assumed that this constitutes the only meaning which labor can have for man. The standard of sustenance tends to be raised by what it feeds upon. We speak of 'the American standard of living'; we note that luxuries which were beyond the dreams of our fathers have become the common necessities of today. High standards of physical decency, of individual opportunity, of social environment have been reached by successive degrees, and still continue to advance.

There comes a time, however, when the normal sense of acquisitiveness is satisfied and a challenge arises in individuals as to what this kind of progress is worth, and what it all means. This challenge arises most readily in American life. For here we have a tradition of *work*, in contrast to traditions of acquiring fortunes in order to retire from work. We feel here that work is a large part of a man's life, which he cannot relinquish without at the same time relinquishing part of his life. We do not feel, as in some countries, that work is a necessary evil to be strenuously prosecuted in order to amass enough money to escape it.

And just because the fact of work does occupy so large a part of our life in America, we come the earlier and the more demandingly upon it for a sufficient meaning.

THE spectacle of stagnation in the midst of prosperity which looms up in the world today seems to have come out of a surfeit of material success, but out of a surfeit of material success that was not adequately enlightened by a noble meaning. Because the original motive of labor is physical sustenance it should not be assumed that this constitutes the only meaning that labor can have for man. What we call business is stagnating in the lower regions of meaninglessness where it has been thoughtlessly relegated and is now eager to come into its own in the spheres of significance and service.

When the work happens to be, as in America, highly profitable, and surrounded by an atmosphere of plenty in every field—plenty of material, plenty of jobs, plenty of wages, plenty of business, plenty of capital and plenty of profits—in short all the qualities of which impoverished men think they would never grow tired, it is not strange to see stagnation occur, which is first of all perhaps, a stagnation of interest.

For there are two things of which men grow weary in the material sphere, meaningless poverty and meaningless prosperity. It is simply that a dominant condition at either extreme of the scale of goods becomes tiresome unless there is something else added to it. For St. Francis, poverty was a stirring adventure. For a modern, great plenty may be made just as stirring an adventure. The fact is that, as a general observation, both poverty and plutocracy are seen to be insufferably dull.

'The tired business man' is not so much tired of his business as of that which for him has no meaning beyond itself. The desire to 'escape from business' is really a desire to escape into a region of the mind where, it is supposed, business has no place. But if we study the deeper tendencies of the time, it will be seen that *Business itself*, and not merely its servant the 'business man,' *is also desirous of escape into a new region of meaning.* Business—the great human element which we call Business—is stagnating in the lower regions of meaning where we have kept it, and is restless to attain its rights in more honorable regions of significance and service.

It is, of course, a great thing to keep the homes of 110,000,000 people in a state of plenty and to employ in a degree the creative faculties of so great a nation. But our very success in doing this is making it so commonplace as to be partially lost sight of as a justifying end. Indirectly, all our great institutions of education, healing, research, religion, government, art and literature, are supported by Business. But only indirectly, because it is not for these that we work; we do not work with them in mind. We work with money in mind. The meaning which money might otherwise have is hindered by insufficiently inclusive motives.

It is true, of course, that by gifts of stock and other devices, certain institutions are to a large extent supported by the business and profits of commercial corporations. One sees this in the case of certain hospitals in England and of a few educational institutions in this country. But, again, these are not the *reasons* why the managers manage and the workers work. To arouse interest and give a meaning to business, there has been adopted in this country a system of profit-sharing, which in itself is a good thing, though its limitations are obvious; but at its best one sees that it is merely a spreading of conditions which in themselves and at their highest have failed to give that substantial meaning to effort which, as we say, 'keeps up the spirit.'

So that this strange spectacle of stagnation in the midst of prosperity is one which suggests a wholly new problem in the world, especially in the form in which it now looms up. True, it has come to individuals in all generations. True, it has come to society generally after a surfeit of evils, such as wars and oppressions. But now we seem to be facing it, not out of a surfeit of material success, but out of a surfeit of *material success that was not sufficiently enlightened and ennobled by a high meaning.* We shall consider this further.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

The Bankers' Conquest

THE Bankers' Conquest of Europe has progressed so far that it is at last coming out into the open. Partial details of the Conquest are even finding their way into the daily press. Arno Dosch-Fleurot, noted foreign correspondent, stabs closer to the truth than he perhaps realizes in a recent dispatch from Paris. 'New York, London and Berlin are about to cast their finances together on a plan for financing the newer European states, which grew out of the peace treaties,' he says; adding that the first move is expected to be for Poland with a loan of $150,000,000.

Possibly the most surprising feature of Dosch-Fleurot's story is that it reveals the link between the bankers and the League of Nations. 'Concurrence of the Economic Council of the League of Nations would be obtained to give sanction and determine policies, but no financial controller would be under direct supervision of the League as is the case with Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria. . . . The delicate point is in the method of control. Poland obviously is not willing to submit to a financial dictator . . . The scheme, however, has the virtue of not offending Polish national dignity, *as it is merely a part of a general plan affecting most continental states.*'

Two other intensely illuminating statements are made. They are:

'The idea is supposed to have originated with *Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of England, who obtained the approval of important financial groups while in New York last winter.*'

'*If the plan is carried out, New York and London, and to lesser degree, Berlin, will financially control the Continent.*'

Nobles All

ENGLAND is greatly agitated by the suggestion that Lloyd George, while Premier, 'sold' titles of nobility. The fact is generally acknowledged, however, and the practice is of great antiquity. Impecunious British monarchs formerly refurbished their treasuries by the sale of titles, and now this royal privilege has democratically passed to the people. Instead of the Crown benefiting pecuniarily, it is the Party that benefits, and perhaps seldom more so than under Lloyd George. At least he holds such a large amount of this secret loot that he *is* the Liberal Party. No Lloyd George, no party funds.

To us it seems an excellent practice, worthy of adoption in this country. Why not devise a Peerage of Profit, to which deserving party contributors could be elevated? Take the case of Mr. Insull, for example: it is rather hard that all that he should get out of his liberal gifts is a senatorial investigation with contempt proceedings attached. How much nicer if the whole thing could have been smoothed over with a 'Sir' for Samuel or a new name altogether—how would Lord of Keokuk do? The saving to the Government in oil leases and land deals alone would be considerable. That in itself is enough to commend the idea. Instead of paying the party contributor with the choicest oil wells or the most profitable water-power sites in the country, he could be rewarded with a title or an 'honor.' Who among us would not thrill to the title of Earl of Elk Hill, or Duke of Teapot Dome?

Of course, there is always a chance that desirable localities may give out, but in that case titles could be issued for notable talents or events connected with the recipient. Candidates for the title of Baron of Buncombe would possibly be too numerous to permit of a selection. But few could honestly dispute with an eminent Philadelphian the honor of Lord of the Stuffed Ballot Box.

Under Cover

UNDER cover' activities in Washington are not confined to federal dry agents. They extend higher up—with this difference: under-cover prohibition agents seek to disclose dry-law violations, under-cover officials to conceal them. Here is the latest instance.

A truck containing twelve cases of valuable liquor was stolen by hijackers while its crew were in a Washington restaurant.

The theft was reported to the Washington police.

It developed that the liquor belonged to a high Government official.

Further, that it was being brought into the capital under federal permit.

BUT—the police refused to divulge the name of the official.

AND—the Treasury Department refused to divulge the name of the permit holder. Hasty regulations were issued leaving to the 'discretion' of minor officials whether the names of those given liquor permits should be made public.

This should end the story; but it doesn't—

A few days later the King of the Rum Runners drove a truck to a Washington precinct police station. Two detectives helped him unload twelve boxes of varying sizes. The boxes were stored in the lieutenant's room—under lock and key. Next day two more detectives supervised their removal to a storage house.

He Did It With His Little Filibuster

SENATOR DAVID REED of Pennsylvania has the satisfaction of knowing that he has probably protected Mr. Vare from further investigation. He did it with his little filibuster in the closing days of Congress. And as Senator Reed's reëlection largely depends upon Mr. Vare's good will, this is probably an important item.

But he also has the knowledge that some half-million Civil War, Mexican War, Indian War and Spanish War veterans and pensioners will have to subsist somehow for two months without their pensions—*also because of his filibuster.*

The filibuster that prevented the Senate from voting funds for the Primary Investigating Committee likewise prevented it from passing the deficiency appropriation.

After trying for weeks to devise some means by which the pension payments could be kept up despite this, the Commissioner of Pensions has at last been forced to acknowledge defeat. *Announcements are being mailed the veterans that the United States Government will be unable to send them their pensions during the months of May and June.* This is their contribution—involuntary, and cruelly extorted—to keep Vare in his tainted seat.

Many of the veterans are blind, some helpless with age. Most are totally dependent on their pensions for the necessaries of life.

Two months' interruption in payments means hardships. These innocent bystanders in the game of politics as it is played by the Gentlemen from Pennsylvania will find it hard to understand why so substantial and trusted an agency as their Government should fail them in their hour of need.

An Uncensored Letter From Nicaragua

PLEASE regard this letter as coming from about one hundred foreign residents and in the neighborhood of thirty thousand naturals of the Atlantic littoral of Nicaragua . . .

'I am an American . . . During twelve years' residence in Nicaragua I have had exceptional opportunities to note the havoc and devastation caused by the "satisfactory rehabilitation of the finances" of the country, to quote from President Coolidge's late message, and I have had ocular proof of the gradually increasing poverty of the people under an ever-increasing indirect taxation through increasingly higher tariff duties on the necessaries of life.

'This "satisfactory" procedure has been going on since 1912, under the direction of J. and W. Seligman, bankers of New York, with their "satrap" here, one Col. Clifford Ham, an American, the actual head of the government. The two chief satellites of this Ham are two other Americans bearing the name of Lindberg, while some of the corporations and business interests, also all American, most benefiting through this peculiar form of rehabilitation have been, and are, headed by men bearing such distinctive names as Weinberger, Wuescher, Zamurray, Shultz, Jung, Wettstein, Fischer, Weil, et cetera, and these men have, to the last one, been active workers for a continuance of the Diaz-Chamorro régime nominally under which, as the Nicaraguan government, they have been functioning in their different capacities to the everlasting disgrace of the United States and to the almost utter impoverishment of the country.

'This imposing satrapy of American interests is really what our State Department, under the secretariat of Philander C. Knox, put in power in 1912, and kept in power by taking away from the great majority of the people the utilization of the franchise through the presence of our Marines at the capital for so many years. In the election of 1924 the people regained the utility of the franchise and elected the so-called National ticket by an overwhelming majority. This was accomplished through the aid of our then Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, the only friend Nicaragua has ever had in that department of our government.

'Under Frank B. Kellogg our State Department swung back to the former policy of "the people be damned," by again adopting the Knox policy of backing the Diaz-Chamorro gang of exploiting politicians, the willing tools of the bankers; and the results of the honest poll of 1924 were wrenched away from the people, and the revolt of 1926 followed. Since that time our Navy has been openly backing the Diaz-Chamorro faction, under the thin guise of protecting American interests which needed almost no protection; and, it would seem, the crime of 1912 is to be repeated with almost no variation.

'Stripped of all falderal and clumsy camouflage the above is the bald truth of our interference in Nicaragua, so plainly evident to, and so openly acknowledged by, everybody here that we still gasp in wonder at some of the stuff that appears in our press. Not one word of pertinent truth will the American press publish when coming from American sources on the scene of action, but volumes of futile piffle are being published emanating from extraneous sources or from interests to whose advantage it is to hide the truth.

'And the American press is the only press of the world so held in leash. Is this for the reason that it is also subservient to the Hebraic banking interests which undoubtedly have some creature in our Department of State who is in close affiliation with them?

'Soviet Russia has never adopted more stringent means for the suppression of truth than have been adopted here, nor a more systematic method of exploitation, short of actual murder, though, indeed, the deaths resulting from this internecine struggle really come under this category . . .

'As an American citizen I most strongly object to such mid-European procedures being called even un-American, and I desire to express this objection to the American people, and, at the same time, enter an opening wedge for the purpose of righting a great wrong being perpetrated for the second time against a small people.

'Would you suggest how this could be done?

'With the sincere hope that this reaches your hands . . . '

Adventurings *in* HOLLAND

Romantic Nimeguen, Long *the* 'Observation Post' *of the* Netherlands

By
HILAIRE BELLOC

Drawings in Pencil by
EDMOND WARRE

IT MAKES no small difference to one's comprehension of any modern European country whether one's normal mode of entry goes with, or contrary to, the stream of its history in time. For countries grow up in a certain order spreading from some center or base: and travel may go *with* that order or against it.

Thus Spain grew up from the north. It was reconquered by the surviving Christians of the Pyrenees over the Mohammedan governors of the center and south. If you come into Spain by the north, and travel southwards you follow the development of the country. If you go in by Gibraltar and the south, going northwards, you get the development upside down.

People traveling from England have good fortune (in this matter) as regards some countries, bad fortune as regards others. They come into Scotland, for instance, by the natural historical direction; so they do into Ireland by Dublin, and on the whole their entry into France is of the same kind. But they are handicapped as regards the Low Countries and particularly as regards Holland. Holland developed *as the delta of the Rhine.* To bind together in one's mind the history and geography of the place one should approach it from the Rhine, and thence work outward along 'the sticks of the fan' toward the seacoast rim.

It is on this account that I think the best town in which to begin an understanding of Holland is Nimeguen.

The broad stream upon which stands the hill of Nimeguen—a fortress for so many centuries—is called the Waal. The name Rhine is given to a diminished stream which flows on past Arnhem and

St. Steven's Kerk and Waag (weighing house) at Nimeguen.

Utrecht to the North Sea. But it is the Waal which takes up the main body of water and carries on the mighty traffic of the Western Germanies to Rotterdam and the ocean. When you stand, therefore, upon the steep-sided citadel Nimeguen and look down upon the broad stream below, you are seeing the beginnings of Holland: the beginning of the delta where the Rhine breaks into many branches and has built up this fruitful land, the beginning of its cities, geography and history.

THE name is curious and characteristic. It is a Celtic name *Novio Magus* 'The new market.' But it is a Celtic name which has become teutonized. Those who guess at these things have a theory that some Germanic eruption broke here into the Celtic world. It may just as well be that there was a Celtic aristocracy giving names to places, with Germanic underlings whose popular tongue afterwards —in the Dark Ages—submerged their masters' idiom. The truth is we know hardly anything of what happened in the way of racial (or linguistic) movements here. But whatever the fortunes of its origin, Nimeguen is the true gate and entry into Holland. It preserves a large Catholic population drawn from the influences of the Rhine Valley and that also is characteristic in a nation of which rather more than one-third are of the religious minority. For this proportion of religion in Nimeguen is, as it were, the outflow from the Rhine upstream. Then again, Nimeguen is the true gate of the country as being the last 'observation post' or 'lookout' from the hill country over the great flat of the delta. You begin from Nimeguen, the 'adventure of Holland' as it were; the adventure of a unique experience; of a country largely lying below the level of the highest tides, defended artificially against the sea, carrying on its life perpetually by a conflict with nature, and thereby kneaded and annealed into a very strong national substance.

Nimeguen being thus the entry into the country from the Rhine, which has made the country, you see upon it a German impress which is here freshest and weakens as one goes farther west. It is upon the plan of the newer part of the town, which has the quality of the spacious modern German town planning.

But what is historical in Nimeguen is national. It is essentially Dutch in its older buildings, and the spirit of its people. Nimeguen has the quality which we find nowadays so often throughout Western Europe of a place whose ancient function has been abandoned or has changed: a place beginning as a stronghold, ending as a mart.

It played its part as a fortress down to the wars of the early 18th Century, and yet today one forgets that it is a fortress, and one almost feels, though no one can tell the future, that it will never be famous in warfare again.

It seems to lie off the track of conflict. Unlike the other centers of its day which have been deserted by the change in warfare, one does not in Nimeguen see conspicuously the relics of its older character. In Montreuil, for instance (with which so many Englishmen became familiar during the war as headquarters), the old, capital importance of the place is the stronghold which is most vividly impressed upon the eye. There you have the profound ditch of the defense and bits of the old medieval wall standing strongly to the north and west, with manifest guarded entry through what was once an armed gate.

At Nimeguen you see nothing of this. It has forgotten war. Yet to stand on the height of the old citadel so long dismantled, and to look over the great level to the west, and over the broad belt of the Waal at your feet, taking all the water-borne commerce of the Rhineland to the sea, is to feel at once the historic basis of the place. From that height men looked out in the days before the main waters of the Rhine were deflected by the cut of the Waal to the North Sea, and when the great stream ran on its natural course by Arnhem and Utrecht to its various mouths. From that height men looked out, earlier still, over the marshland of the forming delta, great flakes of water and ooze as yet untamed and unsettled by the Roman order.

From that height, perhaps, the first beginners of this land looked out upon a shallow sea that has become Holland and all its wealth in the days before the delta was formed.

If, then, you would understand Holland, come in from the Rhine, climb the abrupt depressive height of Nimeguen and strain your eyes westward and northward over the great flats for the tower of Utrecht and conjure up all the group of cities between you and the sea.

River Waal, with Valkhof in foreground.

Dropping Our Political Pilots

By HARRY PENCE

MAN shall not live by bread alone,' but that which *bread* signifies has its important place in the cosmic scheme. It can't be ignored.

Officeholding, for example—local, state and national—is with us no business or profession at all, but a lot of fellows aspire to and fight for places and preferment. In the main it is not the legitimate emoluments of the offices they seek—but something else—another kind of 'bread.'

This is not a tale of graft. There's enough of that, recorded and unrecorded. Rather is it the present purpose to show how the hit-and-miss of our public officeholding system has worked a cruel hardship even to the veterans inured to its vicissitudes and supposedly well able to take care of themselves. John Beauchamp (Champ) Clark narrowly missed the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1912. William Jennings Bryan turned the tide against him and to Woodrow Wilson. And in 1912, due to the Roosevelt defection in the enemy ranks, the Democratic nomination was equivalent to election.

Despite this disappointment there were still signal honors in store for Champ Clark. He was the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the 'War' Congress and as such one of the pivotal figures, 'key men' they are now called, in national legislation during that trying era.

The election of 1920 turned against the Democrats and the veteran Speaker's devotion to public affairs had not allowed him the time and opportunity to keep his own political fences in repair. He was defeated after serving thirteen terms, twelve of them consecutive, and had presided over four Congresses, eight years, as Speaker of the House.

HIS term of office would have closed at midnight on March 3, 1921, but he died on March 2, lacking but five days of being seventy-one years of age. Had he occupied as prominent a position in an industrial or mercantile institution and rendered in its interests approximately the same services, he would several years before have been gracefully retired to an economic competency that would have spared him the humiliation of being summarily 'laid on the shelf.'

It may be that the economic factor did not figure greatly in his case, but 'man shall not live by bread alone' and however inconsequential the matter of 'loaves and fishes' may be, it is a poor system that provides no better fate for its veterans than sending them to their graves with the shadow of defeat hovering over them.

A day or two after the election of 1922 Robert M. La Follette met a friend of Henry Cabot Lodge and inquired earnestly about the returns in Massachusetts. On that occasion Lodge 'just squeaked through' and it was several days before the result was definitely known. The Senate then included in its membership no more dissimilar pair, but personally the men were bound by ties of long association and, however much they differed on public issues, an old friendship still survived.

'I am glad to know that he'll pull through,' La Follette is quoted as saying. 'Henry is getting along in years and a defeat might go badly with him at his age.'

EVEN a near defeat did that. Lodge never recovered from this blow to his prestige. He was two months younger than Champ Clark, and was the ranking member of the Senate, recently elected to his sixth term. In five preceding national conventions of his party he had acted a prominent part, yet in 1924 this seventy-four-year-old veteran, who more than any other man had wrecked the Wilson program and re-established Republican ascendency, was a negligible figure at the Cleveland convention. Political writers made his relegation to the background a feature of their reports and editorial writers the country over commented upon it.

The election of that year did nothing to restore Lodge to influence and power. Quite the reverse. And no one familiar with the career of the Sage of Nahant will question the statement that his last days were embittered and his end hastened by this political reverse. He died November 7, 1924.

La Follette fought every step of his way up and then refused to quit fighting. As with Lodge one did not have to side with him to concede to him honesty of purpose and great skill in the direction of his energies. Opposition only stirred him to greater effort. As governor of Wisconsin he brought about a new era and in the Senate he was as famous for what he prevented from happening as for what he forced to take place.

Senator La Follette faced the break with his party in 1924 a man far from well. Five years younger than Lodge and Clark he was then sixty-nine years of age and had been a Senator for nineteen years. He could, it would seem, remain in the Senate as long as he pleased.

In the preceding Congress, however, a systematic campaign for his belittlement had matured. The death of President Harding and the elevation of Vice-President Coolidge to the Presidency made it necessary for the president *pro tempore* of the Senate to devote all his time to that office and Senator Albert B. Cummins, of Iowa, did not feel justified in surrendering that post and the extra salary it paid, to retain the important chairmanship of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. La Follette was the next Republican in line on that committee and the conservative element of the party were aghast at the idea of La Follette becoming the head of that particular committee. The Senate does not willingly ignore precedent, but in this case it preferred and eventually selected Senator E. D. Smith, the ranking Democrat.

The final break came in 1924 and La Follette headed a 'third party' movement. Its immediate success was not seriously anticipated by its promoters. It was expected only to establish the nucleus of a party which would gather momentum with the coming years.

But it is related that in the midst of this campaign there came to the aged warrior the conviction that a tide had set in destined to sweep him and his associates to victory. It seems incredulous, but it comes from several generally dependable sources. The result of that election was a great shock to a man whose health was already greatly impaired. What he had said of Senator Lodge was true of himself. He did not live to witness the inauguration of the victor nor the official abandonment of independent political activity by the group that gave him his biggest vote. He died January 18, 1925.

THE year 1926 afforded two striking instances of death following hard upon defeat at the polls, each being the repudiation of a veteran by his own party in primary election.

Albert B. Cummins earned fame as an attorney specially expert in patent litigation before he entered public life. As governor of Iowa he was one of the foremost champions of a moderate tariff, scientifically adjusted by an impartial commission. It became known as the 'Iowa Idea' and it was execrated in the days of its inception as only the 'Moscow Idea' is today, by the ultra-conservative.

From the governorship Cummins went to the Senate, still the advocate of what was then characterized as radical legislation. From tariff his activities shifted to traffic. He took a leading

part in transportation legislation at a time when railroad history was being written in large letters.

In the process of time he settled down as the exponent f safely conservative measures and a staunch supporter of party regularity.

But the forces and factors which had eclipsed a star of the magnitude of Lodge of Massachusetts could not be told that it was dangerous to fool with a little fight in Iowa. When, therefore, Senator Smith W. Brookhart, rampant insurgent, defied leadership, and especially after he called upon the candidate for the vice-presidency to quit the ticket and the fight, it needed only a semblance of a contest to bring about his temporary undoing. It is useless to consider whether he or his Democratic opponent received the more votes. A decision in favor of the other man depended not upon the merits of the case but upon the sordid question of expediency, and the powers that were made the wrong guess. They were warned of the danger but could not resist the temptation. On April 12, by a vote of forty-five to forty-one, the Senate declared Daniel F. Stack the regularly elected Senator from Iowa in the face of the fact that Senator A. B. Cummins, who, as related, had become a 'standpatter,' was up for reelection and that the Iowa senatorial primary took place in June. Brookhart, of course, felt he had nothing left but to enter that contest, and on June 7 another illustrious name, that of Albert B. Cummins, was added to the roster of the 'Lame Duck Club.'

CUMMINS was older by three weeks than Champ Clark, by three months than Henry Cabot Lodge and had been a Senator for seventeen years. He had, as related, been chairman of the important committee on interstate commerce, which he left to become president *pro tempore* of the Senate. He was also chairman of the judiciary committee and a member of the committee on territories and insular affairs. He was seventy-six years of age and half a century of public service had not enabled him to acquire wealth. The small difference in salary between that of a regular member and that of the presiding officer was a matter of concern to him. He did not endeavor to conceal the fact. At an age when returning to the practice of his profession was out of the question, with nothing to look forward to but some unimportant, however ornamental, commission, he was repudiated by his party in his own state and left high and dry in conspicuously respectable isolation.

Six or seven weeks after this blow had fallen he died, July 30, 1926, and while his death cannot be directly attributed to it there can be no doubt that his unmerited defeat was a contributing cause.

In April another Congressional veteran was similarly retired by his party in Illinois. Large sums of money contributed by traction and power interests would seem to have turned the trick. The contributors were of the opinion that their interests would be better served by Frank L. Smith than by William B. McKinley.

Senator McKinley was also in his seventieth year, but was an aspirant for reëlection to a second term in the Senate, though he had served seven terms in the House.

It cannot be said that in this instance his defeat hastened his end. His ailment would likely have resulted fatally regardless of the results of the Illinois primary election in April. But the fact remains that like Speaker Champ Clark, Henry Cabot Lodge, Robert M. La Follette and Albert B. Cummins, his death followed closely upon the heels of a political reverse.

All these men were within five years of the same age and their end came within a similar span. All had given the best years of their lives to national legislation. Most of them had become distinguished as parliamentarians. At least three, if not four, had

Pen-and-ink impression by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

displayed talents and abilities closely approximating statesmanship of a high order. Of two of them it can be said that, had they not lived, the destiny of the nation would have been different. To each the end came in a period of anticlimax.

To the writer, to whom none of these men appealed as wholly admirable and who, had he been a constituent, would probably have contributed his mite to the defeat of more than one of them, the fate of none of them seems deserved. He has no solution to offer but it does seem that there should be, for national legislators at least, a post similar to that which the universities have created—that of Senator Emeritus, or Representative Emeritus, carrying with it certain honors and emoluments which would make the position attractive and its incumbent financially comfortable to the end of his days. This is frankly indefinite and fanciful, but—well, there should be some better way than throwing them out bodily at the end of their service.

Change *in* Treasury Policy

By M. T. W.

IN THE opinion of this writer the policy of the Treasury in refinancing public debt maturity has been neither as scientific nor as economical as claimed.

Instead of bridging over the quarterly financing periods by covering shortages of available funds by Certificates of Indebtedness maturing in six or nine months, at 3½ per cent upward, why should the Treasury not offer long-term bonds at two per cent, bearing the circulation privilege? These should be offered as far in advance of need as possible, to permit subscriptions of idle funds in all parts of the country, instead of confining participation practically to New York and the East.

The circulation privilege thus conferred would be extended by making these bonds exchangeable at the option of the holder for lawful money, thus improving on the old 'bridge' idea by making possible an immediate redemption of what otherwise might easily prove for a time a chilled if not a frozen credit.

A further advantage is the supply of needed currency in any section at once. It would also serve as an outlet for the new currency and a vehicle for the retirement of what is now lawful money.

The scientific and economic advantage of this plan is apparent. The conglomerate currency of today would be replaced by a single series system, every note a full legal tender for its face, and the right of issue resumed by the Treasury, *where it belongs*. The interest budget would be cut in half and the currency circulation freed from an onerous tax burden which makes possible a restriction of needed expansion in volume.

Confronted with larger maturities than in the past—so much larger that the total amount immediately needed is unnamed—announcement is made tardily, through circulars of the Treasury, to all bank and many private addresses, of the availability of an issue of 3¼ per cent.

Certificates, at each of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks, may be had by personal application or through member or other banks, at par and accrued interest. These certificates are in denominations of $500, $1,000, $5,000 and $10,000 and preference in allotment is given small subscriptions of the smaller denominations from a distance.

Partial circulation privilege is given by making interest coupons and the certificates themselves receivable for government dues at value to date of presentation.

The HAPPY OPTIMIST

By HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

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He burst into a roar of laughter.

Seymour Johnson, whose business is to help people out of their difficulties, is called upon by Mrs. Lane who complains that her husband is too optimistic and has got on her nerves. She wants some plan devised to make him less cheerful. In putting a scheme into operation Mr. Johnson is in turn attacked by melancholy and calls at the offices of the 'Society for the Promotion of Happiness.' He is received by Miss Allan, the lady in charge.

I WAS taken into another room where five or six persons, male and female, were sitting in a row on chairs, watching a stout young woman who was saying: 'Now, when I get to six, laugh. You will find it easier if you begin to smile at two, let the smile become broad at four, a faint ripple of laughter at five, and a broad outburst on the word six. Now, one, two, three—— No, no, Mrs. Browning, that won't do at all; that's not a natural smile. Let it come to the lips straight from the heart.'

Mrs. Browning was a rather elderly woman, and looked much nearer tears than laughter, and gave a little gasp of protest.

'I'm very sorry, Miss Jones,' she said. 'I think, perhaps, I could laugh when you say two, and then smile later, after the laugh. It seems to come to me more naturally that way.'

'Nonsense!' said the young woman. 'Now you watch me.'

There followed then the birth, progress, explosion and death of the most extraordinary laugh that I had ever been privileged to see on any human countenance. It was too much for me altogether. I burst into a loud guffaw, at the sound of which all the six students, who seemed to be sunk into a like depth of depression, turned to me with hopeful eyes. The young woman was delighted. 'That's the way, that's the way,' she said. 'Listen to that gentleman. Now you must try to get something as natural as that. Don't be disheartened. Now begin again with me. One, two, three——'

We went into a further room. Here there were some half-dozen men, all middle-aged or over, all with their coats off, engaged in bending down, trying to touch their toes. A thin little man, the instructor, was dancing about in a perfect tempest of rage. 'No, no, no, that won't do at all!' he cried. 'You've got to touch your toes as though you like it. Don't look so gloomy, Mr. Green. As I told you before, you'll find it much easier if you think of something pleasant while you're doing it—green fields and mountain-tops, or a good run in the park before breakfast—something really healthy and fine. Now, then, straight up with one, arms out with two, three half bend to the hips—'

'These,' explained Miss Allan to me, 'are all City men who are either in danger of, or have actually suffered from, severe financial losses.'

'It must be rather melancholy,' I said in the same stage whisper, 'all together like that. Wouldn't it be better to mix them with a few men whose affairs are rather brighter?'

'That's not been our experience,' said Miss Allan. 'We've found that the thought of one another's losses cheers them up. They like to feel that there are some others in the same position as themselves.'

It was at this moment that the great thought struck me. Here, if anywhere in the world, was the true place for the solution of my obstinate problem.

I was taken into a third room, where half a dozen rather elderly men and women were seated in couples, trying apparently to develop friendly conversations with one another. 'This,' said Miss Allan, looking at her pupils with great severity, as though they were most certainly not doing what they were supposed to be doing, 'this we call the Friends in Council Room. We introduce here to one another lonely folk who have not friends or any great interest in life. They come here for an hour in the afternoon and talk together.'

The lonely folk did not look at all as though they were enjoying themselves, except one fat little man, who was pouring out a flood of words into the ears of a rather grim-looking lady, who kept trying to interrupt him with little desperate ejaculations of 'I don't think—but why?' and so on, without his paying the very least attention to her. When we had been there two or three minutes, this lady jumped up and came towards us. 'Miss Allan,' she cried, in a voice not far from tears, 'I have not paid my twelve guineas to come here and be insulted. I don't like this gentleman. I don't want to talk to him any more. I'm going straight home, and you can whistle for your other five guineas.'

I saw then a sample of Miss Allan's remarkable firmness. 'Now, now,' she said, 'Miss Sturgis, hysteria, hysteria! You know that when the clock strikes the half-hour you can all change partners. Why, I wonder at you! How are you ever going to be happy and make nice friends if you don't give them a fair test?' Meanwhile it was amusing to observe the blank look on the face of the little fat man, who obviously thought that he had been a great success. It was when I saw Miss Allan's wonderful firmness, and the sudden submission of poor Miss Sturgis, that I was more than ever confirmed in my belief that this was the place for Lane.

When we returned to the office, I said to her: 'Miss Allan, I have been immensely interested in all that I have seen. I have a friend who could, I think, very much help you in your work. At any rate, he would I know, be himself greatly assisted by seeing this.'

'Is he melancholy, overstrung, unhappily married, or suffering from any incurable disease?' she asked with eager curiosity.

'Not at all,' I said. 'He's a very happy man, and it's just there that I think he can help you. I can't quite explain what I mean just now, but do let him come and see you. I believe it will be worth your while.'

'Certainly,' she answered. 'I'm delighted for anyone to come and see us. Now, confess, Mr.——'

'Johnson,' I said.

'—Mr. Johnson, that you have been

stuck by the radiant spirit that lights up these rooms—the happy faces, cheerful carolling voices.'

'I have been struck,' I answered. 'I've never seen anything like this before, and if anyone had told me about it I shouldn't have believed him. We live and learn.' With which sentiment Miss Allan entirely agreeing, we shook hands and parted.

I LOST no time in conducting my friend Lane to Miss Allan's offices. 'I want you to come,' I explained to him, 'because I think you'll do real good there. The object of the place, as I told you, is to put cheerfulness into people's lives, and, to tell you the truth, from the little visit I made I gathered that the one thing that was absent was that same cheerfulness. Now, you're one of the most cheery fellows I know.'

'Am I?' he asked, his face flushing with pleasure.

'You are indeed,' I answered. 'I never knew anybody who looked so consistently on the bright side of everything, and here you'll find people optimists by determination just as you're one by nature.'

When I introduced Lane to Miss Allan, I saw that at first sight she was disappointed. 'You don't look sick or anything,' she said to him, which indeed he did not.

He burst into a roar of laughter. 'Oh, I'm not sick,' he said. 'Never was better in my life. Isn't this jolly? Isn't it charming? I do like the colour of those walls. I think this is one of the nicest places I've ever been in in my life.'

Miss Allan was a little mollified. 'I'll just show you what we do,' she said. We went once again into the rooms where I had been on an earlier occasion. In the first room today a little group was seated, while the stout girl read aloud a piece of Dickens, having given instructions beforehand that at such and such a place they were all to laugh. It was the account of Sarah Gamp and Betsy Prig having supper in Mrs. Gamp's bedroom. All the pupils were waiting so anxiously for the words that they'd been told to expect, that they missed them when they came, and a severe scene of correction would certainly have followed had not Lane burst into such a roar of laughter that he did duty for all of them. 'By Jove, that's good!' he cried. 'That's jolly old Dickens, I know. That's awfully good.' All the pupils then faintly tittered, and Miss Allan, I saw, began to be aware of some of the uses to which Lane might be put. I left him there, and did not see anything of the family for three or four days. Then I had a letter from Mrs. Lane.

'Dear Mr. Johnson,' she said, 'I know you're trying to help me, and I'm sure you have some clever plan, but I really would be glad to know what purpose you hope to serve by introducing my husband to that place in Victoria Street. He is very interested in it, and has been there every afternoon, and he has come back each evening in most boisterous spirits. He says that it is quite wonderful work that they're doing, and he is thinking of introducing some of their methods into our family. He frightened Johnnie and Dulcie, our two eldest children, last night, out of their very lives by making them laugh according to numbers, with the result that they both burst into tears, and were sent to bed without their supper. I'm sure this kind of thing isn't what you intended, and I think you ought to know what's happening.

'Yours sincerely,
'Viola Lane.'

I wrote back—

'Dear Mrs. Lane,—Have a little patience and you will see that I am right. I don't want to explain more just now. Give me a week.

'Yours sincerely,
'Seymour Johnson.'

TWO days after this Lane appeared in the office. He was looking his jolly self, but for the first time it seemed to me that I noticed in him a rather puzzled, hesitating air.

'Well, Johnson,' he said, 'how are you getting on? Isn't it a splendid day?'

'If it weren't for there being no sun and its drizzling hard, I should agree with you,' I answered.

'Well, of course it's not exactly a day for being out-of-doors,' he added, 'but this is the kind of weather when one loves to be under a roof with a book and a pipe. It makes you feel good. Are you doing anything this afternoon?'

'Yes, several things,' I said. 'Why?'

'Well, I'm going to pay a call on Miss Allan. I'm helping her with one of her pupils. I had a little argument with her yesterday. It seemed to me that she was forcing her pupils into a mood a little too obstinate. What do you think?'

'Perhaps there is something in that,' I said.

'As a matter of fact,' he said, looking at me very solemnly, 'it's a pretty awful thing really when some-

I was present at the very first occasion in history when my friend Lane thoroughly lost his temper.

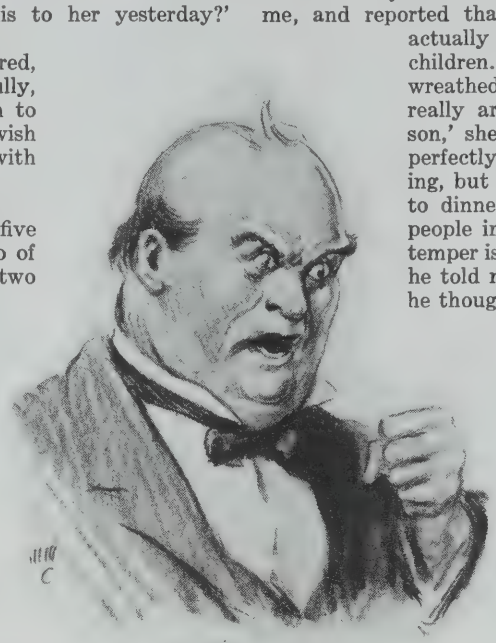
body's cheerful the whole time. Those people at Miss Allan's never drop it for a moment. You've always got to be laughing, smiling, singing and dancing. Of course they're delightful people, and I do admire the work they're doing, but I think they make it a little too monotonous.'

'Did you say this to her yesterday?' I asked.

'Yes,' he answered, looking at me doubtfully, 'and she didn't seem to like it very much. I wish you'd come along with me this afternoon.'

'I will,' I said.

When I had spent five minutes with the two of them, I discovered two things. First, that Miss Allan felt that she had now in her hands somebody who was going to be of the greatest use to her, an ideal instructor, and, secondly, that she had her firm grip upon him, and he was held a great deal more securely than he knew. She made him her model before the class. 'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' she said, 'you just watch Mr. Lane. You watch him laugh, and I beg you to notice how all the muscles of the face are involved at precisely the same instant. Even the body has its share in the general convulsive movement. Please notice the hands, the gesture of the right arm. Now, Miss Beaumont, would you mind reading a little?'



He turned around and swore most heartily.

Miss Beaumont was today reading from Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*. 'Now,' said Miss Allan, 'at the words "and in he fell" you will see Mr. Lane convulsed with laughter. Watch him very carefully, please.'

For the first time, I suppose, in the whole of his life Lane did not laugh. Miss Beaumont read the words, paused, all the class turned as one man, their mouths open, their eyes wide, staring, and nothing happened.

'I'm awfully sorry,' said Lane nervously. 'Somehow, when you all expect it like that —— Besides,' he added, dropping his eyes before Miss Allan's stern ones, 'I don't think that's very funny.'

'Oh, indeed,' said Miss Allan very severely. 'Miss Beaumont, will you please pick out a piece a few pages on? Let me see —yes, page three hundred and twenty-nine, "then the dog barked." Now, ladies and gentlemen, at the word "barked" it is hoped that Mr. Lane will laugh.'

I was really beginning to be very sorry for my poor friend—he looked so incredibly foolish and at a loss. At the word 'barked' he did bring to the surface a feeble kind of titter. 'It's awfully hard to laugh to order,' he said to Miss Allan. 'Perhaps another day I'll be better.'

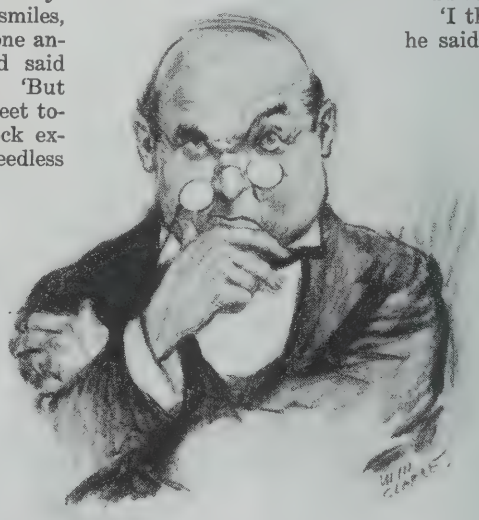
We went out finally to have tea in a tea-shop close at hand. He was quite distressed. 'I really do like Miss Allan so much,' he said, 'and I admire so much the work that she's doing, but I do think that she's not spontaneous enough. What do you think?'

'Yes, I agree with you,' I answered. 'But why go there if it bores you?'

'Oh, no, I don't want to let her down,' he answered. 'I'll help her as much as I can.'

Three days later Mrs. Lane came to see me, and reported that her husband had actually sworn at one of the children. Her face was wreathed with smiles. 'You really are clever, Mr. Johnson,' she said. 'He's always perfectly sweet in the morning, but when he comes back to dinner, after seeing those people in Victoria Street, his temper is quite uncertain, and he told me this morning that he thought it a great mistake for people always to be cheerful. I'm going to give him a bad egg for breakfast tomorrow morning, and have the greatest hopes of the result.'

Miss Allan now had her clutch skilfully fastened upon poor Lane. She introduced him to an offspring of the Victoria Street work, 'The Merry Musical Evenings.' This was a gathering that met in a studio in Kensington with the avowed purpose of all being lively, cheerful, and convivial without the aid of any intoxicating liquor, simply with the assistance of a piano and a Mr. Giles Merryweather, who was famous for his funny stories. Lane, of course, was summoned to these evenings, which occurred every Friday night from 8:30 to 12. He took me with him to one of them, and I have never spent a more horrible time. The cheeriness was overpowering. Everybody was wreathed in smiles, elderly ladies kissed one another repeatedly and said over and over again: 'But you're looking too sweet tonight, dear—that frock exactly suits you.' It is needless to say there were no young persons present. They all told their best stories, songs were sung, and at last there was a little jolly dance. At the conclusion of the whole affair a rather tired-looking clergyman got up, made a little final address in which he said that they were indeed carrying on a good work by raising the voice in merriment and song, that they were showing to the world how happy one might be without anything stronger than lemonade, that laughter and joy were beautiful things to carry through life; and then there was something about David dancing before the Ark, the full purport of which I missed, as I was trying to find my coat, that had been hidden in a corner with a number of others. I may say that it did not add to my personal merriment to discover that my coat had been stolen earlier in the evening. When I acquainted Miss Allan with this, she said it had obviously been taken by mistake, begged me to say nothing about it just then, lest it should disturb the merriment of the party, but that she was sure it would be found in the morning. I may remark that it never was.



For the first time, I suppose, in his life, Lane did not laugh.

LANE'S progress was, after this, extraordinarily rapid. He arrived in my room a week later, about tea-time, looking quite upset.

'I say, Johnson,' he cried, 'I'm hanged if I'm going to their Merry Evenings!'

'Well, I shouldn't,' I remarked. 'You're your own master.'

'No, but Miss Allan's so persistent. She'll come round to the house and fetch me. She's been round several times already. She orders me about as though I'm ten years old. She scolded me like anything yesterday because I couldn't laugh at one of old Merryweather's stories. I tell you what,' he went on, 'it's an awful thing the way they're all determined to be cheerful. It makes one quite blue.'

'I'm sorry for that,' I answered. 'I should have thought nothing would ever make you depressed.'

'Well, so should I,' he said, looking extremely gloomy, 'but you do get tired at that sort of perpetual optimism. Look here, can I spend the evening with you? I'm really afraid to go home. You don't know what a Tartar Miss Allan can be. She never loses her temper or anything. It would be splendid if she'd only swear a bit.'

We had quite a merry evening together, and I found him much better company than he had ever been before, and as we were coming out of the Oxford Theatre, when a man lurched against him and dug him in the ribs, he turned round and swore most heartily.

'I thought for a moment,' he said to me as we walked away, 'that was one of Miss Allan's staff—that man Bright who does the funny conjuring trick. If it had been, I believe I'd have hit him.'

'Oh, you're getting on,' I said.

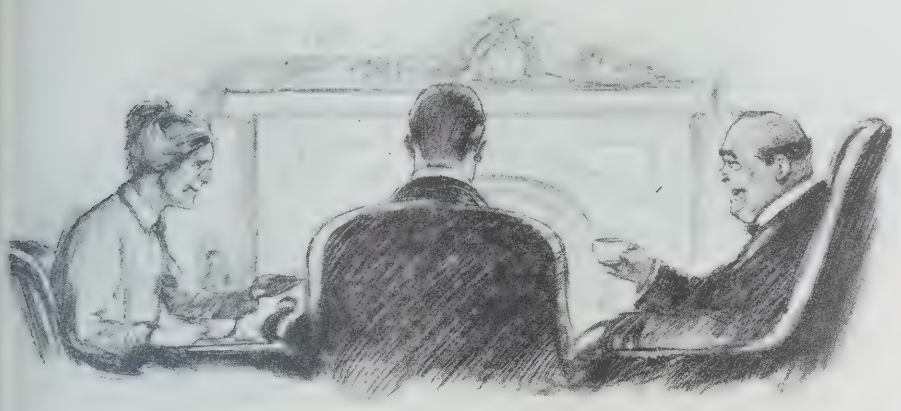
'Getting on?' he asked me. 'What do you mean?'

'Nothing,' I answered.

A few days later Mrs. Lane invited me to tea. 'I really must thank you,' she said, 'before he comes in. It's wonderful how he's improving. That Miss Allan rung up on the telephone this morning, and he wouldn't go near it, and told me to tell her something really dreadful. And when Dulcie woke him up last night by accident

om his after-dinner sleep, he snapped at er just like a real man. I am so grateful.'

While we were seated at tea, the doorbell ıng, and before we knew what was hap- ening Miss Allan was in the room. I could ee that Mrs. Lane was thoroughly fright- ıed of her. 'I'm so glad you've come to ea, Miss Allan,' she said nervously, 'I'll ave some fresh made in a minute.'



'Why do you sit staring at me like that, Viola?'

'I haven't come to tea,' she said sternly, xing her eye upon Lane. 'Your husband as broken his word to me, Mrs. Lane. He romised that he would be with us this fternoon at our funny story circle, and I've ome to know why he was not present.'

'Why, look here, Miss Allan,' said Lane, etting up slowly on to his feet, 'I'm not to e ordered about this way, you know. I was usy over other things.'

'Now, Mr. Lane,' said Miss Allan very almly, 'you know that's not right. You ave us your solemn promise to help us, and ow you're drawing back. When a gentle- ıan's given his word, he keeps it.'

'I hadn't given my word,' said Lane. I simply said I might come. Well, I thought etter of it, that's all.'

'Mr. Lane,' said Miss Allan, shaking her ead, 'is this right, is this good, is this the ay to make others happy?'

'I don't care a hang,' he burst out, whether others are happy or not! I'm sick f seeing people happy. I tell you what, Miss Allan, your place would be a lot better there was a little more ill-temper in it. ll that cheerfulness's got on my nerves, nd it's not real cheerfulness, either. I'm ot coming any more.'

'You are coming, Mr. Lane,' said Miss llan, 'and you know you are.'

I was then present at the very first ccasion in all history when my friend Lane horoughly lost his temper. He was crimson ı the face. 'You dare to say that before my ife!' he burst out. 'Do you know where you re? Why, you've only known me three eeks, and you speak to me as though I'm schoolboy! I tell you I'm not coming to our beastly place. I'm not going to laugh o order, and I am going to lose my temper hen I want to. It's a poor sort of man who oesn't get angry sometimes. You're trying o force all those wretched people into false appiness. There's nothing in the world ıore tiresome than somebody who's always heerful. I'm sure my wife will agree with ıe.'

'I do,' said Mrs. Lane, looking at Miss llan with awe. 'I do, indeed.'

I beheld Miss Allan with deep admiration. She was imperturbable. 'You may criticise my work, Mr. Lane,' she said with dignity. 'I know what I'm doing. You have turned your hand from the plough, you have set your face from the light. Upon your own head be it!' She went.

'Well, I'm hanged!' cried Lane. 'Of all the infernal, meddlesome old women—by Jove, I'd like to break something! Why do you sit staring at me like that, Viola? Don't you think it's irritating enough to a man to be scolded in his own house without having his wife stare at him as though he were an animal out of the Zoo? By Jove, it's enough to make any man lose his temper!'

'That's right, dear,' she said soothingly. 'We'll have some fresh tea up, and you'll feel quite a different man.'

She flung me a glance of triumphant satisfaction. The glance said: 'You have made me a happy woman. I can now act in my natural rôle of man-consoler and man-tranquilliser. I shall also from day to day be able to act in my other natural rôle of man-irritator and man-exasperator. At last my life is fulfilled, and I have you to thank for it.' All this her glance said. She went across and patted her husband's head. 'There, there, dear,' she said, 'you needn't go and see those tiresome people any more. I'm sure we've got a lot to thank Miss Allan for.'

'To thank her for?' he burst out. 'Tiresome, meddling old——'

'Mary, some more tea, please. You'll spend the evening, Mr. Johnson, with us, won't you?'

'I shall be delighted,' I answered.

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William Allen White and Sinclair Lewis

(*Continued from page 4*)

wonder he has any arms left, he waves them to so many friends. It's a wonder he has any smile left, he dispenses it so generously. We met the bookseller, the college president, the mayor, the chief of police, the banker, the lawyer, 'the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—'

The walk home was pleasant with a crisp wind blowing from the prairies and some gay banter between Lewis and White: did Mr. White actually enjoy living in isolation in Emporia, or was it bluff?—with a sly dig at gallivanting all over the earth—and to New York a dozen times a year. And then the exasperating challenge: 'You know darned well, Bill, you'd rather be a citizen of London, England, than Emporia, Kansas!'

'I might if they'd give me the county printing,' said Mr. White with a twinkle in his eyes.

Just a word about eyes. There are two pairs of eyes I know in men that haunt me; the brown eyes of Edwin Markham, the poet, which always seem to be looking afar; and the blue eyes of William Allen White, with the same expression. Mr. White may live in Emporia, Kansas, but he gazes out beyond the horizon always. I think that, outside of his slight stature (which always surprises), his kindly, inquiring, farseeing blue eyes are his outstanding physical characteristic. They are a poet's eyes. Edwin Markham himself, possessing such eyes, knows how to describe them in 'How the Great Guest Came':

Tall was the cobbler, and gray and thin,
And a full moon shone where the hair had been.
(*almost true of Mr. White*)

His eyes peered out, intent and far
As looking beyond the things that are.
(*entirely true of him*)

Only the half of him cobbled shoes;
The rest was away for the heavenly news.
(*Mr. White is a world-citizen*)

Indeed, so thin was the mystic screen
That parted the Unseen from the Seen,
You could not tell, from the cobbler's theme
If his dreams were truth or his truth were dreams.

Mr. Markham may have been talking about 'Cobbler Conrad' but he described William Allen White perfectly, the hair, the eyes, and the spirit that is out 'for the heavenly news.'

And why? There was Mary White. Perhaps that is why. Mary was just seventeen and an animated spirit, born to immortality. Mary was loved alike by whites and blacks. A rush home from school, a horseback ride, a wave of her big hat to a passing friend, a frightened horse, a swerve into the low-hanging trees, a plunge, and little Mary White lay with a fractured skull.

Two little negro children sitting on the curbstone crying as if their best friend had gone, on being asked why they sobbed, said, 'Mary White is dead and we'll never get any more horseback rides. Nobody else will ever ask nigger boys to ride.'

Then came that immortal editorial, penned from a father's bleeding heart, which has become a classic of faith and hope in immortality, and is used in school textbooks as an example of perfect English, to go down side by side with some of Lincoln's writing. We all know Mary White because of that.

There was talk about Mary White as if she were still alive. One of us brought away a beautiful picture of that animated child face, a brown sepia, the photograph of a little girl who seems to leap out at you with the unique personalities of both her charming mother and her virile father.

And I thought, as I heard Mr. White talk of his Mary, that perhaps it was this experience which gives him that wistful, expectant look in his eye, the look and the speech of confidence:

His eyes peered out, intent and far,
As looking beyond the things that are.
He talked as one who is done with fear,
Knowing at last that God is near.

Markham surely caught William Allen White in that poem.

Then there was the goose dinner, as only the kitchen of Mr. White can serve a goose. Mr. White was elated. His home is known as 'The House of Hospitality' in Emporia. I heard William, Sr., whisper to Bill, Jr., on the way home: 'Bill, we gotta goose, by gosh! We gotta goose!'

No such meals were ever set before kings. There is a touch of European court days about the White cuisine. 'Bill prides himself on the table he sets,' his friend, former governor Henry Allen, told me.

Mr. Allen showed up in time for goose and gossip. There was table-talk of *The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me*, Mr. White's war book. There was talk of that little friendly bout between Bill and Henry, when Governor Henry tried to put his friend Bill in jail during the railroad workers' strike and the régime of the 'Industrial Relations Court.'

There was talk about Editor White's campaign for governor.

'I don't know what I'd have done if they had elected me,' said the erstwhile candidate with a grin. 'I had a lot of friends and a lot of votes. Several colored girls were talking here in Emporia, and one asked the other for whom she intended to vote. "I'm voting for Mr. White!" Second question was, "Is there any other candidate?" The third girl said, "Yes, I guess the white folks has a candidate too!" '

After dinner there was more gossip. There was a walk in the White garden. Mr. White described it as an 'educated garden.' 'It looks better in the summertime. Come out and see it then.'

There was talk about the proposed waterway from the St. Lawrence to the Lakes, and what an empire it would make of the Midwest. I gathered that these two Kansas editors, Mr. Allen and Mr. White, were for it.

There was a visit to the study upstairs. On the walls were autographed photographs of William Dean Howells, a dozen Roosevelt pictures from hunting outfits to full dress, always with White in the group. More talk of books and the story of how White's mother had read Dickens and Hugo and George Eliot to him before he was ten, in spite of a practical father's protest, 'Mother, you'll spoil that boy reading so much him.'

There was news that White was born Emporia; that he lived there for a few yea when the family moved to Eldorado. The was a memory of watching his mother wa dishes in the kitchen, and learning to re his letters from the headlines of the count newspapers with which the walls we papered. And that is another tale of t trend of a mind and a soul.

'It got too sophisticated in Empori that's why we moved to Eldorado. Then came back to Emporia to college. Then on Lawrence to be classmate with Verne Kellogg, Fred Funston and Senator Boral then to Kansas City as a cub reporter. The to editorial writing on the *Star* under Nelso —and then here forever!'

'Such are the short and simple annals the poor,' commented Sinclair Lewis.

There was talk of Mr. Lewis and h books. Mr. White said: 'I liked *Mai Street* because, at last, some one had tol the story of the sordid exterior of the sma American town, and the struggle one has t keep one's soul's integrity. I liked *Babbi* because it was a great tragedy like Job' *Arrowsmith* was the greatest of them all be cause it is the tale of a man who fought fo truth and ideals.'

Then there was talk of religion and im mortality around the great woodfire in th White living room, with Mr. Allen and th parson 'defending the faith' against Sinclai Lewis and Bill White, Jr., with Willian Allen White a silent onlooker, pacing th floor of that ample living room, like a rest less lion. Came midnight and the ex governor must catch a train back t Wichita.

THE hospitality of an old southern mansion! Breakfast of sweetbreads o toast. A smiling host—and another da with no Rotary clubs or chambers of com merce to claim attention.

Last and most beautiful of all, a climb to the third floor of that roomy old mansion for a brief visit with Mrs. White, confined t her room because of a nervous breakdown but requesting to see her guests in spite o the doctor's orders. Just two minutes with Mrs. White; a word about Mary White, a fleet but burning memory of a comrade woman, keen of intellect, beautiful of fea ture, with shining eyes, misty with the memory of Mary White; a welcome as warm as spring sunshine; an invitation to repeat our visit which made one feel that she meant it; a full appreciation of each of her visitors that was complimentary. Then I knew why it was that William Allen White had dis appeared every hour or so while we were in the house. He had gone up to the third floor where the invalid lay to tell her about the visitors, what they were like, and what they were saying. Then I knew why William Allen White carried Mrs. White's tray each meal himself rather than allow the servant to carry it. Then I knew why he said to us 'You must meet Mrs. White. She's the best of us all!'

And before any of us knew it, the two-day visit of the author of *Main Street* with the editor from 'Main Street' was over.

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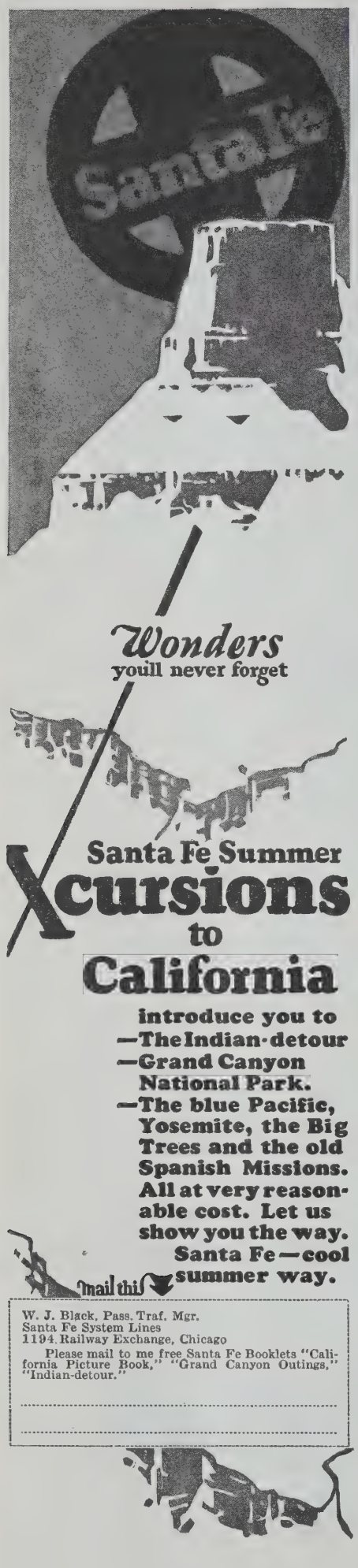


Concerning Biography

(*Continued from page 8*)

cannot be done; if they were foolish to begin with the public would have known it and biography would take a slump. What was done in the case of Queen Victoria was very simple; a collection of her *Letters* was published which left Strachey gaping foolishly.

Biography deals with the three kinds of fame, that of birth and rank, that of achievement, that of circumstance:—' . . . born . . . ,' ' . . . achieve . . . ,' ' . . . thrust upon them . . . ' I should say that the first includes royalty, the second science, the arts, industry and finance; the third, politics. Under the first head, modern biography has dispelled the worshipful notion that to be born in a palace insures greatness—though some have been Great in spite of it. There will be few revisions under the second head; the Great in science, art and industry will not be put down by belittling pens. But considerable revision has already been done upon the popular notion that mere accumulation of vast fortunes is in itself a claim on social respect. So that the usefulness of the new biography in giving a more correct *valuation* as between fame and greatness should not be underestimated. This man was a king, but a poltroon; very well. It is his value as a man that we want. Then, again, there are the great personifiers of events—the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Gladstones, the Cavours, the Lincolns. How much was in *them*, how much in the *event?* We need to know that. Young men especially need to know that events do not create greatness, but conscript it. 'The ambushed hour' should be remembered at the back of every live mind. Did not Woodrow Wilson say, 'It behooves all minor authors to realize the possibility of their being discovered some day, and exposed to general scrutiny. They should live as if conscious of the risk.' The *biography of evaluation* is therefore a profitable field for a young man's ranging.

Then there is the *biography of inspiration.* It survives the biography of degradation. As Dr. Barton has pointed out, endless streams of inspiration have flowed from the Cherry Tree story of George Washington, but a whole library of Rupert Hughes' Washingtons would be but multiplied sterility. One test of truth is its inspirational quality; it is positive and energizing. Parson Weems will live when Mr. Hughes is forgotten. It is purely a copy-cat literary fad to damn the believer and exalt the scorner.

I ENCOURAGE boys and girls to read the lives of the doers in every field. Begin with A and let them read the lives of the great actors—I prefer to call them Players, to distinguish them from the showmen. It is a full course in application, sincerity and gentlemanliness to read the life of such a Player as Forbes-Robertson's *Player Under Three Reigns* (Little, Brown and Co.); while the life stories of themselves as written by Otis Skinner (*Footlights and Spotlights*, Bobbs-Merrill Co.) and George Arliss (*Up the Years From Bloomsbury*, now running in *The Ladies' Home Journal*)—I mention only three recent ones that come to mind—will reveal the Theater in a light that should grow general. Forgive me if I do not mention Maude Adams; her recent essay at autobiography *One I Knew Least of All*—was insufficient.

I would show growing youth pictures of every field of work. I would not forget the Church. The Lives of John Wesley, St. Francis, Henry Ward Beecher, Alexander Whyte, Phillips Brooks—or any of the nobler of the American Circuit Riders—are indispensable to an understanding of the ways of men in the world in which youth is to grow mature. Let him tread the romantic paths of Medicine, in company with Reed, Gorgas and Dr. Osler. Harvey Cushing's *Life of Osler* is none too large, though it has been criticized on that score. Open the doors of science, the arts and history with Journals, Diaries, and Autobiographies. The boy will learn more from Pepys, Benvenuto Cellini, Professor Bowers' *Party Battles of the Jackson Period*, Father Campbell's *The Jesuits*, Preserved Smith's *Erasmus*, the *Life of Robert Owen*, than from many histories. These are life. They are not platforms from which self-conscious and pushing biographers exhibit themselves. Beware of the biographer who stars in the part, who makes his subject a 'super.' He is of the dregs of a transition period.

The idea is that we cannot overestimate the inspiration of biography, and there is no key more universally successful in making our youth freemen in their world.

The *biography of information* is largely casual, but useful, and good work is being done in it. I exclude, of course, the propaganda—a good word ill-used—which too often mars it. Since John Hay, for example, no President has been well written about by his secretary. In this connection, Tumulty's *Woodrow Wilson* and other recent books of more recent Presidential secretaries, come to mind as useless work. On the other hand, take the book of a great London editor—A. G. Gardiner's *Portraits and Portents* (Harpers, $3). Here are thirty-seven personalities—only two of them American—President Coolidge and Mr. Henry Ford—limned in lifelike lines, each with that little trick of eye, speech, action or attitude that puts us within the circle of acquaintance. If all are as well portrayed as those whom I have personally met, I must say, here is a living gallery. Names give way to genuine men and women. The British excel in this, probably because they have outgrown the notion that an opponent is a fool. America was not content until somehow it demolished William Jennings Bryan; England labels Dean Inge, but is proud of his stature. More probably, however, the reason is this: the political personage is no longer the great man here in America, and our writers have no technique for understanding and portraying the type of man that is. Our pens are not tuned to the dramatic qualities of industry and finance. Hence our informational biography in this American field, with a few exceptions, is unrelieved balderdash, either in the key of praise or the key of denunciation.

Why cannot we do something like A. G. Gardiner's work in the United States? Have not we the subjects? Or is it that we lack

writers? I remember only one burst of
r frankness with reference to contem-
raneous Americans in a group; that was
e anonymous *Mirrors of Washington.*
litical, of course. It had imitators, but
ey assumed that 'truth' in personal
lineation consists in divulging the fact
t this one played poker and that one
casionally bet on the horses. Of course,
h pokerish and horsey individuals, this
all right, but with men who have gone
h by other routes than the green baize
d the turf, it is all wrong. I have had my-
f the doubtful privilege of seeing some very
hly placed gentlemen in the Government
d elsewhere being, for the moment, their
n unvarnished selves, but a gay moment
1 a. m., with a famous Amendment
newhat disregarded, is very far from
nprising their personality or their biog-
hy. I rather think we do not see our
ntemporary and temporary leaders as
y are, and perhaps the temporariness
s much to do with it. We make our
roes overnight and send them back to
livion the next day. The blessing in that
it prevents a surplus of biography. And
t a little more of the fair and shrewd in-
rmational kind, not to elect or defeat
ybody, but to introduce us all around,
uld be a happy thing.

Where Shall I Go Next?

(*Continued from page 2*)

sift inroads on territory like that of
ntral China. Had this been done in the
t hundred years the century's total
entific progress through exploration might
ve been achieved in less than ten
ars!

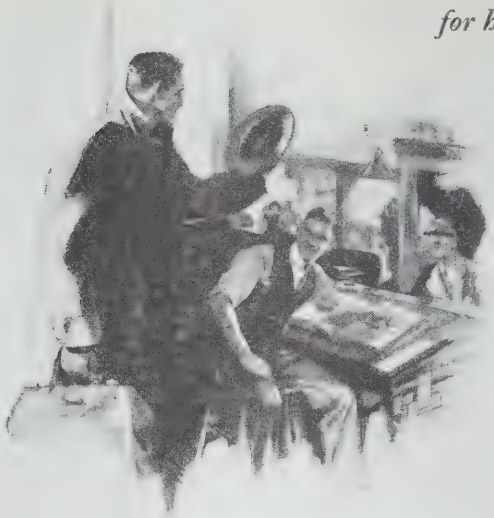
Another thing I have in mind is to visit
ne of the areas in the world, especially
our own country, which people now avoid.
ke a place near home, right here in our
nerican deserts.

The word desert has come to mean an
favorable place barren of all items like
d and water that would support life.
wn through Arizona and New Mexico
d in certain parts of California the
sert regions often have ideal climates
th nights cool and days that are mild
r many months of the year. A great part
that desert would burst into blossom if
ter were only available. It is conceiv-
le that in the coming generation vast
eas of desert land will be developed which
w are a total loss to the country. Scien-
ts claim that if our climate could be
ered so as to give the Far West the same
nfall that New England has, our Ameri-
n deserts would become a series of
radises.

Incidentally, good water is available in
ny parts of the desert by going down
ly a few hundred feet. Fifty years ago
is fact was unknown. Thus by drilling
d using a windmill rich farming areas
ve been opened up in many places.

My idea isn't just to fly around and look
such areas for the fun of it. I believe
th proper surveys and geological in-
stigations made possible by quick air-
ne work the development of numerous
cts of waste lands in the United States
y be greatly hastened.

'He is leaving to work *for himself* at Venice'



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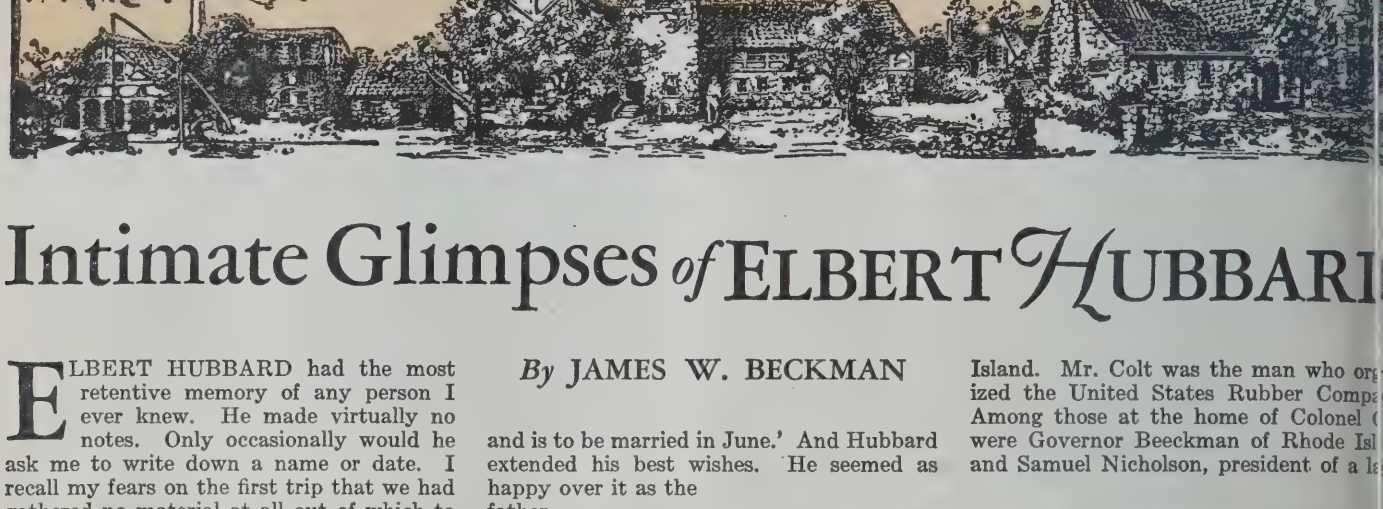


Intimate Glimpses of ELBERT HUBBARD

By JAMES W. BECKMAN

ELBERT HUBBARD had the most retentive memory of any person I ever knew. He made virtually no notes. Only occasionally would he ask me to write down a name or date. I recall my fears on the first trip that we had gathered no material at all out of which to write stories. Then on arriving back in East Aurora, he started one article after another and dictated them all from memory. I was amazed at the ease with which he did it.

One of the many illustrative instances of his remarkable memory occurred on a rainy night when we were hurriedly changing cars at a small station in Pennsylvania on our way to Harrisburg. In the dim light that glimmered through the drizzling rain, a man came to us, reached out his hand and said,

'Hello, Mr. Hubbard, how are you?'

Hubbard turned and greeted him as an old friend whom he had not seen for years. The man said:

'I've got you this time; you do not know who I am.'

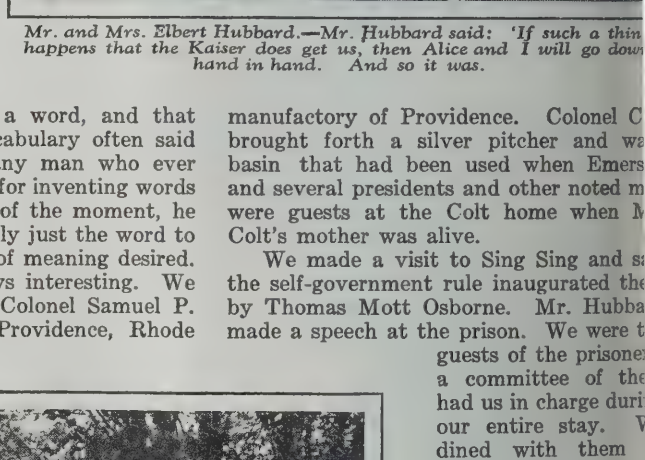
'Oh, yes, I do!' replied Hubbard. 'You are —— ——,' and he spoke his name (I do not recall it now) and told where he had met him. It had been twenty years previously that he had seen the man, and then only once at one of his lectures in the town where the man lived. He even recalled the name of the hall where he spoke and the details of the occasion. And then he asked:

'How is the little girl, the one who was sick?'

The man replied with pride: 'Oh, she is fine. She is a full-grown woman now and is to be married in June.' And Hubbard extended his best wishes. He seemed as happy over it as the father.

People wondered at the immense volume of work which he did and how he had time to write so much. Elbert Hubbard had none of the supposed weaknesses of genius. He worked systematically, incessantly, and with tremendous speed. His mind never lagged, and he turned from one thing to another with utmost facility. Rarely did he hesitate for a thought. So far as anyone knows, I am the only person who ever had the honor of supplying him with a word, and that only once. From a vocabulary often said to be the greatest of any man who ever lived and with a faculty for inventing words of his own on the spur of the moment, he was able to draw instantly just the word to convey the exact shade of meaning desired.

Our trips were always interesting. We visited at the home of Colonel Samuel P. Colt, at Bristol, near Providence, Rhode Island. Mr. Colt was the man who org ized the United States Rubber Compa Among those at the home of Colonel (were Governor Beeckman of Rhode Isl and Samuel Nicholson, president of a l



Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hubbard.—Mr. Hubbard said: 'If such a thin happens that the Kaiser does get us, then Alice and I will go dow hand in hand. And so it was.

manufactory of Providence. Colonel C brought forth a silver pitcher and wa basin that had been used when Emers and several presidents and other noted m were guests at the Colt home when M Colt's mother was alive.

We made a visit to Sing Sing and sa the self-government rule inaugurated the by Thomas Mott Osborne. Mr. Hubba made a speech at the prison. We were t guests of the prisone a committee of the had us in charge duri our entire stay. W dined with them noon, eating regul prison fare. Th showed us all throu the prison and t antiquated cells, son of which were six fe long, six feet high a four feet wide, a where often two a even three and fo prisoners had bee forced to stay togethe The cells were dark a poorly ventilated. The locked us in one them just to give us t thrill of being locke up in Sing Sing.

In some of the min

Exterior of Roycroft Inn. It is evident that the keynote is comfort.

ork that Elbert Hubbard did numerous ersons wrote things to submit to him, nd suggested ideas for him to dress up, uch as a sculptor has assistants to cut the one to scale for his statues. Some of these eople thought that to submit suitable uff it was necessary to have it a mass of everness and smart remarks. I recall how ngry he was over one such article which as full of attempts at cleverness.

'The trouble with most of these people ho try to imitate my style is that they try be clever all the me,' he said. 'The ay they write, eople would think was a smart aleck ways trying to be nny. Epigrams me only inciden- lly to the regular ne of thought. I on't try to be smart. an epigram comes hen I am dictating, ll right; but I don't nsciously strive for as these writers do.'

As a matter of ct, many of Elbert ubbard's best epi- rams were created s he revised some nger sentences into ort ones.

In keeping with is progressive tend- ncies, Elbert Hubbard adopted simplified elling for *The Philistine*. He did not dopt its use in *The Fra*, however, for, as he id, that was a magazine in which contri- utions of others appeared as well as his wn. So he confined simplified spelling to ne magazine that was his personal mouth- iece.

It was part of my duty to revise the aterial he dictated, when transcribing my otes, and to make any improvements that could. When I gave the typewritten copy him, he would revise it again, many times ith so many changes and interlineations at it was difficult for me to unwind them. he recopying was usually done by typists, nd then I went over the manuscript again, aking any corrections that I felt would be eneficial. Mr. Hubbard would again go ver it and this process was kept up until he finished product was faultless. I have nown some articles to be revised a dozen mes and more.

The last thing Elbert Hubbard wrote r publication was a story about his friend, Grenville Kleiser. It was dictated to me in about an hour at the end of a busy day—his last day at East Aurora—just before he started on a trip South to deliver a few last lectures prior to sailing on the *Lusitania*. It was the last thing Elbert Hubbard ever wrote. It was dictated on the evening of April 26, 1915. Elbert Hubbard left almost before daylight the next morning. He never saw the transcription of my notes. After he had dictated the article to me, he said:

'Beck, I will leave this for you to correct and put into shape. Make the sentences short and snappy. You know how I would do it, anyway.'

And thus did I complete my last task for Elbert Hubbard, for whom it was a pleasure and a privilege to do, because it was appreciated.

It was Elbert Hubbard's ambition to write a book about the World War that would be the crowning masterpiece of his life. It was his plan that I should go with him so that as much as possible of the book could be written on the scenes of action. Arrangements had been made for us to meet the foremost governmental officials and commanders of the Allied armies. H. Gordon Selfridge was to have been chairman of the committee to receive Mr. Hubbard. In his contemplation of the task Hubbard was as full of enthusiasm as a youth eager for the thrills of adventure. He joyed in achievement, and this was to be the greatest achievement of all. Only the plans of Mrs. Hubbard shortly before the sailing date prevented me from making the trip. I went over later, however, as a volunteer in the Twenty-second New York Engineers.

In his farewell talk at the Roycroft Inn on Sunday evening, April 25, 1915, after speaking with his usual good humor, he brought his speech to a close with a tribute to the Roycroft workers.

'I am prouder today of Roycroft and Roycrofters than ever I was,' he said. 'I am privileged to have men and women about me who are capable and trustworthy.'

He pointed out how the Roycrofters should continue their work even if the ship were sunk and he lost at sea. He was warned and urged by many of his friends not to make the trip; but he was not afraid.

With sudden change of mood, at which he was a past master, he said with a sincerity that almost stunned:

'If such a thing happens that the Kaiser does get us, then Alice and I will go down hand in hand. We will not be separated. Either both of us will come back, or neither of us will. One will not return without the other.' And so it was—for on May 7, 1915, came the tragic end.

A few years before when the *Titanic* went down, Elbert Hubbard wrote a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus which only he could write. The words were almost prophetic of his own tragic end:

'Mr. and Mrs. Straus, I envy that legacy of love and loyalty left to your children and grandchildren. The calm courage that was yours all your long and useful career was your possession in death. You knew how to do three great things: you knew how to Live, how to Love, and how to Die.'

In a way it seemed fitting that Elbert Hubbard's eternal resting place should be the sea. He loved the sea as few men do, and loving it, he wrote what might have been his own valediction:

'The sea knows all things, for at night when the winds are asleep the stars confide to him their secrets. In his breast are stored away all the elements that go to make up the round world. Beneath his depths lie buried the sunken kingdoms of fable and legend, whose monarchs have long been lost in oblivion. He appropriates and makes his own all that is—dissolving the rocks that seek to stop his passage—forming, transforming, rearranging, never ceasing, tireless. Tireless ever, for he gets his rest in motion. With acute ear he listens along every coast and lies in wait for the spirit of the offshore wind. All rivers run to meet him, carrying tidings from afar, and ever the phosphorescent dust from other spheres glimmers on his surface.

'It is not to be wondered that men have worshiped the ocean, for in his depths they have seen mirrored the image of Eternity—of Infinity.'

(This is the third and last of a series of articles about Elbert Hubbard by James W. Beckman for this magazine.)

The main entrance to the Roycrofters is interesting and inviting to the passer-by.

Roycroft blacksmith shop.

Sapiro Sues THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

(Continued from page 7)

the Sapiro plan. The Sapiro plan, I think the evidence will show, has since come into very, very wide use throughout this country.

'So, bit by bit, and place by place, the farmers of almost every state in the United States had summoned Aaron Sapiro into their midst, and had asked him to expound for them his ideas, and his doctrines, and his principles, for the application of coöperative marketing to the problems of the farmers.

'Perhaps I can describe in a very few words, and do so accurately and faithfully, the extent of this man's activities, and the degree of prominence he has achieved, by reading to you the defendants' own characterization of Mr. Sapiro's activities during this period.

'They say this about him:

' "The plaintiff for some years past has been in the business of developing, organizing and directing the activities of a certain type of coöperative marketing association throughout the United States. His activities have been so closely associated with such organizations, and he has exhibited said plan publicly through the various states of the Union, that the plan upon which these organizations were based has come to be known as the Sapiro plan. A very great number of these associations have been formed among the farmers of the United States.

' "They have been formed in most of the important farming districts of the United States. The organizations developed under this plan and through plaintiff's activities in connection with these organizations had come to affect the production and distribution of many of the agricultural necessities produced by the farmers of the United States. By reason of these facts, the plaintiff, Aaron Sapiro, had become one of the most conspicuous and outstanding figures connected with coöperative marketing of agricultural products." '

FOLLOWING his recitation of Mr. Sapiro's career, Mr. Gallagher took up a discussion of the alleged libelous statements published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and spent an entire day in going over these, reading each to the jury and denying them on behalf of his client, Mr. Sapiro. Mr. Gallagher's discussion of particular paragraphs from THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT filled 112 typewritten pages. He declared that contrary to the statements that Mr. Sapiro was the leader of a 'Jewish ring' seeking to exploit the American farmers, evidence in the case would disclose that he was a man of marked ability in the matter of coöperative marketing and that his services were sought by farmers' organizations in various parts of the country.

Several times during the course of his statement, Mr. Gallagher became argumentative, bringing objections from Senator Reed.

In one instance Mr. Gallagher said:

'Now, in the course of the publication of these libels they sought to add sting to some of these aspersions upon him and upon his people, by attacking his conduct as a lawyer.'

This brought an immediate objection from Senator Reed, who in addressing the Court said:

SENATOR REED: Now, if your Honor please, I must object and ask your Honor to caution counsel this is not a case which attacks a race of people and it is evident from the plea. We get it here again, and counsel has been proceeding practically in violation of the Court's injunction for some time. I do not want to interrupt my brother, but we are listening to an argument instead of a statement of facts and we are listening to an argument far beyond that permitted and it should be excluded.

THE COURT: The members of the Jury will understand, of course, that the argument will succeed and not precede the taking of testimony, and any statements made by counsel that are argumentative should be disregarded by the Jury. The function of the opening statement is merely to state in a plain, unimpassioned way the evidence which counsel hopes to produce before the Jury for the purpose of establishing his case, and it is not proper to indulge in argument before the Jury, and so far as the statement is argumentative the Jury should disregard it. I trust counsel will confine himself within those bounds.

SENATOR REED: The last sentence of counsel, where I interrupted, where he said it was a sting in this article against plaintiff and his people, is distinctly crossing the line.

THE COURT: Those words 'and his people' I think should be eliminated from the statement. The jury will understand, and I think I may as well say at this time that there is no such thing known to the law as the recovery of damages for the libel of a race. It is only when the alleged libelous statements refer to individuals that the law permits any remedy or recovery whatever in the way of damages. You must distinguish at all times in this case between an individual and a race. One can criticize theories, plans and schemes and organizations and parties, races, religions, and enjoy a large part of immunity in so doing. It is when he charges, or the claimed libels apply to individuals that they become a subject for the consideration of courts and juries. So that so far as counsel refers to libel of races the statement should not be considered by the jury. Evidence of that type will not be admitted.

In closing his statement to the jury Mr. Gallagher said:

'The evidence will indicate that Mr. Sapiro's activities as a lawyer for these various coöperatives is itself not merely country-wide, but extends even beyond the boundaries of the United States. Various provinces of the Dominion of Canada have called upon him for his services. During this time the organizations for whom he has been called upon to act as lawyer, have been organizations, as the evidence will show, both great in number and tremendous in the scope of the business they conduct. Thus, the Burley Tobacco Growers, starting out with 50,000 members, is 100,000 members in extent today, and does as high as $30,000,000 business a year.

'In the eleven cotton-growing states in which organizations have been perfected, there are upwards of 200,000 farmers banded together in these organizations, doing upwards of $100,000,000 business in a year.

'In the three wheat-growing states of the Dominion of Canada which have called upon Mr. Sapiro for his skill and his attention and experience, upwards of 120,000 farmers have been joined together in an organization doing almost a quarter of a billion dollars of business in a year.

'The character of the services required by these gigantic organizations calls for the most expert and the most skilful brains that can be had in that line of work. The importance of the work that is called for justifies and is followed by the payment of fees that are in proportion to the character of the work.

SENATOR REED: Wait a minute. If your Honor please, I submit that is purely argument.

THE COURT: I think that is argument. It is drawing conclusions from the facts.

MR. GALLAGHER: I will put it in this way then—it is just a matter of the way it is phrased—the evidence will show that the services of Mr. Sapiro are required by these organizations upon many matters of great importance and that fees are given to him of large degree and were enjoyed by him, from various organizations from time to time throughout his activities. During this time his activities as a lawyer not merely were given among the farmers themselves in their various communities, but in a dozen different states he has been called upon to appear before the Supreme Courts of those states in defense of the principles of coöperative marketing that he has evolved, and even before the Supreme Court of the United States of America. Thus the evidence will clearly indicate to you the preëminence that this man has attained in his profession.

When these attacks were made upon him, or were begun to be made upon him, he was in the very prime of the professional man's life—forty years of age. As a matter of law, he had a right to expect that he would be permitted to reap in his profession—

SENATOR REED: That is argument, if your Honor please, again.

MR. GALLAGHER: It is a statement of the law that I have a right to make, and it is not argument at all.

SENATOR REED: That as a matter of law he had a right to expect certain things?

MR. GALLAGHER: There isn't any doubt about that.

THE COURT: Read the statement, Mr. Reporter.

(The statement was repeated by the Reporter.)

THE COURT: Proceed.

MR. GALLAGHER: The fruits of his studies and his time and his labors, without any unjust, uncalled-for, unwarranted attack being made upon him by any individual or group of persons. The evidence will indicate that such an attack was made, and when this evidence is all laid before you for your consideration, we will expect you to return in his favor a verdict fairly proportionate to the damage which you are satisfied has been inflicted upon him in these uncalled-for attacks.

SENATOR Reed began his opening statement for the defense immediately following Mr. Gallagher's closing, and went into much detail in explaining to the jurors what the defense proposes to show regarding Mr. Sapiro's activities in promoting coöperative marketing. His statement, in part, was as follows:

SENATOR REED: If your Honor please, and you, ladies and gentlemen: I shall try, the best I may be able to do, to give you an outline of the facts in this case as they actually exist and as we expect to show by the evidence upon the stand.

Since counsel for the plaintiff spent some time in telling you what the issues would be, I may be pardoned for taking just

few moments to tell you what we think e issues will be and are, although in the d his Honor, in the instructions he will ve you, will tell you what the law of this se really is.

But there are certain things which I ink I may venture upon. Before I do that me say to you that I, of course, have the advantage of being a stranger to you all, d I hope that you will bear with me if I ake the mistakes which strangers are metimes prone to make.

Now, first, what is this suit? This is the se of Aaron Sapiro against Henry Ford d The Dearborn Publishing Company. is is not the case of the Hebrew race ainst Henry Ford and The Dearborn blishing Company.

I think his Honor will tell you that the brew race is not here bringing this suit, d that Mr. Sapiro has no right to come re and recover damages for the Hebrew e, and put the money in his own pocket, damage done to himself.

HIS is not the case of Farmers' Co-erative Associations against Henry Ford d The Dearborn Publishing Company. ey are not here suing. If any damage has en done to them, that is a matter for other tribunal, and another time, and Mr. piro cannot recover damages, if any were ne, to the Farmers' Coöperative Organiza-ns and put the money in his pocket and lk away with it. This is not the case of vernor Lowden, or Mr. Lasker, or Mr. ruch, or Mr. Lazinski, or anybody else. ey are not here suing.

This is the case, I repeat, of Aaron piro, or Shapiro—I do not know just ich way it is pronounced——?

MR. GALLAGHER: Sapiro.

SENATOR REED: Sapiro—in which he is king for a million dollars for alleged in-y to himself. That amount of money asks to recover, not because he has ffered, as I understand his pleading, a llion dollars damages, but he wants to cover all that he may have suffered, if he ffered at all, and then he wants a lot more top of that by way of smart money, for nitive damages. That is the way I erpret his petition.

So we start out with the question now, d my statement of facts will be directed that, of Mr. Sapiro's connection with this se, and the connection of the defendants th the case.

There is another proposition that I ght to mention. I think the evidence in s case will show you, ladies and gentle-n, that Henry Ford never saw these icles; that he has never read them to this ssed hour; that he is the President of e Dearborn Publishing Company is true, t that is a corporation, and that Corpora-n printed these articles, and there will no dispute at all about the language ving been printed that is alleged in the ition as having been printed. I say tition'; 'Declaration,' I believe, is the m that should be used here.

Now, that is the act of the corporation, d not the act of Henry Ford.

So that, as we proceed in this case, you l observe that it narrows itself down into question of whether this man has been ured by the publication of THE DEAR-RN INDEPENDENT, one of the defendants this case, that is, whether he has been ured by that corporation. Now, Mr. llagher told you that there were questions privilege in this case, and he defined in his n way what constituted privilege. It is right of a newspaper to print the news, d even sometimes to print, as Mr. llagher said, statements that may not absolutely true, if they are printed in d faith, and for proper purposes.

I believe that was Mr. Gallagher's own finition, at least it was approximately that.

MR. GALLAGHER: Let me correct you on that. I never said that.

SENATOR REED: Well, I won't argue about it. I wrote it down. But anyway, whether you said it, or I said it, the Court will tell the Jury what the law is.

But, there is one class of privilege that is absolute, and that is the privilege of printing the truth, and you, any citizen has the right to speak of or concerning another the truth, no matter what it may be; and any paper has the right to print of and concerning another the truth, whatever it may be. The law puts no bridle in the mouth of truth.

And so we claim here, and shall try to show you that what has been printed of Mr. Sapiro in all of its real essence was the truth. And as this case develops we think the evidence will show you, and that the law as given by the Court will be, that it is no libel to say truthfully of a man who is a Jew that he is a Jew, and that reduced down to the real situation, this is the same kind of case as it would be if Mr. Sapiro happened to belong to some other race than the Jewish race, and I am casting no reflections upon him because he belongs to that race.

Likewise we think the Court will tell you that Mr. Sapiro cannot capitalize and recover here on any sympathy that may be felt for the people of his race. He stands here as an individual asking for a million dollars of money from these two defendants. That is what we are going to try in this case.

Now, the evidence will show you that much of the language complained of are mere sentences or paragraphs taken out of long articles, torn away from their context so that they have quite a different meaning when they are thus torn from the words that preceded and the words which followed, than they have in the articles themselves, and the words in their true meaning are quite a different thing than the words picked out, or, where a sentence is picked out, as it has been here.

To these words, Mr. Sapiro in his declaration—that is this printed paper filed here in court as a basis of the suit, that is what we call the declaration—ascribed certain meanings, but it is not the meaning that he ascribes to these words that controls in this case. The meaning of these words will be determined by you twelve men and women under the instructions of his Honor, the judge.

So that when we get down to trying this case, these words appear with their proper context, and when we have heard the evidence in the case and the instructions of the Court, it will be for you to say whether or not there is anything libelous or defamatory in them. And, if they are true in substance and effect, there can be no libel because THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was within its absolute legal rights.

THE evidence in this case will show you that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has, I think, approximately 600,000 circulation, and that circulation, as I understand the facts to be, is very extensive among farmers. The paper is partially of a magazine character, carrying articles upon different subjects; it deals very considerably with agricultural problems and is taken very largely among the farmers, and in the small towns and villages of the country.

It, therefore, is in a situation where it owes a sort of moral duty to these people who subscribed for it, to print any news that was of particular interest to the farmers of the United States. And if there was anything wicked or wrong or oppressive being done to these farmers it was the special and particular business of such a paper to print the facts. Indeed it may be said to be a part of the duty of every newspaper, if such a condition exists, to print the facts. But, to a paper that circulates largely among the farmers a peculiar and special duty rested upon that paper.

We expect the evidence in this case to show you beyond peradventure of a doubt that these articles printed concerning Mr. Sapiro were printed in good faith; that they were not printed in malice; that they are reasonable—that every reasonable precaution was taken to ascertain the truth of these articles.

* * *

WE WILL show you, ladies and gentlemen, that Mr. Sapiro who sits here is not a farmer. I think the evidence will show that he was born in the city, grew up in the city, that he never owned a farm in his life; possibly he acquired one during the course of his operations. That at the time he entered upon those enterprises I am about to describe he had never planted a hill of corn, plowed a furrow, sowed an acre of grain, or been in any way connected with the practical proposition of farming. There was nothing in his life to cause him to enter upon this work because of a sympathy springing from his experience as a farmer. He was a city boy or man; a city boy, and grew up a city man.

Now, in 1915, a man named Weinstock was appointed State Marketing Commissioner of the State Rural Commission of California. I do not know just what that position embraced in its duties, but it had something to do with the marketing of farm products. Sapiro volunteered as legal counsel for Weinstock and the Association. Now, I do not say it was any reflection upon Mr. Weinstock, but it happens that Mr. Weinstock is or was a member of the Hebrew race.

Part of Mr. Weinstock's duties as the marketing commissioner threw him in contact with the farmers.

So they had in California certain associations of people, of farmers, who had these little associations to help them market their product.

Now, these were old problems as we will show you, and these associations existed there and they existed elsewhere. Some of them existed before Mr. Sapiro was born, and perhaps some existed before I was born—not in California, necessarily, but elsewhere.

Well, these farmers had discovered, as everybody else discovered, that their plans would not work with perfection, of course. They wanted to do better. They consulted with Mr. Weinstock more or less about it, and Mr. Weinstock introduced these farmer folks to Mr. Sapiro, who was acting as volunteer counsel, and in 1917 Mr. Sapiro prepared the articles of association and by-laws for the California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association.

I think the evidence will show you that up to this time all that Mr. Sapiro knew about farming he had learned there through these contacts that I tell you of.

He had become volunteer counsel for Mr. Weinstock and in that way he got in touch with these farmers or fruit growers, and he got this job of preparing their articles of association and by-laws, and I think the evidence will show that for the most part it was a mere change or modification of the old by-laws of these old associations, and that it required no great legal genius, no marvelous new concept, to put together these old ideas. But, I think the evidence will show you that it was about this time that there began to form in Mr. Sapiro's mind, the conception of controlling the organizations of farmers and fruit growers throughout the United States, for the purpose of enriching himself.

And, it was at that time, or about that time, and time is not very material so long

as it is reasonably early, that he conceived this idea of going to the farmers of the United States and the fruit growers, laying before them a scheme for marketing, and telling them that if they would adopt this scheme they would be able to control the marketing of their products, they would be able to fix the price, not the seller and the buyer bargaining over the price, but they would be able to fix it and compel the price to be paid. That in this way they could increase the profit of the farmers to a point where they could all make huge profits. That they could grow rich and prosperous. They could educate their children in colleges. Drive in fine automobiles—not Fords—but fine ones. Relieve their families from hard labor. Live in modern houses. Have bath tubs. And, generally, be happy and prosperous.

That he conceived at this time, or a little later, the idea of organizing the local associations into state associations, of organizing selling agencies for the state associations, of then combining all these selling agencies of the different states into one selling agency for a particular product, mark you, not all products in one, but one for wheat, one for potatoes, one for peanuts, one for cotton, one for tobacco, and so on, and now having got each of these into national associations, that his mind then projected itself across the ocean and that he actually proposed to organize and control at least the wheat product of the entire world. Then he expected to have one Aaron Sapiro, the attorney employed by all of these concerns. The evidence will show you that it was such a dream of wealth and empire as I have described.

NOW, the evidence will show you that his scheme was purely a scheme for the benefit of Sapiro. That was his motive. That he was not a farmer, that his people were not farmers. As he proceeded, the evidence will show, he developed two pet schemes for the purpose of carrying out this grand idea. The evidence will show you that they were schemes devised for the purpose of keeping the control in his hands, one of them was that they were to extend the mere matter of selling the goods on the market to what they call the 'processing' of the goods, that is to sometimes a partial manufacture; sometimes the storing of goods also was contemplated.

Now, to go back just a little, the evidence will show that when he started in to organize these concerns, the general scheme and plan was to go into a community, interest certain parties, generally who were directly interested in selling warehouses, or gaining some advantage, getting up what he called a pre-organization committee. These pre-organization committees would proceed then to interest the farmers, and the whole scheme I shall go into a little later. Having got the farmers interested, the plan was worked out so that the pre-organization committee, which were almost always Sapiro's men, would control the selection of the boards of directors and of the executive committees of the boards of directors. So that he starts in with the pre-organization committee gaining control. One way that this was done was by making it profitable to these people who constituted his pre-organization committee, or his early boards of directors. For instance, he would get together the owners of warehouses and drying plants, and other plants, engaged in the handling of agricultural products. Now, he would bring those people, not the farmers, but the people who were handling the farmers' products, he would bring those people into what he called his 'pre-organization committee.' Proposal would then be made that when they got these farmers organized, the farmers' organizations would take over the plants and factories and warehouses of the gentlemen who had gone in with Mr. Sapiro in the pre-organization committee, and that they would take them over at handsome prices.

Now, the evidence will show that that being the scheme, these people became subservient to Mr. Sapiro, and that while he helped serve them they helped serve him. Connected with that was the further means, we will show you, of tying these people to him, of the recommendations by Mr. Sapiro and the putting over by Mr. Sapiro for some of these warehouse men, and sometimes individuals who had no property to sell, but whose influence was desired, of huge and almost unheard-of salaries to be paid by these farmers' organizations. We will show you that the salaries ran as high as from $30,000 to $55,000 a year, and that these salaries were paid by the farmers out of the products of their lands. That by this and other devices Mr. Sapiro managed to gain and keep control of many of these organizations. And, as I proceed I shall give you many details concerning these matters.

NOW, the plans that he operated on were all very much alike. A description of one of them will, for the purpose of this statement, be a sufficient guide so that as the evidence comes in you can apply it to all. First, the pre-organization committee, picked or influenced by Mr. Sapiro in most instances—of course, all of these cases have their slight variations. Then a crusade among the farmers. Mr. Sapiro—sometimes Mr. Sapiro's men, and from Mr. Sapiro's office, sometimes men on a sort of a flying squadron, sometimes a local man of good standing, went out among these farmers, called meetings, told them the glorious prospect of wealth and happiness for them if they would only join, told them that they could absolutely control the price of products in many instances, and they had prepared a contract for these farmers to sign on the dotted line.

Now, these contracts, as we will show you by the evidence, and we will have some of these contracts here, on a casual reading appeared to be very fair. They provided that a great majority of the board of directors should be actual farmers, actual growers of the products, that they should be actual residents of the district, the members should meet annually to elect, that they could all vote, and they could even vote by mail, the district should always have fair representation, et cetera.

We will show that when they went to these farmers they said to them, 'Now, you will not be bound by this contract unless a certain percentage of the farmers of the district shall sign similar contracts'; that they said to them, 'We cannot control these prices unless we will get into this organization'—sometimes they said 'fifty and sometimes sixty and sometimes two-thirds of all the farmers of the district,' but we will show you that it was left to the pre-organization committee to determine the district, and that it was left to the pre-organization committee to certify when the right number of names had been signed, and that frequently the certificate was made, which made these contracts effective, when, as a matter of fact, there had not been the correct percentage signed up.

THEN we will show you that under these contracts the boards of directors were given very great powers. We will show you that under the contract when signed up the farmer obligated himself to deliver the certain product, let us say potatoes for illustration—that he was made to agree that for a period of years, generally five and sometimes seven, he would deliver to this association all of the wheat, all of the potatoes, or the peanuts or the cotton that he grew—whatever it was; that he was absolutely forbidden to sell any of it on the open market; that he was made to contract to bring that produce to town.

MR. GALLAGHER: If the Court plea we object to these statements, the farm was made to do or forbidden to do.

THE COURT: The form of the stat ment is incorrect.

SENATOR REED: I do not mean it th way, your Honor. I mean under the ter of the contract he was thus bound by t terms of the contract.

MR. GALLAGHER: He agreed to it.

THE COURT: Yes, that statement correct before the jury, but the other one not.

SENATOR REED: That is all I mean. mean when I say 'Under the contract was made to do it,' that under the contra he was obligated to do it. I will try to ke my language absolutely unobjectionabl and further that the contract contain provisions, as I shall show you more detail, that if the farmer sold any of h products, any of the particular produc covered, to outsiders, that heavy penalti could be exacted from him, and that the penalties which he was required to pa under the terms of the contract, generall amounted to about 50 per cent of the tot value of the products. That is to say, som of the tobacco contracts contained a pr vision that if the farmer sold any of h tobacco outside he should pay to th association five cents a pound for all that h sold outside, and that that contract existe when tobacco was only bringing 10 or 1 cents a pound.

AND again, the contracts written b Sapiro contained provisions that if th farmer started to sell his product, they coul go into court and have an injunction issue against him and that they could maintain suit to compel him to deliver his produc and that these contracts ran, as I have said from five to seven years.

The evidence will show you that by a of these contracts, the farmer, insofar as h contracted with reference to any product was absolutely bound by the terms of th contract to deliver to the association.

Then the evidence will show you tha when the farmers' product had been deliv ered to the association, that under thes contracts prepared by Sapiro, the manager of the associations could sell it or not, a they saw fit. They were not to pay thi farmer any cash for his stuff when he brough it in, but the scheme contemplated makin him an advance of a part of the value of th goods, and then the association manager could hold the goods, or they could sel them, and they had the absolute right t sell at any price they saw fit. The evidenc will show you that after he had delivere his products, the farmer had nothing, n right left to say when or how or where or a what price the product should be sold and that all that the farmer got when h delivered his goods was such an amount a the association managers saw fit to pa him by way of what was called an advance ment.

Now, the evidence will show that the the managers of these associations, in orde to get money to pay the expenses of th association, and in order to buy warehouses and in order to make these advancements t the farmers, did go to the banks and borrow money, did go to different financiers, an borrow money.

Now, how did they secure that? Th evidence will show that they hypothecated that is, they pledged, that is, they pawned if you please, this produce that the farmer had brought in, put that up as security fo the loans. That is the way they got th money.

Now, these loans bore interest. An when they came to make the final settle ment with the farmers, if they ever made it they took that interest out of the amoun that was coming back to the farmer an took out all of the other expenses. Th

idence we claim will show that the farmer d pay interest in that way.

Now, just one word further before I into the details. We will show that the n of these organizations was, first, genally, a local organization. Then a state district organization composed of these al organizations. The first local organizan we will show was pretty close, if they d a local organization, which they metimes did have, to the individual mer. When they got the very large anization that embraced the whole state, half a state, or two or three states, the ard of directors, we will show, were the ntrolling body, and had practically dictorial and absolute powers. But we will ow then that the board of directors had e right to select an executive board, nerally composed of from three to five rsons. We will show you that this executive board had all of the powers of the ard of directors when the board of direct's was not in session, and the executive ard was in session all the time, and the ard of directors only met occasionally.

So that we will show that the control s thus in the hands of the little executive mmittee.

Then we will show that in certain inances, at least the attempt was made to nsolidate these regional associations into e general association for the whole ited States. And, as I have said, the n in wheat at least contemplated the ntrol of the wheat of the world.

* * *

NOW, just as a summary, in advance, you please, we will show that in the at majority, if not in all instances, the mers received not the huge profits that . Sapiro had promised, but that in almost ery instance the farmer members reeived very much less from the association an was received by the people who sold eir products on the open market. We ll show that this was due to a number causes.

One of the reasons was that the managers the association, of the management of the ociation, we will show you, was in the jority of instances, the selection of Mr. piro, dominated by Mr. Sapiro, that the nagement would hold the product back m the market, not sell it when the rket was good, as we will show the outsider had the privilege of doing and did; l that having held it a long time, the ociation sold it at much less than the ge of market prices had been to the sider.

We will show that in one instance they mped 22,000,000 pounds of tobacco on market in one day, and that they sold t tobacco for about 30 per cent less than average price received during the year the open market.

Then we will show you another reason. at was the purchase of warehouses, at exorbant prices, generally from men who were in to manage the association, and who, substance and effect sold their own operty through their own agency to these sociations, at prices far beyond the value the warehouses or other plants which y owned. That in a single tobacco sociation these men, largely selected by piro, turned over to the association warehouses in which tobacco was kept stored for re than $2,000,000 more than the plants re worth.

We will show you that these managers in me instances formed partnerships, and in let to these partnerships, in which they re interested, contracts for handling the ducts of these associations, and that they de as unjust and unfair profits out of se contracts immense sums of money.

And, we will show you that Mr. Sapiro was appealed to in some of these instances to bring suits for the recovery of these fraudulent profits, and that Mr. Sapiro declined to serve his clients and to bring such suits.

* * *

We will show you that having developed this plan, the effect of which you will judge, and I am not permitted now to comment upon it, Mr. Sapiro proceeded to the business of selling himself to the American farmer, and I use that term 'selling' in the colloquial sense that it now has. That he called among these farmers and held himself out if not as the Moses to lead them out of the financial wilderness of bankruptcy and into the Promised Land of prosperity, he at least did hold himself cut as the Aaron of the transaction, and that that expression was used.

At the same time, we will show you that Mr. Sapiro had another object in view, namely to absorb under his plan and to bring within his control, the old existing organizations, or to destroy them if they did not come in under his plan. I am referring to the organizations that the farmers had already created.

Now, in order to further this plan, he gave these people to understand that he had been the organizer of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, the California Walnut Growers' Association, of the Sun Maid Raisin Association, of the Peach and Fig Growers' Association, all of the State of California, and all of which, proceeding upon plans quite different from Mr. Sapiro's, had been able to gather for the fruit growers some substantial benefits. And that wherever Mr. Sapiro went he allowed the impression to go out that he was the master mind of that business, of these associations; but that, as a matter of fact, they had been organized by other men and on other plans. That he went everywhere talking about what *we* have done in California, 'what good results *we* have had in California,' and advised people to follow his lead to the same glorious result as he painted it, and we will show you that he painted it very thick.

We will show you that the plaintiff entered upon a general scheme of publicity; that he got himself written up in the newspapers; that he arranged to be invited to make speeches at various places; and that after a time he had succeeded in impressing the people through these and other means with the fact that he was a wonderful man for the farmers, and sometimes then he began to be invited without solicitation on his part.

We will show you that he went up and down this United States of America from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast, across the Canadian line into Canada, and clear from that northern point down through the Southern States, making the representations in regard to its plan and his purposes to which I shall call your attention in a few minutes.

WE WILL show you that the scope of his scheme was almost unlimited; that he proposed to advocate the organization and control of every staple farm product, wheat, corn, rye, barley, potatoes, tobacco, cotton, and dairy products; that he had, or at least there was printed in the papers, his picture over the title of 'The Wheat King,' although he had never raised a bushel of wheat in his life.

We will show you that he was put forward as the friend of the farmer, and now I want to challenge your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to this, in substantially all of his discourses, and I think we will show he made many hundreds of them, and in articles which he inspired, he specifically represented that he was not working for money; that his sole interest was the welfare of the American farmer. He stated in express terms that his heart bled for the farmer, and that he had no sordid influences, his heart was not stained with cupidity.

I will show you as a sample of these speeches, repeated in substance and effect throughout the United States, that on April 14, 1920, he journeyed from his western home down into Alabama. And let me say to you now by way of introduction to this article, that we will show that a very large percentage of the tobacco growers of these Southern States are poor tenant farmers, and that what he was saying to them, not only at Montgomery, Alabama, but at other places, and in Kentucky and Tennessee, was said to people to whom the prophecy he made would naturally be alluring.

Senator Reed here began a recitation of Mr. Sapiro's activities in respect to the formation of numerous coöperative associations, as the defense expects to show, covering tobacco and cotton growers of the South, wheat growers, and other farm producers throughout the country. He referred frequently to speeches made by Mr. Sapiro in urging the formation of coöperative associations.

RELATIVE to the formation of the Burley Tobacco Association in Kentucky, he said:

SENATOR REED: Now, the evidence will show you, and I am coming more directly to the Burley Tobacco warehouse deal which I have referred to before, and now I want to give it more in detail. During the war tobacco had commanded a very high price, and the profits to warehouse men were correspondingly large, and, therefore, warehouses had been built far in excess of the needs of the community. That when the slump occurred after the war, tobacco slumped and the commissions or profits of the warehouse men who were handling the tobacco correspondingly diminished.

The warehouse men in this district began to lose money rapidly. They were in debt. Many of them were approaching bankruptcy. That they had had numerous meetings to devise ways and means out of their dilemma. That a committee composed very largely of these warehouse men, along with Mr. Bingham, went to New York to interview Mr. Baruch, and I am now repeating a little of what I just said to you, and I put it in here so that I may speak in sequence. It was through Baruch they were put in touch with Sapiro. When Sapiro came to Louisville it was the committee of these warehouse men, not the growers but the warehouse men, whom we will show were on the verge of bankruptcy, that met Mr. Sapiro, and it was to them he outlined a plan. He proposed to these warehouse men that they would help him go out and organize the farmers into these organizations. They would get the farmers to sign these contracts which bound the farmers to deliver their crops of tobacco. That upon the tobacco thus delivered they could borrow money, and that they would then take the money borrowed upon the farmers' tobacco and buy these warehouses from these gentlemen.

Now, we will show you that this was the plan laid before the men who had the warehouses to sell, and who were very anxious to get the money.

I will show you that he proceeded to carry out that promise and agreement with them. That at the first meeting of the or-organizers, Mr. Sapiro appeared with the minutes of the meeting already written before the meeting was ever held, and in those minutes prepared by him before a meeting was ever held—I mean before the organization had been completed—he re

cited that in purchasing the warehouse properties, the director of warehouses is specifically instructed by the board of directors to deal liberally with the owners of such properties and to err, if at all, on the side of generosity to such warehouse men, having in mind not to waste or spend the farmer too loosely.

We will show that Mr. Sapiro wrote that in the minutes himself as the instruction to the man who was to be charged with buying these warehouses.

Now, after having laid this plan out to these warehousemen by which they were to unload their properties on the association at these liberal prices, he proceeded to put it to a vote whether they would accept the proposition, and we will show you they unanimously accepted.

Now, we will show you that at about this time, indeed at this time, trouble arose with this scheme in this wise: there had been for many years what was known as the American Farm Bureau Federation. That was not a Sapiro organization. It was a federation of state farm bureaus and it was composed entirely of farmers.

We will show you that they did not have warehousemen and bankers in it, and that it was somewhat extensively organized over the United States.

NOW, we will show you that at this time a man named Gustafson—I do not know whether I pronounce that exactly right, 'G-u-s-t-a-f-s-o-n'—was in charge of the marketing department of the American Farm Bureau Federation. That the Kentucky Farm Bureau was composed entirely of farmers and it had requested the American Farm Bureau Federation to send its marketing director to Kentucky to advise with them relative to the formation of a coöperative marketing association for tobacco in their district, and Gustafson came in response to that request. He appeared in Kentucky before the Kentucky Farm Bureau and outlined his plan, and he was about to put it on its feet. That plan, we will show, if carried out, would have resulted in farm organizations then existing in Kentucky affiliating with this really true, sure-enough, if I may use a colloquial term, farmers' organization.

Now, we will show that this proposition of Mr. Gustafson, and the meeting that he had, became known and that Sapiro then had his confederates call a hasty meeting on the very night Gustafson appeared before the Farm Bureau and that working late into the night they prepared a list of names for a pre-organization committee and published that list in the morning edition of Bingham's paper, known as the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

We will show you that the purpose of this hastily called meeting was to block the movement of Gustafson or organize the real Tobacco Growers' of Kentucky under the leadership of the Kentucky Farm Bureau, into a coöperative marketing association, and that the purpose of Mr. Sapiro and his associates was to head off or anticipate that movement and occupy the field ahead of it.

Now, we will show you that on this pre-organization committee, largely selected, if not entirely selected, by Mr. Sapiro, and by his associate, Mr. Bingham, there was Mr. Bingham, himself, one James C. Stone, one Ralph M. Barker, one John T. Collins, and one Edward Simms, three out of five of this pre-organization committee, which was to be organized for farmers' benefit, were warehousemen who had warehouse properties which were later turned over to the association at exorbitant prices.

We will show you that Stone unloaded his warehouse, which was worth not more than $125,000 for $250,000. That Barker unloaded two warehouses worth approximately $70,000 for $150,000. That Collins sold a warehouse at an exorbitant price, the exact figures I cannot give you at this moment, but it will appear in evidence.

Now, Simms had no warehouse to sell, and we will show you that shortly thereafter he became dissatisfied with this scheme and he withdrew.

Now, before the Burley Association was actually incorporated, Collins died and the active work of the promotion of the association was left to Bingham and Stone and Barker, and that they controlled all of the activities of the association and that Mr. Sapiro sat in with these three men, and that this nucleus of four men prepared the slate of all of the officers and the executive committee of the Burley Association when it was formed; they outlined the plan. Sapiro himself prepared the articles of association, the pre-organization papers, and the by-laws of this association, and it was in these papers that I have told you that the stipulation was written that they must be liberal in the prices they paid for warehouses and err, if at all, on the side of the warehousemen.

Now, we will show you that within a few days after the actual incorporation of the Burley Association, the association through this same Ralph N. Barker, a warehouse man, and who had been made general director of warehouses for the association, purchased 119 warehouses in the Burley district, at a price of $2,000,000 in excess of their market value.

Now, Sapiro, we will show you, drew a resolution, proposed it at the incorporating meeting of the Burley Association, vesting the complete control of that association in an executive committee of five men, and that four of the five men appointed to act on that executive committee for the first year were warehousemen who had sold their warehouses to the association at these exorbitant prices.

In addition to this we will show you that Sapiro, Barker, Bingham and Stone selected the officers of the association for the first year, and they included Stone, as president, he being the man, as we will show, who had sold a $125,000 plant or warehouse for $250,000. He was selected as president at a salary of $22,000 a year.

John W. Kehoe, a vice-president, was also a warehouseman who had sold a $50,000 warehouse for $146,000. Bush W. Allin was made the second vice-president, and Allin had sold a warehouse at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, for easily its value.

Now, we will show you that that is the same Bush W. Allin who within four weeks after the incorporation, organized a re-drying company which he practically owned, and that the total price he paid for the re-drying plant was $15,000, that is, he agreed to pay that, and he paid $4,000 in cash, and was to pay the other $12,000 in equal annual installments of $4,000. That through his associates, Mr. Barker, another one of these warehousemen who was on this board, this man Allin, who was a director and an officer, made a contract with the association for drying association tobacco, and at such an exorbitant price that in nineteen months' time they made a profit of 250 per cent upon their investment.

WE WILL show you that prior to the incorporation of the Burley Association, Bingham, Barker, Stone and Sapiro had agreed that Barker should be made the director of warehouses with full power to purchase all of the warehouses in the Burley district, and he was to receive a salary of $18,000 a year, and, in addition his association, when formed, was to contract with him to furnish him all of the association tobacco that a certain re-dryer in which he was financially interested, located at Carrolton, could handle. We will show they were making contracts on behalf of the association themselves.

We will show you that during the first year the association paid Barker his salary of $18,000 a year to serve it, and in addition paid his re-drying company more than $87,000 for re-drying association tobacco on a contract that he let to his own concern.

We will show you that in the second year the association paid him for re-drying $51,000. We will show you that because of his inside situation and control, his plant got nearly if not quite one-sixth of all the first year's crop that the association handled and his little plant we will show you is located in a small town, and there is no railroad except a narrow-gauge stub line.

Now, we will show you that although it had been represented to and was believed by the farmers that the directors were to be elected by the growers in the different districts mapped out by Sapiro, that matters were so managed by Sapiro and his confederates that fourteen of the twenty-two directors were former warehousemen.

I expect to show that from first to last this organization was under the influence of Mr. Sapiro. That immediately after the scheme of organization had been on foot, these directors, at the instance of Mr. Sapiro, voted him a fee of $36,000 for his work in merely organizing, and a further fee of $12,500 for organizing these subsidiary companies that I have told you of to acquire warehouses.

IT WILL appear from the evidence that Sapiro's chief instruments and associates, Bingham and Barker, wanted to pay Sapiro $100,000, but that they learned there would be opposition at the meeting which was to be held of the directors who were not in the combination or ring, and so finally before the meeting was held they got together and agreed on $36,000, and they were able to put that over at the meeting.

MR. GALLAGHER: If the Court please, I desire to move to strike out the statement that they were able to put that over at the meeting, as argumentative and not a proper statement of facts.

THE COURT: The form of the statement is argumentative.

SENATOR REED: Well, it was passed at the meeting, and through the efforts of these gentlemen, these gentlemen at the meeting supported the proposition and it was passed. I will state it that way.

* * *

We will show you that repeatedly, as Sapiro went over the country addressing meetings of farmers and planters, he stated to the farmers whom he was trying to get into his association, in substance and effect, that he was not organizing these associations for fees. I have already told you that. I repeat, he said it repeatedly, that he was engaged in it from a humanitarian standpoint, that he did not care for fees, that he would accept any sum paid him, any sum the farmers wanted to pay, or the boards of directors might fix, that his heart bled for the farmers, and similar statements.

Now, we will show you in connection with that some facts relating to the Idaho Potato Growers' Exchange. That before taking employment, or was employed, he wrote to the organization manager a letter from which I just quote one or two lines.

> 'You may fix my fees at whatever sum you and your directors think reasonable and I will gladly accept the same. I and my office never quarrel with coöperative associations about fees.'

We will show you that the work done there was very small, that he demanded, however, a fee of $2,500. That this work was not done by Sapiro alone, but by a young man in his office. That the directors

the exchange regarded the charge as orbitant. Finally, they offered to pay $250 as a compromise. Sapiro refused to accept it.

Now, at this time the Exchange was selling its potatoes through this Weyl & Zuckerman at San Francisco. Weyl & Zuckerman had a lot of money of the Exchange in its hands. And, we will show you that when Sapiro got into this controversy, instead of going where the Idaho Exchange was, and bringing a suit there, he did not go there, but that he assigned his claim for fees against this Idaho Potato Growers' Association to his own partner in San Francisco, and that this partner, or one of his partners, who was at that time attorney for Weyl & Zuckerman, as well as attorney for the Exchange—and they sued out an attachment or garnishment in San Francisco, where they planted this suit, against Weyl & Zuckerman. That they tied up the moneys of the Exchange in San Francisco. That they thus compelled the company, if it litigated at all, to go from its home, the distance to San Francisco, to there litigate the case. And, I believe the evidence will show that in order to escape all the expense they would have, the association paid the bill, and we will show you similar acts.

OTHER coöperative organizations formed under the Sapiro Plan which came in for discussion by Senator Reed in his statement included the California Tomato Growers' Association, the Vegetable Growers of California, the California Prune & Apricot Growers Association, Incorporated, the Idaho Potato Growers Exchange, the Colorado Potato Growers' Exchange, the Dark Tobacco Coöperative Association, the Virginia & Carolina Peanut Association, and the Northwest Wheat Growers Association.

Relative to federating the wheat organizations into a national exchange, the statement of Senator Reed was as follows:

SENATOR REED: Now, we will show you that it was the plan of Sapiro to organize wheat associations in all the wheat-growing states of the Union, and, as I have already told you, I believe, to federate them into a national exchange and then organize the wheat growers—

MR. GALLAGHER: If the Court please, this is all repetition of this morning's statement.

SENATOR REED: It is not.

MR. GALLAGHER: Argentina and Australia and Canada and this country, this morning.

SENATOR REED: Well, it takes a moment—

MR. GALLAGHER: I do not care how long it takes. I object to the practice. It is wrong. It is not the time that I am concerned with, but it is the practice I am concerned with.

THE COURT: The statement just recited to was repetition.

SENATOR REED: I was going to add to that I had said that I had said to them that I was going to organize wheat growers of Australia, Argentina—

MR. GALLAGHER: If your Honor please, we have ruled upon that. It is in direct violation of your ruling.

SENATOR REED: Let me finish my sentence, please, sir. That in addition to the countries I have named, Russia. Now, that is the statement.

Now, I am calling your attention to one other matter which I am only going to touch on very very briefly.

That there was held in Chicago a meeting at which Sapiro, Bingham, Eugene Meyer, Frank O. Lowden, Walter Peteet, Carl Williams and Sam Guard appear.

They had a secret meeting in Chicago, about October 9, 1923. Certain of the employes of the American Farm Bureau Federation were invited to this meeting, but none of the officers.

We will show you that the purpose of the meeting was to consummate the plans of Mr. Sapiro in the formation of the coöperative wheat associations in all the wheat states of the country, and then the federation of these associations into a national exchange, and then an international exchange.

This, however, was not the program of the American Farm Bureau Federation. Later these plans became public, and the American Farm Bureau Federation refused to join in them.

* * *

SENATOR REED: Now we will show that it was arranged at Chicago for a meeting to be held in Denver, Colorado on October 30, 1923, and that Meyer traveled, Eugene Meyer traveled from Chicago to Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, and then back to Denver, endorsing the scheme. That he was in North Dakota addressing a gathering of wheat growers, and in that he declared that he endorsed the Sapiro plan, and he told the wheat growers if they would organize in a coöperative association on the Sapiro plan he could make a very favorable report with reference to financing.

We will show you that Bernard Baruch loaned this committee, these people who had gotten together, or advanced them $5,000. Julius Rosenwald, another man who was named, loaned them $15,000. Mr. Bingham loaned them $20,000. I think Mr. Sapiro himself put in $5,000. And that all of these sums were to be used by this committee in furtherance of the plan and scheme I have been outlining. And we find afterwards that Mr. Sapiro, and Eugene Meyer, and others of these gentlemen did attend this Denver conference.

Now that is a mere hint to enable you to appreciate the evidence as it comes in. There is a story in connection with the Kansas wheat growers and the organizations affected there, but I am not going to take your time to detail it. There are many others of these associations.

As the evidence comes in you will learn that more than forty of these associations failed, or substantially failed.

These are just a few of the high points of the evidence that I have given, and when this evidence is in we will have shown that these failures of these associations and we will have shown that with the exception of a very few they have been unsuccessful, and that the members have received less money for their products than was paid to outsiders on the open market.

THAT thousands of farmers have suffered terrible losses in Sapiro's organization, that these losses run to millions and millions of dollars. That all of Sapiro's claims that these associations could control prices turned out to be false, to be failures, and that the whole plan and scheme of his organization was unsound and in many respects unworkable.

And that Mr. Sapiro's representations with reference to these organizations were false, and that Mr. Sapiro in almost if not all cases got himself employed by promising and agreeing that he would accept whatever fees these farmers' associations saw fit to fix, and that almost without exception he collected exorbitant fees.

That he had in his mind a dream of fees, through the organization of all of the farmers of the United States, and through becoming attorney for such organizations, and that these fees, if his dream or expectation had been realized, would have amounted to a million dollars.

* * *

We will show to you that Sapiro actually collected from these organizations, which he promised he would work for at such price as they fixed, fees amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

* * *

I believe the evidence will show, and we expect to show, that these fees ran to approximately a million dollars.

We will show that in the articles printed for which they are suing that we have not used the word 'conspiracy.' We have charged the existence of specific facts, and those facts as far as they are issuable here we propose to prove.

* * *

And that if these facts can be properly characterized by the plaintiff as a charge of conspiracy, then we will have proven that charge.

We will prove that Sapiro was directly or indirectly responsible for the failures and losses to which I have referred. We will show you numerous acts entirely unprofessional.

That for a lawyer to go out and promote his own business is unprofessional. That to solicit, directly or indirectly, business is for a lawyer unprofessional. That to obtain legal employment by indirection is unprofessional.

THAT to hold out false promises to clients is unprofessional. That to agree to allow the clients to fix fees, and then to breach that agreement is unprofessional.

That to work for two or more clients having opposing interests at the same time is unprofessional.

That to connive with a lawyer to get business partly in his name and partly in the name of another lawyer, and then to split the fees by previous agreement is unprofessional.

That to induce the organizers of an association without authority to secretly pay a large fee is unprofessional.

That in order to gain control of associations for plaintiff to have confederated himself with interests opposed to the association and to cause them to be paid hundreds of thousands of dollars more than the property is worth is unprofessional.

That to confederate with speculating agencies while at the same time claiming and pretending to be the enemy of speculators, and to be engaged in protecting the farmer clients from speculators—

* * *

Finally we will show you that these articles were printed in good faith for the purpose of protecting the farmers and growers of the United States against these schemes of the plaintiff, Sapiro.

And having shown all of this, we will ask you to find that Aaron Sapiro was an exploiter of the American farmer. I thank you.

Taking of testimony started immediately upon the close of Senator Reed's speech.

W. J. Cameron, editor of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, was the first witness called by the plaintiff. Examination of Mr. Cameron had proceeded but a short time, when Judge Raymond adjourned court over the week-end until Monday morning, March 21.

(A concise report of the proceedings in this case giving the testimony of the witnesses will appear in our next issue and will be continued week by week until the termination of the trial.)

NOTES · COMMENTS · CRITICISM

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses stagnation in the midst of prosperity.

Commander Richard E. Byrd, like Alexander, is looking around for fresh worlds to conquer. 'Where shall I go next?' is the question he asks himself. The average man would answer, 'There is nowhere to go, nothing left to explore'; but Commander Byrd knows differently. He is already planning new enterprises. (p. 1)

Newspapermen and novelists are usually seen (and heard) at their best in a postprandial symposium. Two interesting personalities are shown in this light by William L. Stidger. They are William Allen White and Sinclair Lewis. Reversing the textbook definition of perspective, it may be said that here we have these men not as they appear to the eye but as they really are. (p. 3)

Charles D. Cameron treats an old theme in a new way. He takes a stab at that increasingly banal banality: 'Is Easter Christian or Pagan?' and lets some daylight into it. (p. 5)

Trial of the libel suit for $1,000,000 damages brought by Aaron Sapiro, Chicago attorney, against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, has begun before a jury of six men and six women in the U. S. District Court in Detroit. The suit is based on a series of articles published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT criticizing the Sapiro Plan for the coöperative marketing of farm products. (p. 6)

Biographies have become the vogue. Great men, and men who are not so great, are having all kinds of things dug up about them. Sometimes the digging is good and sometimes it isn't, for it does not always prove that the evil men do lives after them and that the good is oft interred with their bones. (p. 8)

Windmills, canals, dykes, Paul Potter pastures, and spotted cows. These are the ingredients of which we are accustomed to think Holland is made. Hilaire Belloc sees other pictures, however, and accomplishes with his pen what Paul Potter never attempted to do with his brush. (p. 12)

When a man speaks of firing the cook it is generally found on investigation that the cook has fired herself. This is partly true of politicians who think that they are statesmen. Harry Pence shows in what way. (p. 14)

Hugh Walpole comes along with the concluding and most entertaining installment of 'The Happy Optimist.' (p. 16)

The biographical sketches of Elbert Hubbard as a fleeting personality with a lasting influence are continued by James W. Beckman. (p. 24)

Here are some more things recently said by our readers:

Pasadena, California.

You are to be congratulated on the manner in which you present to your readers the many interesting articles about which we are concerned. It is indeed a great pleasure to read facts, and if we were able to get more accurate information, such as is published in your magazine, it would be of material benefit to all of us.

ROY C. WAGES.

Lennox, Inglewood, California.

I have been a subscriber and critical reader for the last three years and always find some new and interesting information for the general public that other publications do not bring to the notice of its readers.

I trust the time will soon come when THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will have the largest circulation of any paper or magazine published in this country.

Keep up the policy of printing the truth without fear or favor.

JOHN H. BATZLE.

Indianapolis, Indiana.

You are to be complimented on your article in a recent number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on 'Man's Own Flat Wheels.'

I have served with the U. S. Army, in Cuba, Philippines, China, and in France; this aside from my practice in civil life. I want to say to you that your article is surely educational. It would be a wonderful thing if more periodicals would publish articles similar to this one. The public must be educated to think of their feet, just as they have been taught to think of their teeth, eyes, stomach, and so on.

Is there a relationship between your health and your job? Absolutely yes. Everyone realizes that there is a vital link between health and work. If a person is ill, naturally work is out of the question, but when a person merely feels run down he may attempt to stick to the job. At this point a man becomes a cheater, first of himself and secondly of his employer. In the construction of a building, the setting of modern machinery, or what not, the first consideration is the foundation. The same thing is true of the human structure, the feet. The feet are the foundation upon which the human structure is built. Each foot contains twenty-six small bones and twenty muscles which bind the frame together. Undue strain will weaken these muscles and cause them improperly to function, hence releasing the bony structure which results in a painful condition; when this stage is reached and a man attempts to stick to the job he becomes a cheater.

My contentions are that no man or woman can be efficient whose foundation is weakened. Painful feet can be avoided. Feet deserve as much care as any other part of the body, and should have it.

Improperly fitted shoes make more cripples than any other one thing. Shoes should be fitted just as accurately as false teeth or glasses. Remember it is not the amount that one pays for shoes, but the fitting that counts. Occasionally one will find a shoe salesman who does not know how to fit shoes. This is not general, however; most shoe clerks are efficient, and will do their work well if permitted to do so. You will find that most of the misfit shoes are due to the purchaser who will insist upon fitting himself. Let the shoe salesman alone, have confidence in his ability; let him do the job for which he receives a salary, the job he knows how to do, and the results will be very gratifying.

A cheerful mind is said to be a great aid in avoiding disease, but of course the good cheer is apt to be difficult unless there is sound health. A wise man or woman will seek to establish the relationship between health and the job.

Were it possible for you to see just what I see, I am sure you would say that we are becoming a nation of cripples.

DR. ROLLIE R. COOK.

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RICHARD EVELYN BYRD is a brother Governor Harry Byrd and belongs to an Virginia family. His flight over the North P by airplane marked the accomplishment in a fe hours of what others had failed to attain in yea Not content to rest on his laurels Command Byrd is planning out new fields of explorati by aviation. (p. 1)

WILLIAM L. STIDGER is the pastor of L wood Boulevard Methodist Church, Kan City, and has been associated with Sinclair Lew in the preparation of the material for the nov ist's latest book, *Elmer Gantry*. (p. 3)

CHARLES D. CAMERON has had wide e perience as a journalist and special writer. has specialized on ecclesiastical and social subjec and his knowledge of church history is shov in his essays. (p. 5)

HILAIRE BELLOC was born in 1870. He is French-English blood and married to an Ame can. He is a distinguished graduate of Oxfo University and was member of the Briti Parliament for four years. He has traveled a lectured extensively and is the author of nume ous books both in prose and verse. He is authority on international politics and is t author of a *General Sketch of the European Wa* Hilaire Belloc's travel articles and essays a widely read. (p. 12)

HARRY PENCE is a Cincinnati newspape man who has done considerable writing national, political and social questions. (p. 14)

HUGH WALPOLE is perhaps best know through his novels, such as *The Cathedral* a his latest book, *Harmer John*, but his short stori are delightful and just sufficiently humorous banish any suspicion of dullness. (p. 16)

JAMES W. BECKMAN was formerly secreta to Elbert Hubbard. (p. 24)

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn
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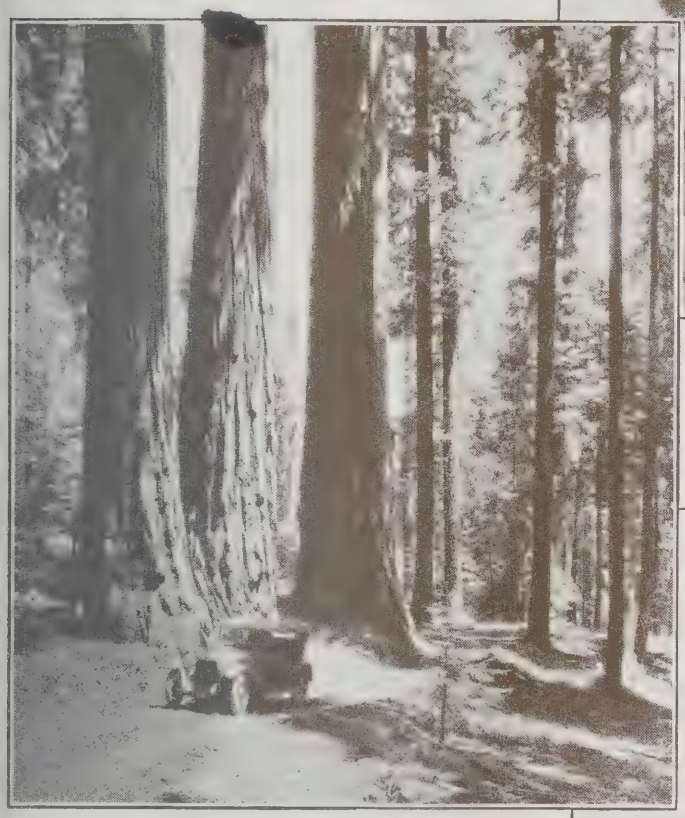
Only GOD *Can Make a Tree*

Curious *and* Beautiful Specimens *of the* Arboreal World.

—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Yucca trees are the outstanding feature of the Mojave Desert. This fine specimen is found near the Lincoln Highway, that concrete ribbon that connects New York to San Francisco.



—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Splendid examples of the mighty sequoia, one of the largest forest trees in the world, and centuries old, these 'Three Sisters' are found on the road to Moro Rock, California.

—*Kadel and Herbert Photo.*

Trees so enhance the beauty of Hartsdale, New York, that it has been pronounced one of the most charming villages in the country. This picturesque willow graces one of its parks.

—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Trees and humans bend before the gales in this, the windiest spot in New South Wales. Only the strongest men can weather the fury of these gales at their height.

8-41
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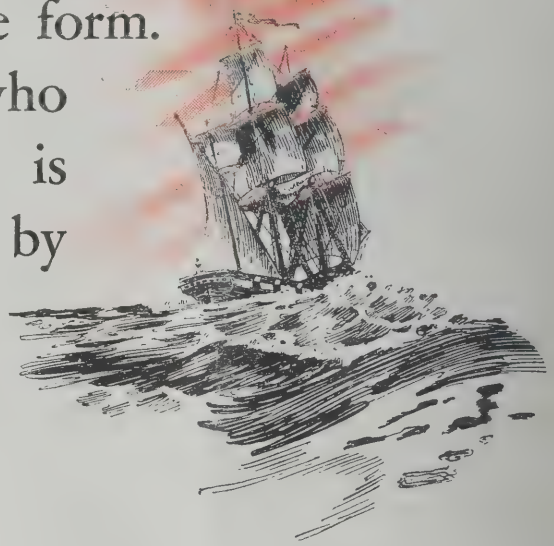
ILLUSIONS may be lost, but never Faith. Faith is *know-so* more than hope-so. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the force which brings them from invisible desire to visible form. The only man who walks by sight is he who walks by Faith, for he alone can *See.*



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Five Cents a Copy

APRIL 9, 1927

APR 5 1927
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

OUT-OF-DOORS *in* Springtime

—J. C. Allen.

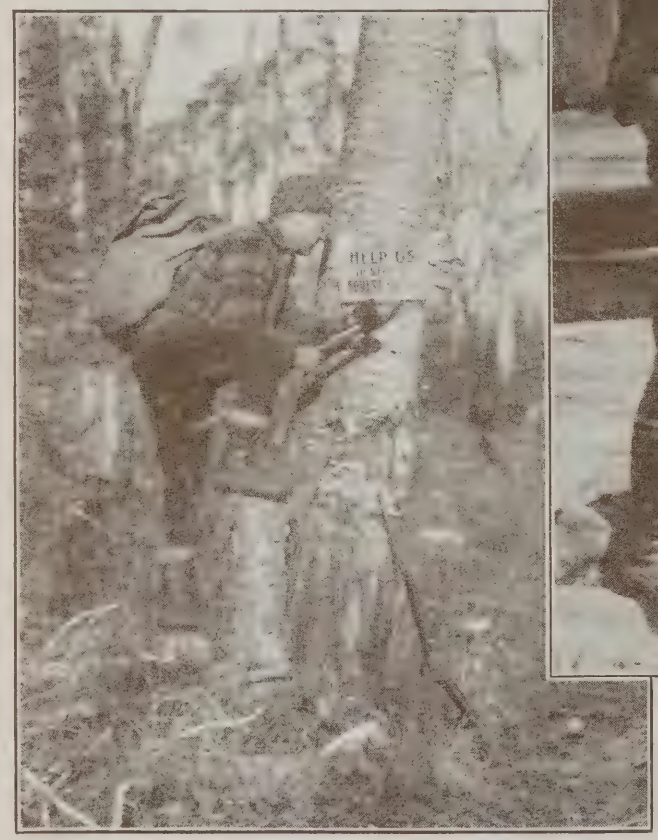
Water sprites in frolic. A sane outlet for exuberant youthful spirits, bent on play and mischief, is always found in the 'old swimmin' hole.'

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

The familiar 'kill-joy' of the joy ride. The silent plea of feminine charm, that power behind the elbow, is not always without avail.

—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Luck is not always to him that hath equipment. The wily trout is often tempted by a kicking grasshopper on the end of a 'stick and line,' in the hand of one to nature bred. But chances are good that this fish-less fisherman will not go to camp empty-handed, for seven trout are too many for any one person, and there is a give-and-take in the wilderness that 'civilization' too often stamps out.



—H. Armstrong Roberts.

Forest ranger's plea for his charges. A lighted match in underbrush brings destruction, and burned forests do not hold back spring floods, nor conserve their moisture against summer drought.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

APRIL 9
1927

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Chaplain-in-Ordinary *to a* FILM

Clergyman Consultant *of* De Mille *Tells What He Saw at* Hollywood

By REVEREND WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D.

I DID not see it all. Many people returning rom Hollywood have seen, r profess to aveseen, much hat I did not iscover. The ame is true of isits I have nade to Paris nd Shanghai. t is true also of ny own city. I o not go far ut of my way n other cities o see things hat I have rea- on to believe xist in my own ity and which o not interest ne there. But till I do not go round with my yes shut, and I see things that re interesting to me and which hen I relate them appear to nterest my friends.

This is an age in which every nan is meddling with the busi- ess of other men. The success- ul banker is trying to play the ass drum; the successful tockbroker is trying to write oetry; the successful dealer in oots and shoes is trying to be a reacher; and the preacher too ften neglects his main job trying o do something other than to reach. My son Bruce Barton is oth a business man and a literary nan, and he writes religious books hich sell as the books of preachers ever sell when they write on religion. am a preacher, and I write about braham Lincoln. My books on incoln sell better than any that I rite on theology. But Bruce and I ivide the book-buying public between us and catch them coming or going. That is where this story starts.

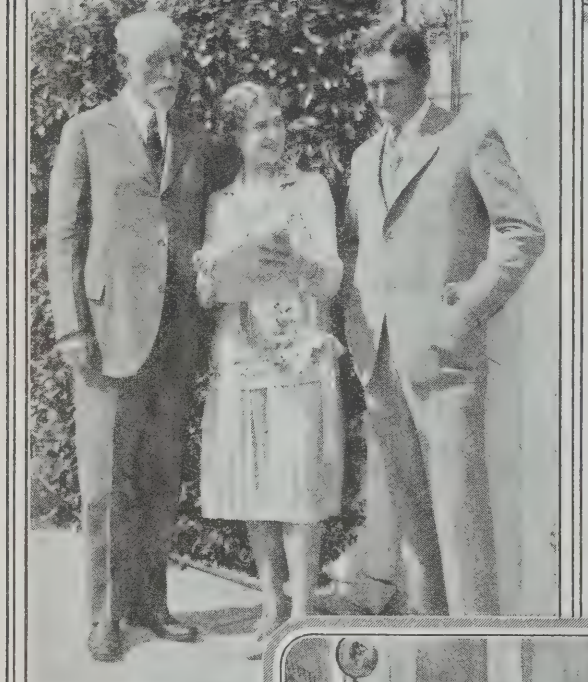
—*William E. Thomas Photos.*

Oval—*The repentant Mary Magdalene, bearing ointment to anoint Jesus. Upper—The Saviour bound in the House of Caiaphas, before the High Priest and Simeon the Pharisee.*

Last summer, Bruce and his wife and family, and his brothers and sister with their families, and I as patriarch of the tribe, were at Foxboro, Massachusetts, where the Bartons have had a summer abode for thirty years. That also is a story, for I do not know of any other family whose situation in this regard is equal to our own. One day Bruce had a telegram of some three hundred words from Cecil B. De Mille, telling him that the De Mille concern was about to begin filming the most notable religious picture ever produced, and that they needed his help in the preliminary work. The telegram read like an invitation to conduct a series of revival meetings—except that it was accompanied by an offer to pay his expenses and those of his wife Esther and to pay him a very liberal sum besides for a month's visit, which meant three weeks in Hollywood.

Bruce wired back expressing his interest, and adding that while he could furnish a certain kind of assistance, if the producers wanted exact Biblical scholarship they should invite me to come also. He got another telegram, this time perhaps of four hundred words, and I got one somewhat shorter

but to the point. The financial arrangement was satisfactory. I had to cancel several summer engagements but I did not lose any money by doing so. In due time we three found ourselves installed in the Hollywood Hotel, with a liberal expense account, and with no need to set our foot on the soil of California as long as the gasoline lasted, and it lasted as long as we needed. Whatever the sins of the producers of motion pictures, they are not niggardly in the amount of money they allow for work like this.



Jeanie Macpherson, with Dr. W. E. Barton, on her right, and Bruce Barton.

The Hollywood people I saw seemed to be composed of those who do not have a job and are working hard for one, and those who do have a job and must work hard to hold it down. Hollywood is about the last place I should advise a friend to go for employment.

Cecil B. De Mille.

I had never met Mr. De Mille, the producer whose invitation we had accepted. I learned from him that he was the son of a professor of literature in Columbia, who had two side lines of activity. He was a student of dramatics, and had much to do with the evolution of a distinctive type of American drama; and he was a lay-reader in the Episcopal church, usually serving some little church in the vicinity of New York City. If the church had a small rectory in which his family could live, and he got the rent free, and not much more, for his service, the growing De Mille family felt prosperous. And when he began to get a little money for dramatic criticism and the writing of plays, 'then,' said Cecil De Mille, 'we had shoes and everything.' Professor De Mille died, and his widow established a dramatic agency, and the children continued to have shoes.

The writer of the scenario, *The King of Kings*, is Jeanie Macpherson, a competent and attractive young woman whom I greatly admired. She gave me her photograph inscribed, 'To my dear Dr. Barton, with whom I have fallen in love.' I showed this to my daughter when I returned home, and said, 'In Hollywood, this simply means, "Whom I esteem a dear friend." But she said, "Oh no, father; in Hollywood, that means, 'Whom I have met.'" '

However, I think Jeanie really liked me, and I liked her. She is American but proud of her Scotch descent. She wants to go to Scotland where she has never been, and to gather material about Rob Roy and the Red Macphersons. I promised her that if I should happen to be in Scotland at the time I would show her where her ancestors were hanged for cattle-stealing. It was a Macpherson of whom Burns wrote:

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly
Sae daungtingly gaed he;
He played a spring and danced it round
Beneath the gallows tree.

Every day we four persons and one other lunched together, and pulled the scenario apart and stuck it together again. There were just the five of us at these daily conferences, and I was able to get an idea how a scenario is built up, and why producers are not willing that authors should sit in and make the scenarios of their own stories. The rest of the time Mr. De Mille worked in his

(Continued on page 22)

'And the chief priests accused Him.' Jesus before Pontius Pilate, accused by Caiaphas, the High Priest of the Temple.

Ellen Glasgow *and* 'Barren Ground'

By MAY B. WHITING

Home of Ellen Glasgow.

VIRGINIA has always been to me a land of handsome colonels, of dainty ladies in ruffles, of jasmine and magnolia blooms. I had no special desire to know it better, for I felt that I should never understand its shadowy romance. Then I read *Barren Ground* by Ellen Glasgow and realized that Virginia is a place of labor and conquest, its people toilers, still struggling with the old problem of how to get a living from the soil. The haunting sincerity of the book revealed the state entirely different from my fancy, and I felt that I must see and learn more about it for myself.

On the way down in the train I kept recalling the scenes of the story. Here was the 'featureless landscape' picked by the tenant farmers as 'clean as a skeleton.' On every red-clay road that stretched over the low hills I looked for a girl in an orange-colored shawl 'running toward life.' At the little towns I expected to see Nathan Pedlar loping to the station with the mail, or the village dressmaker waiting to take the train to Richmond for the day. Broomsedge I did see, a-plenty, its tall plume gracefully waving, beautiful, but ensnaring to the feet of progress. 'Broomsedge ain't jest wild stuff,' said old Matthew. 'It's a kind of fate.'

ALMOST any of the farms might have been 'Old Farm' with the hound Rambler and the cat Flossie on the steps and a scuppernong grapevine over the porch. There were plenty of figures bending over their toil which might have been Joshua Oakley, pursued by the 'destiny which dogs the footsteps of ineffectual spirits.' I wondered if within the house the wife was cooking without milk or butter because there was no cow, or if the daughter had spent her savings on a dress the color of her eyes because her lover had admired them.

In Richmond almost the first point of interest I looked up was Ellen Glasgow's house. It is a handsome Georgian mansion, one of the few remaining in the city, with four great chimneys and magnolia and holly trees overshadowing the porch. Everywhere Miss Glasgow is spoken of with pride and affection, and I resolved to call on her as one from the North who desires to know the South better.

The interior of the house is even more charming than the outside, with its wide hall and circular staircase and hand-carved paneling in all the rooms. In the reception parlor a fire of West Virginia coal glowed in the fireplace, above which hung a steel engraving of 'The Burial of Latane,' a well-known Confederate subject. The furnishings were of Colonial design and a bowl of mistletoe adorned the table. Here was the aristocracy and elegance of the South while my mind was filled with its poverty and its struggles. While I was trying to fit together these contradictory ideas my hostess entered.

Miss Glasgow is a radiant, vivid personality, with a golden gleam in the softly waving brown hair, and tawny lights in the sparkling brown eyes. At first meeting she seems one who would write entertainingly of the lighter side of life, its foibles and its ornaments, rather than of its problems. I explained that I had been deeply impressed by *Barren Ground* and that it had given me a desire to know more about Virginia and its people. *(Continued on page 19)*

A Plea *for* Scientific Taxation

By CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IN THE rural court the justice looked down on the culprit.

'Fifteen dollars' fine for having a dog without a license,' he said. 'Might be a sheep-killer,' he added.

In a court in a big city in the same state a police officer stated the charge. The court nodded.

'Drunk and disorderly and fighting in the car?' he asked. 'Fifteen dollars' fine—maybe you'll learn not to be a nuisance next time.'

The line of prisoners moved up. A shabby owner of a tenement house looked up at the judge.

'Violation of the building code—fire escapes unrepaired endangering life of tenants; plumbing a menace to health. Fifteen dollars' fine.'

In that same up-state county the board of tax assessors was in meeting to hear protests and valuations.

'Now, Jim,' said the chairman kindly, 'you know that new cow barn of yours, paint and all, didn't cost you a cent under $1,500. We've only raised your assessment $750 and that only puts on $15 to your tax. You've got no kick coming; that's fair enough. Fifteen dollars—why you ought to be paying $15 more than that, by right.'

In that same big city the committee on protests of the board of taxes and assessments was in session.

The chairman looked at the list of names before him.

'Well, Mr. Jones,' he said firmly, 'you admit that you've put in new plumbing throughout your house—a fine job, too, and you say it needed it. You've painted it and put lanterns in the front door and our assessor says it's the best-looking house now in the block. It cost you anyway $3,000 and all we're doing is raising your assessment so your tax is $15 more. That $15 tax extra will have to stand. Next!'

A YOUNG man stepped forward.

'Your Honor,' he said with embarrassment, 'I bought a lot when I got engaged; it wasn't anything but weeds and tin cans. Then I got married and we built a house on it. It cost $7,500. I am paying interest on the mortgage and paying off the principal. It's not easy sledding. My tax bill of $187.50 is pretty stiff. Most people think it looks better than it did with the tin cans and weeds there.'

'Sorry,' said the chairman, 'but that's the law. Next.'

The self-possessed, clean-cut business man stepped up before the chairman.

'I have just added a new wing to my factory,' he said. 'I have hired one hundred more skilled workmen and am paying them good wages. They spend those wages in this community, and have added that much more to the purchasing power of this city. I have put in $50,000 in new machinery—this means that in some other town in the nation hundreds of men were paid wages to make that machinery. I am shipping ten additional carloads each week from that new wing—and that means more business for the truckmen here and for the railroads that haul it. In other words, I have invested over $80,000, about $250,000 more each year in wages, in this community. And you have raised my tax assessment so that I must pay $2,000 more taxes on that account! Is that common sense?'

'Sorry,' said the chairman. 'Next!'

WELL,' retorted the manufacturer, who knew about dogs and drunks and disorderlies, 'I could keep 133 sheep-killing dogs for that money or pay the fines of 133 drunks and disorderlies! I'd like to shake the hand of the man who said the law is an ass!'

And there you have the tax laws of every state in the United States in a nutshell. Unscientific! That is too mild a word for a jumble of tax laws that actually are repressive and destructive of the very business life of our nation.

Just think it over for a minute. What makes a people prosperous? It is their ability to produce merchandise in all forms and exchange the same. With this production of merchandise invention is stimulated, merchandise is produced more easily and more people enjoy it; new desires create new jobs and more prosperity. The encouragement of the production of merchandise in all its forms is the basis of a nation's prosperity and progress. It is its life.

So that one would think, naturally, that a wise nation and an intelligent people would demand that every encouragement be given to the production of merchandise. And yet we put the penalty of higher taxes on the very enterprises that make more jobs, employ more men, and increase the purchasing power of the country. We fine the owner of sheep-killing dogs; we fine the man who is a public nuisance; we fine the man who allows his tenement to be a menace to health and life; and we do all this, properly enough, in order to keep down the number of these nuisances.

And we fine the man who builds better and safer houses! And we fine the man who increases the manufacturing business of the nation, and increases the amount of wages that he pays, and who adds to the wealth and purchasing power of the country! We fine them by higher taxes. Are these men nuisances, too? If not, why should they be treated as such?

It is time to stop and think—that is, if we want our prosperity to continue—and do some scientific thinking on tax matters and the actual destructiveness of our tax laws.

OUR tax laws are nothing but an evolution of the ignorance of the historic past. They are not based upon scientific principles. Originally taxes were nothing but tribute, or plunder, exacted from a conquered people; and their collection was farmed out to tax-gatherers who extorted as they chose so long as they turned in to the central government a fair share of the plunder.

Then, in feudal times, the king received tribute, or taxes, from the feudal barons who, in turn, exacted tribute from the people directly under them. But here was really a much higher plane, for the king gave a service in return—the service of a common protection to his barons. The barons, in their turn, gave the service of protection and security to those directly under them. This was not so bad, in principle, for it had in it the sound principle of taxes to the government in return from definite service rendered.

But then came the muddled thinking. Just because these taxes were collected from the rich—barons or merchants or farmers—so the idea developed that taxes should be col-

ected from those who made wealth, hat it was just tribute and should be ollected like tribute. As governments xpanded and progressed the idea be- ame crystallized that taxes should e paid out of merchandise and goods! nd the sound principle that taxes are nerely a payment from individuals to he government in return for services endered by the government to the eople dropped out of sight.

Thus we evolved into our present ondition where we apply the same rinciple of penalty taxation to the uisance that we do to the things that enefit the nation and are its source of rosperity.

As one studies the development of overnment since the Middle Ages, ne sound underlying principle is oted—and it has been forgotten or nowed under. It is the principle that axation rests on *services* rendered by he central government in whom the axing power properly resides.

These governmental services—se- urity, good roads, schools, police, fire rotection, courts of justice and the hole mechanism by which a com- unity is administered—are the serv- es which the people must support nd pay for in the form of taxes.

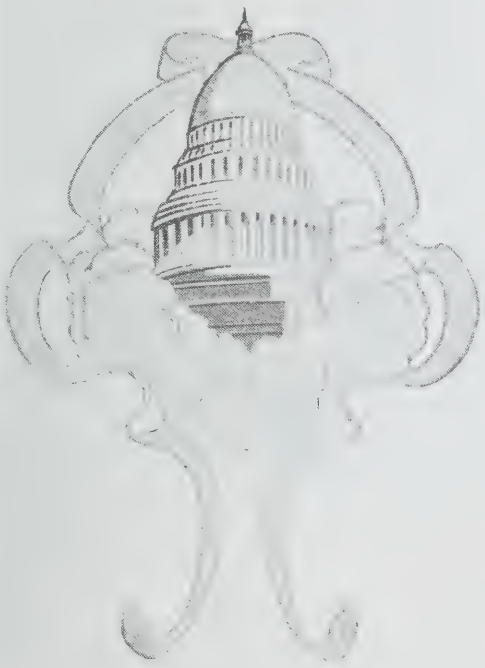
All of these services performed by he government create values. These alues, and the opportunities that lie n them, help to create wealth. So it proper that taxation should be vied against the values that govern- ent creates; it is proper, again, that axation should be collected from this overnment-created wealth. And, since ese values are created by the govern- ent as a whole, they properly *belong* o the government, and *not* to any rivate individual. This is reasonable nd scientific in principle. Any other ne of thought brings us back to taxa- on as a mere form of extortion or ibute. If this is too abstract let us ake the young man who built himself house and home on the weedy, tin- an vacant lot.

WHEN that young man bought the t, the man who sold it to him said: Now, when you buy this lot you have ater piped in this street; the street is aved; there is a splendid school stem here just a few blocks away; e have the finest fire department; in ct, while this lot may cost a little ore than elsewhere, yet you get etter service with it.' Fine.

So he bought lumber for his house— usiness was that much better in mber, plumbing supplies, wall aper, masonry, carpentry, cement, icks; all paid wages to build that ouse; and railroads and truckmen ad to haul it. The young man had ontributed just that much to make usiness better for the country. But s soon as the house was up, along me our unscientific tax system to fine him—I mean tax him—for having helped add that much more business activity and prosperity to the country. Could anything be more absurd? We fine men who are nuisances or maintain nuisances in order to lessen the number of nuisances. And we fine men who do the things that we want to have done plentifully in order to increase business and make prosperity more plentiful!

Or, take the business man who built the new wing to his factory and added a hundred new men to the payroll—with money to be spent in that community. We fine him, too! Could anything in taxation be more unscientific?

These men have added new values to the community. They have helped make business better—not only for their own community but for the entire nation. These are the men who



are making the United States what it is. They are progressive, forward-looking, energetic citizens upon whom the wealth and prosperity of the country depend. And we raise their taxes, make them pay stiffer fines for the benefits they create.

Of course, the business man adds the taxes to his price. The price is higher and fewer goods are sold on that account. Fewer goods require fewer men to make them. Fewer men earning wages make less money to spend in buying goods in all other lines.

In other words, our present unscientific and actually destructive tax methods destroy each year a large part of the purchasing power of every city and every state throughout the nation. And it is upon this purchasing power that the prosperity of our country depends.

If you think that there is only a trifling figure involved just take New York State, for example, where, on our present unscientific methods, the tax valuation is over *sixteen billion dollars*. With a tax rate of two per cent this means our unscientific taxes for that one state are over $320,000,000 a year. Naturally, tax dodging, methods of favoritism and various other causes reduce the actual amount but taxes actually collected for that year amounted to $133,500,000. Some of the tax, of course, was collected from the mere value of unimproved lands; but most of it was collected from the *improvements* of the land—in other words, upon the very things we should encourage and not fine, as if they were a nuisance.

NO STATE can afford to fine its industries with taxation by from $25,000,000 to $75,000,000 or more a year and not seriously affect its purchasing power and business interests.

Observe, on the other hand, what our unscientific tax laws do to the man who owns land—either farm land or city land—and does nothing at all with it, who lets it run to weeds and scrub or tin cans and rubbish. *He pays the lowest taxes!* The man who does nothing to increase the business and prosperity of the community or the nation, who builds no house or plant, who stimulates no industry by purchasing its manufactures for use upon his property—this slacker in our national business life is rewarded by being charged *the lowest taxes* just so long as he *does nothing* to stimulate business and manufacture!

Is that unscientific?

The step to scientific taxation is simple. Let the taxes or fines be gradually abolished on the improvements—houses, buildings, machinery, herds, orchards, crops and all the constructed values that go upon the land and that create business and prosperity—and placed instead upon the value of the land itself. Not upon the *amount* of the land, but solely upon its *value* whether a city lot of high value or a farm, the value of which was made by the farmer's labor upon its raw, unfenced, undrained and bush-grown acres. Exempt the labor values. The foundation of prosperity is production. The foundation of production is purchasing power. As we tax and thus penalize production, we lessen purchasing power. Scientific taxation is a business necessity. And it must not be delayed.

Let me quote you one of the best American authorities in the field of economics and taxation in the United States, Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University:

'Premising, that so important a change should not be made abruptly, I favor the gradual reduction, so far as possible, of the tax burden on industry and labor and taking instead the economic rent of the bare land.'

This is scientific taxation.

Sapiro's Suit *Gets* Under Way

Number *of* Alleged Libels Are Reduced *by* Plaintiff *in* Suit Against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT—Jewish Question Out

ADMISSION of questions concerning discussions of the Jewish Question in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was strongly argued by both sides in the second week of Aaron Sapiro's libel suit against the magazine, now on trial before a jury of six men and six women in the United States District Court at Detroit.

The arguments arose over questions put to William J. Cameron, editor of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, by William H. Gallagher, chief counsel for Sapiro, to which objections were made by Senator James A. Reed and Judge Stewart Hanley of counsel for the defense.

In ruling on the controversy, Judge Fred M. Raymond, after discussing it at some length, said:

'Until the questions are narrowed to the extent of showing some authority, either expressed or implied, to publish articles which reflected upon Aaron Sapiro as an individual, the objections to this class of testimony must be sustained.'

Another feature of the week was the filing by Sapiro of a motion to amend the original declaration, the motion striking out more than fifty alleged libels in the series of articles criticizing the Sapiro Plan for the coöperative marketing of farm products which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT over a period of a year between April 12, 1924 and April 11, 1925. This reduces the number of times which Sapiro says he was libeled, from 141 to 98.

After being on the stand for four days and a half during the week, Mr. Cameron was temporarily excused Friday afternoon until he could produce certain papers from the files of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT which were requested by counsel for the plaintiff.

Following him, Mr. Gallagher called James Martin Miller, a newspaperman of Washington, D. C., to the stand and questioned him about a conversation he claimed to have had with Mr. Henry Ford at a time he said he was an employe of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Mr. Miller was on the stand only a few minutes and was followed by Fred L. Black, business manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Mr. Black was first questioned by Attorney Gallagher regarding the circulation of THE INDEPENDENT during the time of the publication of the alleged libelous statements.

He then sought to introduce correspondence between Mr. Black and Walton Peteet relative to arrangements for a meeting at which Mr. Peteet is said to have protested regarding certain of the articles in the case.

—International Photos.

Judge Fred M. Raymond, who presides.

Objections by the defense to admissibility of this correspondence as having nothing to do with the case as it affected Mr. Sapiro brought an argument. Judge Raymond took the correspondence under advisement until Monday, and a recess until that time was taken as it was then near the close of the Friday afternoon session.

* * *

The week opened with Mr. Cameron resuming the stand, but before any further testimony was taken Judge Hanley for the defense precipitated an argument by calling the court's attention to there being no ruling on objections made to a line of questioning by Attorney Gallagher for the plaintiff tending to show malice on the part of the defendant.

This first arose shortly before recess on Friday afternoon when Mr. Gallagher was questioning the witness relative to policies of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT as to whether he had discussed with Mr. Henry Ford the paper's attitude toward the Jewish people.

In objecting to this question Judge Hanley said:

'The attitude of Mr. Ford toward the Jewish people, or THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S attitude toward the Jewish people, is not an issue in this case.'

The jury was excused during the ensuing argument, which continued for some time. At its conclusion, Judge Raymond passed it with this remark:

'Of course, no evidence has been offered as yet upon which the court can make a ruling. I am glad to have had the argument of counsel; it has enlightened the court.'

The jury was recalled and with Mr. Cameron back on the stand questioning was resumed by Attorney Gallagher, after bound volumes of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT were introduced and marked as exhibits.

The first of the Sapiro articles was produced by Mr. Gallagher, his interrogations of the witness regarding it bringing many objections from Judge Hanley of the defense counsel.

Opening the subject, Mr. Gallagher said:

Q. I call to your attention, in Exhibit 6, an article in the issue of April 12, 1924, appearing upon page 4 of that issue, and ask you whether you had any part in the preparation or editing of that article?

A. Well, it very probably passed through my hands. Most of the articles do. I don't know of any reason why this should not.

Q. Are you able to say now whether it was revised or edited by you?

A. All of them were, in some degree, revised or edited.

Q. It was read by you before publication?

A. Yes—very probably, most of them. If not, this is an exception, and undoubtedly I read it.

Q. Are you able to recall now, Mr. Cameron, when The Dearborn Publishing Company first entertained the idea of the publication of that or a similar article?

A. Yes, in a general way.

Q. And when was that?

A. Well, do you want me to give the picture just as it came up?

Q. Very well.

A. We were receiving letters from farmers from the South—Southwest and Western part of the country.

Q. First of all, when was it, that is the question now?

A. Well, a considerable time prior to this, I should say more than—oh, a year or more.

Q. A year before the actual publication?

A. Yes, all of that, I think.

Q. And when the matter was first

onsidered, with whom did you iscuss the proposed publication?

A. Well, the matter of publica-ion was not discussed when the natter was first considered. If you ould like to know how it hap-ened, I would be glad to tell you.

Q. Well, when was the matter f publication first discussed with nybody, approximately when? (Ob-ection to this question was sus-ained.)

Q. When did you first discuss ith anybody the publication by HE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT hich would charge Aaron Sapiro ith being allied with an interna-onal gang of Jews?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is ob-ected to.

Q. (Continuing) Who con-emplated placing the farmers of is country under the domination f an international banking ring?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected), for the reason that it is leading nd suggestive; second, for the reason that it indefinite; third, whether or not any such onversation took place would be incom-etent and irrelevant to the issue which elates to the publication of specific articles omplained of.

THE COURT: Take the answer.

JUDGE HANLEY: Exception.

A. When this storm of complaint egan to be strong enough to register itself n my mind.

MR. GALLAGHER: I will ask that that e stricken out as not responsive.

A. I investigated the matter—

THE COURT: Just a minute. The answer ay be stricken. Read the question.

(The question was repeated by the eporter.)

A. I did not discuss it with anybody n the—

JUDGE HANLEY: Just a minute, Mr. ameron. There is an assumption in that uestion, your Honor, of facts that are not evidence at this time, and the very state-ent of it has the effect of proving ertain matters that must be oved by competent evidence nd not by indirection such as ounsel seeks to use.

THE COURT: Take the answer.

JUDGE HANLEY: Exception.

A. I did not discuss it with nyone, in the sense of taking ounsel. I did discuss it with some my associates, subordinates, in ne sense of giving directions.

Q. And besides your sub-dinates, did you discuss it with nybody else?

A. No.

Questioned as to ho are the officers of he Dearborn Pub-shing Company, the itness named Henry ord as president, E. . Liebold as general anager and treas-er, and C. B. Long-y as secretary.

Q. (by Mr. Gal-gher) Now, Mr. ameron, prior to the ublication of the rticular articles now efore you, did you scuss with Mr. Ford e intended publica-on of such an article?

A. No.

Q. Did you discuss with Mr. Ford e intended publication of any article aling with Mr. Sapiro?

A. Why, it was a long time before I new anything about Mr. Sapiro. I knew out the farm situation, but Mr. Sapiro was something that developed—came out of the film when we developed the facts.

Q. Just a minute, please.

A. We did not know Mr. Sapiro.

MR. GALLAGHER: Read the question to the witness.

(The question was repeated by the Reporter.)

A. No.

Q. Not at any time before the publication?

A. No.

Q. Did Mr. Ford discuss the publication of certain articles in your presence with anybody else?

JUDGE HANLEY: Just a minute. Will you read that?

(The question was repeated by the Reporter.)

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to as the question is indefinite, it does not identify any articles when it refers to 'these' articles.

MR. GALLAGHER: We will incorporate—

JUDGE HANLEY: Second, it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial anyway, whether it was discussed.

MR. GALLAGHER: I will put the question in this form: Withdrawing my last question.

Q. Did Mr. Ford discuss, in your presence, with anybody else, the publication by this company of any articles in which Aaron Sapiro would be charged—

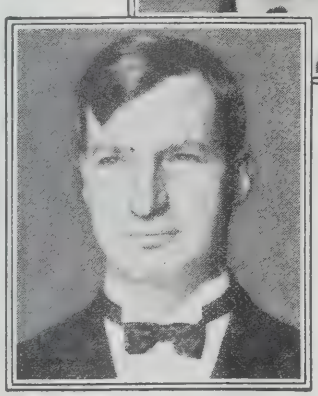
JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to.

Q. (Continuing)—with being allied with or coöperating with an international band of Jews?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to.

THE COURT: Take the answer.

A. No.



William H. Gallagher. Above—Walter F. Lynch.

Mr. Gallagher then began reading the alleged libelous matter in the first Sapiro article, questioning the witness regarding his knowledge of certain of the statements. Many objections were interposed by Judge Hanley for the defense.

It was developed that material for the articles was gathered by Harry H. Dunn, a writer of Berkeley, California, who wrote under the pen name of Robert Morgan. Mr. Dunn was assigned to the work following receipt by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of letters from many farmers throughout the country, according to testimony. Some of the correspondence with Dunn previous to publication of the stories was introduced.

A four-hour argument, during which the jury was again excused from the court room, came when Mr. Gallagher asked the witness:

'Now, what is the fact as to whether up to that time your plans for the publication of these articles were plans against the Jews generally and not against Sapiro particularly?

This again brought objections from the defense side which has contended since the case opened that the Jewish question is not an issue in the case, a contention which was made by Senator Reed in his opening statement to the jury when he said:

'I think his Honor will tell you that the Hebrew race is not here bringing this suit, and that Mr. Sapiro has no right to come here and recover damages for the Hebrew race and put the money in his pocket as damages done to himself.'

The jury was excused again while counsel argued the question before the Court.

At its conclusion the jury was recalled. Mr. Cameron resumed the stand. Judge Raymond asked the court reporter to read the question which had brought on the argument. He then ruled on it, sustaining the objection made by counsel for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Further correspondence with Mr. Dunn, author of the articles, from THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT files, was then introduced and was under discussion when court adjourned for the day.

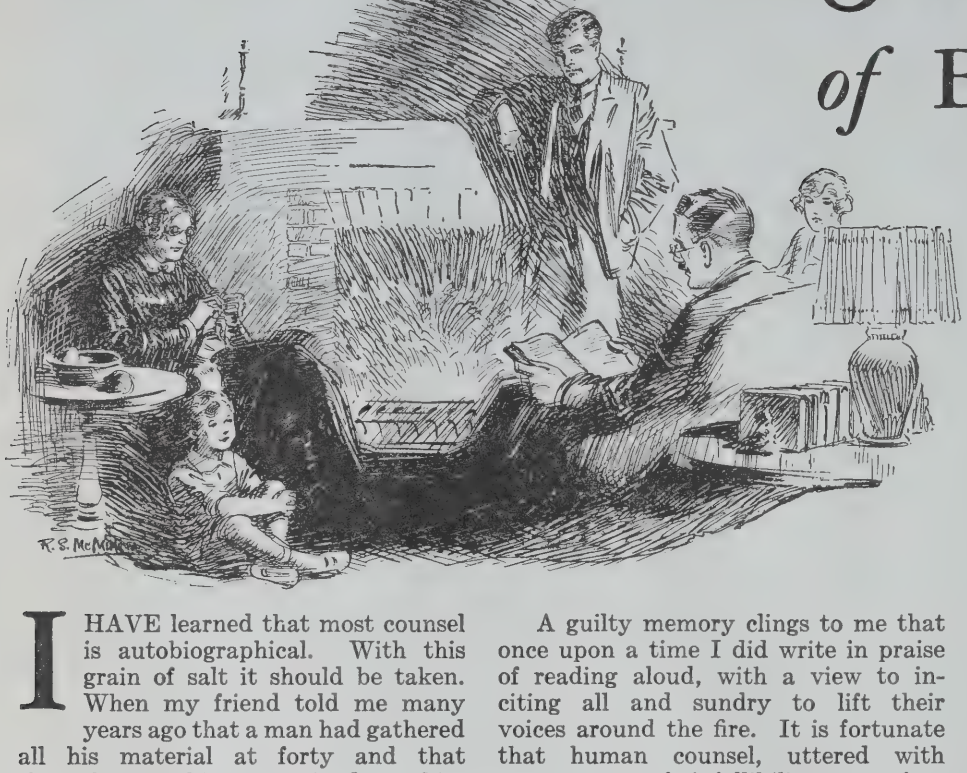
* * *

The Tuesday session opened with Mr. Gallagher continuing his questioning on correspondence with Mr. Dunn relative to the articles and to eliciting information from Mr. Cameron as to his passing on the articles before they were printed. He then began the reading of alleged libelous statements in the articles complained of, interposing occasional questions to the witness regarding them. As he progressed in the reading of portions of the articles, Attorney Gallagher began inclusion of headlines, paragraphs, sentences, and phrases not mentioned in the plaintiff's declaration.

Continuous objections by the defense side to excerpts from the articles and to questions put to the witness reached a climax when Mr. Cameron was asked what conversation he had with F. L. Black, business manager of THE INDEPENDENT relative to a conference Mr. Black had with Robin Hood, former publicity man for the National Council of Farmers' Coöperatives, and Walton *(Continued on page 26)*

Of counsel for the defense: left to right—Judge Stewart Hanley, Raymond E. Watson, C. B. Longley, Ward N. Choate, and Judge Richard J. Higgins.

The Imposition of BOOKS



I HAVE learned that most counsel is autobiographical. With this grain of salt it should be taken. When my friend told me many years ago that a man had gathered all his material at forty and that thereafter nothing remained to him but rearrangement, I was at once impressed and dejected. For it seemed to set a deadline to freshness and suggested hardening of the mental arteries. But I have since found that it was true—for *him*. He had *stopped* at forty and is now like a man rearranging an old library that never grows, but slips softly more and more behind the moving spirit of life.

Likewise, when another friend gave counsel to abandon all reading for a year, it seemed to have the sound of wisdom. Surely it is sometimes good to close the gates of the mind to every wandering vagabond, and mark it 'Private' for a time, to discover what will steal from its secret places, shy thoughts that flee like birds from traffic, modest musings that dare not show their faces before those that have attained the dignity of Books. But again I found that my friend's counsel was good—for him. He was a slave to his reading. He thought in terms of the last pages he had cut. He was a victim of the tyranny of print. But he never followed his own counsel. What he writes smells of some other's pen.

I would deal more kindly if I could with a more recent counsel. An author of vigorous body and mind said, 'Some day, will not you write a page in favor of reading aloud?' He likes to read aloud; he dramatizes; his magnificent voice booms out the passages; and the farmers round about come in to hear him; they are his first public. So again, you see, the counsel is autobiographical, and maybe none the worse for that.

A guilty memory clings to me that once upon a time I did write in praise of reading aloud, with a view to inciting all and sundry to lift their voices around the fire. It is fortunate that human counsel, uttered with every tone of infallibility, so often fails of its end, for in this instance alone what havoc might have been wrought in all quiet family circles!

AND yet I dare say none have profited more than I by hearing reading done aloud. There used to be Friday afternoons in school, very special occasions which came every week, when awe-stricken pupils—they were 'scholars' then—spoke pieces and Teacher read to us. Those Friday *seances* have made it extremely difficult to disentangle fact from fancy in my recollections of childhood years, for I seem to have been visiting with the *Swiss Family Robinson* when they had their memorable adventure, and like the old man of Bristol who knew Defoe and said he wore goatskins I have need of proof to persuade me that I was not Robinson Crusoe's other companion on his island. Nowadays when everybody is asking whether our educational systems are worth while, I boldly answer, Yes, if they read *Robinson Crusoe* on Friday afternoons. But even this is partly a truce with convention: it must have happened in school, yet I do not recall a single teacher of the period, and I do not remember that a book intervened.

Then there was Mrs. Linn. I do not suppose you ever heard of Mrs. Linn. I wonder if anyone who ever heard of her, remembers. They were few enough who knew her, and naturally they would be still fewer who remember her. It was this way: we attended a mission Sunday school of the straitest sect which offered a very legalistic system of salvation to the world. From all my years of constant attendance and assiduous attention I carried away only this, that immersion was the Scriptural form of baptism. Which may be true, as open fires were the only Scriptural form of heating, and wells the only Scriptural form of municipal water supply.

Into the midst of all this came Mrs. Linn on Thursday nights, with a book of which I had never heard, out of which she read to us such things as *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. Blissful day, when one first tastes the flavor of chosen words! It was a new baptism into a new world. I am willing to believe that God sends into the world prophets and troubadours, and that the latter in our day may be called Readers. Mrs. Linn was one, though doubtless she thought she was merely doing a bit of social work among the underprivileged, as I believe the word is.

I cannot miss mention of the zealous professor, but his name escapes me and no memory of his face remains. It was in those hazy days of youth when the film of the mind protects it from the touch of reality and one does not know that 'life is real, life is earnest,' when nothing really gets through that has not strength and point to pierce the film. I know now that his zeal was to be autobiographically interpreted, but I did not know then, and maybe he did not. But he had apparently made a recent discovery of Carlyle, and in one of the college halls, after hours, he offered to share it. It is a bold and pathetic thing to do and is possible only through the sheer energy of a new idea. But it was thus I was ushered into the august presence of The Everlasting Yea and The Everlasting Nay, and learned that all was not island romance nor Longfellow's saga measures, but that literature was also the wrestling of the spirit with the dangerous angels who carry swords of flame to guard the tree of knowledge.

SO THAT it is perhaps clear that I am at least not indifferent to this matter of reading aloud, so much do I owe to it. But I say, leave it to the Readers—leave it to the Readers. Ability to read aloud is a gift; do not lead those who lack it into the presumptuous sin of pretending to have it. There is need of Hearers, too. I who do not read aloud am a member of the honorable host of Hearers, (*Continued on page 18*)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Distinctly a Problem for Business Men

HOWEVER tired one may have become of the reiterated statement that prosperity is a matter of 'psychology,' it cannot well be evaded in considering the matter which has engaged this Page during the past two weeks. Of course, the saying is merely one of those which gains wide currency because it seems to dispel an equally wide vacuum of thought. What everyone says, no one has thought much about. We might just as well arise and repeat 'Ivory Soap,' or 'Socony,' or 'Royal Baking Powder,' as repeat these current 'wise sayings,' for both are put into our minds by the same processes, and are not the result of our own thinking.

Business, as it was done in the Old Era, which is now passing, was habitually a coward. It is a coward today in so far as it retains Old Era elements. A particular phase of its cowardice was a fear to admit that business was or could be bad. Anything but that! It was even afraid to admit that the weather could be bad. Any big newspaper office will furnish stories of protests made by merchants against news items announcing that rain could be expected tomorrow or that a cold spell was coming for Saturday.

The superstition of the so-called business man is that if he only says 'business is good' often and emphatically, business will be good. That is to say, one would assume that to be his superstition, judging from what the business man gets newspapers to print. If it were a superstition it might react on the business man himself, but it doesn't. At the moment he is thus preaching the efficacy of faith, he is practising unfaith by setting up protection for himself in every direction. It is the buying public that he wants to believe that 'business is good,' so that it will continue blithely and unsuspectingly as before, until suddenly it realizes that business may be good in statistics, and in newspapers, and in political interviews, but that it certainly is not good in the concrete experience of the producer and breadwinner.

One would say that so patent has this strange hypocrisy become that the public must instantly know that the moment the press begins the ballyhoo that 'business is good,' it is a sign that something is seriously wrong which it is desired to conceal from the public.

No one practises this strange form of self-deception about a telephone that is out of order, or an incandescent bulb that will not function, or a government that is incompetent.

The supreme opportunity of Business to learn the principles which control it comes in just those periods whose existence it is most loath to acknowledge. Business has not been distinguished for its foresight, so it must take second-best and use its hindsight. Even this it does not do voluntarily.

It is agreed that the last taste of difficult business conditions which this country had was due to the ill-measured activities of a few men in control of the higher financial machinery of the nation. We may assume that their intentions were good, but there is no choice about the verdict that their judgment was bad. As it was stated at the time, they wanted to start a 'slow leak,' but it developed into a complete 'blow-out.' Whether anything was learned from that experience is not known, but the same machinery exists to this day without change or improvement.

> *THE truth about business might as well be faced. A broken telephone connection cannot be repaired merely by the chanting of words. Nor does prosperity come from wise sayings. The nation is again in a puzzling time. There are great stocks of money and great stocks of goods, but a stoppage has occurred in the machinery of exchange. Once more the old methods have failed. The Money Masters are sitting back waiting for them to come into operation again. But present conditions will not pass until they are acknowledged and solved. They present a problem which is distinctly one for genuine Business Men.*

Today, the country, all rosy orations and political assurances and optimistic editorials to the contrary notwithstanding, is again in a puzzling time. Perhaps the best way to describe it is that it is a 'breathing spell.' The statistics which show the contrary are unreliable since they do not distinguish between sound business and unsound business. When sound business declines, you can always keep statistics up to the mark by an intense artificial stimulation which produces a mass of unsound business. Sound business is that in which goods pass and are paid for. Unsound business is that in which goods are forced out for the sake of keeping up the appearance of movement, and are not paid for. The country has now had practically nine months of unsound business. The general statistics of the latter half of 1926 must all be discounted on this ground.

To evade seeing this or to avoid acknowledging it is simply to increase the degree of the confusion which must later be straightened out.

The present condition is marked by great stocks of money and goods in the country. It is not poverty that confronts us, but the insufficiency of the old methods and motives to deal with a condition of plenty. The work is waiting and the means to accomplish it are here, but there is a stoppage in the machinery of exchange. The old methods which could be hammered through in a condition of poverty prove suddenly unadaptable to a condition of stagnation in the midst of prosperity.

And what is being done about it? Nothing. The Money Masters are simply waiting until the conditions subside to the point where the old methods may become operative again. *But they are not going to subside. They are going to remain, and they must be faced.* This is a new problem in economic life, and the sooner it is recognized, the sooner can work upon it commence.

There is no use waiting for the economists to act; they will only write the history of what is done. The problem is one distinctly for the genuine Business Men.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Internationalism Plus

THERE is this to be said in favor of those who are shaping this nation's foreign policy: *They have learned to keep out of European entanglements.* The lesson was hard-learned. It came only after the United States had been voted into the back door of the World Court, and then unceremoniously trundled out again. But it was well learned. The latest American note to the League of Nations proves that. The note deals with the 'disarmament' plans of the League. It definitely rejects European proposals for:

International supervision of all armaments.
International regulation of essential national industries and activities.
International restriction on the study of methods for combating poison gas and bacilli.

The doctrine set up by these rejections is vital to the nation. It would be absurd to place American industry under a set of rules promulgated by outsiders; it would be fatal to turn over supervision of American arms to a clique of international politicians. As to the matter of poison gas, the American note is specific and emphatic: 'Training in chemical departments is essential by modern governments in order to combat possible attacks of a like nature by hostile nations.' The Geneva Protocol outlaws the use of poison gas and other substances, but it has been the sad experience of the world that such bans are often ignored. For this nation to deprive itself of the right to guard against such a contingency would be the epitome of folly.

Disarmament is sincerely desired by Americans. They have demonstrated that time and again. But they have learned to watch for the worst while hoping for the best. America's experiences in pursuing the chimera of disarmament have been disappointing. Groping along in search of some illusory ideal, the country has banged sharply against the realities of European politics. The League of Nations conference has strayed away into a maze of super-internationalism, from which the United States has just extricated itself. President Coolidge's proposal for a new conference on the limitation of naval armaments has met with abrupt refusals from France and Italy *on the grounds that it should be conducted by this same League.* And the Washington Conference left the United States in the unfortunate position of the small boy whose pants were stolen while he was teaching the other boys to swim.

Getting Acquainted

THIS month will see the beginning of another invasion of France. It will be, however, a peace-time invasion, probably the greatest in history, an invasion of tourists and dollars rather than soldiers and bullets. And it will be a welcome invasion. Three hundred thousand visitors are looked for from America alone, including the 30,000 Legionnaires who will journey to Paris in the fall. From Britain 800,000 more will come, and from other countries an additional 1,000,000. These visitors, it is estimated, will spend in the neighborhood of $400,000,000 during their stay—a tidy sum for any nation to receive.

It is no disparagement of France to say that this financial aspect probably looms higher in Gallic eyes than any other. France is in difficult financial straits. Money is badly needed, and if the country can make itself inviting enough to attract hundreds of thousands of money-bearing guests, surely that is something decidedly to its credit. But there is another and vastly more important aspect to this summer migration: *the intermingling of races.* Friendship comes from friendly contact. Misunderstandings disappear when men gather around the same table to discuss their differences calmly. The enmities of the world will vanish *only* when the peoples of the world—men and nations—get acquainted. France is afforded a wonderful opportunity this summer. The two million visitors represent something more than two million purses. They are two million potential missionaries of friendship.

An Expert on the Death Penalty

A LETTER from Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison:

'Your attitude toward the death penalty is courageous and intelligent, and will in my opinion be of inestimable value to the cause of abolition for which a little band of us have been fighting against great odds for several years . . .

'It may interest you to know that my conclusions are based upon twenty-three years of prison experience during which I have been in intimate contact with over five hundred murderers and have supervised exactly one hundred executions.

'I have studied the death penalty from every angle and find no justification for it unless one accepts the principle of *lex talionis* (the law of retaliation). Considered from the practical standpoint of "does-it-work?" it falls down completely and positively.'

God Has Made Us Neighbors

SENATOR BORAH is doubly fortunate. He is possessed not only of a keen intellect, but of a rare aptitude for oratory as well. When he speaks, he *says* something—as even opposition newspaper editors are obliged to admit. The other evening he spoke at New Haven. It was a routine, mid-season address on Mexico; and as the Senator's views on Mexico are fairly well known, the editors looked for nothing better than a paragraph announcement of the speech. But Borah has a happy felicity of phrase. During the course of the evening he carved out a phrase so round and full and satisfying that reporters seized upon it and flashed it by wire to the four corners of the earth. It was:

God has made us neighbors; let justice make us friends.

The words have a ring of sincerity and earnestness which set them in a niche by themselves. They deserve to live, not only as a phrase but as a national policy.

The Cost Continues

THE war is nearly a decade in the past, but it still bears directly on the trend of the world.

The stoppage of useful world activities for four and a half years cannot be translated into dollars and cents. The value to the world of the millions of men whose lives were snuffed out cannot be estimated.

But it is the continuing cost that presses hard today. This continuing cost is reflected in wholesale commodity prices of the present as compared with those of 1913. As given by the National Industrial Conference Board the increase over the pre-war level is:

United States	47 per cent
France	527 per cent
Canada	51 per cent
Germany	31 per cent
United Kingdom	46 per cent
Italy	581 per cent
Japan	201 per cent
Australia	58 per cent
Belgium	759 per cent

Thus the cost of the war continues. Unborn generations will still be taxed to pay for this generation's folly.

Less Education—More Energy

THIS comes from a pedagog:

'The great need of education is less of it—less education and more energy.'

From an outsider, the criticism might be held unfair by educators. Coming as it does from within the academic ranks, it must be given serious consideration by them. The statement is that of Dr. Charles Gray Shaw, professor of philosophy at New York University, noted as an educator, a lecturer and a writer. He says further:

'Instead of having professors exchange chairs in their respective colleges, it would be better to have the professor swap his chair for the desk of a business man. Business men do not know the rules of syllogism, but they reason better than teachers of logic. They have to do it. These men of affairs may not be so familiar with foreign languages, but they speak and write better English than those who teach rhetoric. They have to, or business would fall off or go to the wall. The captain of affairs is doubtless so weak in economics that he would flunk a sophomore examination, but he knows how to make the thing the professor talks about. The college ought to set up practical relations with the world, *not for the world's sake but for its own.*'

That is good sense. It should be brought to the attention of every university professor and every high school teacher in the country. *The college ought to set up practical relations with the world.* Real advice *to* educators *from* an educator! Formal education in recent years has seemed something apart from the world, not of it. It has dealt in theories rather than practicalities, it has tended to create a paper existence while ignoring the physical basis of life. Sharp criticism has been leveled at the modern educational system, but the criticism has come largely from business men. Now it comes from the college. That is a hopeful sign.

A Parental S O S

IN THE 'agony column' of the London *Times* appears the following: 'A parent would appreciate advice from any with successful experience in correcting naughty boys.' What a confession of helplessness! Speaking directly, the only way to correct naughty boys is to correct them. 'But how?' asks the helpless one. To use a Gilbertian phrase in its general sense, it would appear that the best way would be 'to make the punishment fit the crime.' If the naughtiness is only of a trifling nature, a word of warning and advice may be sufficient, but if it is of a serious character, more drastic measures would have to be adopted.

Boys are created neither angels nor devils; they are a sort of a blend of the two. To wring the evil brew out of them requires some strenuous laundering occasionally, but in place of putting them on the ironing board the modern tendency is to whitewash them. At a later stage the whitewash won't hold and the ugly spots begin to show underneath.

'The wisest man the world e'er saw' said something about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. He probably knew what he was talking about. Rehoboam, his son, must have given him more trouble than enough, and Solomon himself was not a shining example of what a well-trained young man should be. He spoke out of the wealth of his experience.

A good many years ago there appeared in a popular magazine an article on 'The Training of Parents.' Perhaps the lack of training in parents is the root cause of the predicament in which this English parent finds himself.

LUCY PERCY, *the Countess of Carlisl*

A Political Woman *of the* Seventeenth Century

By FRANCES H. PFEIFFER

Illustrated by RUTH A. THURBER

FROM the accounts we have of her, Lucy Percy, Lady Carlisle, was one of those political women, so active mentally that she had to be doing something; who was influenced, not so much by high purposes as by personalities in high places—by first one prominent man and then another.

It is not easy to be quite exact in one's estimate of Lady Carlisle because she seems to have lacked a woman biographer, whose sympathy might have given us a different impression from that we now have, that she was not a womanly woman, not really great, although she held so exalted a position and sprang from such an ancient family. A daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, and the wife of Lord Hay—afterward Lord Carlisle—Lady Lucy was a Percy, so, came naturally by her love of political intrigue, as well as by her great beauty and sparkling wit. One is led to think of her as hard and brilliant.

Her father, the ninth Earl of Northumberland, spent nineteen years in the Tower of London under suspicion of having knowledge of the notorious Gunpowder Plot. The only protection left for his family was seclusion; and it was during those years of her young womanhood, on the lonely estates of her great ancestors, that Lucy Percy seems to have laid the foundations for that haughty and virile independence which ever after characterized her.

Lucy's sister, Dorothy Percy, had married the son of Lord Lisle (Robert Sidney), who, in after years, became the Countess of Leicester, the mother of the patriot, Algernon Sidney and his lovely sister, Dorothy. Lord Lisle's wife was that wealthy Welsh heiress, Barbara Gamage, whom he had married at the close of Elizabeth's reign, and who was still a young woman when King James and his Queen paid an unexpected visit to her home, Penhurst; although Lady Barbara was not at home, Ben Jonson writes:

Her linen, plate and all things right,
Though she was far; and every room was drest
As if she had expected such a guest.

Years later, when Lady Barbara had grown elderly, and her son had married Dorothy Percy, she seems not so well prepared to receive the visit from her new daughter-in-law's sister, Lucy Percy, and that lady's fiancé, Lord Hay—at least there seems to be some anxiety in Lord Lisle's letter to his wife, announcing the prospective event:

Sweet Hart,—Yesterday I dined wi my Lord Hay at his house by Sion, a there he told me, which I had not hea afore, that my Lady Lucy had sent wo that she would be at Penhurst on Tuesda and my Lord Hay thought to be there, a that you did expect them.

The next lines show that the 'o folks' were not so eager for compan

This sudden going of theirs cannot put off, seeing it is their own choice. Wh company goes with my Lady Lucy, I kn not. I heard from some of my servants, w heard it at my Lord Hay's, that M Isabella Rich goes with her, and so speech there was of my Lady Carew's goi but that is uncertain. This night I sup a dine at my Lord Hay's where I shall kn what they resolve on; tomorrow mornin God willing, I shall be in London . . On Tuesday, God willing, I shall be wi you, but am not sure yet, whether I sh come along with m Lord Hay, or be the afore him. I belie he will look I sh accompany him.

The prepara tions for this 17t Century house party seemed to b making quite a sti even in so great an fine a place as Pe hurst. Lord Lisle letter goes on:

I will bring m plate with me, as told you, and m cook and my gentl men. Other compan I do not propose bring, if it be not S John Packenhame. you will have an thing from Londo send me word by t morrow, and I w provide it. Give m blessing, I pray yo to my children, an God protect you fro all harm.

Your most lovin husband,

R. LISLE.

At Otelands, the 2 of July 1617, to m most dear wife, the L dy Viscountess Lisl

From anothe source, the *Journ of Anne Cliffor* Countess of Dorse we learn that Lor Lisle did invite othe

The only protection left was seclusion on the great estates of her ancestors.

How wonderful it would be if we could look back and see them, say, at dinner in the stately dining-hall—the beautiful women, their gorgeous gowns, the men in their colorful attire, the soft candlelight, and could hear scraps of the fine conversation for which Penhurst was noted!

ompany—that 'my Lord of Mont-omery' was there, and the Earl of Dorset, 'and a great deal of other ompany'; and that a man was sent n purpose to bid Lady Dorset to be the party, but that her Lord, in a mper with her about her lands in Westmoreland, would not allow her to ! We learn from this same source, at they hunted, and that Dorset ent the night at Penhurst, probably ithout any compunctions about his ife's absence.

That is all we know of that great isit! How wonderful it would be if we uld look back and see them, say, at nner in the stately dining-hall—the eautiful women, their gorgeous gowns, e men in their colorful attire, the soft ndlelight, and could hear scraps of the e conversation for which Penhurst as noted! But alas, we can only agine. Lord Hay had not, as yet, arried into the family, and all obably went off amicably. Three ars later, however, after he and Lady ucy had been married for some time, a family meeting at Petworth, the ercy girls' respective husbands had ite a row! Hay's 'vanity and in-lence was so insufferable' that orothy's husband 'was actually pro-oked to strike him, and the two Lords ere parted with difficulty.'

The marriage had been arranged by ing James between his favorite, ay, afterward Lord Carlisle, and Lucy Percy, 'that incomparable beauty celebrated in the poems of the most exquisite wits of her time.' They were well matched. Lord Carlisle was a gay blade, who lived in oriental magnificence. Clarendon says of him:

> He had no bowels in the point of running in debt, or borrowing all he could; and after having spent £400,000, which, upon a strict computation he received from the Crown, he left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by.

Lord Carlisle was not the sort that the straight-laced Earl of Leicester would care for; and Northumberland did all he could to keep Lady Lucy from marrying him, saying, since he, himself, was a Percy he 'could not endure that his daughter should dance Scotch jigs'; he even kept her with him in the Tower for some time. A glance at Vandyke's portrait of that calm, cold, self-sufficient face, and we are not surprised to know that Lucy Percy married to please herself. Northumberland, later, softened toward his unwelcome son-in-law, because it was through Lord Carlisle's influence that he was released from his long imprisonment.

Lady Carlisle survived her husband by twenty-four years—very active years!

Her wit and beauty made her a great favorite at Court, and Queen Henrietta seems to have formed a strong attachment for her. It was this close friendship with the Queen—whose secrets she did not hesitate to reveal—which attracted to Lady Carlisle the 'wise, severe and haughty Strafford,' who wrote to Laud about her:

> I judge her ladyship very considerably. She is often in place and extremely well-skilled how to speak with advantage and spirit for those friends she professeth unto, which will not be many . . . She will not seem to be the person she is not, an ingenuity I have always observed and honoured in her.

So she possessed the saving grace of sincerity!

On the eve of Strafford's impeachment he wrote to Radcliffe:

> For the love of Christ take order that all the money due my Lady Carlisle be paid before Christmas, for a nobler more intelligent friendship did I never meet with in my life.

If she had lived in this century, Lady Carlisle might not have cared, after all, for women's clubs. She was not attracted to the society of her own sex. She liked men—great men. Rumors floated about her friendship for Strafford; and, after his death, the transfer of her regard to Pym was 'talked about.' However exemplary her conduct, so prominent and independent a woman could not hope to 'escape calumny.' Sir Toby Matthew said that she could not love in earnest, but that 'she felt a woman's strong pride in attracting to her the strong heads by which the world was ruled.

(Continued on page 20)

The Weiser Typhoon— OLD BARNEY

By H. G. SALSINGER

Walter Johnson jumped from a 'horse and buggy' league into the big show and never left.

THOSE who attempt to name the greatest pitcher of all time will find it difficult to get away from Walter Perry Johnson. The late stars, Christy Mathewson, Denton T. (Cy) Young, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Ed Walsh, Rube Waddell, Amos Rusie and Charlie Radbourne, were all pitching giants but Johnson has a record behind him that cannot be dismissed and a future in which to complete that record. Forty years of age, Johnson is starting his twenty-first major league campaign and Clarke Griffith, owner of the Washington team and one of the best judges of pitching material the game has known, is authority for the statement that Johnson has a number of seasons ahead of him. 'Pitching every fourth day, Johnson is bound to win more games than he loses. He will be next to unbeatable except in July and August. He is never at his best during the burning stretches of summer,' said Griffith.

Cy Young, pitching twenty-two years, won 508 major league games. He won 291 of these in twelve years in the National League and 217 during ten years of American League competition.

JOHNSON, in twenty years, has won 411 games and lost 273 for a percentage of .601. During these two decades of hurling he set three outstanding major league records:

He won 112 games by shut-out scores; struck out 3,449 batsmen; and allowed less earned runs a game than any other man who has pitched from twelve to twenty years.

Since his début on August 2, 1907, he has set a number of minor records. He pitched the largest number of consecutive shut-out innings. He went fifty-six innings without being scored on in 1913. This is more than six complete games. He won sixteen consecutive victories in 1912, tying the mark set by 'Smoky Joe' Wood, who was pitching for the Boston Americans. He has pitched and won more games than any other hurler in the American League. For nine successive years he led his league in strike-outs and he was the strike-out king during twelve of his twenty seasons. In six different years he won more games than any other pitcher.

No one knows where Johnson will finish, or when. In 1926 he won fifteen games and lost sixteen for a fourth-place team, but in eight, or exactly one-half of his defeats, he was beaten by a single run. In mid-season he suffered eight successive defeats, six by one run. He is at his worst in mid-season.

Considering Johnson's supporting cast, his record stands out as a remarkable achievement. In only four of the twenty seasons with Washington has Johnson pitched for good teams. In 1924 he won thirty-two games and lost twelve and in 1913 he won thirty-six and lost seven. Washington hit the chutes the following year and did not make another bid for baseball glory until 1924, when the city won its first pennant. In this season Johnson, having passed the crest a few years before, still managed to win twenty-three games and lost only seven. The following year, with another good team supporting him, he won twenty and lost seven. In these four years Johnson won 111 games and lost thirty-three, for an average better than .770. But even in two of these four years the Washington team batted below .260.

When Johnson came to the majors from the wilderness of Weiser, Idaho, in 1907, he joined a last-place team and for four years after his début his team was either in last place or next to last. In ten of his twenty seasons he pitched for second-division teams whose mistakes discounted much of his brilliant delivery. It has always been a matter of conjecture just what startling records Johnson would have created had the fortunes of the game thrown him with a winning combination.

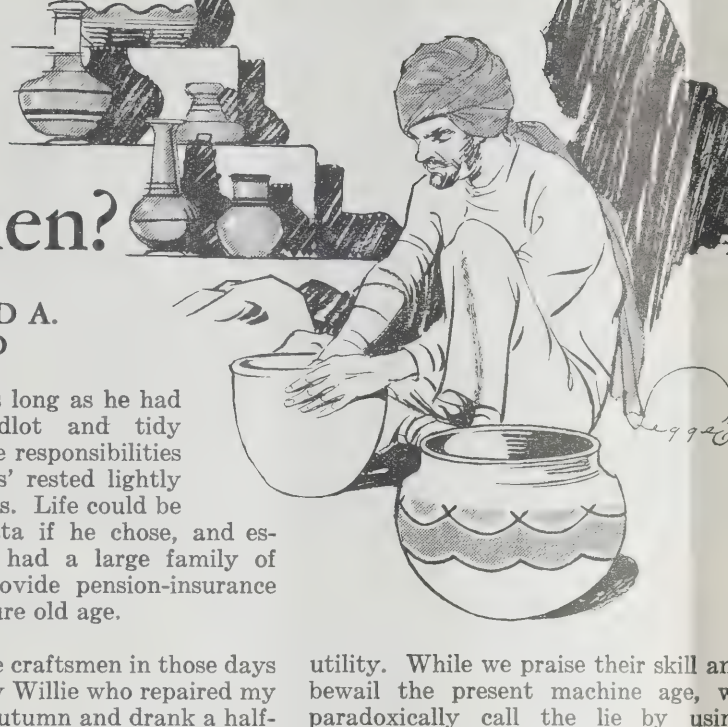
Johnson jumped from a 'horse and buggy' league into the big show and never left. Few pitchers in history have made that jump. Pitchers need polish before they reach the major fields and they are usually kept in the high minor circuits for a few years for seasoning. Johnson never got that seasoning. He was raw and uncultured in the ways of pitching when he made his first appearance against Detroit. He lost three to two because he could not field bunts, but he showed such dazzling work that he never got out of the Washington uniform. He showed Detroit more speed than ball players had ever seen before.

He is the only pitcher in history who ever got through on a single delivery. He used nothing but a fast ball. Batsmen said, 'You can't see his ball, you just hear it.'

They predicted that he would not last. 'He'll burn himself out in a couple of years. No player living can pitch that fast and keep going.' But Johnson continued pitching that high, hard ball for fifteen years before his speed showed signs of waning.

He never tried to fool batsmen. They knew what was coming and where it was coming. They were set to meet it, but few of them (*Continued on page 21*)

What's Become of the Old-Time Craftsmen?



By DONALD A. LAIRD

WALKING down the main street of a village in India we find the entire industrial activities of the community dissected for us. The one-man pottery is in full blast, shaping a vessel of which there is a duplicate no place in the world. Next to him is the coppersmith hammering on an article which is an exact replica of nothing man has before cast his eyes on. The dairyman and his one goatherd pass down the street, serving his customers directly from the dairy herd without the intervention of straining or bottling.

These are supposed to be craftsmen we have seen.

Not so many years ago all the industrial activities of the world were performed by similar craftsmen. They had no particular production schedule. They had no particular price for their commodities; the amount charged was usually what they thought the customer would pay without grumbling. No two articles were exactly alike. All showed the crudities of rough hand-construction. They were designed largely to please the fancy of the maker and without regard for points of mechanical superiority.

The craftsman was his own boss. He worked when he wanted to and how he wanted to. As long as he had a small woodlot and tidy garden plot the responsibilities of his 'business' rested lightly on his shoulders. Life could be one grand siesta if he chose, and especially if he had a large family of children to provide pension-insurance for his premature old age.

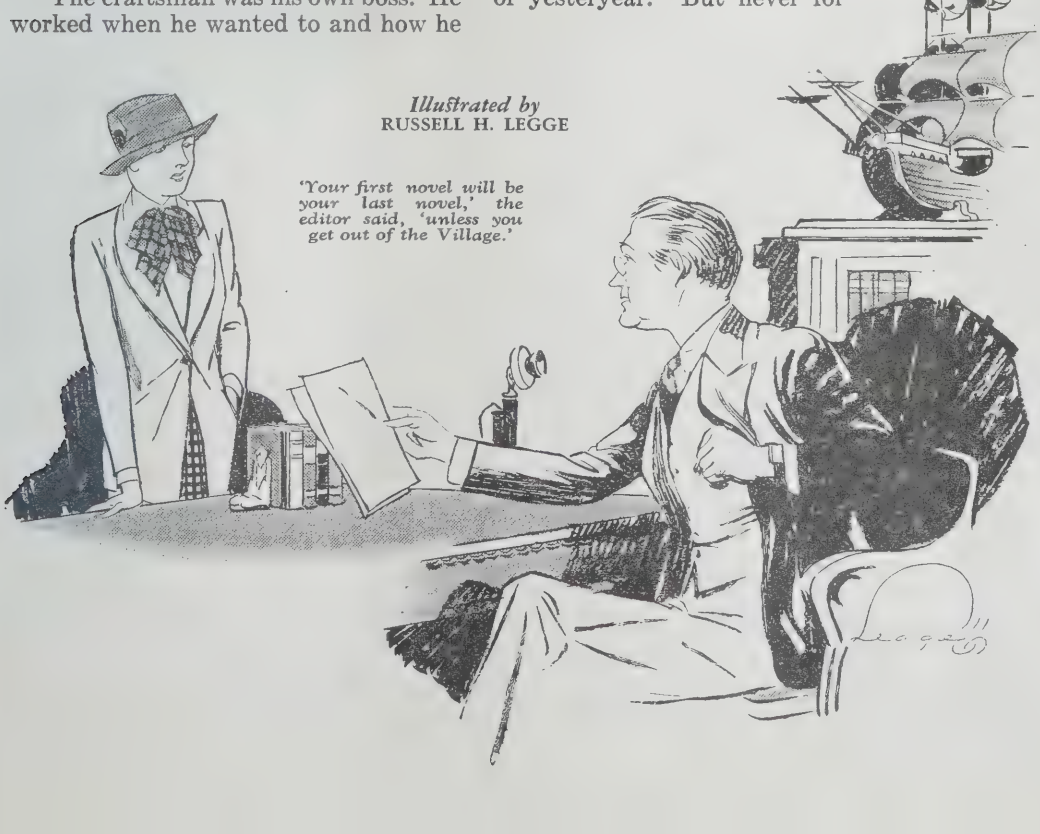
If they were craftsmen in those days then the Weary Willie who repaired my umbrella last autumn and drank a half-dollar's worth of bay rum with the fee he earned was a craftsman. There may have been some craftsmen in these 'grand-old-days-never-to-return' but I am afraid that if we keep our emotions quiet for a consideration of facts we will discover that most of them were merely tinkers who botched most of their work and were utterly lacking in the skill that the real craftsmen of today must exercise to produce the perfect-working, standardized conveniences and luxuries you and I demand. We occasionally buy an antique which was made by one of the master craftsmen of yesteryear. But never for utility. While we praise their skill an bewail the present machine age, w paradoxically call the lie by usin present-day products and just lookin admiringly at the craftsman's co trivances. There is a romantic glamou about the antique, but not one-thou sandth the craftsmanship there is to m typewriter, or my rugs, or my house.

I visited a unique institution la summer. Their avowed purpose is t revive the old-time craftsmanshi Printing is the avenue of self-expressio they use. I went to the establishmen expecting to find the 'craftsmen' a busy, due to the wonderful opportun ties they had for self-expressio But in the six visits I mad only once did I find them a work. They were too bus 'crafting' to wash the ink o their type, which was corrode with dried ink; the pliab rollers which distribute ink ov the type surface were als covered with dry ink whic was checked like a mud-ho baking under the summer su

They were calling inactio craftsmanship. You will di cover many who find an appe in old-time craftsmanship b cause of the unlimited op portunity it offered to tak life easy. They do not realiz that man's muscles and brai have been superbly engineere for work.

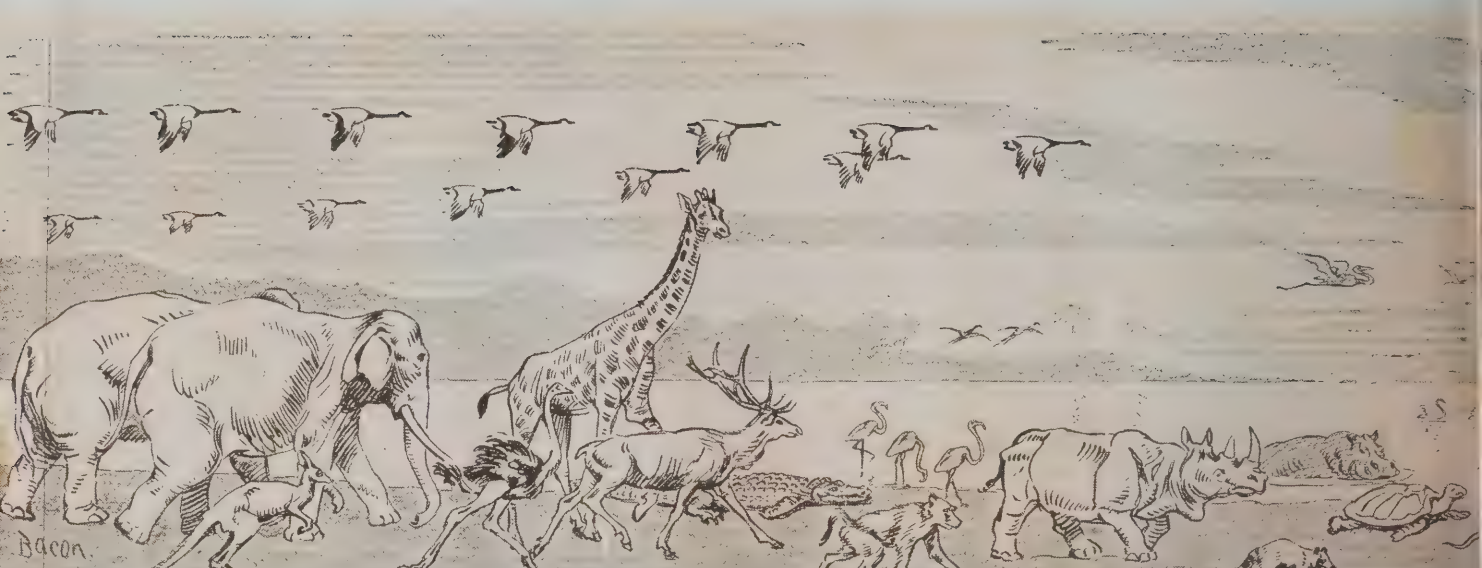
It is a disappointing revela tion to find how many thin that craftsmanship means u shorn locks, a Windsor ti and sheer laziness.

A young woman of m acquaintance came to Ne York from the sunny Sout She had (Continued on page 2



Illustrated by RUSSELL H. LEGGE

'Your first novel will be your last novel,' the editor said, 'unless you get out of the Village.'



What Becomes of the
When T

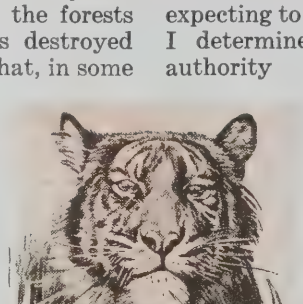
By HUGH A. ST

THERE is a legend among the natives of Central Africa that somewhere at the 'back of beyond' there is a land of lost elephants. The black hunter as he explores farther afield than his fellows is always expecting to chance upon it, and to secure untold wealth for himself and his whole *kraal*. The origin of the legend is not far to seek, for no native has ever been able to explain to himself where the elephants go when they die. He never finds them dead in the forests unless some human hand has destroyed them, and so he has assumed that, in some mysterious way, they, sooner or later, take the road to the lost land where they live forever and ever, or die in peace.

Now, while it was not this legend which set me asking the question which forms the caption to this article, it illustrates very clearly the difficulty of answering it. I remember the query first came to me many years ago in England. In those days, I loved nothing better than to go out with rod or gun and take what wood and stream and field would give me. The part of the country where I was living was well supplied with game, and returning, maybe in the dusk of a summer evening with my bag,' I remember again and again asking myself what became of all these animals when they died in the ordinary course of nature.

I asked many persons, I remember, just that question, farmers and gamekeepers and other people who might be expected to know, but I never got a satisfactory answer. They would tell me that rabbits, for instance, probably died in their burrows, and yet in the next breath would tell me, what indeed everyone knows, that a wounded rabbit having run to ground will come out of its burrow to die.

Well, for many years I went about asking this question in various parts of the world, never receiving any answer that satisfied me, and so, a few months ago, I decided to make more serious inquiry into the matter, and, rather doubtful, half-expecting to be shown up for an ignoramus, I determined to apply to the highest authority I knew, namely, David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Stanford University. I wrote Dr. Jordan the following letter:



Dear Dr. Jordan:

For many years past I have been contemplating the writing of an article on a subject upon which I would greatly value your views. The title of my article would be something like this, 'What Becomes of the World's Wild Animals When They Die.' Perhaps the best way of putting you in possession of my idea would be to state a concrete case.

San Francisco Bay is famous for its seagulls. Hundreds and thousands of them are to be seen following the ferries and flying over its waters. I do not know what the average life of a seagull is, but no matter what it is, if the mortality among seagulls is anything equal to that among human beings the waters of San Francisco Bay or its shores ought to be daily strewn with dead seagulls. Yet, in all my excursions about the Bay region I have never yet seen a dead seagull that had not been shot or otherwise destroyed by some humanly occasioned mischance.

Take another case, the sparrows of London are equally notorious, hundreds and thousands are to be seen in almost every street. If the mortality amongst sparrows were equal to the mortality amongst human beings, there really would have to be a special scavenging department to remove the dead sparrows. Yet, the finding of a dead sparrow choking a gutter pipe or lying in the street is so exceptional as to occasion comment.

Now, I have asked this question of many people in all parts of the world, always with the same result. They could not answer it or had never thought of it before. Occasionally, I have had people point to the fact that they had quite frequently come across dead wild animals, but they were obliged to agree that where they had found one, they ought to have found hundreds.

I discussed this whole question with a friend of mine a short time ago, and the other day he told me that he in turn had put the question to an old Californian rancher, who had lived sixty years in the wilds. My friend's experience was the same as mine. The old rancher confessed that he had never seen a dead wild animal that had died a natural death. And, he went on to recall how some sixty years ago at his father's ranch in the Sierra foothills, hundreds and thousands of elk used to come down at a certain season of the year from the mountains to shed their horns. The woods, he said, were full of them, yet, he had never in all his experience seen a dead elk.

I should be greatly interested to learn your views on the matter. I am sending copies of this letter to some others who, I think, would be likely to have given the matter some thought. When I have received a sufficient number of answers I am hoping to get down to the matter and deal with it comprehensively, that is, as comprehensively as I can from a purely layman's point of view, for I am not a skilled naturalist or trained in that direction from a scientific point of view.

By return mail came Dr. Jordan's reply. It at once set my doubts at rest as to whether my inquiry should be taken seriously. Dr. Jordan, I found, was no more enlightened than I. He wrote:

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

I have myself often wondered what becomes of the birds and animals when they die

orld's Wild Animals
Y DIE?

DERT KENNEDY

n natural death, as so many of them theoretcally must. Perhaps none of them live long enough to die a natural death, for, as Mr. Seton says, 'The life of every wild animal is a tragedy.'

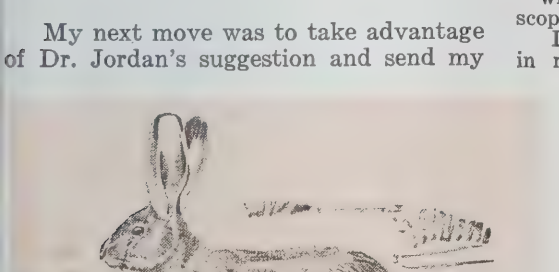
I have wondered even what becomes of fishes. We find the skeleton fossils in the rocks, but we do not find them dead on the beach or on the sea bottoms, excepting where they have been thrown out dead from nets. I have never seen a dead seagull, or any other sea bird that had died a natural death, though I find a good many sea bird skeletons in the Miocene rocks of Santa Barbara County.

Some of these men like Ernest Thompson Seton ought to be able to help you out. I fear that I cannot.

Very truly yours,
David Starr Jordan.

I have placed your letter in the hands of Professor Snyder, our best authority in bird life here. Dr. Joseph Grinnell at Berkeley is the best in the state.

My next move was to take advantage of Dr. Jordan's suggestion and send my inquiry to Dr. Joseph Grinnell of the University of California. Meanwhile, I could feel that my view of the matter was changing. The fact that the question was an entirely unanswered one to a man like Dr. Jordan caused me to wonder how it was that the matter had never been made a subject of exhaustive scientific inquiry. I knew that if such inquiry ever had been made Dr. Jordan would be familiar with it and its results, but apparently nothing had been done.



I was to get considerable light on the reason for this from Dr. Grinnell's reply. Writing from the Museum of Vertebrate Zoölogy, Dr. Grinnell said:

Dear Sir:

As to the question 'What becomes of wild animals when they die?' I should say there is no mystery whatsoever. The remains are *eaten up* by living animals. The world of carnivora is peopled to the limit of food supply continually, just as is the world of plant feeders. When any animal becomes decrepit even, it is likely to be pounced upon and its immediate demise is consummated. The remains are quickly engulfed, not necessarily only by being eaten by large animals, but through decay —which is a process of being eaten by microscopic organisms.

In my trips afield, I find no difficulty in recognizing the disappearing remains of numerous birds. It happens that just this morning a Plain Titmouse which has been singing around the Museum building came to grief. It is lying dead on a roof opposite my window, but doubtless it won't lie there long—with so many Blue Jays snooping about.

As bearing further upon your query I would call your attention to the inclosed reprint of an article of mine. Your main question is dealt with in the marked paragraph.

Very truly yours,
J. Grinnell.

Well, at first glance this would all appear to be plausible enough. But the question had been too long with me t enable me to accept such an answer for moment. To me Dr. Grinnell's lette simply bristled with inconclusive state ments. Supported, as I was, with D Jordan's frank admission that he coul not answer the question any more than could, the explanation afforded by D Grinnell was altogether too simple to satisfy reasonable doubt. And so I determined to grapple with the matter once again, and to invite Dr. Grinnell to a further consideration. The following is my answer to his letter:

Dear Dr. Grinnell:

Many thanks for your letter of the 6t It contained many helpful suggestions, but am wondering if I might trespass still further o your kindness. The fact is that the answe that you gave me is one that I have ofte received in the course of my questionin through several years, and the reason why am instituting this 'more intensive campaig is because I feel that it is inadequate.

You say that there is no mystery attachin to the disposal of wild animals. Now, grante that this is the case, is it not strange that one's journeys about the woods and wi places, which often lead into entirely untrodde paths, one should practically never come acro a wild animal in the process of being consume I know that one does occasionally con across such remains, but the wonder is th one does not come across them regularly and large numbers. Your explanation does n seem to me to account for the observations the old California rancher, referred to in m first letter, who, in the old days when the woo were full of elk, admitted that he had nev come across an elk that had died a natur death.

Even more difficult for me is it to accoun on the basis of your explanation, for the di posal of London's sparrows and pigeons, San Francisco's seagulls. If the mortali amongst London's sparrows were equal to th amongst human beings, hundreds and tho sands should die annually. What is the bi of prey that disposes of London's sparrow More difficult still is it to account for Londo

pigeons or New York's pigeons for that matter. In London, as you doubtless know, they swarm everywhere. Public buildings are protected against their nesting; veritable clouds of them are at times to be seen circling over the city streets. The question arises, What is the bird of prey which disposes of the London pigeon, and that so rapidly and completely as never to leave

any evidence of destruction—not even the feathers?

Now, I know perfectly well dead pigeons are found, as is also evidence of destruction. But such evidence to be truly indicative of any regular system of disposal should, to my thinking, be incalculably greater than it is. As to the disposal of dead wild life by the natural process of decay this seems only to increase my difficulty. We all know how long it takes for a dead animal to disappear through the natural process of decay. You will see a dead cow lie out on the desert for months and months before the carcass disappears, and even then the skeleton remains.

I read your interesting article on the comparative safety of sea birds, and again the difficulty seems to be increased. If the seagull has so few enemies, and its life is so comparatively safe, what does happen to the dead seagulls? And is it not a fact that if the process of mortality is anything like that among human beings they ought to strew the waters. Yet, Dr. Jordan in his letter to me, writes: 'I have never seen a dead seagull or any other dead sea bird that died a natural death.'

Forgive this inordinately long letter, but I should so much like to discuss the matter thus further with you.

Meanwhile, I had sent the same inquiry to Charles H. Kellogg, the well-known student of birds and beasts of the forest, who lives many months of every year in the open and has a capacity for friendship with wild life which few human beings attain. His reply, written characteristically on the back of a folder, 'En route to Los Angeles,' reads:

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

It's the same question and problem as, which came first the hen or the egg. Man as yet cannot answer.

You will find all naturalists tally with you in your observations but as to conclusions—??

Sincerely yours,
Charles Kellogg.

This reply from Mr. Kellogg fortified me to receive, as I did next day, a further letter from Dr. Grinnell. Dr. Grinnell returned to the attack with vigor. He would not depart for one instant from his first position.

My dear Sir:

I have your further communication of the 11th, reasserting your failure to understand what becomes of the remains of various birds that die. In my turn, I must reiterate my own conclusion that there is no difficulty whatsoever in accounting for the disappearance of animal remains.

It must certainly be the experience of those, as in the case of myself, who are in the field closely observing natural phenomena day in and day out for weeks at a time, that remains of defunct animals *are very frequently* encountered. Remember that there are 365 days in the year, that the mean population in bird life throughout our territory does not probably reach a figure above six individuals per acre. The mean rate of reproduction per year is probably under 300 per cent. That would mean a maximum of a dozen dead bodies per year to be accounted for on one acre; and that would be one every 30 days!

As for London, I am unfortunately not familiar with the conditions there. But if Londoners are as careful in their street sweeping as, say, obtains in Berkeley, there is not much show for an English sparrow or even a pigeon remaining in plain view very long.

Very truly yours,
Joseph Grinnell.

Well, as I read this letter, I had it in me again and again to controvert statements it contained. The dozen dead birds per year, per acre, working out at one every thirty days, did seem plausible enough until I recalled the fact that birds, like humans, do not spread themselves over the earth's surface like so many sown potatoes, one to an acre, but that over stretches of hundreds of square miles there might be few or none, while in some small favorable locality there might be tens of thousands. Then again, it is not only a matter of birds, but of millions of other wild animals. Even on the sown potato principle, Dr. Grinnell's acre should have many more silent occupants every month than one dead bird.

Then the point about the scavengers, even in Berkeley, one might reasonably expect that a bird would occasionally fall to the ground just after the excellent scavengers had passed that way, and so 'remain in plain view' at least twenty-four hours. I did not, however, write to Dr. Grinnell any further on the matter but instead sent my letter of inquiry to Luther Burbank. By return mail there came this reply:

Dear Sir:

I am as much in the dark about the question which you ask as you are, to say the least, probably more so. So am unable to help you in any way, much as I would desire to do so.

Respectfully yours,
Luther Burbank.

That seemed to me to be enough.

Imposition of Books

(*Continued from page 8*)

and it is we who certify the others in their gift.

Some people should never read aloud, except as penance and for the mortification of their pride. I have in mind a minister—indeed, many ministers, for they have the lordliest reading of all to do, and not one in a thousand is fit for it. This particular minister, however, is a literary man and reads his own compositions beautifully. He sets such great store by his sermons that I am sure he studies how to read them well. But when it comes to what he calls the Word of God he mouths it, makes it 'preliminary' to his own performance, and could be shamed in his reading by any schoolboy. He does not accord Isaiah or Luke the ordinary courtesy due to masterful men of letters. But how Richard G. Moulton, professor of literature in English in the University of Chicago, would read the Prophets and the Evangelists and reverently repeat without intonation the words attributed to God! If I were a millionaire and could find another Moulton, I would found a church in the center of the great city, and there should be Reading only, and the multitudes would hear. Not so drastic a proposal as it seems; Mrs. Eddy tried it with some success.

That is why I am conscious of some mental reservations when Bible reading in schools is proposed. We know, of course, what the proponents mean and all the good they intend to accomplish. But if I were in league with Satan and could choose the readers, I could make the Bible a stench in the nostrils of the whole younger generation merely by having it read by those who do not belong to the guild of Readers. It could be done.

There is a modern novelist who changes his mistresses every year. In doing so, he acts consistently upon a philosophy of life which he has formulated. He is competent, no doubt, to write upon life as he lives it, but he does not do that; he writes about life as you and I live it, and I doubt his authority to carry on in that direction. If he wrote of life as *he* lives it, only bootlegging publishers would have anything to do with him. So he takes the philosophic essence of his own miserable and unhappy life, and injects it into pretended stories about us.

Books have no more right to be impostors than individual persons have.

The imposition of books can be avoided by keeping them in their place, by reversing the positions readers and books usually assume toward each other. If I say to a book, 'Entertain me,' I set it upon the stage and I sit at its feet. If I say to it, 'Paint me a picture' or 'Show me what manner of person this great one was,' I set it up, and sit at its feet. It is Authority and I am the humble listener.

With all but a few books, it is wise to reverse this arrangement. Let the book sit at your feet and sue for your judgment and favor. Emancipate yourself from the delusion that print has a infallible quality. Outside an authentic record of experience or the report of some true work of research, there are few books which we should not place at the Bar while we, the readers, ascend the bench. That is criticism, an art in which they say America is deficient.

Ellen Glasgow and 'Barren Ground'

(*Continued from page 3*)

'I am pleased to hear that,' said Miss asgow, 'for it is a story that I have had my mind at least ten years, and it took e three years to write it. I made no conssions to popularity and I have been a tle surprised myself at its wide appeal, it is long and serious and it is not a love ry. I wrote things honestly as I knew em to be.'

HEN I expressed a little of my belderment that from an environment like is should come a story of the soil, so listic that it seems as if it must have been part of the writer's experience.

'In a way it is,' agreed Miss Glasgow. y father had a place in Louisa County ere I spent a good deal of time as a child. ose days among the farmers are among most vivid of my life. I felt their uggles if I could not wholly understand m.' The brown eyes had lost their aming and grew soft and tender as she ntinued, 'I was also around with the ored people in their cabins and I learned ir sorrows. I think that I never was ant for the city, there seems such a ong feeling for the country in my blood.'

'And doubtless a heritage of love for rginia and her history, too?'

'Yes. My people settled here before the volution and this has always been our me. They were country people, as all rginia planters were.'

In Richmond it is as if the War of the bellion were fought yesterday. Sometes it seems the burning question of the y about which dispatches may be exted hourly. It is impossible to be in the y without feeling the spell, and before I alized it I was asking,

'And did your people suffer in the vil War?'

'My father had just graduated from ashington College, now Washington and e University, and was connected with the edegar Iron Works. He was among the st to volunteer for the Confederate Army, t General Jackson wished him to remain were he was in order to help get the munition out. The ore came from the lley of Virginia and as the Federals adnced the works were pushed farther and ther into the woods. My mother, with of her children, was in Richmond duran part of the siege and some of the time was in the country with her people. we in the South know what war means.'

Somehow I felt a touch of embarrassnt and hastened to turn the conversaon into more commonplace channels.

'And did you go to school in Richmond?'

HE brown eyes took on a new gleam of rriment. 'I don't suppose that I went to ool two whole years in my life. They ted me off when I was eight. I remember October morning well. I was dressed in k with a white bonnet and I had a lunch with beaten biscuits and sponge cake. was the lunch box that tempted me. ey set me down at a bench and I was tented enough until a class of older girls ae thundering through the room. Then ed, leaving lunch box and all behind.

'They did not try me again until the t year and then with no great success.'

'When did you first write for publication?'

'My first short story appeared when I was fifteen. I commenced my first novel, *The Descendant*, at eighteen. Then I had trouble and laid it aside. When I was twenty-two it was published by Harpers.'

I expressed my admiration for Miss Glasgow's heroines who, with each succeeding novel, grow out of the 'sheltered' type which I had associated with the South.

'After the war,' replied Miss Glasgow briefly, 'our women worked. They had to support themselves and perhaps their children.'

Since *The Descendant* Miss Glasgow has written fourteen novels, most of them dealing with life in the South, and forming a panorama not of a chivalrous maze, but of a land where stern battles are fought and won. In *Virginia* we find, it is true, the 'sheltered' girl, brought up in a household where the mother scrubs the floors before the daylight lest any one see her doing manual labor, and where the watchword is, 'Virginia must be spared,' but when girlish charm is gone the 'sheltered' type becomes a bore. *The Battle Ground* shows Virginia of the Civil War, and *The Miller of Old Church* presents a group of rural humorists by no means unworthy of George Eliot.

IN *Barren Ground* we see the romance of work when love has been found insufficient for life. The unswerving realism of the story, together with its spiritual truth, makes it a notable addition to our literature, thoroughly American in characterization and ideals.

I remarked that I enjoyed Dan and Beersheba, and instantly the expressive eyes grew soft and tender.

'I felt as if I knew those horses,' said Miss Glasgow, 'and I loved them. Animals in the South sometimes have a hard time of it. This year, especially, with the drought, the farmers do not have sufficient fodder. I am president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals here in Richmond and we have just established a shelter where we can take care of stray dogs and frequently find homes for them, but we can't do much for horses except buy a few unfit for service and destroy them. It is slow work; there is so much indifference to animals.'

I suggested that Richmond with its literary traditions and its present coterie of writers must be a delightful place in which to work.

'It is,' agreed Miss Glasgow. 'I like its quiet, and they say that now it is one of our few Anglo-Saxon cities. I am often in New York but the psychological atmosphere of rush troubles me. I love Richmond and I know its problems. I like to help in such a charity as the Afro-American Home for the Aged. I like to attend service there and hear the old-type Negroes of my girlhood sing in their quavering but melodious voices. Naturally I lead a busy life, work in the morning, golf in the afternoon if the weather permits, and we Southerners like to entertain.

'True, it is lonely in my big house. I was next to the youngest of eight children and now I have one sister who lives in Philadelphia and a brother who lives in London. But this is my home and I could not bear to change.'

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Lucy Percy, the Countess of Carlisle

(*Continued from page 13*)

Lady Carlisle turned her active mentality to the study of systems of government, to intriguing in state affairs, and obtained, through her wit and beauty, a powerful influence. Her political activities, it was said, were not built upon any fixed principle; she wished, only, to be active! She seems to have been feared, rather than understood—in fact, she could hardly understand herself.

Lady Carlisle's outstanding political activities were the bringing about of Lord Holland's abandonment of Charles at York in 1641: in engaging in negotiations between the Prince of Wales and the City, giving the Prince advice as to his conduct toward the leading men; and in sending secret messages to the Prince when he blocked the Thames. She pawned a pearl necklace, Clarendon says, 'for £1,500, which she totally disbursed in supplies and making other provision for the expedition for the Earl of Holland.'

For these and other intrigues, she was arrested and committed to the Tower, where she had been with her father, and where she remained, this time, for eighteen months.

While staying at Leicester House, London, with her sister, Lady Leicester who had just lost 'a sweet little boy,' she was suddenly arrested by Colonel Harrison, who, Lord Leicester indigantly remarked, entered the house, read his warrant and made her prisoner, without allowing her to speak to her sister.

John Evelyn writes to Sir Richard Browne:

They have confined and examined the Lady Carlisle, upon which there is now a strong guard. Some are not ashamed to say that they mean to put her to death; others that her honourable brother shall assure them that she shall no more play the stateswoman.

Through the influence of powerful friends she was released.

It was, undoubtedly, Lady Carlisle who notified Pym of Charles' intention to arrest for treason the five popular members of Parliament, and thereby saved them. Evelyn notes in his *Diary*: 'I shall not forget the kindness of that great lady, the Lady Carlisle, that gave them timely notice.'

At the Restoration she was received at Court and continued to intrigue, this time for the return of Henrietta to England. She was opposed by Clarendon who could not brook the political 'interference' of any woman, least of all a woman like Lady Carlisle, and yet he always mentions her favorably.

Lodge says that, strangely enough, poets wrote almost wholly of her personal charms, seldom mentioning her mental powers or her virtues. This, he thinks, is nothing against her moral character, and that while she had enemies, as a great woman is bound to have, no one except Sir Philip Warwick has spoken directly against her conduct, and this he had done quite freely. He refers to her as:

That busy stateswoman, the Countess of Carlisle, who has now changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and has become such a she-saint that she frequented their sermons and took notes.

Waller, the poet who celebrated the charms of Lady Dorothy Sidney, writes of that lady's aunt:

To The Beauty of My Lady Carlisle.

Your beauty next our solitude invades
And warms us, shining through the thickets shades . . .
Carlisle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that's worthy of the wound.
From Phoebus' rage our shadows and our streams
May guard us better than from Carlisle's beams.

Sir Toby Matthew, the Elbert Hubbard of the reigns of James and Charles, wrote a panegyric of her shortly before she passed away in 1660. The dedication was by the notable Dr. Donne, who could, even for those days, lay it on thick:

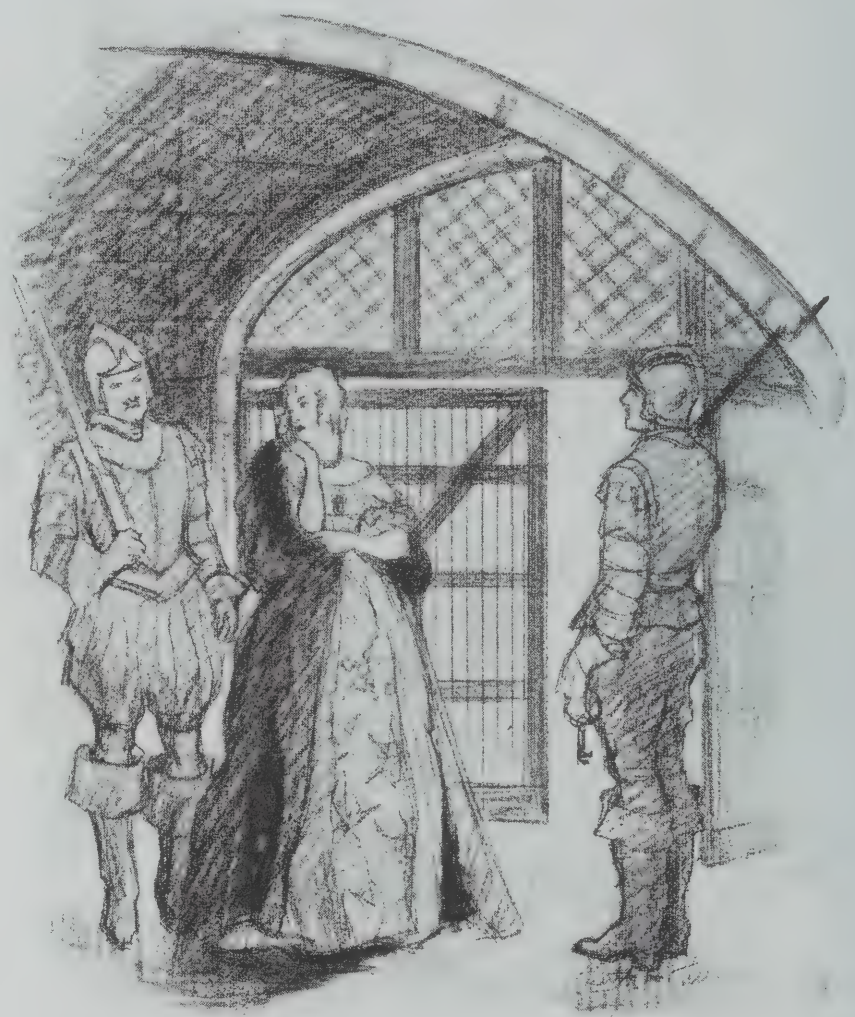
But Madam, that which concerns us more than all this is a hope that . . . we were to hear that your Ladyship were to favour us with many years to come with your presence here, whose absence would make such a chasm in our Galaxy that it would grieve us less to see all our saints ascend into the heavens, than that the earth should lose so much of her splendor, beauty and goodness.

Among the more intelligible passages of Sir Toby's panegyric are these:

. . . She more willingly allows of the conversations of men than of women; yet, when she is among her own sex, her discourse is of fashions and dressings, which she hath ever so perfect upon herself as she likewise teaches it by seeing her . . . She hath too great a heart to have naturally any strong inclination to others . . . She is too lofty and dignified to be capable of friendship and of having too great a heart to be susceptible of love . . . She hath a grace and facility, I might say a felicity, in her expressions, since they are certain and always in the fewest words.

The following lines may be the keynote to her character:

She is in disposition inclined to be cholerick, which she suppresses, not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but in a belief that it is unhandsome toward herself . . . She affects



She was arrested and committed to the Tower, where she had been with her father.

extremes, because she cannot suffer any condition but of plenty and glory.

The sources from which we get the truest glimpses of Lady Carlisle are the letters of members of her family and her contemporaries. When Lord Lisle warned his wife of Lucy Percy's visit to Penhurst in 1617, and ended his letter with 'God protect you from all harm'; and when Lady Leicester, in later years, wrote, 'My sister is still here, and all the children well,' these are only unintentional interpolations and yet there are things that force us to believe this great lady was not a really sympathetic, loving woman. Lady Leicester, her sister, writes in cipher regarding political aspirations of her husband in which she refers to Strafford:

But I fear 154 (Lady Carlisle), who has more power with him than any living creature, will do nothing for our good. When you write to 142 assure yourself 154 (Lady Carlisle) will never fail to see it, and from thence it spreads all over England.

Lady Carlisle, unlike her niece, Dorothy Sidney who was so loyal and loving, seems to have had 'too great a heart to be susceptible of love' even for her own family, for her sister again writes:

I have no more cause to fear the ill offices of 154 (Lady Carlisle) than formerlye; for it is no new conceit, that she is not affectionate to me or mine.

As soon as she hears of her sister's recovery, she writes again, with much about Strafford in her letter, and asks a favor for him:

I was desired of my Lord Deputy to send some of your servants to bye him 2 beds, one of crimsone velvet, and the other of matched damask; the crimsone of silk fringe, and the other of gold and silver; but I, that dayr saye anything to you, will let you know that by giving this command to your servants you will do him a huge favour, . . . I have not been well this week, therefore excuse my strang writing. If you find anything new for a New year's Gift, send me word by the next; and let my Lady Spencer knowe that my indispositione keept me from writing to her.

Then comes Dorothy Osborne, that wide-awake, 17th Century young woman, who has a few words to say to William Temple, about the great Lady Carlisle, and, as usual, it is right to the point:

I should be pleased to see anything of my Lady Carlisle's writing, because she is so extraordinary a person. Pray tell me how you like her, and what fault you find in my Lady Carlisle's letter? Methinks the hand and the style both show her a great person, and 'tis writ in the way that's now affected by all that pretend to wit and good breeding; only I am a little scandalized to confess that she uses that word *faithfy* she that never knew how to be so in her life.

I have been told that I have too much franchise in my humour, and that it was a point of good breeding to disguise handsomely, but I answered . . . It was not to be expected that I should be exactly bred, that had never seen a Court since I was capable of anything. Yet I know so much —that my Lady Carlisle would take it very ill if you should let her not get the point of honour; 'tis all she aims at, to go beyond everybody in character. But are you not afraid of giving me a strong vanity with telling me that I write better than the most extraordinary person in the world?

One of the last entries in Lord Leicester's journal records the passing away of his sister-in-law, 'whose wiles had turned so many heads, who had plotted with every party in turn, and was still as active and lively as ever':

She had dined well, but about two hours after, was suddenly taken as she was cutting a piece of ribbon, and called for her chayre to go to the Court, where the Queen (Henrietta) then was, but, without ever speaking one word, she dyed about 5 or 6 o'clock. It may be observed that it was upon the 5th. of November, the day of the Powder Treason, for which her father was suspected and imprisoned. She was younger than my wife, by almost just as much time as she outlived her . . . aged 61 years and a little more than a month.

Today there are women like Lady Carlisle. We meet them, often. We pay tribute to their splendid minds, but we do not love them. Maybe they are not wholly indifferent to love. Maybe they are unable to make themselves known—to give forth their true essence. Far be it for us to judge human nature in the 17th Century—or in the 20th!

The Weiser Typhoon

(*Continued from page 14*)

did so. Just 3,449 batsmen have swung at and missed a third throw or heard the third strike called by the umpire.

Nature fitted Johnson well for the skill he has displayed. He is tall, rangy, strong, and has exceptionally long arms. His pitching motion is the best the game has known. He has perfect rhythm. He delivers the ball in a wide, sweeping motion, side-arm, 'throwing it from third base.' This style of delivery, the perfect rhythm, enables Johnson to pitch with the least possible exertion. There is never an ounce of strength or energy wasted. Besides this physical ability he has perfect mental poise. He never becomes ruffled. He has always been the gentleman of the diamond, never offering an excuse, never complaining.

There are two classes of pitchers. One class depends on the stuff the ball carries to win games. These pitchers have so much on the ball that they can throw it past batters. The other class works on the batter, depends upon controlling the ball and putting it where the batsman does not care to have it. They depend on outguessing the batter. For years Johnson belonged to the former class. All he had to do was to get the ball over the plate. He had such dazzling speed that the batter found it impossible to strike, except on rare occasions. Then, when that terrific speed began to wane, Johnson developed a slow ball, a curve and a change of pace. He began mixing his delivery and working on the batter. He used his fast ball for variation; it was no longer his chief play. He continued a winning pitcher, and if the prediction of the astute Griffith holds true he will remain with the winners for seasons to come, and when he departs from the clubhouse a last time he will leave a record that a number of pitching generations can make their aim.

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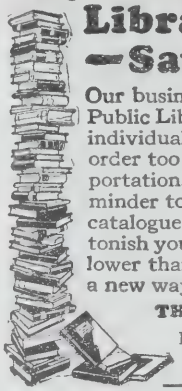

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Chaplain-in-Ordinary to a Film

(*Continued from page 2*)

own office and Miss Macpherson worked in hers, and if we saw them or had a short note from one of them the conference was brief.

I heard this illustrative story about Mr. De Mille while I was in Hollywood:

When the big religious picture, *The Ten Commandments* (which, by the way, was written by Miss Macpherson and of which Will Rogers says you can tell just where Moses stopped and Jeanie began), was being filmed, two of the leading characters had sat long in the De Mille outer office. Becoming impatient, finally, they sent into the sanctum sanctorum the message, 'Moses and Aaron want to see God.'

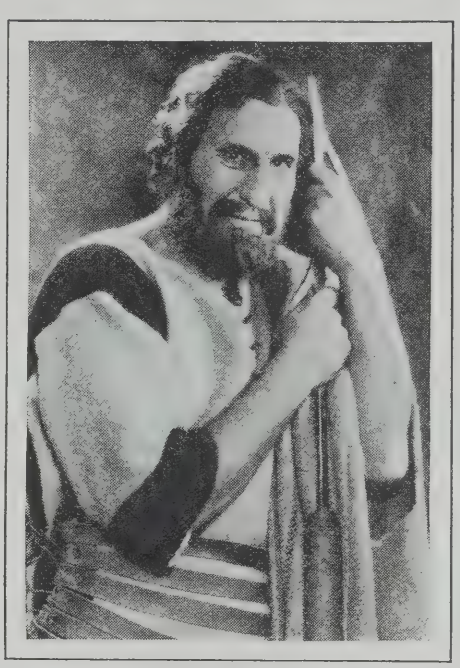
De Mille is indeed mighty in his establishment. He blows up bridges, scuttles ships, builds and destroys cities—sometimes in seven days—and his word appears to be law.

Frankly, I did not like the plot of *The King of Kings*. It has its root in a supposed love affair between Mary Magdalene and Judas Iscariot, and I protested against it at the start. It was the only suggestion I made which was not instantly accepted. To that one, however, Mr. De Mille and Miss Macpherson were adamant. They said: 'It is not possible to produce a great and successful film dealing with historic characters and not have a love-interest. Shall we give the plot this little touch of color, or shall we drop the matter once for all? It is folly to talk of making the movies non-commercial. Suppose by passing the hat you get money to produce a religious film on what you call a non-commercial basis; what theater will exhibit it? Who will see it? You must produce a film which a great many millions of people will pay real money to see or you may as well not produce it at all. We propose to keep all suggestion of sex-relationship far away from the Person of Jesus, but neither Judas nor Mary Magdalene will suffer much in reputation if we assume that the two had known each other before Judas became a disciple of Jesus. And that is what we do assume. That Mary Magdalene at first hates Jesus for taking her lover from her, and goes to hear Jesus that she may plot a revenge, but seeing and hearing Him is converted. Then Judas, finding he has lost her, turns against Jesus and betrays Him. Unhistorical? Certainly; but still well within the range of human motives, leaving us free to tell the story of Jesus truthfully except as the hatred of Judas has part of its explanation in this situation.'

Mr. De Mille was preparing to meet the bankers who were to finance this film. He showed me the cost-estimates, on a ruled sheet, showing the several reels and the probable cost of each scene. For each reel so much for wages, so much for costumes, so much for carpentry, and all the rest. He would need one and one-half millions of dollars at the very beginning. He said:

'I cannot get that money unless I can show a plan that will almost certainly return it. I must get back three millions of dollars before there is a cent of profit, for the expense of the theaters and the advertising and promotion must be met. And it must come promptly. No film lives long. I must produce a film that will gain immediate attention, be talked about, recommended, perhaps denounced, and one with qualities of genuine merit or the bankers will not lend the money, and if they do, the theaters will not produce the film, and if they do the audience will walk out. Talk as much as you will about the non-commercial aspects of the business. They interest me. But there will be no film unless I can see and show the bankers and the managers three millions in quick money.'

I tell this partly as an alibi for myself and partly in justice to the producer. It is possible that when *The King of Kings* appears some friend of mine will ask in-



Simon called Peter.

dignantly, 'Did you approve of that film with the love-story of Judas and Mary?' And I shall say, 'No, I did not approve, but I understand a little better than I did why it had to be.'

Apart from this, every suggestion made by Bruce or by myself was promptly accepted. Bruce's study covered the whole plan of the performance. I was called to decide special questions.

'We have too many scenes. There are certain pairs between which we must choose. Shall we cut out the Raising of Lazarus, or the Feeding of the Five Thousand?'

I studied the manuscript and replied, 'Cut out the Raising of Lazarus. Reasons: First, it is recorded by only one of the evangelists, whereas the Feeding of the Five Thousand is the one miracle, aside from the Resurrection of Jesus, that is recorded by all four; secondly, the Raising of Lazarus comes late in the ministry of Jesus and has its larger duplication in the Resurrection of Jesus Himself; thirdly, the Feeding of the Five Thousand is your best chance in this film to show a crowd.'

So that was done, and a place was selected on the shore of Catalina Island where a bay about the width of the Sea of Galilee might do service for a Galilean setting for that event.

'What kind of coin did Peter take out of the fish's mouth? Was it of Palestinian or Roman coinage? What did it look like?'

Questions like this, of course, were easy, and the 'Research Department' was found to possess in its reference library, under care of an intelligent woman, all the books that I required to show the exact character of the coinage. A mold was then made and a coin cast and submitted for my inspection. I learned that the most meticulous care was taken to be exact. I failed to see that this was necessary since the audience could not possibly see the lettering on the coin, but I was told that there might be a close-up showing the very coin, and any way, they wanted it exact.

The street scenes were building with very careful measurements. The house of Mary Magdalene in her days before saint-hood was shown with abundance of gold-leaf decoration. I asked, 'Would not bronze paint have answered?' No, it would not have answered. Genuine gold leaf, exactly like that on the dome of the Boston State House was used, and plenty of it.

I was glad to be asked to inspect the costumes. I objected to the expensive breastplate of the high priest, and directed that the hooks and rings that supported it be reversed. 'We are well paid for bringing you here,' said Mr. De Mille. 'If we had shown that scene one night and a Jewish rabbi had told us it was wrong, we should have had to reassemble the cast and do that scene over. You have saved us $60,000.'

I had not supposed that such a detail would greatly have mattered.

On the other hand, these motion picture producers take great liberties. They were building a beautiful model of the temple, a work of exquisite art. They consulted me about it in terms of quarter-inches, and I did not see that it mattered, but gave the data correctly. My measurements instantly became the official measurements.

After this was all arranged, and properly, the question rose, 'Might one of the tables of the money-changers, through a special pull or bribe, have been at the top of this little flight of stairs leading to the inner court?'

'It is not impossible,' I answered, 'but it is highly improbable. Why should you care?'

'Because a table would look well falling down those stairs, and the money scattering everywhere. It will be much more effective than on a level.'

Said I, 'You are the greatest of all living strainers of gnats and swallowers of camels.'

'True,' said Mr. De Mille, 'but we have just about fifteen seconds in which to make the impression of the cleansing of the temple on several millions of people, and any little dramatic touch that does not offend propriety or deny the truth of history is extremely valuable. If you say that the table could not possibly have been there,

we will not put it there, but if you say it is not impossible, then we have that much more of vividness to add to the picture.'

'Put it there,' said I. And it was put.

Bruce and I were asked for advice in the selection of some of the characters. Bruce and Esther helped select Jacqueline Logan as Mary Magdalene. She was very happy to be chosen. She wanted to talk with me as to the interpretation of her part in the two very different aspects of her career. I helped to select a number of the leading players. I was interested in seeing how it was done.

Each afternoon, rather toward the end of the day, a half-dozen of us would sit in a rather long, narrow room, not much wider than a Pullman car. On the floor were perhaps a dozen chairs, and in the back row were three chairs. I occupied the middle one. Miss Macpherson sat at my left. At my right sat Mr. De Mille with a one-piece telephone set in his left hand and on his right a dozen buttons. He pressed buttons and talked to a stenographer in another room, to cameramen, somewhere afar, to the research department and I know not what else. When he sits at those buttons many people sit up and take notice of what he says. A projection screen at the other end of the room showed the day's tests of different characters. We had, let us say, two or three brand new 'tests' of Jacqueline Logan, depicting her expressions and attitudes. We saw her variously draped, and as much of her undraped as would appear in a one-piece bathing suit. Mr. De Mille would say, 'Try another test of reel two,' or something like that. Jacqueline Logan had days and days of doing nothing but dressing and posing and being tested till her feet must have ached.

AND we saw films of other and lesser characters. I was interested in hearing Mr. De Mille ask, 'Is that a hundred-dollar test?'

I wanted to know about a hundred-dollar test. It is like this. You think you are fitted to be a movie star, and you want a job at Hollywood. If you have no sense you will go there and stay till your money gives out and then wire for money to come home, not having gone beyond a single gate. But if you are sensible you will take a hundred dollars and a satchel full of clothes, and perhaps a friend of the opposite sex, and go to any motion picture studio near your home, and they will sell you a hundred dollars' worth of film. Moreover, they will advise you as to draping and undraping, and movement and expression. If you are a woman you will need a man in certain parts of your test. You may take a man with you, or the studio will rent you one at so much an hour, and he will pose with you and let you embrace and kiss him to show how you can perform that part of your duty. Then you watch the announcements of pictures that are to be made, and you write or wire the producer that you think you are the right person for such and such a part, and that you have a nice new hundred-dollar test. If he asks to see the test, you will ship that by express, and the producer will have a proper subordinate run it through, and if it seems satisfactory, the producer himself will see it and tell whether it will justify your taking another test for this particular part. And if that test is what he wants he will invite you to Hollywood.

Mr. De Mille offered me the privilege of having a hundred-dollar test of myself, free, and Miss Logan and Miss Macpherson offered to pose with me if I needed their assistance. But I am not yet a movie star. I did, however, pose for a 'still' of Jeanie Macpherson and myself. That is the one on which she wrote what I have already quoted.

In all this work our opinions, Bruce's and mine, were received with utmost courtesy and carried all the weight we could have wished. I could almost say that they carried more weight than I wished. On one occasion I wished they carried less.

It was this way: Mr. De Mille was considering the advisability of having in some interlude or at some banquet of Pilate or Herod a dance of slave girls. Such a dance was posed and submitted to us. Two girls, each in a white close-fitting garment, and powdered white as to hair and flesh, moved in a graceful dance. It was like two nude statues moving, not at all indecent nor suggestive, but it did not seem to me quite in character. I said, 'I don't believe you want that dance.' Instantly Mr. De Mille said into his telephone, 'Cut out that slave dance.'

NEXT day as I moved around the lot I saw one of those two girls. She had got herself up in inexpensive white. Her shoes were white, and I judged had cost about $1.49. Her stockings were white and of cotton. Her dress was white and homemade. Her hat was white and cheap. She was powdered white. And she looked very happy. She thought she had landed a job. I looked her over, and reflected.

'That girl and the mother who made that dress need the money she is expecting to receive and I have taken away the bread and butter she was just about to earn. That dance was not morally objectionable. I have more influence here than I want.'

So I took pains to say to Mr. De Mille that it was barely possible that dance might deserve to be reconsidered. I do not know what came of it.

I saw the dressmakers designing the garments for the principal characters. The velvet is rich velvet and the silk is real silk and the leopard's skin is real leopard's skin.

'Would not a cheaper fabric have answered the purpose?' I inquired.

'No; the expense of making it would be the same, and the difference in cost of material is not enough to justify it. Moreover, it holds the actors to a certain level of self-respect and the genuineness and reality which we aim to produce.'

So they strained out their gnats, and as I have said, when mechanical or artistic requirements became the issue, they swallowed camels without choking. Not to save money, however. Always it was some effect of lighting, some possibility of dramatic action, that determined the change.

One day Mr. De Mille summoned all the characters who had been selected, the mechanics, the cameramen and the others, and made them a little speech. It was a sermon, but he did not ask me to deliver it. He did not say, 'We are investing a million and a half in this enterprise, and if one of you is careless or late and we have to delay work or shoot a scene over it will cost us thousands.' He said something like this:

'We are starting the greatest religious picture ever filmed. We are breaking loose from the tradition that the Christ must not be shown in the movies, and that His presence must be suggested by a shadow or a hand or by the direction in which the people look. We are showing the Christ Himself, and the people grouped about Him. We intend that this film shall be a religious lesson to America and the world. I want every man who drives a nail or mixes a hod of mortar to do it in a religious spirit. I am counting on you to keep out of the atmosphere of this picture a single profane or coarse word, and to approach this task in a spirit that shall carry a feeling of reverence to the millions who are to see the film.'

That was the way he talked. And I am bound to say that I did not catch any false note in what he said. I am not unaware that these people live and move and have their being in a world of unreality, and that they talk not very far from the press agent, but I think there were no reporters present when this little speech was made, and to me it sounded genuine.

When we returned from this gathering, Mr. De Mille and Bruce sat down and chatted about Bruce's book, *The Man Nobody Knows*. Said Mr. De Mille,

'Bruce, they will know Him when you and I are through.'

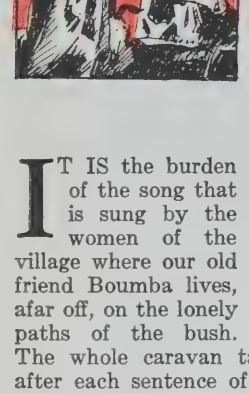
All that Mr. De Mille promised to pay me he paid, and all that I promised to do for him I have done. He has no knowledge that I am writing any such article as this, nor has he suggested a single word from me of this character. But I brought away an impression of a deeper religious spirit in this film than I had expected to discover.

SEVERAL other films were in progress on 'the lot.' One was a marine film, in which a British frigate and a Yankee clipper raced around the Horn for the coast of China. First two old ships had to be bought and reconditioned. Then a half-replica of the clipper had to be reproduced, the water side of her, lying at dock. Besides, two models, most skilfully wrought, had to be constructed. I saw these models and the half-ship at the dock. The models had this reason for being. There had to be a storm, and it would have been impossible to time an actual storm, to manage the ships and have a third ship equipped with cameras, to obtain certain results. The storm, therefore, occurs on an artificial pond on 'the lot.' On the shore are wind and wave machines, and vessels can be shown coming from any desired direction and with waves and winds of any desired violence. And no one can tell the real ship from the model employed.

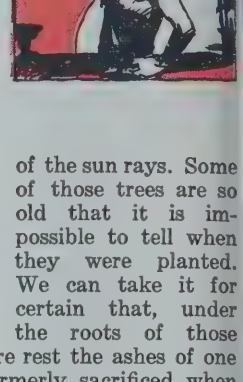
I was free to go anywhere I chose on 'the lot.' I saw a good deal in a few days. People came and went in costume appropriate to their parts. A man walked about in the sunlight, naked except for a breechcloth, getting a tan that he might be a chariot driver or something of the sort. No one paid the slightest attention to his attire. Nor was he permitted to get his tan out of a paint can. It must be honest-to-goodness tan.

I did not stop very long in any one place on the lot but I witnessed no act or attitude of impropriety and I heard no wrong word. Indeed, the people I met in Hollywood were pretty good people. I heard some things which incline me to believe that there are people there of other sorts, but I did not happen to meet them.

Market Day *in the* Heart *of* Africa



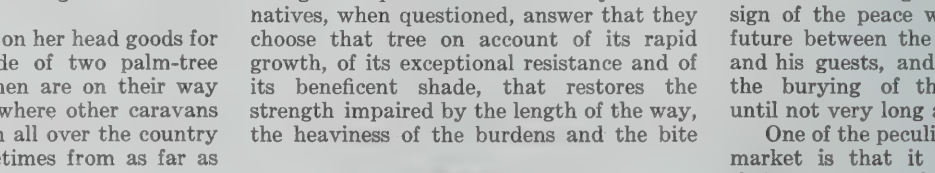
'Who Wants Rats? Palm Worms? Caterpillars *and* Broiled Grasshoppers?' Ask *the* Jungle Merchants



By HENRI GALLAND

Translated by ANDREE PRATOUCY

IT IS the burden of the song that is sung by the women of the village where our old friend Boumba lives, afar off, on the lonely paths of the bush. The whole caravan takes up the refrain after each sentence of the tale—a strange tale that relates the various events of a recent theft of manioc from a plantation by Mouvouandou, who is herself a member of the caravan, and who sings louder than any of the gay party.



Each singer carries on her head goods for sale in a basket made of two palm-tree branches. These women are on their way to the Nguia market where other caravans of women coming from all over the country will soon arrive, sometimes from as far as two days' walk.

Such markets—I mean such home-markets, which were even earlier than any European occupation—do not exist in all parts of tropical Africa. The first travelers to visit the West African Coast were struck by its unusual commercial activity, by the numerous and important markets existing there at that time. They pointed out the big slave markets of the Loanda country. Some of those markets are of such antiquity that it is practically impossible to fix even an approximate date.

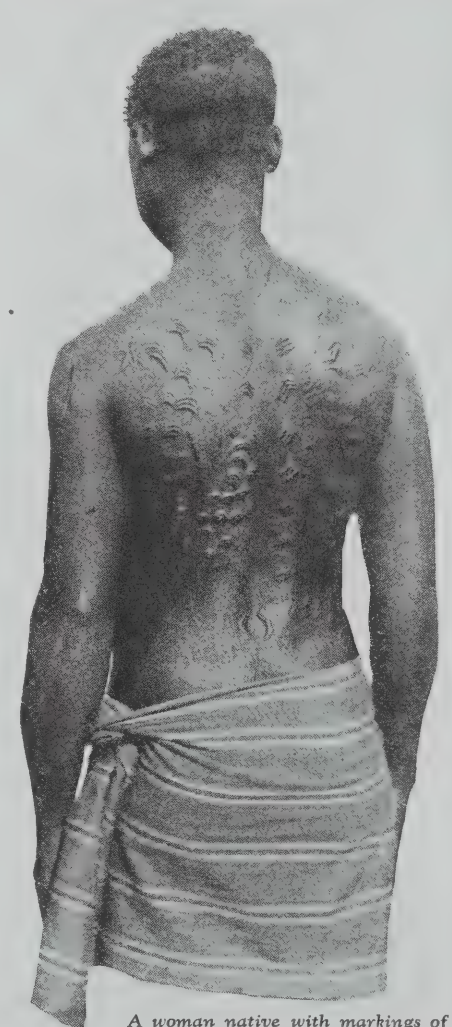
How is such a market to be founded? Very easily indeed, and palm wine, pigs and kids are the principal goods. The chief fixes a 'rendez-vous' to his most influent neighbors and explains his project about the market, which shall bring goods and wealth to the country; that scheme is readily accepted, for market is, for the indigen, one of the most important manifestations of his activity—the most important, in fact.

The reader must not be surprised if the market, the chief basis on which the economical life of the blacks rests, is here dealt with at length and in a special way.

Once they have come to a decision, they discuss the place and the date of the market: the place is always the top of a mountain, an upland or a wide plain; a date is chosen that cannot be prejudicial to the neighboring markets.

Those details being settled, the inaugural ceremony takes place. Palm wine flows most abundantly. Pigs and kids are sacrificed in inconceivable numbers. The many natives summoned indulge for several days in all kinds of revels, songs and dances. For two months the same ceremony is performed again at each market every four or eight days, according to what the organizers have decided as to its periodicity. The memory of that important day is perpetuated by the planting of a young tree, of the same species.

It may be asked whether the choice of that tree among so many others is not a vestige of primitive dendrolatry. The natives, when questioned, answer that they choose that tree on account of its rapid growth, of its exceptional resistance and of its beneficent shade, that restores the strength impaired by the length of the way, the heaviness of the burdens and the bite of the sun rays. Some of those trees are so old that it is impossible to tell when they were planted. We can take it for certain that, under the roots of those venerable trees, there rest the ashes of one or several slaves formerly sacrificed when the market was inaugurated: for such an offering was required by custom. Sometimes—but this practice is rapidly disappearing—the barrel of a gun is also buried; it is a sign of the peace which will reign in the future between the founder of the market and his guests, and the custom is akin to the burying of the tomahawk practised until not very long ago by the Amerinds.



A woman native with markings of which she is very proud.

One of the peculiar features of the native market is that it possesses the right of shelter as some churches and monuments of ancient Europe did in former times. A murderer may come and seek refuge there; he will be arrested only after the commercial transactions are settled. No serious meeting can be held there and in most of the markets the natives are not allowed to bear arms.

What is there to be found in native markets? Just listen:

'Who wants rats? palm worms? caterpillars and broiled grasshoppers? Who wants chicken and dried fish? pieces of antelope and of wild pig? Who will have palm wine? Come near and admire how perfectly wrought these cloths are? Who will have manioc loaves, palm almonds?'

All these cries are uttered by the women squatting in front of their goods, praising the fine quality of what they have to offer.

From that huge gathering, full of noise and mirth, there rises a mixture of offensive odors—odors of crowds, of smoke, of perspiration, of tainted meat, of tobacco—the whole being augmented by the sultry noonday heat, for market commences about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Besides the products of the country, objects of European make are very numerous: dress goods, knives, mirrors, padlocks, et cetera. These products are sold at a huge profit.

Each class of goods is displayed in a place specially reserved for it. Here is the place for the gourds of palm wine; here the various places for meat, fabrics, fish and pottery. The part reserved for native industry is full of interest. There one can see seats of all shapes made after the style of European chairs, wooden and earthen pipe; some have copper bowls. Others have double bowls, for the blacks, including the women, are especially fond of tobacco.

Here are bags in antelope leather, bracelets dented and streaked with a real care for symmetry; hoes, spears forged by the blacksmiths of the country—a caste honored or despised according to the different districts—who work the ore in a fire-clay furnace; pestles, kneading-troughs, dishes of tough wood, mats some of which are adorned with curious geometrical designs representing caymans, jackals or antelopes; musical instruments consisting of a sonorous box on which iron lamellas are fastened, so that the native holds it in both hands and plays with his thumbs alone; finely twined baskets.

Barter is still practised on the markets. A native will offer an armful of soft goods for a jar, another a spear, against a pair of pigeons or a quarter of antelope; but payment is usually made in European coin.

'I want,' says a white man, 'a hundred loaves of manioc at ten centimes each, for my caravan of bearers. That makes ten francs. Here they are. Have them!'

'Not at all! I want to verify!'

He counts them again, distrustfully, then: 'It's all right. You can take the loaves.'

ANOTHER African institution is the Kittemo, a kind of mutual, friendly association for savings and credit, of purely native origin. Its existence cannot be traced to any definite date. 'That association has always been in existence among us,' the blacks answer when asked about its origin.

An instance will clearly explain the working of the Kittemo. On the ground intrusted to him and placed under his rule, the chief Ndala, a wealthy, important man and a shrewd merchant, decides to found a Kittemo. He goes round the villages of his territory and pays a visit to those of his subjects who are best known for their easy circumstances or their disposition to business. He asks them to come to his place where they will all decide about the conditions of the Kittemo that is to be founded.

As is the case in all gatherings, of whatever importance, palm wine profusely flows on the day of the meeting, while the natives discuss the amount of the subscription, always payable in cash, fifteen francs for instance, and the number of members, let us say, twenty. Then the date for payments is fixed: they usually fall every fortnight, on some important market day. The organizer, Ndala, becomes the cashier of the association; he is the chairman, he collects twenty times fifteen francs, then hands over the whole amount to one of the members appointed by the majority, usually the richest of all, for confidence must be inspired from the very beginning.

Thus every fortnight each of the members has to pay fifteen francs to the 'Treasurer' appointed by the assembly to whom a sum of three hundred francs is thus intrusted.

What is he going to do with it? The black man, in that part of Africa, is shrewd and clever; the sum will soon be multiplied. Distance and time mean nothing to him; the 'treasurer' goes, with the three hundred francs in his pockets, to the white men's factory where he looks for the objects best suited to please and to tempt his countrymen: many pieces of colored cloth, mirrors, perfume-bottles, toys, et cetera. He then sells them at a considerable profit.

This is one of a series of articles on this subject by Mr. Galland. The next will appear in an early issue.

Old-Time Craftsmen

(*Continued from page 15*)

completed one novel and wanted to work on a second. Her writing skill was marked and she found a publisher who would pay her living expenses while she was writing her second novel. When she submitted the synopsis and first chapter he was enthusiastic.

It seemed that she would never complete any more of the novel, so the publisher's editor telephoned her. She had moved and left no forwarding address. The editor was irked, but he felt when her money ran out she would return.

A few days later a young woman with a mannish suit and a plaid Windsor tie entered his office.

'Living in Greenwich Village?' he said.

'Yes. And it's perfectly wonderful,' was her reply.

'How's the story coming?'

Engineering precision, strength, and perfection are the watchwords of every factory.

Out of the sleeve of her velvet jacket she produced a few typewritten pages. A single chapter!

'Your first novel will be your last novel,' she was told, 'unless you get out of the Village.'

She said mean things, and wept bitter tears, but the 'terrible editor' controlled the purse strings and she left the Village. Now she laughs about the 'silly ninny' she was in confusing atmosphere with art, inaction with craftsmanship.

* * *

The old blacksmith who used to shoe my grandfather's horses and put new tires on the wagon wheels some think was a craftsman. He was happy, without great cares, and could do his work without painstaking care.

Was he craftsman enough to make a repair part for a typewriter he had never seen and send it to a missionary in Ceylon? He may have been, but the chances are against it. He knew only the crudest measurements and gauges. Accuracy to the thousandth of an inch he thought was used only by astronomers, and he thanked his lucky stars he was not an astronomer.

Engineering precision, strength, and perfection are the watchwords of every factory. The blacksmith of yesteryear knew none of these. He knew happy sparks, the ring of the anvil, and a precision-free idyl of life.

Like most of the old-time craftsmen he did not know the master craftsmanship of the modern factory.

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Sapiro Suit Gets Under Way

(Continued from page 7)

Peteet, former secretary of the same organization, who prior to holding that office had been director of coöperative marketing with the American Farm Bureau Federation.

The jury was excused from the court room while counsel on both sides argued on the admissibility of this testimony, Mr. Gallagher contending that the purpose of the testimony was to charge the defendants with malice growing out of alleged negligence in succeeding publications after Hood and Peteet had complained of alleged inaccuracies in previous stories.

In ruling on the objection the Court said:

'If in this case it develops that the question of added or exemplary damages is finally submitted to the jury, of course recklessness or carelessness or the want of proper precaution on the part of the defendants, is a subject matter for the consideration of the jury and evidence tending to show carelessness or recklessness or want of such precaution is admissible, that fact would not mean that The Dearborn Publishing Company should take notice of all information of every kind and from every possible source. Some of the evidence that may be offered in this case on this subject may be of so little value that the Court should rule, as a matter of law, that it should not be submitted to the jury at all. There may be other evidence offered of notice to the defendant coming from sources of authority, sufficiently reliable sources, from those who know or are in a position to know the facts of which they speak, so that that evidence ought to be submitted to the jury upon that question. Therefore, it becomes a matter for determination as the evidence is offered whether or not it has sufficient evidentiary value upon that subject to be submitted to the jury.

'As to the particular testimony that is here under consideration, it is the judgment of the Court that until there is some evidence which shows some substance or authority back of the conversation which took place between Mr. Black and Mr. Peteet, that evidence, or repetition of that conversation or communication of that conversation from the witness now on the stand, would not be admissible, and the Court will so rule.'

Wednesday's session of the lawsuit, devoted chiefly to the reading of excerpts from the Sapiro articles in THE INDEPENDENT over objections by the defense, brought an important ruling from Judge Raymond when Attorney Gallagher sought to put into evidence a letter from A. C. Cherry of Yakima, Washington, general counsel for the Northwest Hay Association.

The matter came up after an article published in the August 23, 1924, issue of THE INDEPENDENT had been read to the jury. Mr. Gallagher then called for the letter of Mr. Cherry from the files of the plaintiff, which challenged the correctness of the article and had been received at The Dearborn Publishing offices subsequent to its publication.

Senator Reed joined with Judge Hanley in objecting to introduction of the letter in evidence, and in addressing the Court, after the jury had been excused, Senator Reed said:

SENATOR REED: Now, if your Honor please, this brings up the question of whether there can be read to the jury the letters sent by outside individuals not known to be in any way connected with Mr. Sapiro or in any way connected with the defendants, or either of them, and the statements contained in these unverified and unsworn documents read to a jury I presume that it is thought to introduce them on the ground that they are notice to the defendants. Notice of what? As they stand here today they are notice that somebody wrote a letter, and they pretend to recite certain facts, but they are no evidence of the fact. The evidence as to the facts must be produced before the Court. If this kind of evidence is introduced, we have this sort of situation, that a man with a pen writes a statement pretending to state facts, and that unsworn statement then goes to the jury as evidence of the facts recited, and no instruction that a court can give will ever take the impression from the mind of the jury, particularly in a case of this length where the evidence is almost interminable and the length of the trial very great.

Now, the only theory, in my judgment, upon which this letter can be offered, is as to notice. Notice of what? It must be notice of a fact, not notice of the state of mind of the writer, and before this letter can be introduced as a notice the fact or the facts which it recites must first be shown to exist, for notice of something that does not exist is no notice at all.

To put that in a plain and direct statement, what we say is this: That if a fact existed which, if it was brought to the attention of the paper, would have shown that its statements were false, if that fact existed and if that fact is proven to have existed, that then a letter calling attention to the fact which has been proven to exist may take the form and state of a notice. But, if the fact is not proven to exist, then the mere writing of a letter in which certain things are related as facts, constitutes no notice, and it is a mere hearsay statement and has no validity at all. So that we say that the first thing the plaintiff must do in this case, if he wants to introduce this letter, is to prove the various facts related in it—that is, the alleged facts related in it, to be facts, and then after he has proven the facts to exist, this letter might be taken, possibly—I am not so sure of that, there may be other reasons that might affect it—this letter might be taken as a notice to the defendant of facts which did exist.

Now, if we get outside of such limitations as that, where are we? There is this situation, that the publisher of a newspaper, having printed an article, or being engaged in printing a series of articles, can have read against him every letter that wholly irresponsible or unknown parties may see fit to write him, and in which they may denounce his articles as false and in which they may pretend to recite facts and yet there may not be a single fact back of any one of those letters.

Now, this letter here is a good illustration. I have not read the depositions but I understand the fact to be that the depositions show that this gentleman who wrote this letter was attorney for one of these associations, that at the request of one of the men connected with the association, who was one of Mr. Sapiro's associates—am I not correct in that?

MR. GALLAGHER: You are not correct.

SENATOR REED: I did not address myself to you.

MR. GALLAGHER: You have the truth, anyway, regardless of where it comes from.

SENATOR REED: I do not desire a controversy with counsel.

THE COURT: No, these controversies should not take place in the court room. Counsel should rise to his feet, if he wishes to make any remarks, and address the Court.

MR. GALLAGHER: Very well, your Honor.

SENATOR REED: Very well. I have not read these depositions, I have read excerpts from them, whether he was associated with Mr. Sapiro or not, if he was not associated with him in any way, so much more remote is this notice, but this man who writes the letter does not claim to know these facts of his own knowledge, but to have received them from somebody else, and that the depositions which have been taken in this case prove, or at least tend to prove, that a great number of the recitations contained in the letter are incorrect. So that if this letter is read to the jury it will go in with statements of notice of things which we contend do not exist, with false statements to be read to the jury.

Now, I will ask the Court for this time, because the question was bound to come up on other occasions in the trial, I take it, from the course of this examination.

And then that opens up another question if letters like these are to be read where certain people wrote in and protested, whether they had knowledge, or did not have knowledge, claimed or pretended to have knowledge, then what about the letters of the other side similar in their character, but reciting facts against or the alleged facts against Mr. Sapiro. Manifestly, if that class of evidence is to be gone into, it can be gone into on both sides.

Now, if the limitation is put that they must first prove the facts, the existence of the facts, then the letter is offered only to show notice of a fact proven; we have the case within some reasonable limits, and I think in a situation so that a Court—that a great injustice will not result.

Argument between counsel on both sides ensued, during which the Cherry letter and others pertaining to it were read to the Court.

In making his ruling denying the plaintiff permission to introduce the letter in evidence, Judge Raymond said:

THE COURT: There are two purposes for which the letter offered in evidence might be admissible, one, to show that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT after notice of certain facts had proceeded to publish an untrue article. That reason cannot apply in this case for the reason that the letter referred to is subsequent to the publication of the article to which it refers. An examination of the declaration, and its subsequent publication, discloses the fact that none of the subsequent publications referred in any way to the subject matter of the article which is criticized in the letter offered in evidence.

The other subject upon which the letter might be admissible pertains to the retention of Robert Morgan, or Dunn, as a correspondent, reporter or writer for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, after knowledge of incompetency or unreliability, it being claimed that this letter offered in evidence disclosed to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that the reports which Robert Morgan was making were not true, and that, therefore, he was then unreliable, and should have been discharged.

As a general rule, questions of reputation

and reliability, or the lack of those qualities, are shown in court not by specific instances of lack of reputation, but by general evidence upon those subjects. It is an unsafe proposition to say that because any man, whether a reporter, a lawyer or a doctor, makes one mistake, or several mistakes, that, therefore, he is incompetent or unreliable. A very competent reporter, or newspaper writer, may make very many mistakes, and still he might be classed as one of the most reliable of those in his class.

To enter upon this class of testimony for the purpose of showing unreliability would mean that in each of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of cases in which letters may have been written to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in reference to these articles, and in which letters certain facts are stated, then each of the facts as appears would probably be met by a contrary statement on the other side of the case, and we would find ourselves trying out hundreds, and possibly thousands of collateral issues which might be raised by letters or correspondence which were sent to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. There would be no end to the case if we went into those multitudinous issues.

It seems to the Court that as to whether or not Robert Morgan was a reliable, competent, dependable newspaper reporter or writer, must depend upon his general reputation, instead of resting upon specific instances, and upon testimony which rests upon letters received from various parties, many of them may be unknown, many of them may be from parties who are irresponsible.

REFLECTION brings the thought that if it were ruled that such letters could be received in evidence, it would be entirely possible for either party in the case to make evidence—to create a number, a large number of issues by causing to be written large numbers of letters, and in each one of those letters some fact would be disputed, and then issues would be raised upon that fact, the other party, of course, affirming its truth, and one would find a case involved in a multitude of issues which would confuse the jury as to the main issue of the case.

It would be most unsafe, I think, to receive that type of evidence, and the offer in evidence of the letter referred to is denied.

Letters of similar purport to that of the Cherry letter, which the plaintiff sought to introduce after the reading of subsequent articles were denied in evidence under the previous ruling. In all cases exceptions to the Court's ruling were taken by Attorney Gallagher on behalf of the plaintiff.

Mr. Sapiro took his first active part in the trial during the day when Attorney Gallagher called upon him to read some of the articles which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

With the opening of court on Thursday morning, Attorney Gallagher, pursuant to a previous suggestion by the court, filed a motion to amend the plaintiff's declaration in order more clearly to define the issues in the case.

Recess was ordered by the court for half a day in order to give the defense side an opportunity to examine the proposed amendment.

At the opening of court in the afternoon Attorney Hanley for the defense asked an extension of time until Monday morning to make a further examination of the amendment, saying, in part:

'We find that there are, if we count them correctly, fifty-two amendments in the way of eliminating certain alleged libels, in addition to a single amendment of several pages, or two or three pages, proposed to be added to the inducement. The result of these two classes of amendments, that is, the amendments to the inducement and the amendments in the way of eliminating alleged libels, makes it necessary for us, before we can intelligently determine upon what course to pursue, that we have got to reconstruct the declaration in the manner in which it now would read with the application of the amendments.'

Attorney Gallagher objected to any further delay, saying that there was no need for further examination, and that the amendment relieved 'them of the burden of meeting every one of these individual counts and permitting them to concentrate their defense upon the principal libels charged.'

Judge Raymond refused to delay the taking of testimony saying:

THE COURT: The Court is most anxious to make progress with this case and extremely loath to grant continuances, because much of the time that we have been in court so far has been consumed in discussions which have been profitable in clarifying the issues and undoubtedly have meant that over the whole period of the case time has not been lost; however the visible signs of progress are not numerous up to this time.

The Court then announced a tentative ruling on the amendment in which he indicated that he would grant the motion as to all amendments except one which sought to bring a new issue in the case. He reserved final ruling, however, until Monday when the defense side, if it wished to, could file other objections which would be considered before a final ruling was made.

With this matter cleared temporarily, Mr. Cameron was recalled to the stand and Attorney Gallagher resumed his questioning of him.

Another argument between counsel came when Mr. Gallagher asked Mr. Cameron this question:

'Did you ever talk with Mr. Ford respecting the publication of any proposed articles in THE INDEPENDENT, respecting the activities of Jewish people of this country?'

Judge Hanley at once objected and the jury was excused during the argument which followed.

In sustaining the defense objection to the question, Judge Raymond said:

THE COURT: The questions which have been put to the witness, the objections to which have been sustained, have to do with whether or not Henry Ford at some time suggested or authorized the publication of a series of articles having to do with the Jewish people.

COUNSEL has called attention to the fact that were Aaron Sapiro attacked individually, and alone, and charged with having formulated a plan by himself to subvert the interests of American agriculture, that that would involve no serious charge, because the impossibility of one man accomplishing that result would be so apparent upon its face. But that the charge comes much more serious when it is connected with the statement that he has organized or is the leader of or the attorney for a band or a ring or a conspiracy of Jews or international bankers.

I think it is true that the addition of a number of powerful financiers, in an alleged libelous article, and connecting the plaintiff with a considerable number of men of prominence and wealth, if the charge is proved, and justification is not successful, that it is materially adding to the seriousness of the libel.

The Court cannot, however, follow counsel in the apparent belief that because the word 'Jews' is added, and the words 'band,' or 'ring,' or 'conspiracy,' that that, taken in its ordinary, natural and commonly accepted meaning, makes the charge more serious. If it had been said that he organized and was at the head of an aggregation of men of any other birth or religion or nationality, the charge would be equally aggravated in the opinion of the Court, as if you took the word 'Jew' in the sense in which, in the opinion of the Court, it is generally and commonly accepted among all thinking people.

The declaration in this case contains innuendoes, that is, statements of the meaning of the use of words to a number in excess of 300, and yet in none of those innuendoes is there a suggestion that the word 'Jew' or any of its various derivatives or changes, of which there are something like 30 in the declaration—there is no suggestion by way of innuendo that any of those various names has any other than its commonly, ordinarily accepted meaning among people generally.

THE word 'Jew' is not eliminated from the case in any sense of the word. It appears in the declaration as amended hundreds of times, and cannot well be eliminated from the case, because it is there and must continue there until the end of the case. But, in view of the declaration as drafted, as originally filed, in which no suggestion is given that it is intended to place upon the word 'Jew' any other than its ordinary meaning, the Court must rule under the ordinary principles pertaining to issues framed in courts of justice, that to bring in this subject matter would be to bring in a matter which is not before this court. It brings in an issue foreign to the declaration as filed, and foreign to the issues as framed, and foreign to the declaration as now tentatively amended.

It might be said, and I think that is perhaps the gist of the argument of counsel for plaintiff, that if Henry Ford authorized or directed or counseled or suggested a series of articles against the Jewish people, that therefore he is responsible for any libel that may grow out of that suggestion.

It has been argued in this court since this case started, and I think it has been conceded by counsel on both sides, in any event it is the judgment of the Court, that so far as the legal consequences are concerned, so far as the right of any individual to recover damages growing out of such a situation is concerned, that there can be no recovery by any number of a religion or race or nationality because of a libel of the race generally. I think that law is so well established that it would be folly to urge otherwise. I can find no case, after a careful search of all of the available authorities, and the reading of many decisions in this country, which would warrant such a proceeding.

Now, if that is true, taking it for granted that Henry Ford, the defendant, did suggest or authorize or direct a series of articles against the Jewish people, in doing that he did something that would not subject him to an action for damages on behalf of any member of that race.

Until the questions are narrowed to the extent of showing some authority, either expressed or implied, to publish articles which reflected upon Aaron Sapiro as an individual, the objections to this class of testimony must be sustained.

After further argument by Mr. Gallagher the Court explained his ruling as not applying to individuals, saying:

THE COURT: The Court, of course, is willing to receive all the light possible upon this question or any other question involved in this case. However, I think the position of the Court is clear upon the matter, pos-

sibly not my first statement, but this recent statement at least seems to be clear to counsel as to just what the position of the Court is. If there is any evidence which tends to show that Henry Ford directed the publication of the articles with reference to individual Jews, any testimony of that kind, and the direction was so general as to authorize a libel as against the plaintiff in this case, such testimony as that may be admissible. But certainly the general questions which have been asked this afternoon, either taking the word 'Jew' in its innocent, or its more sinister meaning which counsel has at times projected into the case, I think such questions should not be permitted to be answered.

SENATOR REED: Does your Honor mean to say that this witness can be asked, in an attempt to fix the responsibility on Mr. Ford as to Mr. Sapiro, did Mr. Ford tell him to publish articles about certain individual Jews who are in no way connected with this case? That would not constitute any authority to publish statements about Mr. Sapiro. The evidence must go far beyond that. If they undertake to hold Mr. Ford for these articles, they must show that he gave the direction to print these articles, these particular articles which contain these attacks on Mr. Sapiro, and that he directed the attacks to be made upon Mr. Sapiro. Or, they must show that he said to Mr. Cameron, you attack every Jew that you can by name, go and hunt them up and attack all of them. There might be some question there, but your Honor's statement was a little broader than that. I take it that your Honor did not mean that, from what I gathered from your Honor's statement.

THE COURT: I think counsel has misapprehended my ruling, and neither would I want to have the statement of counsel to stand, in that it must be a direction to libel Mr. Sapiro individually, and by name. There might be a direction to attack a certain limited type or group of Jews, and to attack them individually, and whether Mr. Sapiro was known to Mr. Ford, or his name was known to him at that time, such authority might be sufficiently broad to authorize, or at least to make him responsible for an attack upon Mr. Sapiro. I do not know what direction the evidence may take, and that is the reason I am not making any ruling at all upon that question at this time. I shall have to make the rulings as the evidence develops upon that subject. The only question I am ruling on now is, a direction to attack Jews as a whole, or as a race is not admissible.

WHEN the jurors were again in their places in the box, Mr. Gallagher resumed his questioning of Mr. Cameron, dealing again with his editorship of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, a subject regarding which Mr. Cameron had previously been questioned.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Mr. Cameron, will you relate the circumstances of your appointment to the editorship of THE INDEPENDENT?

JUDGE HANLEY: Objected to for the reason that it has already been answered.

MR. GALLAGHER: I do not think it has, your Honor.

JUDGE HANLEY: The answer was that he did not know, and he wasn't there.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Did you ever have any talk with Mr. Ford about your editorship of THE INDEPENDENT?

THE COURT: I will take the answer.

A. About the editorship?

Q. Yes.

A. It was just as I have said, whenever it has come up in a difference of opinion, I have been told that I am the editor.

Q. Well, before or after your appointment as editor, did you have any talk with Mr. Ford regarding the scope of your work?

(Objection overruled.)

A. No, he never talked about my appointment as editor.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Did he ever talk to you about your duties as editor, thereafter?

A. Not in any sense as to outline my duties.

Q. In what respect did he talk about it?

A. Just in that general expression that I have given.

Q. You refer to the statement, 'You are the editor'—that general expression?

A. Yes.

Q. Before you assumed the editorship, and while the staff were working there in coöperation, did Mr. Ford ever discuss with you the publication of any articles respecting the activities of any individual Jews in this country?

(Objection overruled.)

A. No.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Were there some articles published in THE INDEPENDENT respecting the activities of certain Jews?

(Objection overruled.)

A. I recall one or two or three articles relating to Bernard Baruch's testimony on the Congressional investigation of his conduct in the Board of War Industries.

JUDGE HANLEY: Wait a minute.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher): Do you know if there was anything more than one article about that one man?

JUDGE HANLEY: Wait a minute. I move the answer be stricken out, your Honor.

MR. GALLAGHER: It may be stricken.

THE COURT: It may be stricken out.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Mr. Cameron, so far as your memory serves you, was there no more than one article respecting the activities of an individual Jew published in THE INDEPENDENT before the articles in question were begun?

JUDGE HANLEY: I object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It relates now to whether more than one article was published about some individual Jew, years before the publication of the articles complained of, and that certainly could have no bearing on any relation or connection between Aaron Sapiro and either of the defendants in this case.

THE COURT: I think some time should be fixed in the question.

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Starting with about May, 1920, and up to January, 1922, what is the fact as to whether from time to time articles were published in THE INDEPENDENT which pertained to the lives or activities of certain Jews who were named therein?

(Objection overruled.)

A. Those that I have just mentioned are the only ones that come to my mind now as dealing with individuals.

Here Mr. Gallagher took up the matter of the publication of certain books by The Dearborn Publishing Company, questioning the witness regarding them, under continuous objections from the defense side, in effort to establish the attitude of Mr. Ford and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT regarding Jews.

Direct examination of Mr. Cameron was continued Friday morning, Attorney Gallagher directing his inquiries as to any discussions the witness, as editor of the paper, had with Henry Ford regarding articles about the Jewish people published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Objections were made by counsel for the defense on the ground that some of the articles referred to were published prior to those complained of in the case.

At one point the jury was excused while counsel on both sides entered a discussion. At its conclusion, Judge Raymond cautioned the attorneys that discussions were running too long and that if progress was to be made in the trial these would have to be limited.

IN RESUMING his questioning of the witness, Mr. Gallagher asked:

Q. Have you ever discussed with Mr. Ford any of the articles that have been referred to in the evidence here which ran between the period of April, 1924 to April, 1925?

(Objection overruled.)

A. Not as articles.

Q. And what has been your discussion with reference to that?

(Objection overruled.)

A. It would come up in the way of comment. I have just one definite recollection of one conversation regarding the Sapiro articles, as we called them in the office, and that was at the time of the demand for a retraction. Any conversation before that would be in just the midst of other conversations, comment upon comments in the press, or by letter, or by callers. We had numerous—hundreds of people call to see us about them.

Q. All right. Now, are you able to recall either the time or the occasion of the first discussion you had with Mr. Ford in that general way, concerning comments upon these articles?

JUDGE HANLEY: The witness just said he could not give any statement as to when it was. It has been answered.

MR. GALLAGHER: Let him answer the question for himself then.

THE COURT: He said he recalls one discussion. That was the time immediately following the time of an article?

(Objection sustained.)

Q. What is your best recollection of the entire conversation you had with Mr. Ford in which the comments upon these articles were discussed?

(Objection sustained.)

MR. GALLAGHER: If the Court please, I understood the witness to say that there were several occasions when comments were renewed by Mr. Ford and him touching these articles.

THE COURT: Is that the statement of the witness?

A. After the articles had been running a long time, for months, the comment accumulated—there were some passing conversations as he would happen to be in the office. No discussion of the thing itself, but just in a casual talk, if it happened to be on my desk at the moment, letters, or callers just going out, or callers who had been there, or something of that sort.

THE COURT: Do you recall the time or the substance of any of those conversations?

A. I just know that it was after they had been going a long time. It seems to me months—more than three or four or five months.

THE COURT: You have no more definite memory to time than that?

A. No, I just have the general result in my mind.

THE COURT: Do you have any definite memory as to the substance of those conversations?

A. Just that they were mostly one-sided, and my trying to tell him of certain things that had come up, or certain things that had been said to us or written to us.

Q. Let's have those conversations the best you can recall them.

(Objection overruled.)

A. Well, I can just illustrate by something that might have happened—

THE COURT: That will be objectionable. Unless you have definite memory of the conversation or substance.

Q. Let's have your best recollection.

JUDGE HANLEY: I object to that. The

witness has already said he had no recollection and he could merely illustrate.

MR. GALLAGHER: He has not said that.

THE COURT: Ask him the question directly and see whether he has or has not. We can pass this up.

Q. Mr. Cameron, you have referred to some occasions when comments arose. Will you give us your best recollection of the substance of the talk upon such occasions?

JUDGE HANLEY: Objected to. You have already ruled to the effect that he should be asked whether he had a recollection before being asked—

THE COURT: I think you should. I have asked that you inquire of the witness so that we won't waste the time in repeating questions that are so general that the witness does not know what is called for. Let's find out whether he has any memory definitely or indefinitely of these conversations, or the substance of them, and if he does not we can pass that subject and proceed to the next.

Q. Mr. Cameron, as I understood you referred to several occasions when comments were made upon articles, and that matter was discussed with Mr. Ford, is that right so far?

JUDGE HANLEY: Just a minute.

A. The comment was not upon articles.

JUDGE HANLEY: Wait a minute, witness. I object. Your Honor has said that the witness should be asked whether or not he has any recollection of such a conversation. Now, I think counsel should obey the instruction of the Court.

MR. GALLAGHER: I object to the Court—

THE COURT: Never mind, just proceed to ask the question that the Court indicated. I think you understand it.

MR. GALLAGHER: I am frank to say, your Honor, there is some confusion in my own mind as between the witness, the Court and myself. I may be entirely unfounded, but I certainly do not understand our mutual relation right now. Now, is the present question improper, if the Court please?

THE COURT: Proceed with the question. You have asked a part of a question, as I understand it, it is not completed and it was objected to.

(The question was repeated by the Reporter.)

JUDGE HANLEY: I object to that, your Honor. I think we should first find out if there was any conversation that he recalls.

THE COURT: I think you should complete your question instead of asking a part of the question and asking if it is right. I think the Court is perfectly clear in what I want to ascertain, and that is whether the witness has any memory or recollection of conversations, or the substance of them. I think it could be asked in a very short, simple, direct way, and I think all of us would understand just what is being sought, and I think it is time that we make some progress in this case.

* * *

THE COURT: Do you have any recollection, Mr. Cameron, of the substance of the conversations to which you have referred?

A. Not as conversations, just the general tone of the communication.

THE COURT: Have you any concerning that to which you are testifying about from memory?

A. I have no definite words—no, they were too casual.

THE COURT: Does your memory serve you to the extent that you are able to state the substance of those conversations, even though you may not remember the precise words of the conversation?

A. Well, I would say, 'Here is the story —here is a letter from a man' or 'Here is the story that a man—'

THE COURT: No, just answer the question. Read my question, Mr. Reporter.

(The question of the court was repeated by the Reporter.)

THE COURT: Answer that yes or no, and we will get to an end or a beginning.

A. In that sense, no.

THE COURT: Proceed.

Q. When you say 'In that sense, no,' what do you mean?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to, your Honor. That answer is self-explanatory and the question is argumentative.

THE COURT: Objection sustained.

MR. GALLAGHER: Note an exception.

Q. How many such talks have you had with Mr. Ford?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

THE COURT: Objection sustained.

MR. GALLAGHER: If the Court please, I think it ought to be obvious to the Court that this man must have some substance of recollection.

THE COURT: Well, he says he has not, and he is your witness, and I do not know of anything further that can be done about it. If he hasn't any recollection of the substance of the conversations, it is the end of the matter.

MR. GALLAGHER: Well, this further can be done, when there is a manifest evasion on the part of a witness—

JUDGE HANLEY: Your Honor, I take an exception to the abuse of this witness at this time before the jury, and I do not like to interrupt counsel, but I think it is mandatory upon me in fairness to do that. This is only a continuation of what has been said, abusive and questioning the integrity of this witness.

THE COURT: I think the matter should be dropped where it is and stand by the ruling the Court has made.

MR. GALLAGHER: Note an exception.

Q. Mr. Cameron, are you able to recall the general purport of the statements made by Mr. Ford upon such occasions?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to.

THE COURT: Objection sustained.

MR. GALLAGHER: Note an exception.

Q. Are you able to give us, Mr. Cameron, the general character of Mr. Ford's expressions upon such occasions?

JUDGE HANLEY: That is objected to. The last two questions have been mere repetitions of questions your Honor has ruled upon, with a mere change of a word, but no change in their sense.

THE COURT: I think the Court has indicated that subject matter should be closed under the statement of the witness, and I think it should be. You may have an exception to the Court's ruling.

Questioning of the witness regarding Jewish articles published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, their suspension, various correspondence and matters pertaining thereto, occupied considerable time and brought numerous objections from the defense side. Mr. Cameron also was asked to identify the original manuscripts of the articles upon which the suit is based.

FOLLOWING this, Mr. Cameron was temporarily excused from the stand pending his being able to produce the demand for a retraction made by Mr. Sapiro together with certain papers which were attached to it.

The plaintiff then called Mr. Miller, his testimony being:

Q. (By Mr. Gallagher) Mr. Miller, where do you live, please?

A. Washington, D. C. is my legal residence.

Q. How old a man are you?

A. 67.

Q. Married or single?

A. Widower.

Q. Any family?

A. Three children, grown.

Q. What is your present occupation?

A. Newspaperman, and writer.

Q. How long has that been your occupation?

A. Practically all of my life.

Q. Do you know Henry Ford?

A. I do.

Q. In what capacity were you acting when you first met him?

A. I came out here for a New York newspaper to interview him regarding money.

Q. When was that?

A. In 1920 I think.

Q. Since that first meeting in 1920, have you met Mr. Ford from time to time?

A. Several times. I interviewed him a few times for a syndicate, and have written about him.

Q. Were you ever in the employ of The Dearborn Publishing Company?

A. One year.

Q. What year was that?

A. 1923.

Q. During that year did you meet and talk with Mr. Ford?

A. I did, several times.

Q. Was there ever any occasion when you talked with him when Aaron Sapiro was the subject of the conversation?

A. I remember distinctly that he mentioned him once.

Q. And when was that?

A. About the middle of October, 1923.

Q. And where?

A. In the areaway, entering the office of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, or his office.

Q. At Dearborn?

A. At Dearborn, yes.

Q. What was this conversation, as far as it involved Mr. Sapiro?

A. Well, Mr. Ford two or three times —he said this time, as he had two or three times, 'Why don't you write an article about the Jews and the Reserve Bank down there, Eugene Meyers, and, do you know Aaron Sapiro?' 'No,' I told him I did not know Aaron Sapiro.

(Objection overruled.)

Q. You say that Mr. Ford asked you if you knew Aaron Sapiro?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. What did you say?

A. I told him I did not know him; I had heard of him.

Q. What else was said?

A. He said that he was organizing the farmers with that bunch of Jews down there, and trying to bilk them.

Q. Was there anything else said at that time?

A. Well, he said, 'We are going to expose him, and I think that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has a good circulation among the farmers, and we will upset their apple cart.'

Q. Was there anything further said by Mr. Ford upon that occasion?

A. No, I think not, of any moment.

Q. As far as he was concerned?

A. Yes.

Q. In the course of your authorship, Mr. Miller, have you written any book on Mr. Ford?

A. Yes, sir.

CROSS-EXAMINATION

Q. (By Senator Reed) Did you say that you worked for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for a year?

A. Yes, Senator.

Q. You set that claim up in court in Washington and you were defeated?

(Objection overruled.)

A. I lost.

SENATOR REED: That is all. Thank you, sir.

(A concise report of the proceedings in this case giving the testimony of the witnesses will appear in our next issue and will be continued week by week until the termination of the trial.)

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. When were postage stamps invented? When were they first used in the United States?

ANSWER. Adhesive postage stamps as now used are said to have been invented by James Chalmers of Dundee, Scotland, in 1834, and came into use in Great Britain, May 6, 1840, when Parliament had sanctioned their use. M. de Villayer of Paris in 1653 invented letter covers or wrappers with a distinctive mark which he sold for two sous as a frank for his collectors who took them from the letter boxes he established in the chief thoroughfares and delivered to destination addressed on them. In the United States the Government, being unwilling to undertake the expense of a general issue of postage stamps, in 1845 permitted the postmasters of certain towns and cities to issue stamps at their own expense and for their own convenience. The postmasters of Alexandria, Virginia, Baltimore, Maryland, and other cities adopted the plan with such success that the Government in 1847 undertook a general issue.

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. To whom is the quotation, 'Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute,' attributed?

A. To Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, when ambassador to the French Republic in 1796. The proclamation of Jay's Treaty with England in March, 1796, had threatened a rupture between the United States and France. In September, Pinckney was sent as minister to France. The Directory refused to receive him but intimated that a money payment might settle the dispute. It was then that Pinckney made his famous answer. But Pinckney is said to have denied the story: 'No, my answer was not a flourish like that, but simply, "Not a penny; not a penny."'

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. Is the story of The Man Without a Country *true?*

A. Dr. Edward E. Hale, in a speech delivered in 1897, said: *'The Man Without a Country* was based on a letter written from a United States frigate. I took pains to use the name of a frigate that had been at the bottom of the sea for fifteen years. I had to give it a latitude and a longitude and I was careful to place it on top of the Andes. I took occasion to read up on the doings of our Navy for the year in which the incidents occurred, so that I might avoid using the name of any officer or vessel actually in service at that time. That was for the purpose of keeping fiction and fact separate.'

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. Was the Ticonderoga *sunk by submarine guns and did the U. S. S.* Galveston *see it and refuse aid?*

A. The *Ticonderoga* was one of fifteen merchant vessels in an eastbound convoy which was under the sole escort of the U. S. S. *Galveston*. Before leaving port the masters of all the merchant ships of the convoy had been informed that they could expect no assistance from the escort if they straggled from the convoy. About dawn on September 30, 1918, a German submarine attacked by gunfire the *Ticonderoga*, which had straggled five to ten miles out of her position with the convoy. The *Galveston* headed for the scene of the attack, opened fire and continued firing until the submarine ceased firing. The *Galveston* then returned to her chief responsibility—the protection of the convoy. About one hour after the *Galveston* had ceased firing, and after she had returned to the convoy, the enemy submarine again attacked the *Ticonderoga* and sunk her. The *Galveston* did not, therefore, refuse aid to the *Ticonderoga*; on the contrary she stopped one attack by the submarine; and then, as there was no way to determine whether or not the submarine would attack the rest of the convoy, the *Galveston* very properly returned to protect that convoy.

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Q. What are the five largest states in the United States?

A. Texas, California, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona.

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Q. Who are the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission and how are they elected?

A. The vacancies in the Interstate Commerce Commission are filled by presidential appointment. The present members are: Joseph B. Eastman, Balthasar H. Meyer, Henry C. Hall, Clyde B. Aitchison, John J. Esch, Johnston B. Campbell, Ernest I. Lewis, Frederic I. Cox, Frank McManamy, Thomas F. Woodlock, and Richard V. Taylor.

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. Can you give me some information regarding the life of Governor Blount of Tennessee?

A. William Blount was born in Bertie County, North Carolina, March 26, 1744. He was a member of the North Carolina legislature for several terms after 1780 and of the Continental Congress in 1783-84 and again in 1786-87. In 1790 he was appointed by Washington to be governor of 'The Territory of the United States South of the Ohio' (including the present Tennessee), and soon afterward founded the city of Knoxville. When Tennessee was admitted to the Union in 1796, Blount was elected to the United States Senate from that state; but in July, 1797, he was detected in a conspiracy to wrest New Orleans and the Floridas from the Spaniards on behalf of Great Britain and was summarily expelled on a charge of 'high misdemeanor entirely inconsistent with his public trust and duty.' The pro-British scheme caused much excitement at the time, both in and out of Congress, and has since been known as 'Blount's Conspiracy.' His formal trial was postponed until 1798, and early in 1799 the Senate decided to dismiss the impeachment on account of lack of jurisdiction, Blount not then being a member. The whole incident increased considerably Blount's popularity in Tennessee and soon after his expulsion he was elected to the state senate over which he presided for some time. He died in 1800.

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. What happened to the U. S. S. Cyclops, *when and where did she disappear, what was her cargo, and how many men were lost?*

A. The U. S. S. *Cyclops* loaded a commercial cargo of 10,800 tons of manganese ore at Rio de Janeiro and sailed on February 16, 1918, via the Barbados for Baltimore, Maryland, where she was due March thirteenth. She arrived at the Barbados March 3, 1918, for coal and left on March fourth. Since her departure there has been no trace of the vessel. There were no enemy submarines in the western Atlantic at the time and it has been definitely ascertained that neither German U-boats nor German mines came into the question. It is known that one of the two engines of the *Cyclops* was damaged and that she was proceeding at reduced speed, but even if the other engine had become disabled it would not have had any effect on her ability to communicate by radio. The *Cyclops* was under the command of George W. Worley, Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Naval Reserve Force. The total number of lives lost was 309.

❦ ❦ ❦

Q. Can an alien who is to become an American citizen in 1928 visit his relatives in Europe for a few months this year or will such absence from the United States prevent his securing his papers next year?

A. The law requires that the court admitting an alien to citizenship shall be satisfied that the petitioner has resided continuously within the United States for at least five years immediately preceding the date of the filing of the petition and up to the date of the hearing. Courts usually hold that a short absence of a temporary character does not interrupt the residence, especially where the absence does not exceed six months. An extended absence, however, usually requires a new residence to be established and its continuance for five years from the date of return to the United States, before a petition may be filed on which naturalization can be lawfully granted. The last year of the five years the petitioner must live in the state in which the petition is to be filed. The question of whether any particular absence has interrupted residence can be determined only by the court on a hearing of a petition for naturalization.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

BRIEFLY TOLD

THE FIRST NEGRO TO HOLD a federal office was Ebenezer Don Carlos Bassett, who was appointed minister resident and consul general of the United States to Haiti by President Grant in 1869.

A BERLIN CANDY MANUFACTURER, by way of advertising, employed an aviator to fly over the city and drop chocolate drops. The idea seemed to be making an impression when the police, after receiving reports of so many bruised heads, stopped the scheme.

THE AVERAGE SIZED oyster consumes thirty quarts of water a day.

ANYONE IN JAPAN WHO reviles existing laws or confuses the duty of the people to observe them is subject to imprisonment of not less than one month nor more than one year, and to a fine of not less than five nor more than 100 yen.

MAORI FEMININE NAMES are poetical. Among others are the following: Plume of the Precious Bird, White Heron, The Young Lady in Love, The Diamond.

THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB of Sweden, as a service to its members, is putting mechanics along the country roads to assist motorists and to act as guides.

THERE ARE TODAY approximately five million radio receiving sets in use in the United States, which means about twenty million potential listeners-in each night.

SOME INSECTS HAVE THEIR hearing apparatus in their legs.

THE MOTTO OF Earl Marischal Keith, who founded Marischal College, Aberdeen, is:

Thay haif said.
Quhat say thay?
Lat thame say.

It is carved over the entrance of the main building.

AN OMELET MADE FROM the egg of an ostrich would feed eight persons.

WHEN A NEW YORK STATE farmer killed a sick cow, he found in her stomach five nails, pieces of wire and iron washers. Several pieces of wire had penetrated the heart.

A LONDON MAN HAS A bald parrot, very active and talkative, which records show was captured by a British soldier in India in 1801.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE HAS NO telephone on his desk. Whenever it is necessary for him to make or answer a telephone call, he goes into a booth in a small room adjoining his office.

THE CRATER OF MOUNT Vesuvius was once the hiding place for escaped slaves, brigands and outlaws, but that was before the eruption which destroyed Pompeii.

STRAWBERRIES CAN BE grown with success in every one of the forty-eight states.

WORN-OUT AUTOMOBILE TIRES are being made into special armor to be used for protecting horses in Spanish bullfights.

THE GRAND LLAMA OF LHASA now uses electricity due to the energy of a young Tibetan engineer who imported expensive machinery to harness the numerous waterfalls.

THE BAMBOO HOLDS THE record for speedy growth among trees, new shoots rising at the rate of nine inches in each twenty-four hours during the rainy season.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES WERE gleaned in one month of 1926 from Atlanta, Georgia, street cars: 420 umbrellas, 2 lobsters, 6 live chickens, a glass eye, 187 bundles, 149 pairs of gloves, 87 purses, a quart of oysters, 28 pairs of glasses, 26 suit cases, 23 articles of jewelry, a guinea pig, 4 sets of false teeth, a string of garlic, a pair of brass knuckles, one baby boy and a Chinese orchid.

A HEALTHY APPLE TREE has an average of thirty to fifty leaves to each apple.

ACCORDING TO THE DOLBEAR formula, if one subtracts forty from the number of cricket chirps a minute, divides the remainder by four and adds fifty to the result, he will be able to tell the temperature without a thermometer.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ORGAN is that just installed in Liverpool Cathedral, England. It has five rows of keys, 222 draw knobs, 168 stops, 10,934 pipes, and is played by an electric pneumatic action driven by motors requiring thirty-five horsepower. There are seventeen telephones from various parts to communicate with the man at the keys during tuning.

THE MOST COMMON FAMILY name in the United States is Smith, with a following of 1,304,200 persons. Johnson is next with 1,024,200; Brown, 730,500; Williams, 684,700; Jones, 658,300; Miller, 625,800; Davis, 537,900; Anderson, 477,300; Wilson, 422,300; Moore, 363,400.

DOLLAR BILLS SHOWERED GIRL shoppers in Boston recently as they were walking past the offices of an insurance company. Search of the building brought no information as to the owner of the money.

AUSTRALIA IS PRODUCING a new fruit called the cucumber apple for use in salads. Although it has the appearance of an apple, the flavor is said to be distinctly that of a cucumber.

NATIVES OF BOHEMIA BELIEVE Judas hanged himself on a willow tree, and that consequently this tree has a special attraction for suicides.

ALTHOUGH 450,000,000 horsepower from water is now available in the world, only about 30,000,000 horsepower is being utilized.

WHEN THE FAMOUS CLOCK IN St. Paul's Cathedral, London, broke down recently, a workman, watch in hand, was stationed in the tower to move the hands of the timepiece forward second by second.

FINLAND SO DISLIKES Bolshevism that forty red automobiles contained in an assignment from an American manufacturer had to be repainted before Finnish buyers would consider them.

THE STATE OF UTAH CONTAINS enough coal to supply the United States at the present rate of consumption for 250 years.

ALASKA, BOUGHT BY THE United States from Russia in 1867, has in the last sixty years yielded 183 times the amount paid for the territory. Salmon, gold, copper, furs, halibut, herring and cod are the principal products in the order of their importance.

DURING THE MAORI WAR OF 1860, rumor reached the native chiefs that the British commander's forces, waiting for the river steamships, was short of food. Under a flag of truce the chiefs sent down a fleet of boats laden with milch cows and other food, with a communication saying there was no glory in fighting hungry men.

POSSUM TROT, INDIANA, has a population of fourteen persons and twenty-eight dogs.

THE POSTAGE STAMP HAD its origin in Great Britain on May 6, 1840, the United States entering the field in 1847 with stamps of five-and-ten-cent denominations, engraved with portraits of Franklin and Washington respectively.

IN AN EFFORT TO ENCOURAGE scientific farming the Turkish Government has agreed to pay half the cost of every tractor bought by its farmers. Due to sparseness of population and lack of man power, only about one-fifth of Turkey's arable land is now being worked.

IMMIGRANTS TO THE United States will be shown Department of Agriculture film productions at ports of entry, acquainting them with American history, geography and agricultural methods.

NORTH ATLANTA, GEORGIA, maintains a Court of Conciliation from which lawyers are barred 'because they frequently clutter up the wheels of justice,' and where the litigants talk over their disputes with the judge, A. S. Libby, who is also mayor of the town. The plan has proved a success.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page continues the discussion of last week.

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The cover design this week, by Oliver Kemp, is the first of a series which will appear from time to time treating of the history of transportation.

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We sometimes hear of ecclesiastics who have been made 'Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King,' but to be chaplain-in-ordinary to a king of films is a still more responsible position. Dr. Barton gives his experiences as 'spiritual director' in the production of a notable Biblical picture at Hollywood. In such cases the most minute pictorial details must be historically and technically correct. Such is the painstaking realism of the modern movie! Dr. Barton takes us behind the films. (p. 1)

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Readers of modern novels are usually far from the truth in their visualization of the writer's personality, especially if the writer is a woman. May B. Whiting gives us an intimate picture of Ellen Glasgow, the author of *Barren Ground*. It shows the writer to be very charming and intensely human. (p. 3)

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'We fine the man who builds better and safer houses! And we fine the man who increases the manufacturing business of the nation, and increases the amount of wages that he pays, and who adds to the wealth and purchasing power of the country. We fine him by higher taxes.' Thus Charles Johnson Post, who makes a plea for taxation along saner and more scientific lines. (p. 4)

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We give a concise report of the second week's proceedings in the libel suit for $1,000,000 damages brought by Aaron Sapiro against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. (p. 6)

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Should books be our servants or our masters? We are so accustomed to 'sit at the feet' of books or, more strictly, at the feet of their authors that any other attitude seems wrong. But the printed page has its obligations and limitations. There are certain things it ought to do for us in order to justify its existence. It must not impose upon us. Its compilers are not all literary Gamaliels. (p. 8)

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Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, became a national figure through sheer force of personality. This is the more remarkable because she lived in the 17th Century, a period marked by civil wars in which women played no part except as playthings. Lucy Percy was one of the pioneers of the emancipation of women from feudal thralldom, although she herself did not realize that fact. Frances Holbrook Pfeiffer tells her romantic story. (p. 12)

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With the spring flowers comes baseball and with baseball there looms up the giants of the game. 'The Weiser Typhoon' is one of them. In a character sketch of Walter Johnson, H. G. Salsinger is at his best. (p. 14)

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Have we made too many sacrifices on the altar of the old-time craftsman? Donald A. Laird thinks so. He says that with a large expenditure of patience and time the old-time craftsman produced things that were more ornamental than useful, but for things that are both useful and ornamental produced at a fraction of the former cost he commends present-day methods. (p. 15)

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Did you ever come across the body of any wild creature of fur or feather that had died a natural death? Did you ever find in the woods a deer or a bear that had succumbed to senile decay? There used to be a barrack-room ballad of the Kipling type which declared that 'old soldiers never die; they simply fade away.' This seems to be the case with the creatures of the wilds. Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy has tried to elucidate this. (p. 16)

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People go to market in Africa just as they do here, and native women tramp many miles through the tropical forest with their weird collection of wares. You may buy anything from a pickled caterpillar to an elephant steak in these jungle emporiums, as related by Henri Galland, a French Government official who has studied the African Negro at close range. (p. 24)

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Our readers don't always agree in their opinions and criticisms. However, we have pleasure in giving both sides:

Paragould, Arkansas.

I have been taking THE INDEPENDENT for more than six years, and I have preserved every copy since. My wife and I take twenty-six journals and I think THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is 'the best of them all.' I don't take a single journal that I do not read. I have averaged nine hours a day, in reading, the last six years.

W. L. SKAGGS.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Occasionally my curiosity gets the better of me and I take the time to glance through THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

The little underhanded, untruthful insinuations that now and then appear regarding the conditions in Mexico have earned for the paper the title, Chronicler of Prejudiced Thought.

FRANK R. INGMAN.

Chicago, Illinois.

Although I am a teacher, farming is my hobby; and I think that more of your topics might well run along agricultural tastes. You do hit the Muscle Shoals graft on the head in post-maul fashion, and since I have recently seen that great plant lying idle in decay it surely struck home and would stir up any farmer who might see it.

Keep up the good work of constructive criticism that you so courageously have begun.

EMIL JOSI.

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Henri Galland

WILLIAM E. BARTON, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., has had a distinguished career as a preacher and writer and has toured the world. Through his profound knowledge of Bible history and ecclesiology he is eminently qualified to edit a Scriptural story film, his experiences of which he now relates.

MAY B. WHITING'S stories of life among the New England fishermen and sailors are well-known to our readers. Her interviews with literary celebrities are no less popular. Miss Whiting possesses in an eminent degree the art of telling a story about story-tellers.

CHARLES JOHNSON POST resides at Bayside, Long Island, New York. He is a son of Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor and is an able exponent of the Single Tax theory.

FRANCES HOLBROOK PFEIFFER lives in Los Angeles, California. She has made a special study of California history and has delved into odd corners of history in other countries. In this way she has unearthed much material of romantic and literary value.

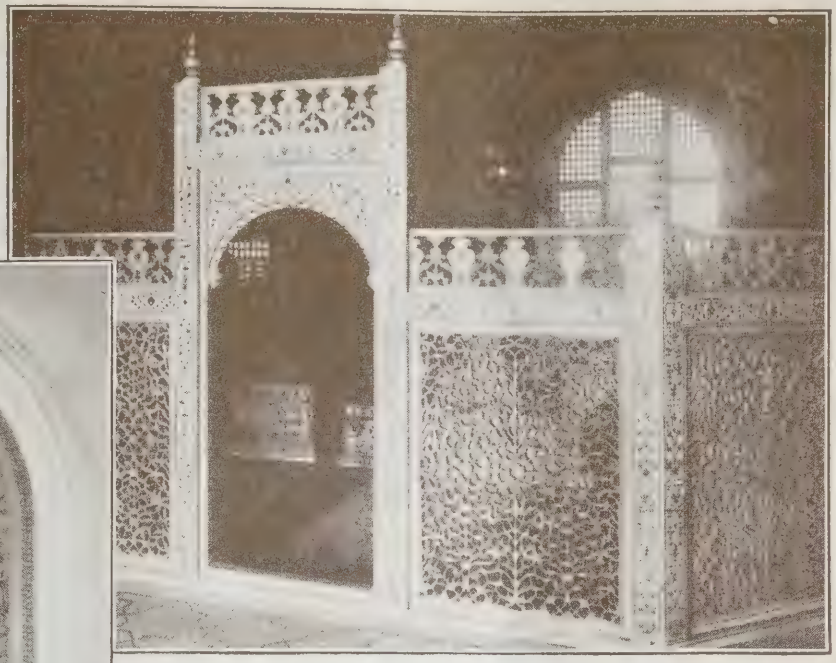
H. G. SALSINGER, sports editor of one of the big dailies, knows his baseball as well as any writer in the country. He is equally at home in treating of other outdoor recreations, and keeps a keen eye on the athletic world generally.

DONALD A. LAIRD is psychologist of Colgate University. His writings on psychological subjects have been widely read and he has contributed to our columns several popular articles in which the functions of the human senses form the main theme.

HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY is a native of Lancashire, England. After being graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the field of journalism and was for several years London correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Later he went to Boston and became associated with the *Monitor* as foreign editor and editorial writer. He has been since engaged in editorial work and special writing in New York and elsewhere. A few years ago Mr. Kennedy made a tour through Europe investigating economical and political conditions.

HENRI GALLAND is administrator of the Colonies of French Equatorial Africa. His experience in this capacity, in which he has had to perform the functions of judge and jury and court of appeals in native disputes and native affairs generally, has given him an extraordinary knowledge of the psychology and customs of the blacks.

Magnificent Gems of Man's Artistry



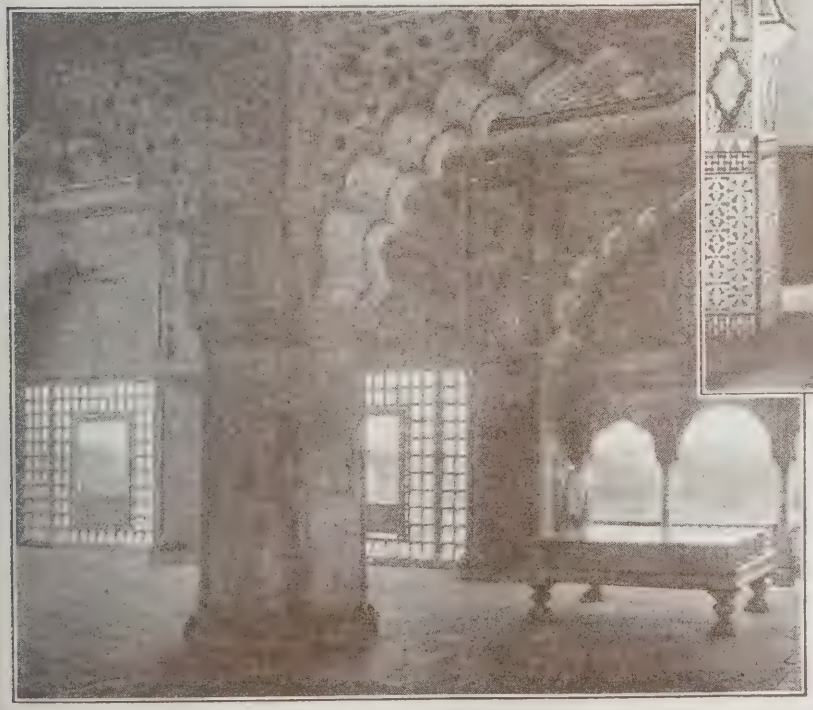
Interior view of the Taj Mahal, Agra, India. Tombs and marble grill, lighted by daylight filtered through translucent alabaster and alabaster screens. This is noted for its open tracery and inlaid work of unsurpassed beauty.

—*Harris and Ewing.*

Roger's bronze doors of the United States Capitol, largest on any public building in the world, were designed and modeled by Randolph Roger in 1858. They are never closed except on special occasions.

—*Publishers' Photo Service.*

Exquisite arabesques beautify the Court of the Maidens, the harem or central court of the Alcazar. Alcazar is a gem of Moorish architecture in Seville, Spain. It was originally a Moorish royal palace, founded in 1181.



Left—Hall of Private Audience at Delhi shows the wonderful inlaid marble decorations on which stood the Peacock Throne, symbolical of court life and splendor. This throne, set in priceless gems, was valued at $802,500,000.

B-41
THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE world has never yet come to the point where there was nothing to be done. In the most 'idle' times, when shops are closed and men are out of work, there is always much that should be done. This is a mystery:— With so much to be done, why should there be idle times? Solve this riddle and you will create a new earth.

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

APRIL 16, 1927 Five Cents a Copy

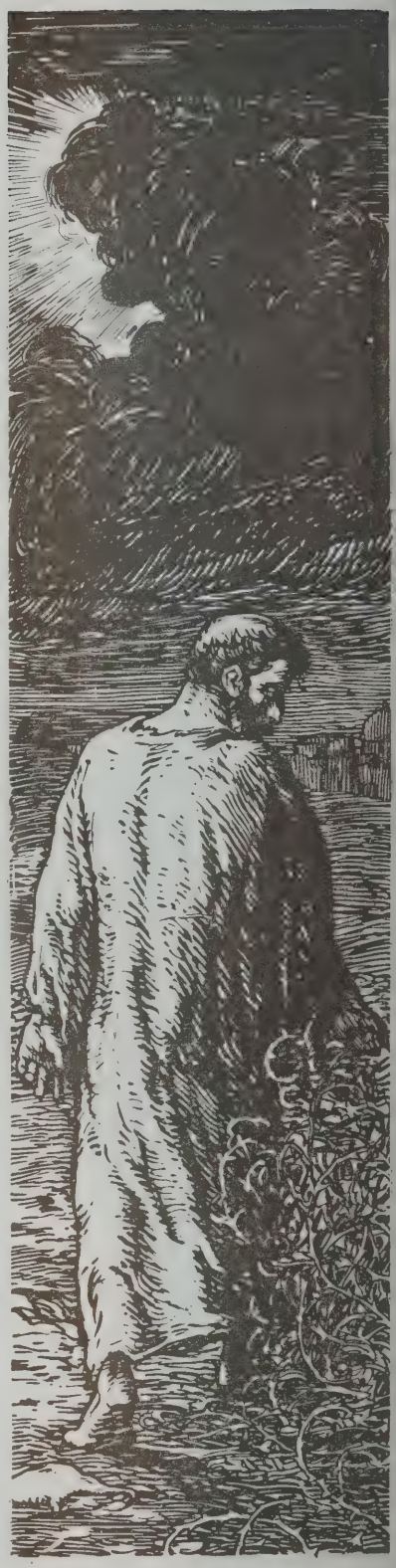
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

JUDAS

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THEY called Him King; and I would have no King:
Let all be equal, I, let none be best.
Why should the weakling John be ever pressed
Against His bosom, Peter urged to fling
His clumsy zeal about, while I must bring,
Forsooth, the bag behind, and feed the rest,
Never be praised or flattered or caressed,
Although so watchful in my stewarding?

They called Him Son of God. In rage I saw
This vain idolatry. Was I not wise,
Not honest, not in truth administering
The holy precepts of our sacred law?—
Oh, God! Those pleading, tender, earnest eyes!
Oh, God! Oh, God! why did I do this thing?



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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1927

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Number 26

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Roman Debate *on the* Agitator *of* Galilee

By MURRAY GODWIN

Illustrated by R. S. McMULLIN

DISCUSSION arose in the Roman Senate about A. D. 40 over an occurrence which ordinarily would have escaped notice in the Imperial City.

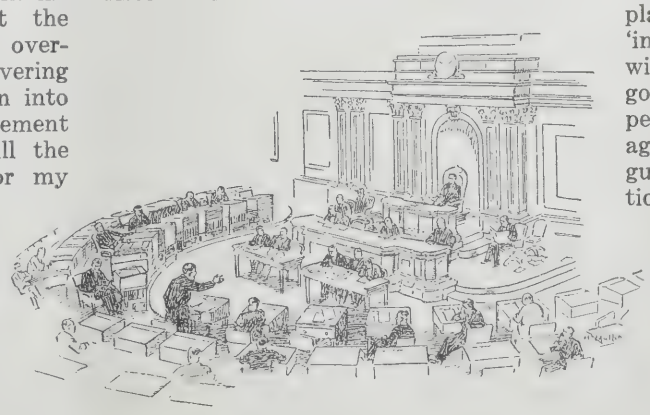
On a pleasantly warm spring afternoon, the statesmen were dozing in their seats, while a monotonous account was read of the expense of building a fortified aqueduct somewhere in Gaul. As the reading was completed, a white-haired, tall, and sinewy figure demanded and was given the floor.

Senator Bora, from Idajo, a remote Iberian province, was not unknown to the imperial political world. On the contrary, perpetually angered (it was said) by the consciousness that his constituency was in all likelihood the most poverty-stricken in the Empire, he had managed to make himself generally obnoxious by his balking and quibbling on a score of unimportant issues.

'It has come to my attention,' declared the Senator from Idajo in his customarily acrid voice, 'that the imperial governor of Judea has overstepped his lawful powers by delivering a Galilean agitator for execution into the hands of the Conservative element in the city of Jerusalem. Will the Imperial Spokesman explain for my benefit this unofficial and unwarranted collusion of a Roman colonial governor with those who wish to rid themselves of their enemies in a purely local, purely Jewish quarrel?'

Some of the members stirred uneasily, others shifted their paunches into a position which allowed them to stare peevishly at the speaker, who stood in the rear of the house. B. Taurus Celogus, Imperial Spokesman, rose affably in the imperial gallery to the right of the rostrum. Imperial Governor Pilate, he informed the irate senator, had forwarded an account of the incident in question. Contrary to the senator's assertion, Governor Pilate had recognized the purely local nature of the case, and had simply declared it outside of his jurisdiction. The Imperial Spokesman hoped that the Senator from Idajo would accept the qualifying facts brought forward by the government, and with their aid bring his conception into concordance with justice and truth.

As B. Taurus Celogus seated himself, sly chuckles at Senator Bora's discomfiture arose from the members whose sleep had been disturbed. The Senator from Idajo, however, retained the floor.



'I cannot,' he said, 'follow the recommendation of the Imperial Spokesman in view of the fact that the imperial governor of Judea, according to authentic reports, had the agitator in question scourged, crowned with thorns, clothed in a purple garment, and insulted by a detail of soldiers from the troop attached to his headquarters, previous to "declaring the case outside his jurisdiction." '

B. Taurus Celogus rose again.

'That phase of the affair is covered in a separate section of the report,' he said, 'for the very good reason that it has really no connection with the subject of this discussion. The fact is that the agitator in question was chastised because of his disregard of the etiquette prescribed for those brought before imperial colonial officials.'

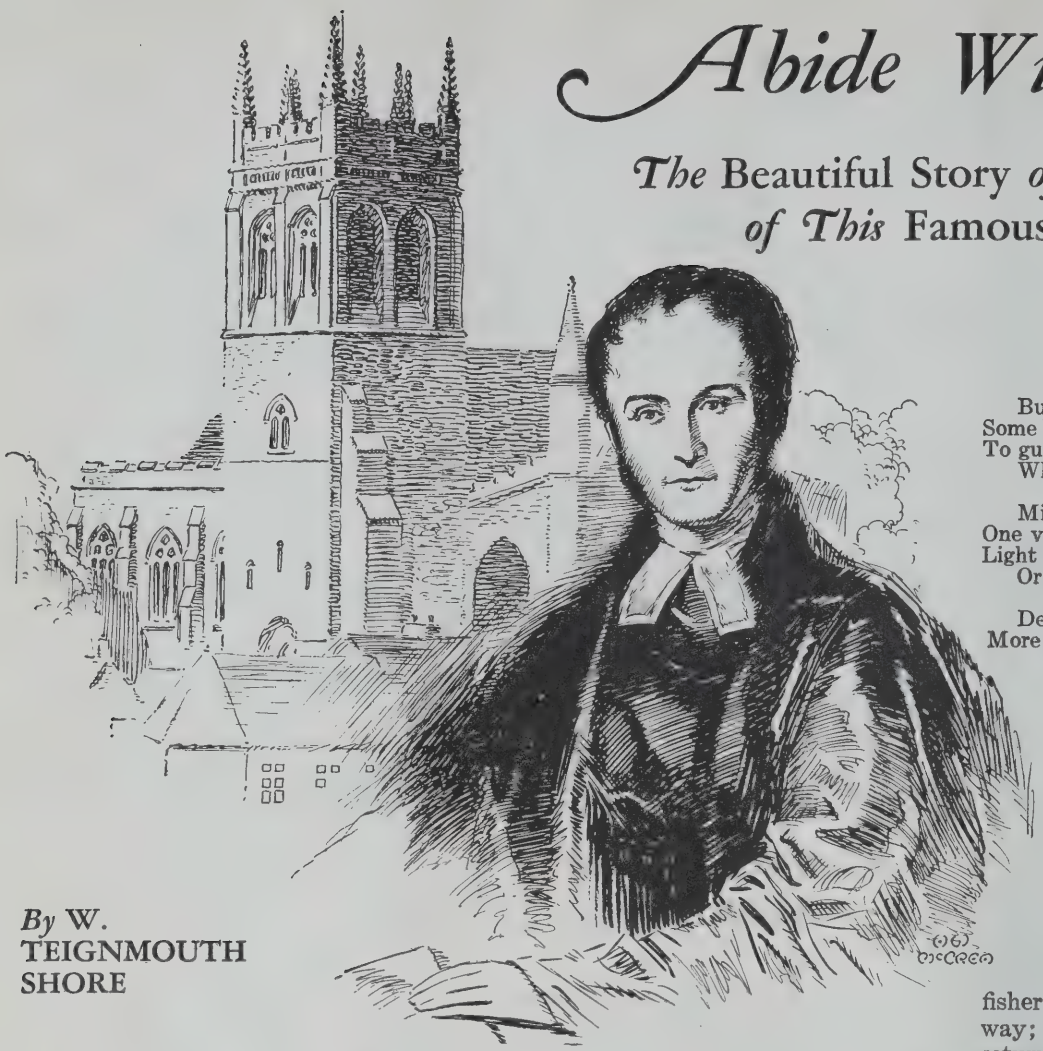
The Senator from Idajo still held the floor.

'That does not sound altogether plausible to me,' he asserted, 'in view of the fact that reliable witnesses declare troops from the governor's headquarters to have performed the arrest of the Galilean agitator, and afterward to have guarded him during his examinations before the Jewish high priest Caiaphas, the overseer of Galilee Herod and Governor Pilate, and also during the journeyings which these examinations necessitated.'

B. Taurus Celogus rose once more. (*Continued on page 18*)

Abide With Me

The Beautiful Story of the Writing of This Famous Hymn



By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

IT WAS lately my pleasure and profit to have a long talk with the great-grandson of the writer of this most famous hymn. He showed me the first manuscript of 'Abide With Me,' here reproduced; written in a neat, clear handwriting on two sides of a sheet of writing paper. It was the last hymn composed by the Reverend Henry Francis Lyte, who was the first vicar of the church of All Saints, Lower Brixham, in Devonshire, not far from Torquay, and between the sea and the wind-whipped heights of Dartmoor.

Before I tell you the story of the writing of the hymn, I ask you to read carefully the manuscript. It is not, as it usually is taken to be, a hymn of departing day; it is a hymn of the evening of life, the end of our days, and was written by the poet some six weeks before his death, which followed a long and painful illness. It was not consumption, as is sometimes asserted, but asthma. Comparing the manuscript with the hymn as now generally printed, it will be seen that there are some variations; as for example: in the second line the word 'thickens' has been changed to 'deepens,' which does not seem to me to be so expressive; and the first line of the last verse is 'Hold "then" thy cross,' now it is 'thou,' instead of 'then.' In a corner of the paper I found in the author's handwriting, jotted down in pencil, 'Cant. 2:17.' This gives the source of the inspiration of the last words of the last line but one of the hymn, the text referred to reading, 'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

Some eight years before his death Lyte wrote a poem, which proved to be pathetically prophetic and which is in itself so beautiful as to be well worth quoting, especially as it is so little known:

Declining Days

I would not be the wave
That swells and ripples up to yonder shore,
That drives impulsive on, the wild wind's slave,
And breaks, and is no more.

I would not be the breeze
That murmurs by me in its viewless play,
Bends the light grass, and flutters in the trees,
And sighs and flits away.

No! not like wave or wind
Be my career across the earthly scene;
To come and go, and leave no trace behind
To say that I have been.

I want not vulgar fame—
I seek not to survive in brass or stone;
Hearts may not kindle when they hear my name,
Nor tears my value own.

But might I leave behind
Some blessing for my fellows, some fair trust
To guide, to cheer, to elevate my kind
When I was in the dust.

Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart;
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart.

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod;
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men
Or glorify my God!

O Thou! whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swanlike, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die!

And it was so granted to him:

For a quarter of a century he worked hard among the fisher folk at Brixham; his health gave way; and after two winters abroad, he returned, in 1847, a dying man.

Brixham stands by the sea; an old-world little town, perched upon the hillside; one of the most beautiful spots in a most lovely part of England. Half-a-mile away from the town, upon a prominent foreland, is Berry Hill House, where Lyte dwelt and which was given to him by William IV. The little harbor is frequented by trawlers, and is the gathering place of innumerable white-winged gulls. Often the sea, over which there are glorious views, is bathed in color, the reflection of the sunset behind the heights of Dartmoor.

It was evident that the Reverend Mr. Lyte could not face the coming winter and must again seek a kinder clime; his departure for the South of France was fixed for Monday, September the fifth. On Sunday morning he told his wife and children that he would once again preach in his church; a 'farewell' sermon, he called it—and so it proved to be. They tried to dissuade him, saying that his strength would not permit, or rather his weakness, but he was firm-fixed in his intention. So, for the last time, he spoke and administered the Holy Sacrament to the fisherfolk he loved so well and who held him in their hearts. This tall, worn, sweet-faced man, who had served them so well. There was breathless silence and profound

(*Continued on page 19*)

Straightening Out the ALIEN Tangle

A Chat With the Chairman of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

AMENDMENTS to both the Immigration and Naturalization laws which a few years ago would have been considered revolutionary are being considered,' said Representative Albert Johnson, chairman of the powerful Immigration and Naturalization Committee of the House, 'but none of this important legislation can be reached at the present session of Congress. There are now before Congress some one hundred bills affecting immigration ranging in their demands from the removal of all restraints to the registration of all aliens, and a strong effort is being made to repeal the "national origin" section of the present quota law in its entirety.

'The national-origin section provides that the present quota allotment, based upon two per cent of each nationality in this country in 1890, shall expire July 1, 1927, when it shall be replaced by quotas based upon the national origin of the population of continental United States in 1920. This would reduce the present maximum admissions from 164,667 as now fixed to 150,000 after July 1, and would operate to increase the quotas from Great Britain and Northern Ireland by eighty-five per cent and to reduce admissions from Germany, Irish Free State, the Scandinavian countries as well as some of the Balkan States by about seventy-five per cent below their present allotment.

IT WILL be seen, therefore, that the greatest reductions would occur in the quotas of the Anglo-Saxon race from Germany, Irish Free State and the Scandinavian peninsula. To overcome this defect and minimize the danger of such drastic exclusion of an assimilable people, the Immigration Committee proposes the enaction of a discretionary clause permitting the admission of a "requested" allotment, restricted to the particular countries mentioned, irrespective of quota allowances and based upon agricultural, employment and development needs of the nation. Such admissions would be limited to sixty-six per cent of the established quota allotment in any one year and, in connection with the adoption of the national-origin quota as of 1920, should it become a law, would go far toward eliminating that racial dissatisfaction which, with the inaction of the present law, led to widespread charges of discrimination in favor of the so-called Nordic races.

'The law requires that the President shall announce the national origin quotas by April 1, 1927, failing which the present law shall remain in effect for another year. The committee composed of the Secretaries of State, Commerce and Labor has, however, met with almost insurmountable difficulty in calculating true percentages owing to the absence of immigration statistics prior to 1850 and, for this reason alone, it will be a practical impossibility to adopt a new quota this year irrespective of the constantly growing opposition from Irish, German and Scandinavian nationals and their descendants already here.

THERE are in the United States today approximately one million men who had effected illegal entrance to the country prior to July 1, 1924, and who because of their inability to prove regular admission are, in truth, men without a country. The overwhelming majority of these have already proved their worth to the nation. Thousands are taxpayers, exemplary residents and parents of natural-born Americans, virtually bound to the country by ties of blood. An innovation in naturalization legislation is in process of completion by the Immigration and Naturalization Committee which would enfranchise this large percentage of our adult population by an amendment providing for:

1. A formal declaration of arrival.
2. Payment of the head tax in lieu of a fine.
3. Automatic naturalization upon declaration of intention and compliance with the above provisions.

'Such an amendment would at once correct an inequitable situation and at the same time satisfy the law, since no benefit may now accrue to the United States by withholding the franchise from this law-abiding element of the population who are under no circumstances subject to deportation; whose primary infraction of law has been nullified by the statute of limitations; and who have already been penalized by long years of political ostracism.

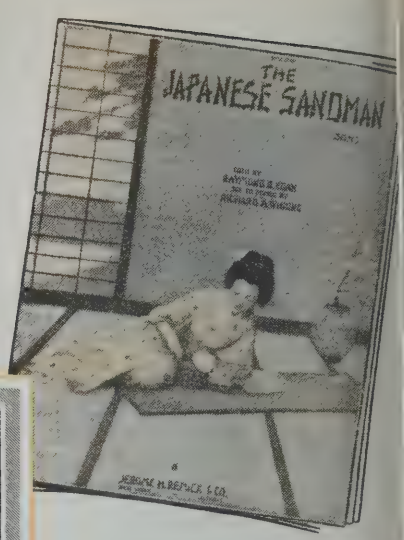
'Action upon this measure must, however, be delayed pending the passage of the Deportation Act now before Congress which extends the time limit under which deportation may be effected from five to seven years, and provides for deportation of criminals upon conviction thus saving the commonwealth expensive maintenance charges during long terms of imprisonment. This bill has already passed the House but is apparently encountering obstructive tactics in the Senate. The measure confers adequate jurisdiction upon the Immigration Court for final disposition of cases, thus relieving congestion on calendars and hastening departmental procedure. Since there are now some twenty-five thousand alien criminals included among the million irregular entrants whom it is proposed to enfranchise, it is obvious that the Committee will withhold action upon the naturalization amendment until the deportation act has been passed. It is in this connection that the value of registration of aliens would be demonstrated as an infallible means of detecting and apprehending illegal entrants, providing at once a safeguard to the legitimate immigrant and an effective obstacle to the smuggled alien.

THE Immigration and Naturalization Committee is in favor of providing preferential admission to wives and minor children of all United States citizens, *including natural-born Asiatics*,' continued Chairman Johnson, *'but only within quota provisions.* It has been the experience of the Committee that any slightest relaxation has been followed at once by subversive activities intended immediately to weaken the law and eventually to break down all restrictive provisions. Ample evidence of the constant assaults that are being made upon immigration laws by radical groups seeking to impose their will upon the nation is furnished by the multitude of bills now before Congress seeking to abrogate the quota law in favor of not only wives and children, but mothers and fathers, grandparents, and relatives of lesser degrees of kindred, as well as fiancés.

'Mexican immigration must also receive the early attention of the Committee, but anticipated objections from the State Department at this time may somewhat delay this action. There can be no doubt, however, that both Mexico and Canada would welcome any tightening of our laws which would operate to keep their national labor within their own borders, but our combined efforts cannot approximately complete this program during the present session of Congress.'

He Never Wrote a 'SHADY' SONG—and Never Will

By NORMAN BEASLEY



HERE is a fellow who has made a success of popular songs—a world success with one—and has written nothing but clean stuff.

The song—'Till We Meet Again.'

The composer—Richard A. Whiting.

The publisher's records on this song show that more than six million copies have been sold; in addition, more than three million phonograph records of it have been made. The strange part of it is that the lyrics and the melody were shuffled around for more than a year prior to production—shuffled around largely because Whiting didn't care a great deal about the composition.

As he tells it:

'Raymond Egan wrote the lyrics and gave them to me. I developed a melody but neither of us could get a title. Finally Egan suggested "*Auf Wiedersehen*" and we decided on that. Then along came the war and we translated the German words into their American meaning of "Till We Meet Again."

'I liked the idea—I will say that—but, at the same time I wasn't extremely worked up over it. I put the song in its finished, although drafted, form in my desk. "Future reference" was in my mind. Then, one day, one of the singers for the publishing house for which I was working came to me and said he wanted a war song.

'"What for?" I asked.

'"One of the Detroit theaters is conducting a song contest next week and I have been invited."

'"I haven't any war songs," I told him. "You know everything I've got, except—wait a minute," and I reached in my desk and pulled out the copy of "Till We Meet Again" and handed it to him. He looked it over, hummed the melody and became enthusiastic. "I'll try this," he said grinning, and went out of the office.

'The contest started on Monday night and after it was over the singer telephoned me saying:

'"The song is a knock-out. It received the greatest number of votes."

'That night, the song repeated as a vote catcher and on Wednesday captured the honors at the matinée as well as the evening performance. The following morning I went to the publisher and told him what had happened. He was skeptical, and said he didn't want to take the risk of printing the song. I pleaded with him and finally he agreed to print a few hundred copies. Those copies went off the music stands in a hurry and I went to New York to see our eastern representative. I played the song for him but he turned it down. Refused to order any copies. I felt pretty blue because I felt that a song, to be a hit, had to "go" in New York. When I returned to Detroit I learned that the demand had spread and a week or two later our Chicago representative reported that he couldn't fill his orders.

'From Chicago and from Detroit that song

(Continued on page 21)

—D. D. Spellman Photo.

Richard A. Whiting and some of his well-known compositions.

Will the Democratic Nomination *Be Worth* Fighting For?

By a Member of the Press Gallery at Washington

IN A fit of anger James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, once declared that no Republican would be so poor as to accept the nomination for President at the hands of his party in the coming convention, and that he himself wouldn't take it on a gold platter. His ire was aroused by the action of a Republican Senate in increasing high tariff duties to a still higher figure.

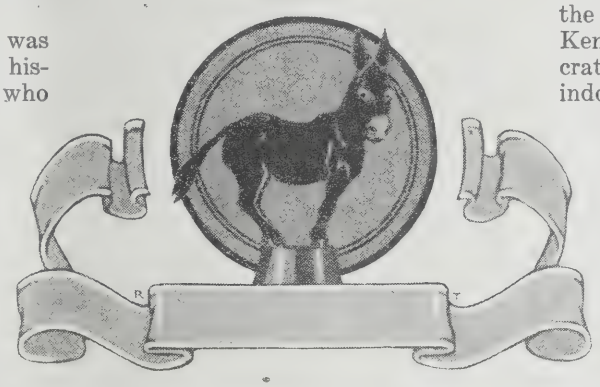
Mr. Blaine's augury of disaster was well founded, but that is ancient history. Today it is the Democrats who seem to be in the position Mr. Blaine described, so that only the Colonel Sellers' type of partisan and the congenital optimists can see a silver lining to the clouds. The internal conflict appears quite as irrepressible and as impervious to compromise as was the quarrel over slavery that brought ruin to the party in 1860, and that later strife over free silver coinage which led to three defeats under Bryan.

The present difficulties grow out of a moral issue as in 1860, only it is prohibition now instead of human slavery that is responsible for the schism. Wet Democrats in the Northeastern States look toward the South, knowing well that their traditional allies will fight to the last ditch against putting the standard of Democracy in the hands of a wet candidate, no matter who he may be.

THE most important of the Southern States, and the most powerful politically, is Texas, which is indisputably bone dry. It is overwhelmingly Democratic, it glories in its solidarity, and yet many thousands of its voters would go over to the Republicans rather than forsake their prohibition principles. The same adherence to party can be predicted as to all of the cotton-growing states, with the exception of North Carolina, and as to Tennessee the peril would be graver, for Tennessee, it will be recalled, gave its electoral support to Harding.

Considering the dominance of the drys in the South it may seem curious that this region has no favorite of its own under whom it would enlist with enthusiasm in the next quadrennial struggle. In 1920 and four years later its leaders buoyantly acclaimed W. G. McAdoo. He was their hope and pride at San Francisco and New York, but his erstwhile followers are no longer filled with any prospect of victory. Their champion, however, is not wholly in eclipse, and it is his persistence as a factor in the destinies of his party that complicates the outlook.

With a view of eliciting opinion from a high source inside the Democratic ranks the question that forms the caption of this article was fired point-blank at one of the acknowledged leaders, a veteran of national fame, the gist of whose reply ran in this wise:



'As matters are today it does not appear that the nomination will be worth fighting for, and the holding of a convention will be superfluous except to go through the regular forms and hold the organization together. Politics does occasionally produce some startling surprises, but it will require an amazing change of the popular mind to break Republican domination of the Government, especially if Mr. Coolidge is the candidate. A close study of the electoral figures reveals slight hope for our side. Of course, from the standpoint of the cheerful partisan prognosticator our candidate can get the necessary 266 votes that will put him in the White House with the greatest ease. He will figure it about like this: Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas will furnish 136 votes, or just 100 short of the winning number. Then New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts will swell that total to 220. On top of this the border states of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri will do their bit, augmenting the score to 259, to which Colorado and Arizona will cheerfully contribute 8 more, making a grand total of 277 or one more than is really required.

'It is a simple affair to elect our man on paper, but unfortunately the figures are based on hope rather than on the logic of the situation. Even if Governor Smith were running it is hard to visualize his success in the New England section, though to give him New York is sound reckoning, nor is it a wild prediction to add New Jersey. As to the border states the chances strongly favor the Republicans in two of the three, Kentucky and Missouri, if the Democratic nominee be a wet. Missouri has indorsed four Republican Chief Executives, Roosevelt, Taft, Harding and Coolidge, and Harding carried Kentucky in 1920. Maryland is pretty safe for the wet Democrats because of its liberal liquor views.

'But finally and worst of all is the southern prospect. The solidarity of that region is not proof against all kinds of provocation, and to name a northern wet or, as they term it in Dixie, a nullifier of the Constitution, would be provocation of the worst sort. Extreme partisans as are the Texans, 200,000 of their Democratic men and women in 1924 voted for the Republican gubernatorial candidate against Ma Ferguson. The loss of Oklahoma to the Democrats is much more to be feared since the party majority is considerably less and Oklahoma's population would easily respond to appeals based on matters of religion.

IF PRESENT conditions are any criterion the next race will not be close enough to prove interesting, paralleling in this respect the last two campaigns, but what else can be expected when Democrats are so miserably divided? Numerically they are the weaker party anyway, and when its major groups are rent by disunion the case is hopeless. Realizing their own lack of unity the delegates will assemble in the next National Convention in no buoyant temper, no amiable spirit, for the differences that separate them now will be intensified rather than modified by midsummer of 1928.'

This may be described as expert political diagnosis.

Whether the threatened split in the minority might not lead to a bolt and the putting out of two Democratic tickets, as in 1896, was also canvassed and the same authority declared that such an outcome was highly probable.

Transient Impressions of MEXICO

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THERE was a little boy standing on the curbstone in Mexico City selling papers. He was with his older brother, and could not have been more than five years old.

My friend, Bill Thomas the missionary, accosted the smiling little fellow, and, holding out a bright silver peso (half a dollar in our money), said, 'Can you change a peso for me, sir?'

I heard a peal of childish laughter, and turned from the shop window into which I was looking.

That child's face registered as keen an appreciation of a joke as I have ever seen in an adult. He was so amused at the American assuming that a Mexican boy could change a piece of money so big as that.

'That boy has a real sense of humor,' I said to my friend.

'They all have. It's a characteristic of the race, from childhood to old age. They certainly have a keen sense of humor.'

IF I live for a hundred years and see faces of children of every race and color, no single face and no mass of childish faces shall ever obscure that of the ingenuous laughing Mexican newsboy. It was refreshingly amusing that the tot could see a joke though only five years old.

Another time I talked with a pulque gatherer. He was a man of the more humble class who go about each day with a large bag made of the skin of a pig or goat on their shoulders. (In collecting the juice from the pulque, the native inserts a tube in the plant and by making a vacuum with his lips draws the juice into the skin.)

I said to this man, through an interpreter, 'How much of that stuff would you have to drink until you got to where, when you went home, you wouldn't be afraid of your wife?'

He looked at me, with simple candor in his eyes, and said, 'Why should one ever be afraid of his wife?'

There isn't any such condition in Mexican social life. The Mexican woman is humble, obedient, and servile before her husband. He is a dominating fellow and he makes his womenfolk stand around. The women are accustomed to this, and take it as a matter of course.

There is more of a respect of child for parent than we have in our own country. The Mexican or Spanish boy never thinks of coming into the house or going out of it without kissing his mother as a mark of respect. It is beautiful to see the reverence of a son for his mother.

One of the customs, manifest on every street of every city and village in Mexico, is that of the Mexican wife bringing her husband's dinner to him, and then sitting down under a friendly tree to eat with him. No wife ever thinks of eating alone. She laughs, chats, and smokes with her husband in perfect comradeship.

There are thieves in Mexico. No one doubts that. They will steal anything that is loose. Even the couplings of a railroad car are not safe overnight. Every brakeman is held responsible for bringing in the rubber air brake hose when he leaves his train. If he does not it will be gone in the morning. Poor people steal these rubber connections out of which to make shoes. Automobile tires serve the same purpose.

Whenever there is an auto smashup one will see a policeman watching the wreck until it is removed, which is often not for several days. Guard is kept on the car night and day or every removable piece of it would be stolen, even if it were on the main street of Mexico City.

I talked with one American merchant who had two thousand shoes stolen one night, in spite of the fact that he had two guards on the job. He later learned that the guards had done the thieving and he was desperately trying to find an honest man in Mexico so that he could protect his goods. He had long since given up any hope of getting protection from the police department, he said.

But the Mexicans are about the most friendly and hospitable people I have met with on the face of the earth.

'Good morning. How may I serve you?' is the equivalent of their greeting, and 'Goodby. May God protect you!' is the spirit of their farewell to you.

A well-dressed Mexican will go five squares out of his way to see that you find the right direction to a certain location. It is a universal trait, one of service, kindness and courtesy.

Yet they are passionate, hot, and deadly in anger.

I saw two taxi-drivers fighting. Each ripped something from his car for a weapon. One had a number plate, the other, a long wrench, and they fought to kill. There was no doubt of that. A policeman stopped them but both were taken to the hospital seriously wounded.

It is a curious sight to see a Mexican army on the move. The whole family goes along. I saw one man who ha eight in his party. They live on to and inside of box cars, cooking thei meals en route.

One morning I went through one o the central Mexican Government rail way stations and a troop train wa there. There were about ten box car and they were literally swarming wit women and children, on top of the cars inside, and in between. I was told that it was a troop train but I couldn't see a soldier, for the camp followers hid all uniformed men. There were surely twice as many women and children as soldiers. The Mexican soldier will not go without his family.

A digger who had been employed by Professor William Nevin, the archeologist, had deserted from the army. It seemed that when the Carranza army ran into a group of Zapastists this man disappeared.

HE was apprehended and sentenced to die. The appeal came to Professor Nevin, who called some friends and they went to see the officials.

After some parley the professor said, 'How much will it cost to get José off from this sentence? I don't want you to lose anything by having to arrest him and everything like that.'

After some further talk it was decided that ten pesos would be a reasonable fee and that José might be released from the death penalty if some kind friend would advance that much. Professor Nevin was the kind friend. He saved José's life.

I have told this story because it sums up several Mexican characteristics, not the least interesting of which is the small value placed on a human life.

I do not say that the Mexican is either good or bad.

I know that he is hot and passionate, as a lover; but I also know that he is faithful and kindly as a husband and a father and that there exists between man and wife in Mexico as fine a comradeship as I have ever seen.

I know that he is selfish in his position as commander-in-chief of the home and that the woman is servile in his presence, but I also know that he will starve before he will allow his children to go hungry.

I know that he is dangerous when he is angry but I also know that in his heart of hearts he is genuinely religious.

Down yonder in Mexico there are not only gold, silver, and gems, but there is the never-failing interest of comedy and tragedy, smiles and romance. There is not another country like it in the world. It is a romantic blend of the old and the new.

We Learn to PLAY by Watching

By H. G. SALSINGER

FOR years the United States has been accused of being lazy. It is, according to popular belief, a coun- whose people hate to exercise and o would much rather sit and watch ers do the exercising, a country that s in for sport, but merely as specta- s.

Those who advance this opinion k it up with newspapers and box- ce figures. They will show you that nething like 15,000,000 people paid see football games last season, that ,000,000 and more people watched jor league baseball and several llion more attended minor league nes, that 9,000,000 or more attended xing matches, a few million followed f matches, and that other sports ed several million more spectators.

They will point to the newspapers d call your attention to the sports ges. Here the reading matter deals h a select few. The stories in these wspapers concern a limited number athletes and a limited number of ms. Consequently, the man who intains that we are growing soft and generating is convinced that he has nclusive evidence to back his asser- n.

N A measure the contentions are rrect. It is true that we have been ending more and more money at the x offices. Attendance in all sports has creased tremendously, especially in e last few years. Millions watch the ented professionals and amateurs t, at the same time, an increased mber of men, women and children ve started to engage in sports them- ves.

Every two years the Department Commerce takes a census of the nufacturers of sports goods. The port for 1925 was recently issued. shows that the factory wholesale lue of sports goods manufactured in 25 was $42,569,278. This amount fers to such products as boxing ves, punching bags, dumb-bells, ercising machines and other gymna- m equipment; baseball, football, ckey, basketball, tennis, golf and lo goods; fishing tackle, clay-pigeon ps, decoys, skates, snowshoes, to- boggans, et cetera. The manufacture of firearms and ammunition is not included.

The value of athletic and sporting goods manufactured in 1925 shows an increase of 7.5 over that manufactured in 1923 and the census this year will show an even higher increase over 1925.

No attempt is made to estimate the amount of money spent on sports in the United States. It is millions over the manufacturers' figures on goods alone. Club fees, transportation and other items enter into the account and no one can come near a definite figure.

AS MORE people become interested in sports from a competitive angle, the size of paid attendance will naturally increase. A man who plays baseball becomes interested in seeing the men who play it better than anyone else. Those who play tennis want to see the best players perform.

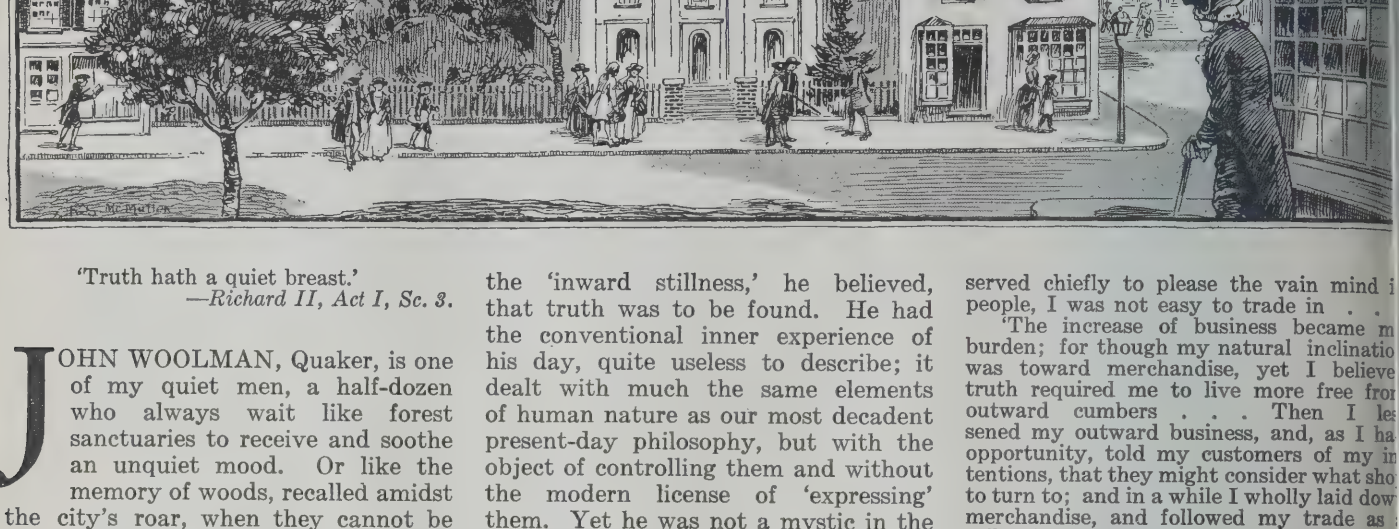
Golf drew more people to its leading two tournaments, the National Open and the National Amateur, in 1926, than in any previous year but on the date when nearly 15,000 spectators paid for the privilege of seeing George Von Elm dethrone Bobby Jones as the amateur champion at Baltusrol last September a few million other men and women were playing golf on several hundred courses in the United States. On the following morning the newspapers carried columns that told the story of Von Elm's triumph but not a line was devoted to the few million others who played on the same day.

Newspapers deal only with the headliners of sports. It is obvious why they are limited to headliners. There is not enough print paper manufactured in a year to deal adequately with the sports activities of the millions in a single day.

Little space is given to basketball in the columns of the newspapers and still there are thousands of teams playing every day from the beginning of autumn until spring is on its way. Indiana alone has 781 school teams. There are many amateur and semi-professional hockey teams, but the headlines go to the crack college and the professional teams. It is estimated that more than 3,000,000 people play golf, with the number increasing rapidly. At least 1,000,000 play tennis. Soccer, a comparatively new game, at least in most sections of the country, has more than 250,000 players in the United States. Last season there were nearly 350,000 school and college football players. More than 5,000 competitors tried for honors at the last Pennsylvania Relay Games and more than 7,000 were in competition at one New York school meet. Swimming has thousands who prefer it to any other sport. Handball is still one of the most popular pastimes. Rowing and sailing in summer, skiing and skating in winter, are being indulged in more frequently and by more patrons than at any previous time.

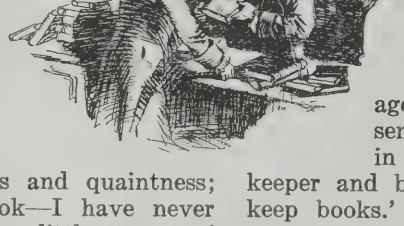
THE newspaper headlines have been only for the few. The attendance figures have mounted to proportions unbelievable twenty or even ten years ago. But the widespread publicity has had its reaction and this is shown on the fields of play. While the attendance at each important sport event showed an increase, this advancing interest developed what may be called a desire for self-expression. Having watched others perform, the spectators developed a desire to perform themselves. While the names of these millions do not creep into the headlines, or in the type beneath the headlines, we venture to say that they get a great deal more fun out of sports than the crack amateurs and professionals for whom the ballyhoo is sounded.

A Quiet Shelf Man



'Truth hath a quiet breast.'
—*Richard II, Act I, Sc. 3.*

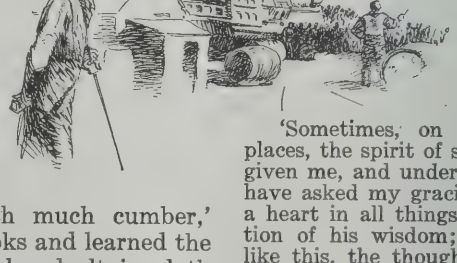
JOHN WOOLMAN, Quaker, is one of my quiet men, a half-dozen who always wait like forest sanctuaries to receive and soothe an unquiet mood. Or like the memory of woods, recalled amidst the city's roar, when they cannot be reached. And he has this quality, that one need not read him as a daily remembrancer, to renew the flavor of his influence. One makes his acquaintance once for all in *The Journal of John Woolman*, and the man stands firm thereafter, a fountain of quiet in one's private memory. He was not in any sense a man of letters, yet he produced a classic, full of Quaker quietness and quaintness; not a quotable book—I have never seen it quoted; it is a little stream of silence and peace which once bathed in refreshes the mind with something that remains.



'Get the writings of John Woolman by heart,' said Charles Lamb; I can endorse the suggestion if we underscore *by heart;* it is the only way to get them. Tonight, while running over the *Journal* again, I see for the first time how easily the head might be vexed were it set on to judge the matter. My heart was chilled for an instant by imagining what a cleverly malicious opposing counsel could do with the *Journal* as a document. And I was further shaken by realizing that John Woolman's own life, in which he achieved the secret of quietness, was not so outwardly quiet as I had fancied. However, I might have known that; fussy folk are usually sheltered ones, while quietness is hammered out on the anvil of the world.

It was in John Woolman's mind from the first to master the technique of quietness because it was only in the 'inward stillness,' he believed, that truth was to be found. He had the conventional inner experience of his day, quite useless to describe; it dealt with much the same elements of human nature as our most decadent present-day philosophy, but with the object of controlling them and without the modern license of 'expressing' them. Yet he was not a mystic in the stricter sense and he developed no system. My wonder grows to find how great was his preoccupation with the outer world, the world of custom and events. He did not withdraw from the passing scene; he only withdrew its right to master him.

'Being now in the twenty-first year of my age, with my father's consent I engaged with a man, in much business as a shopkeeper and baker, to tend shop and keep books.' John Woolman would never have said that his real work was thinking and that he only tended shop and kept books to pay expenses. No; being in business, *that* was his field. 'About the twenty-third year of my age . . . I felt renewed engagements that in all things I might act on an inward principle of virtue, and pursue worldly business no further than as truth opened my way.' But John, 'perceiving merchandise to be attended with much cumber,' left the shop and books and learned the trade of tailor; he also dealt in cloth and trimmings in a small way on the side. Apparently he was a good business man—true prophets usually are—but the business he wanted was a *good* business in quite another sense.



'It had been my general practice to buy and sell things really useful. Things that served chiefly to please the vain mind i people, I was not easy to trade in . .

'The increase of business became m burden; for though my natural inclinatio was toward merchandise, yet I believe truth required me to live more free fro outward cumbers . . . Then I le sened my outward business, and, as I ha opportunity, told my customers of my in tentions, that they might consider what sho to turn to; and in a while I wholly laid dow merchandise, and followed my trade as tailor by myself . . .

'In merchandise it is the custom wher I lived to sell chiefly on credit, and poo people often get in debt; when payment i expected, not having wherewith to pay, thei creditors often sue for it at law. Havin frequently observed occurrences of thi kind, I found it good for me to advise poo people to take such goods as were mos useful, and not costly . . .

'Though trading in things useful is a honest employ, yet through the great num bers of superfluities that are bought an sold, and through the corruption of th times, they who apply to merchandise for a living have great need to be well experience in that precept . . . "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

A highly cultivated and inquiring conscience is a clamorous thing, certainly not by itself a source of quietness, and this was the sort of conscience John Woolman's was. If he could not sell gewgaws to the poor because it was a waste of their money and the producer's labor, neither could he deck himself with them. Even the question of dyeing fabrics came under his moral scrutiny.

'Sometimes, on retiring into private places, the spirit of supplication hath being given me, and under a heavenly covering I have asked my gracious Father to give me a heart in all things resigned to the direction of his wisdom; in uttering language like this, the thought of my wearing hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, has made lasting impressions on me.

Abate your smile, please; you do not yet know John Woolman. Doubtless he was right in saying that dye *does* conceal dirt; it *does* conceal shoddy quality; it *does*

(Continued on page 20)

MR. FORD'S PAGE

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Camel-Swallowers

MEN 'strain at gnats and swallow camels.' At the present day the country is full of camel-swallowers, of people who make no end of a fuss about petty things and allow things that really matter to pass unnoticed. It has been said that small minds are only capable of taking notice of small things. They cannot grasp things that are worth while. A child is content with a toy that one of more mature years would discard. Trifles are magnified into treasures and mountains made into molehills.

No doubt men strain at gnats because gnats are about the only things they can comprehend. The camel is more in their line to swallow because it is so big that they cannot see it. It escapes their notice owing to its very bulk. The vastness of its shadow dulls their faculties and therefore it disappears in the obscurity of their mentality before they are aware of the fact. But little things? Oh, little things are a different matter. Little things can be threatened and bullied and made a fuss about, and held up to scorn, and not allowed to get past on any account. They are looked at through the magnifying glasses of ignorance and prejudice, and are held up in the light of muddleheadedness.

The gnat is a thing to be bullied and resisted, the camel is a different story. One is afraid of a camel because it may kick or bite if it does not get its own way. Therefore it gets its own way. It is allowed to get by.

Camel-swallowing may be called by another name—lack of judgment. It is the want of the power to discriminate. This is where a good many otherwise intelligent men fall down. They cannot tell the difference between a mountain and a molehill.

Many people are unable to discern the small black patch in the clear sky that denotes the approach of a storm, they cannot tell from the small fragment of azure on a lowering sky that better weather is at hand. They are deaf and blind alike to the signs that nature has provided for the guidance of mankind. They are deaf and blind to the signs of the times. Their perception is dulled and their discernment is obscured.

Why is it that men cannot learn the lesson of the things that matter? A school for teaching the things that matter would be a benefit to the whole nation. A Professor of Things that Matter would be a good substitute in many of our colleges for the swarms of professors of things that don't matter the flick of a fly's wing. Let us think of bigger things and swallow them if we will, but see that we digest them properly.

But there are big ideas and little ideas. It is a common thing to hear people say, 'What is the big idea?' This has become the tritest of trite questions, but it is a question that has been put all through the centuries. Most of the world's inhabitants put it to Noah when he started to build the ark. They thought the patriarch had become mentally dumb. But he went on with the building just the same. If he had been planning a canoe or a dugout their comprehension would have been clear, but the ark was too much for them.

This big idea was a sound idea. It was an inspiration which the small minds of the critics could not understand. It was beyond the limit the camel-swallowers could go, therefore in their confusion and mystification they condemned it.

It is this inability to discern the difference between what is small and what is great that clouds the mentality of legislators and politicians. They will swallow a costly scheme because it comes within the limits of their understanding, but because they lack sufficient foresight to appraise its possibilities, good or bad, the result is frequently disastrous. On the other hand, politicians will paw the air and bark at the moon when something that is of real merit and utility is brought forward for their endorsement. The cost to the country may be little, and, strange as it may seem, this is the very reason why they cannot comprehend it.

The mere fact of its being a big benefit at little cost raises their suspicions. They immediately start raising obstacles. Once having intrenched themselves against the scheme they strain every effort to oppose it. Their entire efforts are shortsighted and illogical. So shortsighted in fact that they cannot see how illogical they really are.

What is wanted is an impartial vision that will see things as they are. Then there is a chance of making them as one would like to have them.

COMPARATIVELY few are able to pick out the things that matter and discard the things that don't. Some will make a fuss about little things and allow big things to pass without a murmur. It is such individuals that Scripture refers to as straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Nations as well as individuals are led into committing costly mistakes through failure to judge between that which is essential and that which is not. A sense of proportion must be an element in the formation of sound judgment, but foresight and restraint are equally necessary when decisions have been arrived at if they are to be made effective.

'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

EDITORIALS

OF THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

No Bolshevist Would Dare

NO BOLSHEVIST plot ever did to the United States what the David Reed of Pennsylvania-Phipps-Moses filibuster in the closing hours of the Senate did. No Bolshevist plot ever could. It is incredible that the American people would ever allow Bolshevists to gain sufficient power in this country to interfere with the functions of orderly government. *Yet a little group of politically motivated Senators arrogantly assume to themselves that power, and proceed to wreck the machinery of government with as little concern as though they were blood-brothers of Trotsky in Russia.*

The David Reed-Phipps-Moses filibuster accomplished its primary purpose: It saved Bill Vare of Philadelphia the embarrassment of having his ballot boxes opened. In *that* it was an outstanding success. The will of the Senate unquestionably was that its special committee should continue the investigation. It was ready to vote funds for that purpose. *But the vote was not allowed.* The will of the Senate —and of the nation—was successfully and effectively thwarted by Messrs. David Reed, Phipps and Moses.

Suppose (just for the sake of equitable comparison) that Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman and Bill Haywood should presume to forbid the United States from inquiring into the slush-fund election of Mr. Vare! Such a wave of protest would sweep the nation as to make it highly advisable for them to jump the country at the earliest opportunity! But suppose further that they should attempt to do the *other* things the Reed of Pennsylvania filibuster accomplished:

> Suppose they should tell the courts of the United States Government they could no longer function.
>
> Suppose they should tell a half-million veterans of American wars, many of them maimed and blind, and most of them dependent upon their Government pensions for livelihood, that they could not have those pensions for two months.
>
> Suppose they should tell the United States Veterans' Bureau that it would have to cease making bonus loans to World War veterans, despite laws to the contrary.
>
> Suppose they should tell the United States Army it could not have sufficient funds for pay and maintenance of its soldiers, and would either have to dismiss 30,000 of its 112,000 troops, or make other provision for them.

Supposition is, of course, futile. Whatever their personal desires, it is inconceivable that even the veriest Reds would have the temerity to make such demands, much less put them into effect.

Yet in blocking the Vare investigation, the Senator from Pennsylvania and his comrades did those very things, and more. Their filibuster, preventing as it did the passage of the Deficiency Appropriations Bill, virtually disrupted the chief functions of government. It is useless for David Reed to plead that it was unintentional. The action was his; and the responsibility is his.

The situation is without parallel in the history of the United States. Federal courts throughout the land are suspending for lack of funds. There is no money to pay for juries. Men accused of crimes have the alternative of pleading guilty or of remaining in jail for months until the courts again begin to operate. The Army faces what is probably its greatest crisis since the war. The Navy must undertake serious curtailment. Farmers are denied even the most elemental Government aid—the loaning of money with which to purchase seed. The Government's building program is practically at a standstill. Men who risked their lives in defense of their country—and the dependents of those who *gave* their lives—are shunted pitilessly aside in the brazen attempt to railroad Bill Vare into the United States Senate. Funds are not even available to pay the expenses of the Marines assigned to guard the mails.

The price the country must pay for Mr. Vare exceeds even that high price Mr. Vare paid for his seat. Some day the people may realize that real danger to the nation lurks not so much in crackbrained theorists as in those politicians who carry the ethics of the ward into the Senate of the United States.

The Undesirables

A SURVEY of the Department of Labor shows that there are 111,673 aliens in jails, insane asylums, hospitals, poor houses and charitable institutions in the United States. In New York City alone there are 46,936 foreigners officially designated as 'undesirables.' The laws of the country specifically state that such persons shall be deported; yet the activities of certain racial lawyers and institutions have interfered so seriously that the number of undesirables is mounting rather than decreasing. A definite drive has at last been undertaken by the Government to rid the nation of all aliens, inmates of penal and public institutions. The movement has its pathetic features, but the blame rests squarely with those organizations which have so persistently flouted the immigration laws by helping into the country those who have no right to be here.

Gardens of Timber

WITHIN sixty or seventy years at most the Japanese will be cutting their own timber, and will no longer be dependent on importations. While the Western world is talking glibly of reforestation, and is preparing to get ready to begin, the foresters of Nippon are growing their own. And they are growing them as the Japanese grow vegetables—in patches that, for all their vastness, are nevertheless gardens. The Japanese have known the heavy burden entailed by an exhausted native lumber supply. They make no byplay of penitence, but are content to let practical measures speak for their sincerity.

To drive anywhere through the brown hills of Japan is to observe a singular regularity of aspect in the young pine groves that climb across the summits in the proper lanes of an Iowa cornfield. Many of the young forests are yet no higher than the thigh of the traveler who pauses to inspect them; others are comparable to a thrifty second-growth in America, but all alike are carefully tended and flourishing. A few native forests yet are standing in Japan, tall and venerable, but long ago the bulk of the timber was taken for the needs of a people who had never heard of applied forestry.

There are mountain sides in Japan, on which these forests have been planted, that are almost sheer, and to which a forester, with naught save Shanks' mare and his hands, could not hope to cling. Yet the young forest clothes these steeps with dark green, and the trees are arrayed as precisely as though rooted on level land. It is plain to see that men clung to ropes, lowered from vantage points, when they planted the trees.

Paper-paneled tea houses and homes are not constructed by the Japanese because they deem these best. In remote times the timber supply of Japan was brought to the verge of disappearance by wasteful policies not unlike those we have practised in America. Coniferous woods were native and plentiful, but the inability to see beyond the need of the moment stripped away the forests and left the hills naked and ashamed. Now the Japanese know better. And knowing, they have taken action.

The Most Potent Monopoly

THE New York Stock Exchange maintains the country's most potent and unassailable monopoly. If its board of governors reaches a decision in a dispute among its members, even though it be against the law of the land, the member dare not appeal to the courts, but must accept it in silence. If a Stock Exchange house fails, its debts to other members of the Exchange must first be liquidated before its customers can lay claim to its assets. Most curious of all is the fact that its memberships have not been increased since the early 1870's. They still stand at the number 1,100. In the last quarter of a century, the totals of shares traded in on the Exchange have more than quadrupled, but the number of seats remains the same. In consequence, the price of seats has jumped from $3,000 in 1869, to $185,000 at the present day. It is predicted that seats will soon command a price of $200,000, and this augury is amply supported by the steady growth of dealings on the Exchange. With a growing business and a restricted membership, it controls the trading in practically all the important securities in the country.

Perennially it is proposed to incorporate the Stock Exchange and thus bring it under the supervision of the New York State Banking Department. The latest of these proposals, introduced before the legislature at Albany, would exact a tax of $1,000 a seat, providing the state with an additional $1,100,000 in revenue each year. The London Stock Exchange is under government control. So are the bourses of Berlin and Paris. The New York Stock Exchange, however, remains virtually a financial club, responsible only to its members.

Segregating the Stage

NEW YORK has a criminals' deadline. Beyond a certain point in the city's financial district known criminals must not venture upon penalty of instant arrest or, possibly, of being shot. The plan has worked well in keeping one section, at least, comparatively free from lawlessness. Now comes Frank Craven, playwright and actor, with a proposal to apply a modification of the plan to the stage. 'If the authorities really wish to clean up the stage in New York,' he declares, 'there is a simple method of doing it. Let them order that all salacious shows shall be staged in theaters within a certain prescribed district. By keeping the dirty plays in that zone, theatergoers may know at once the nature of the offering they are to see there.'

Strike — You're Out — Maybe

IT MIGHT be an exaggeration to call the coal industry the most uneconomic in the United States. That is a broad honor, one open to dispute by any one of a half-dozen or more highly inefficient industries. But it can scarcely be an exaggeration to say that the coal industry has the most bungling leadership in the land.

The merits of the present strike in the bituminous fields are obscure to nine out of every ten persons. The public does not know whether the miners are right or whether the operators are right —and the public no longer cares. Of one thing only is the public sure: that in the end it will foot the bill. There is sufficient coal in the ground; there is sufficient labor to get it out of the ground; there is sufficient consumers' money to pay the miners an adequate wage and the operators an adequate profit. Yet the coal industry goes blundering along from strike to strike—while other industries and the nation as a whole suffer. Another deal is due in coal. New leaders are needed in an industry wherein relations between men and management must be adjusted, year after year, by disastrous strikes.

Does the BIBLE Predict Peace?

By LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. G. MacKENDRICK, D. S. O.

Author of *Destiny of Britain and America.*

SINCE the close of the Great War it has been most interesting to watch the world-wide cry sounded from village, town and city for peace—peace at any price, but real peace!

This cry is heard among all Anglo-Saxon peoples wherever they are gathered in Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, and those waste places of the earth that Anglo-Saxondom has taken over.

It is a strange fact that this cry for peace is heard only in Anglo-Saxondom and does not afflict Germany, Italy, Turkey or Russia. It seems to be confined to those peaceable nations who never in their history have been prepared for war—nations who mostly have had to be kicked into their wars and who, blundering along, have finally won out on the field of battle in the last round and then usually lost their winnings when the politicians and international financiers took the places of the fighting men, as at the Treaty of Versailles.

THE question naturally arises, how comes it that all this peace propaganda occurs only among peoples who for one thousand years have been lovers of peace? Nations who never in their history have sought or started a war; peoples who while never seeking war have always won the wars into which they have been forced; peoples who have broken the back of every attempt of world despots who have endeavored to enslave the world age after age. One would think that this peace propaganda was necessary among the sword-rattling nations, but we do not find it there. Those nations that still hope to achieve greatness with the aid of their military machine—quite openly, as in the case of Russia; or covertly, as in the case of Germany—are not troubled with their women marching on Berlin, Rome, Angora or Moscow crying for no more war. But we do see that odd spectacle in Britain, the most peace-loving nation on earth, and in America also. Naturally, one wonders why.

A year ago Moscow sent out orders that all Communists in Anglo-Saxon countries should boost for disarmament and peace, and the reds in my home city joined the chorus which some of our parsons inaugurated for no more war, for peace and disarmament. Today Moscow is buying thousands of horses in western Canada which will be used against the British Empire and the United States in the impending war.

It is a strange spectacle to see paid ministers of religion in many of churches boosting for what that unho outfit in Russia demands—Christi men of God working along the lin demanded by those would-be annil lators of God and of all God's wor and of the Anglo-Saxon nations—the latter being the upholders of Christia ity in this world toda By so doing, these ministe are working absolutely direct opposition to Goo commands as laid down in t only authentic data we ha to go by, that is, the Bib

As most citizens des to live at peace both wi their neighbors and th neighboring nations, t Church following this stro predilection for peace those both in and outside its fold has lent itself large to all so-called peace mov ments.

THE Church represen the Prince of Peace. preachers of God's Wo feel that they are the na ural leaders of so-call peace movements, overloo ing the fact that in doing today they are coöperati with many of the most su versive elements in societ and are for disarmament a time when our Bib plainly bids us prepare f the greatest war and tim of trial that ever was land or sea.

A close perusal of t Bible shows that thre fourths of the Old Test ment and much of the Ne deals not with person salvation as the Chur teaches, but with nation questions.

Jehovah set up on ear His executive nation as t vehicle of His good purpo toward all mankind. J hovah called this nati Israel, which means 'ruli with God.' The Chur teaches that the Jews co prise this people of Isra The Bible teaches that God divorced t tribe of Judah (of whom the Jews for only a portion) and the tribe of Le from this Kingdom of Israel (*2 Chro* 11:1-4) and set them up with a separa charter as distinct from that of Isra as the North Pole is from the Sout

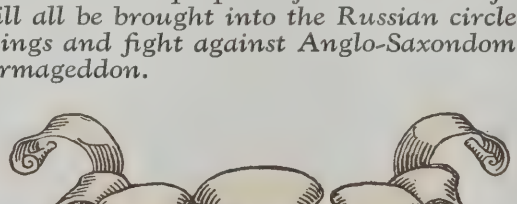
The Author Says:

DOES the Bible Predict Peace?

The answer is a definite No! There can be no world-wide peace for the next ten years. Students of Bible Prophecy may differ on some points, but I know of none who does not agree we are still in the era of war.

The late war was referred to by the press as Armageddon, but the late war was not Armageddon, a name given in Scripture to the last struggle in which the forces of international evil are finally to be destroyed. The Bible indicates that Armageddon has yet to be fought and won and learned men look for it between the years 1928 and 1936.

The Bible describes this last war as the Great day of God Almighty in which Jehovah, in an unmistakable manner, shows the nations of the earth that He rules on earth as in Heaven. The Chief Prince of Rosh (Russia) will under Prussian guidance head the thirteen nations who start to wipe Anglo-Saxondom off the face of this earth. China will be with Russia, also Persia, Turkestan, parts of India, Abyssinia and most of the Mohammedan peoples of Asia and Africa will all be brought into the Russian circle of things and fight against Anglo-Saxondom in Armageddon.



Jehovah predicted that His executive nation remodeled and minus Judah and Levi would be a blessing to all nations of the earth and would grow first into a nation, then into a great nation whose name would be great and then into a company or multitude of nations who would have command of the sea, and so on. God covenanted and ordained a place for them in the isles of the sea, north and west of Palestine, where he said he would plant them and he fulfilled this prediction in eight separate and distinct invasions of Israel into Britain under the name of Angles, Saxons, Danes, Jutes, Normans, et cetera, that is, into the Covenant Land. The word *Brith* in Hebrew is Covenant and the word *Ain* in Hebrew is land—Brit-ain is the Covenant Land, and Britain and her offspring nations (of which the United States of America was the first) fulfilled not one but all of the divine prophecies concerning Israel, not only today but down through the ages as predicted by the prophets. These people have done God's work of smashing despotism, never seeking war, barely prepared for war, but winning always.

SATAN using despotism again will within two years aim to take the mastery from God's executive nations, hence bolshevik Russia's world-wide work to raise Egypt, Turkey, Persia, India, Abyssinia, China and other countries against Anglo-Saxondom, and the Bible predicts that she will succeed in heading a heathen uprising and there will be great chaos in the earth. With the Bible forecast thus, should the Church work for disarmament, and talk of peace when there can be no peace on this earth until the things that must come to pass are accomplished?

The Jews have put across propaganda that they are Israel, 'the Chosen People,' though they do not fulfill one of the specifications laid down for the work that Israel was to do, while the Anglo-Saxon people fulfilled every one of them. The Jews are never spoken of in Scripture as the 'Chosen' while Israel always is. Judah is separate from Israel, as even Moses knew.

It is a serious error of the Church to assume that the Bible is a Book of Peace, as pacifists mean it, when even our Lord said, 'I come not to bring peace, but a sword,' and when it is clear that God appointed His chosen nation Israel as His battle-ax and weapons of war to smash the Babylonian nations of the earth until despotism is replaced by God's plan of ruling with truth, justice and love on earth, and this smashing—according to the prophets highly commended by our Lord—is the only possible prelude to universal peace. The reason we have no peace today is that the opposite of peace still exists in the world. Nowhere in the Bible does Jehovah advocate unpreparedness or disarmament for His People; on the contrary we read in *Luke* 11:21, 'The strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.'

I WAS among those who from the first predicted that the League of Nations would be a failure in either bringing in or preserving peace in Europe, because it conflicted with the League that the Creator of this world chose as 'His battle-ax and weapons of war' which He declared He would use to bring peace to this war-cursed planet. It is plainly set forth in the Bible that the great people and the nation and the company of nations, the Chosen People, Israel in the isles, would occupy world rule at this present day. It was foretold that the Great War would come and that the Israel Nation as God's battle-ax and weapons of war would win it and also redeem Jerusalem from the bloody hand of the Turk, as General Allenby did.

My study of the Bible was my authority for predicting the failure of the League of Nations' confederacy to bring in peace because it was set up in opposition to the God-appointed League and therefore must fail. In the *Destiny of Britain and America*, written in 1920, I foretold its failure as soon as the workers of iniquity got among the fifty-odd nations forming this confederacy or league.

THE BIBLE IS AN ANGLO-SAXON BOOK and foretells Anglo-Saxon destiny, and, strange as it may seem to those who learn of it for the first time, the destiny of Anglo-Saxondom is the destiny of the world. The Bible foretells the wars and the outcome of the wars and predicts what they will win just as they have down through the ages. I first learned this fact forty-four years ago and since that date I have watched Bible prophecy being turned into actual history before our eyes as detailed in the daily newspapers. It happened that a clerical friend of mine in 1879 predicted that in Britain's next war in Egypt, America would take part with Great Britain, as unlikely a prediction as could have been made, because in those days the politicians of the United States were twisting the lion's tail on all possible occasions and the Republic's rulers then were as opposed to taking any action in Europe as they have been since 1918.

Well, in 1882—just three years later—Britain and France decided to drive the Turk out of Egypt and sent their fleets to bombard and capture Alexandria. The admiral of the French fleet at the last minute sailed back to Toulon without firing a shot. The British fleet cleared decks and went into action. Four fourth-class American gunboats happened to be in the Mediterranean waters at that time and their Marines landed with the British Tars, capturing Alexandria. One of the American gunboats was in command of Captain Schley, afterward admiral in the Spanish War. Of course, they acted without instructions from Washington, but despite their rulers they helped do the job. My forebears were Scotch and the fact that a man could get out of the Bible news written three thousand years ahead of time, and could know the facts and predict the outcome, made an impression on my mind that forty-four years' study has proved to be true and accurate.

THE taking of Jerusalem by Lord Allenby was accurately described in the Bible three thousand years ago. It was foretold that the city would be taken by His Covenant People (*Brith* in Hebrew is Covenant and *Ish* in Hebrew is man) and it was the British who redeemed Jerusalem in 1917, the year predicted by Reverend Grattan Guinness in 1875 in *Light for the Latter Days*. Jehovah had said he would defend Jerusalem in this war and he did so defend it, and not a shot or shell struck Jerusalem. Jehovah foretold three thousand years ago that 'as birds flying He would defend Jerusalem' and Allenby's aerial fleet did the job—men flying like birds. The question arises, How did the inspired prophet foresee that in these latter days a new device just recently developed—the airplane—would be used by Jehovah's chosen battle-ax brigade in the taking of Jerusalem? The answer, of course, is that Jehovah knew and He spake by the mouths of the Holy Prophets which have been since the world began, which apparently was a long, long time before Moses. You may remember our Lord's, 'O, fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken.' The taking of Jerusalem was part of that 'all.' Jehovah through *Ezekiel* 25:14 referring to the redemption of Jerusalem at this time said, 'And I will lay my vengeance upon Edom (Turkey) by the hand of my people Israel.' They, the Brit-ish or Covenant People, did the job through Allenby and fulfilled this prophecy.

Well, for forty-four years I have seen hundreds of prophecies made good to the very letter. (*Continued on page 21*)

How We Played *in the* OLD TIMES

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

IT SEEMS to me that I was playing all the time when I was a boy. The work I did was negligible—and often neglected, I guess; but play looms large in my memory between the years 1850 and 1870. It may be that young folk now have an idea that their grandparents were inclined to be serious; but I believe that children played on board the *Mayflower*, and all through witch times. Our development was not so one-sided as might be supposed. And the fact that our ancestry has produced the present generation, which I am assured is the finest that has ever issued from the loins of Time, proves that the old people must have lived well and profitably; and what is more profitable than play?

Work, unless it be regarded as an especially remunerative sort of play, is well known to be burdensome and debilitating. The Duke of Wellington said that Waterloo was won on Eton cricket-fields; and we might add that the Civil War was won by baseball men, except that our immortal game had not become general at that time. But we knew three-old-cat and hockey, and we waltzed and polkaed, and the drum, fife and jew's-harp were prevalent. When the first company of young Concord fellows left for battle in 1861, it was to the music of an indigenous band, assembled at a day's notice from the resources of the township; and the tune they played on that proud and tearful occasion was 'Yankee Doodle.' Have you heard it? It was a great tune, and did as much to put gumption into our boys as did the 'Star-Spangled Banner' itself.

No, we were not a sad-eyed and dyspeptic lot in the 1860's. We even did practical joking. The most successful fisherman that I knew in Concord was a farmer, a serious-looking man of about thirty. He would keep on hauling good perch and bream out of the river while I, a dozen yards away, wouldn't get a bite.

The edge of enjoyment stays keen, whereas that of excitement soon dulls.

'What bait do you use?' I asked him at length. He shook his head: it wasn't the bait so much, he said; fact is, it was a secret! He admitted that the angle at which you held the rod over the water might have something to do with it; and the color you painted your cork bob was important too. 'But I'll tell you, Julian, my boy,' he said at last, 'I was fishing one time long ago with an old chap who would catch ten fish while the rest of us were coming to the end of worms without so much as a smell. We clubbed together and raised ninety-eight cents and offered it to him if he'd tell us the game; but he said, no, he'd love to, but it was a recipe that had come down to him from his first ancestor on the *Mayflower*, and they all had to take an oath of secrecy on it.

There was swimming for boys, and for girls also under proper conditions.

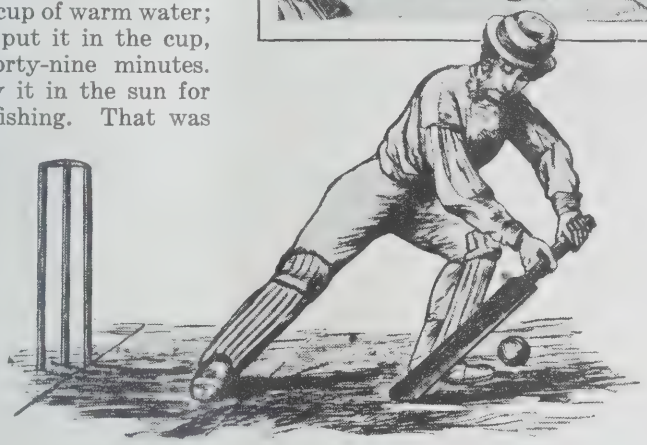
'But one day, when we was sitting one together right here, he was reach- g to pull in a pickerel, and he toppled er and down he went. I knew there as a deep place right there, and he uldn't swim, so I hopped in after m and brought him out, pickerel and l. When he came to, he thanked me, d said if I'd promise not to give it vay, he'd tell me something, so I omised—yes, sir, he up and told me e secret right then and there. But, u see, Julian, having promised, I n't feel it would be right to give it way, even to you.'

But when he saw how discouraged was, saying there was no use of my hing and never catching anything, he lented and opened the hidden cham- r of his soul. Like other great things, was simple. On returning home I as to take a handful of plain salt and ssolve it in a china cup of warm water; il up my fishline, put it in the cup, d let it stand forty-nine minutes. ake it out and dry it in the sun for e hour: then go fishing. That was l. 'But for the nd's sake don't t anybody know!' e added, as he athered up his ring of fish and alked away.

This is the first me I have re- ealed that secret the sixty-five ears since then. I as fourteen years d and had been in urope, but I believed him. I tested s recipe thoroughly; and that is all I re to say about it.

Before telling what we played at in y boyhood, it may be well to run over me of the things that were lacking in our environment for that purpose. What has the present young person of from twelve to twenty, say, at his or her disposal? Gocarts and whiz-wagons to drive at people's shins on the sidewalks, and the getting into, or under the wheels of, full-grown autos afterward. Jazz music and jazz dancing, associated with petting and necking parties.

The idea of 'championships' in baseball, tennis, or in any other outdoor sport, was hardly yet in the germ with us. What we played for, and had, was fun.



I don't say that there was no petting or necking in my time, but they were always private and personal enterprises, never gregarious. Kissing, too. A kiss given in public would lose its savor, but as we practised it, it had a tremendous kick, which we didn't readily get used to. And I incline to think that our plan was the better. I, for example, was very fond of girls, though much afraid of them; I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of them that I kissed before I was twenty, and even the kisses that I gave the few might easily be counted: so that when, afterward, I read the advice of Polonius to his son, Laertes, about not 'dulling the palm of entertainment,' I could appreciate its good sense.

Baseball and tennis. Our baseball at Sanborn's school was the 'Massachusetts' variety; the batter stood halfway between first and fourth bases, and was put out not by being touched with the ball in a player's hand, but by being hit with the ball on the throw. The balls were small rubber things, and hurt little if they did hit; the bats were not standardized, and the rules of the game not strict. The game had not yet been taken up by professionals; nines were actually made up of players who were inhabitants of the places

(*Continued on page* 22)

We had nothing but winter ice outdoors and skates bound to the feet with crisscrossed straps.

The Adventure of The Beautiful Things

By HUGH WALPOLE

Illustrated by W. W. CLARKE

AMONG the many episodes with which during this year I was concerned, this is, perhaps, the only shameful one. When I say shameful, I mean that I have still, looking back, scruples of conscience about it. From the esthetic point of view these scruples are unjustified; from the moral—well, I don't know. You shall judge for yourself. The case centers round Mrs. Hartington, who was a very remarkable woman. Her real name, of course, was not Hartington, but it is only her death, some six months ago, that enables me to tell this story. Even now her friends may perhaps recognize this account of her, and if they don't recognize her, they will possibly recognize her still more remarkable husband.

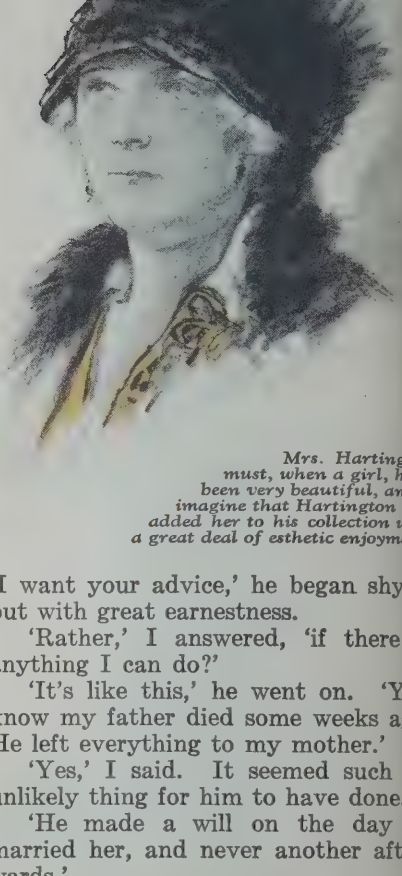
Charles Hartington died in the autumn of 1923. He had some business of some sort—what it was does not matter. He was never, I should fancy, very wealthy, but he had a passion for collecting beautiful things, and, with his exquisite taste, his very great knowledge, and the freedom that his business allowed him for travel, he managed to gather things around him as every man can manage if he really cares enough and has sufficient leisure. Cares! Charles Hartington did not, I suppose, care for anything else except his beautiful things. I saw him only once, when he was showing an aunt of mine over his house in Evelyn Gardens. I was with her. The things that he showed us were so lovely that I paid very little attention, I am afraid, to himself; but that is as he would have had it. He was like the voice of his possessions, and you felt that if they were not there he would not be there either. This question of the living and breathing vitality of concrete objects is acknowledged by some people and entirely denied by others; you either feel it or you don't. It is one of the really great divisions between people, and the exact essence of this division has never been better put, I imagine, than by Henry James in his exquisite *Spoils of Poynton*. I must ever apologize to that great man for this little ghost of his magnificent art.

David was a long, thin, shy man, very inarticulate, hiding deeply his feelings.

Hartington was not a collector of any especial kind or period; if a thing was beautiful enough, and he could afford it, he got it. And yet the house in Evelyn Gardens in no way resembled a museum. The true drawback, I take it, to any museum is that the things therein do not really belong to anybody. They feel themselves that lack, and I am entirely in sympathy with De Goncourt when he said that he would leave his wonderful collection to the auctioneer's hammer to be broken up and scattered once again among private individuals rather than to the cold indifferent chastity of a vast impersonal building. On that day when I visited Hartington with my aunt I remember that he picked up a Tang horse with a deep blue saddle and held it, stroking its gleaming patina very much as my aunt herself would cherish her trembling Pekinese. He was, I think, a long, thin man with a raddled gray moustache and a stammer. I had the impression, I remember, that he wanted us to be gone; my aunt, of course, said all the wrong things.

Mrs. Hartington I came to know rather well because I was a friend of her son David. David was, at the time of his father's death, about thirty years of age, a long, thin, shy man, very inarticulate, hiding deeply his feelings.

I had not become his friend until, one day a few weeks after his father's death, meeting me somewhere, he took me aside and begged to speak to me.



Mrs. Hartington must, when a girl, have been very beautiful, and I imagine that Hartington had added her to his collection with a great deal of esthetic enjoyment

'I want your advice,' he began shyly, but with great earnestness.

'Rather,' I answered, 'if there is anything I can do?'

'It's like this,' he went on. 'You know my father died some weeks ago. He left everything to my mother.'

'Yes,' I said. It seemed such an unlikely thing for him to have done.

'He made a will on the day he married her, and never another afterwards.'

He hesitated and then came out with it. I found to my surprise that he loved his father's things passionately, had always loved them since he was a child. He wasn't, he explained to me, in any sense a collector, didn't want to acquire more things. He didn't care for these things for their monetary value, nor for their rarity, simply for themselves. He had had them round him since he was a baby; he had come, he explained to me, to feel about them personally, so personally that he didn't want any other friends—he didn't think that he would ever find any other friends half so good. He told me this nervously, obviously expecting that I would think him an awful fool; but when he saw that I did not, he sighed with relief; he perceived that I had something of the same sort of feeling myself. He then went on to explain his mother to me. This was difficult for him, because he wanted to be loyal to her, had a deep affection for her, and understood her point of view much better probably than she did herself. The point was that she had never cared for her husband's possessions, not only not cared, but had been continually exasperated and irritated by them. I understood that this question had been, from the very beginning of their married life, the one great division between them. Mrs. Hartington must,

when she was a girl, have been very beautiful, and I imagine that Hartington had added her to his collection with a great deal of esthetic enjoyment; but Mrs. Hartington had, of course, been broadened and thickened and hardened by daily living, and as her spirit had never been esthetic—far from it, indeed—there was soon nothing left in her to respond to Hartington's kind of beauty. That is, of course, the great advantage that beautiful things have over beautiful people. I don't imagine that Hartington ever cared greatly for moral qualities or splendid principles.

THE point now was that Mrs. Hartington intended to sell everything. She was going to move into a flat, and would retain only the quite essential furniture. The discovery of this intention had come to David with a shock of the completest surprise. He had never dreamt for a moment that there would ever be a time when these things would not be with him and he with them. He told me that the morning, after breakfast, when his mother had told him quite casually that everything would be sold, had been the most frightful morning of his life. He had made, he was afraid, an awful scene. He had taken his mother, of course, by complete surprise, she never having known him make a scene before; they had always been the best of friends. I suppose that all through her married life subconsciously she had been looking forward to the time when she would be able to sell everything. She was not a cruel woman nor a revengeful—she had cared for her husband in a pitying, maternal sort of fashion—but she had looked on his purchases as desperate extravagances, justified only by their becoming one day excellent investments. It must have seemed to her a kind of insanity that a grown man should go all the way to Pekin, neglecting his business, to buy a blue plate, and now, to her amazement, here was her only child giving an exhibition of the same sort of insanity. I imagine that even though she had not before been determined to sell everything, now, after this hysterical exhibition of her son's, she was absolutely resolved.

WHAT it came to, after further talk, was that I should take luncheon with Mrs. Hartington and see whether I could make any impression upon her. It was rather pathetic, this idea of David's that I should be able to make an impression. His belief was, poor dear, that anyone would be able to make a better impression than he. He had great confidence in me. I had on this occasion very little in myself. However, the matter was arranged. Mrs. Hartington would be very glad to see any friend of David's and show him her husband's things. Part of her message to me was that I had better hurry up, because they wouldn't be there to show very much longer.

AS I stood rather nervously waiting in the drawing-room of the house in Evelyn Gardens, I realized that everything was the same as it ever had been, everything had a permanent look about it, and you needed, I reflected, a great deal of ruthless determination and a complete absence of sensitive imagination to dare to uproot this perfectly adjusted beauty. But when Mrs. Hartington came in I saw that she was exactly the woman to effect these changes. She was an exceedingly English type. America produces determined women, but they are determined for certain very definite purposes; they have their work to do in the world and know it. But Mrs. Hartington was determined and resolute simply because she was Mrs. Hartington; it had never occurred to her that she should not have her way about everything, nor that her way would be anything but the absolutely right one. In physical appearance she was square, ruddy-faced, with eyes that were good-natured, but that never questioned anything. I suspect that she had never

When Mrs. Hartington came in I saw that she was exactly the woman to effect these changes.

shown surprise nor remorse nor apprehension nor desire; it was impossible to conceive her in love. She was not so much a woman as a fact. She would be honest and honourable, and would be one of those persons who would tell you just what they thought of you, and then be sure that they had done you a service. She would be excellent on committees, and would have clear views about everything. If she knew aches and pains, she would never say so. If you were in trouble, she would be an excellent person to go to for advice, but you would never dream of going to her.

She greeted me with kindly patronage. I was David's young friend, she was David's mother, and so she would be kind to me, but without considering me at all. I was to her, I fancy, something like a very easy problem in algebra. I found it difficult at first to think about her at all because of the things in the room. I have, as I have already said, been terribly susceptible to beauty; I say terribly because if you care very much you will be forever wanting more than you can get, not possessively wanting, of course, but imaginatively. There were so many lovely things in the room that I was bewildered. The Tang horse with the blue saddle on the mantelpiece, the small Constable study for his picture 'A Summer Afternoon After a Shower,' an exquisite, jeweled crucifix, two Rembrandt etchings, and 'De Jonghe' and 'The Artist Sitting at a Window Drawing'—these were some of the things that I especially noticed. The room must sound to you something of a jumble, but the extraordinary thing was that there was no confusion at all. Hartington had obviously studied deeply the exact position of everything in the room, and in some way had transmuted them all into a general pattern of colour and symmetry. When we went into the dining room to luncheon, I began to feel, against my will, a hostility to the good lady. I have always felt envious of those lucky people who are so insensitive to personality that they can pursue their purpose without prejudice. I suppose it was my conceit that irritated me with Mrs. Hartington. I was so inconsiderable to her that if the pretty servant maid had brushed me aside with the crumbs she would have scarcely realized that I was gone. She asked me questions about myself in that kindly and indifferent manner that charitable ladies use when they are visiting the neglected poor—where had I been to school and had I been to Cambridge or Oxford. She supposed I played games, like most English young men. It was such a pity that David didn't play games better; she believed in young men playing games. Had I a father, mother, brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts? Where did I live, and didn't I find the English winter absurdly long? I answered all these things as well as I could, and then, towards the end of the meal, most foolishly burst into an ecstasy about the lovely things on every side of us. It was the worst move I could have made, but I expect that that was one of Mrs. Hartington's attributes; she was forever forcing people into absurd situations because she was herself so calm and so indifferent. From the moment of my enthusiasm I was lost as far as she was concerned.

'I am glad you like them,' she said; 'they have been, of course, very greatly admired. For myself, I don't understand this passion for collecting. It gave my husband pleasure, and so I acquiesced in it, but what I say is that there are plenty of museums, there are better things, you know, to spend one's money on.' She was so sure of this that I was bound to contradict her.

'I don't agree,' I burst out, cursing myself at the same time subconsciously. 'There is nothing I envy anybody so much as being able to have such things near them. A museum is such a cold place. Why, that Forain would be nothing in a museum; there would be fifty others as good, and thousands of other wonderful etchings as well, but here, all by itself, it knows that you care for it, and it responds and is grateful.'

At least after this I had forced her to consider me. She looked at me with the gravest suspicion. 'I do hope you haven't been telling my son these things,' she said. 'I am going to sell everything.'

'You're going to sell everything!' I exclaimed. 'Oh, Mrs. Hartington, how can you? Of course I agree that it's better to sell them than to send them to a museum; but they belong here—you'll miss them yourself terribly after they're gone.'

I had cooked my goose with a vengeance. She took me over the house with a speed that showed that she wanted to get rid of me as soon as possible. There was a room upstairs, with some Corots, a Daubigny, and a Sisley, that seemed to me the most perfect place of rest that I had ever seen. The walls were a very faint primrose, the curtains some soft silver gray, there was a little cabinet holding some pale blue porcelain, and the Daubigny had in it a wood and a stream of such perfect peace and contentment that I could have gazed at it for ever. I was allowed the merest glimpse; it seemed to me that the room sighed behind me as I left it.

In the hall, as she said goodby to me, these were her parting words: 'Please don't encourage David in his extravagant ideas; now that his father is gone, he must realize facts.' She said 'facts' as though she were slamming the door on all the exquisite things that life contains. She was wearing, I remember, a dress of dark green that encased her square hard figure like a sheet of armour.

(The concluding installment of this story will appear in an early issue.)

'I want your advice,' he began shyly.

Roman Debate on the Agitator of Galilee

(Continued from page 1)

'The truth behind these apparently mysterious circumstances,' he said, 'is perfectly clear and simple. The high priest Caiaphas and the overseer Herod are both sincerely intent on coöperation with the imperial authorities. During the series of disturbances that led to the arrest of the Galilean, they were alarmed by the intelligence that on more than one occasion Roman citizens domiciled in Jerusalem—and their property—were endangered. They so informed Governor Pilate, requesting that he dispatch sufficient troops to the zones of disturbance to establish neutral areas around the district where Roman citizens reside and conduct their business. If, as the Senator from Idajo declares, Roman troops accompanied the agitator after his arrest, that circumstance is owing solely to the fact that, like true imperial soldiers, they were determined to carry out their orders in the spirit as well as in the letter, and as a matter of duty made a point of being present at the very center of the disturbance, where danger was most likely to be encountered. It is clear to most of us, I hope, that you cannot guard against danger if you are not in its vicinity.'

SENATORIAL snickers applauded the Imperial Spokesman's humorous sally. But Senator Bora stayed on.

'It is interesting,' he said, 'to hear that the best way to protect oneself against the volcano is to take one's stand at the crater's rim, where one's efforts are likely to be most needed. But does the same explanation apply to the facts that Roman soldiers took the Galilean to Golgotha, nailed him to his cross, divided his garments among themselves, opened his side with a lance, supervised his burial, and afterward took up the duty of guarding his body in the tomb?'

Again the Imperial Spokesman stood up.

'The Senator from Idajo may or may not be aware that Mount Golgotha is the key to the advance of Roman commerce in the East. I assure him that it is so. Nearly twenty years ago the engineers of the imperial forces drew in elaborate detail plans for properly grading the eastern and western inclines so as to make possible the construction of a great slide, by means of which camel-drawn barges may be hauled to the summit and sent by gravity to the Red Sea. Although actual construction has never been undertaken, we have a treaty which permits us to do so at any time.

'Now, it is well known that the presence of a disorderly crowd on this strategic center, as well as the operation of setting the crosses—I hope the Senator from Idajo understands that there were three of them—must in the natural course of things greatly disturb the contours of the mountain. Such a disturbance could hardly fail to be disastrous to our proposed slide for camel-drawn ships. It would, in fact, render the conscientiously drawn plans of our engineers very nearly worthless. Nay, worse than worthless, for we should be deceived into wholly or partially constructing the slide, had the incident of the execution been ignored by the colonial authorities, only

to find out later that it could not be operated as planned, and all our immense labors would have gone for naught. This is not to consider the probability that, before the damage could be repaired, Roman commerce in the East would be destroyed.

'I trust the senators assembled here are agreed that Roman commerce in the East must not be destroyed? Well, so also is the Imperial Governor of Judea. If Roman soldiers were sent to observe and assist in the execution and burial of the agitator in question, it was in order that they might curb the lawlessness of an alien mob, and see to it that the labor involved in the execution and burial was performed rightly, to the end that the contours of a commercially strategic point might not be disturbed.'

The senators applauded the patriotic forethought of the Imperial Spokesman; but the Iberian rejoined:

'There are two points that occur to me at the moment, about which I am not satisfied. One is that Roman soldiers have been detailed to perform the offices of executioner and mortician for the Conservative rulers of Judea, for that otherwise the slide mentioned by the Imperial Spokesman, which exists only on paper and is ludicrously impractical, might not, if ever constructed, adapt itself, as I think the Imperial Spokesman said, to the contours of Roman camels in the East. The other is that Caiaphas and Herod are in debt to the Imperial Bank to the amount of half a million obols, their security being their prospective incomes from those under their jurisdiction—a security which, by the way, was daily becoming more dubious because of the activities of the Galilean, whom the imperial authorities have so kindly assisted in removing.'

ONCE more, B. Taurus Celogus stood up.

'The government,' he stated, 'has in its hands absolutely authentic proofs that the Galilean agitator in question was an emissary sent out and financed by the destructive fanatics at present in power in Scythia, to fire with the torch of red anarchy the populace of Judea. It is well known that the recent Congress of Scythian Sarpints unanimously agreed to a manifesto of which the third clause says: "It shall be the duty of all who work for a living to assist as much as possible in the overthrowing of the Imperial Roman rule in the colonial territory known as Judea." . . . The Galilean agitator in question has been proved beyond a doubt to have worked for a living, previous to his career of lawlessness, in a carpenter's shop in Nazareth. He thus fits exactly the description contained in the manifesto of the recent Congress of Scythian Sarpints.

'It seems to this government that it is no part of the duty of imperial colonial authorities to turn over commercial strategic points to Red Scythians from the East. We have not yet learned that it is advantageous to place a premium on the activities of alien rulers who kill engineers who would construct magnificent camel-slides to the sea, pay carpenters who work for a living, encourage high priests to forgo their lawful debts to the Imperial Bank and agitate against the Coöperative rulers of Judea.

'The Empire must, and shall, be preserved!'

The applause was tremendous.

'Abide With Me'

(*Continued from page 2*)

attention as he delivered his last message to them. He spoke to them of death: 'Oh, brethren, I can speak feelingly, experimentally, on this point; and I stand here among you seasonably today as alive from the dead; if I may hope to impress upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour, which must come to all by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, dependence on, the death of Christ.'

In the early evening of the same day, when the sun was setting, he walked out alone. Behind were the purple hills, silhouetted beneath 'the golden lashes of the setting sun,' before him were the waters of the Channel, every wave painted with crimson and gold. Fast fell the eventide; the darkness thickened. Returning home, he shut himself into his study. After an hour had passed away, he came out, holding in his hand the paper on which he had written, 'Abide With Me.' It was his swan song; he had spent his last inspiration on the writing of a 'song that may not die.'

The next morning he set out for Nice, where he died on November the twentieth, aged fifty-five.

His last words were: 'Peace. Joy.'

And his last written words have brought peace and joy to countless numbers. Words that are exquisite in their simplicity. A message that has the simplicity of sublimity. As he himself wrote: 'True sublimity is ever simple in conception and expression.'

One word about the melody to which this hymn is most fitly sung. It was written by William Henry Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. We have it from his wife that it was composed in days of grief, 'when we together watched, as we did daily, the glories of the setting sun. As the last golden ray faded, he took up some paper, and penciled the tune that has gone over all the earth.' Surely, a fitting coincidence.

In 1884, as a memorial to Lyte, the rebuilding of his church was commenced and has since been completed. But in the tower there are not any bells. The admirable proposal has been made that bells should there be hung, as a further memorial, and that every night forever they should ring out at the hour of curfew the music of 'Abide With Me.' Each evening as the sun goes down this song of hope would echo over land and sea, as indeed it does now echo over many lands and many seas, in the hearts of all sorts and conditions of men.

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A Quiet Shelf Man

(Continued from page 8)

harm honest fabrics. As to ministering to our vanity, that is not considered of any importance to this generation; we rather attribute that to our growing sense of beauty. For nine months during the wearing out of his dyed garments, John Woolman weighed the question, inquiring most of all whether he was 'affecting singularity,' carefully examining whether he was making an immodest fetish of modesty, an immoral display of morality. He first changed his hat, getting one 'of the natural color of the fur.'

'Friends were apprehensive that my wearing such a hat savored of an affected singularity; those who spoke with me in a friendly way I generally informed, in a few words, that I believed my wearing it was not in my own will.'

IN ALL my previous readings of the *Journal*, the quaintness of the language conveying this matter has largely obscured the sense of contest. John was no fool as to his facts, and as to his conscience he was a hero. Oh, not as to the hat!—the hat was but a straw in the wind. Look at something bigger now.

It seems that when the Spirit moved him, John rolled up his tailoring implements and went off on an itinerant visitation of the meetings of the scattered Society of Friends. When John says 'Friends,' he means his coreligionists. On his rounds he saw Slavery. Remember, it was back in the 1700's—John Woolman was born in 1720 and died in 1772. It was while he was yet in the bakeshop that the first test came:

'My employer, having a Negro woman, sold her, and desired me to write a bill of sale, the man being waiting who bought her. The thing was sudden; and though I felt uneasy at the thoughts of writing an instrument of slavery for one of my fellow-creatures, yet I remembered that I was hired by the year, that it was my master who directed me to do it, and that it was an elderly man, a member of our Society, who bought her; so through weakness I gave way, and wrote it; but at the executing of it I was so afflicted in my mind, that I said before my master and the Friend that I believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. This, in some degree, abated my uneasiness . . .'

HE WAS not caught again, save once. But as writing wills 'was a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to my inclinations, I was straitened in my mind; but as I looked to the Lord, he inclined my heart to his testimony. I told the man that I believed the practice of continuing slavery to this people was not right, and that I had a scruple against doing writings of that kind.' Sometimes in writing wills, he was able to write in the freedom of the slaves concerned; sometimes his kindness to a dying friend allowed him to write all but the slave bequests and, to save his conscience, do the work without fee.

But his hardest test was at the houses of Friends where he was entertained as a guest on his itinerancy. Many of those Friends kept slaves. He so far mastered his natural hesitancy to speak with his hosts on this question, that he resolved not to take entertainment free in such places, and either paid the host or the slaves who waited on him. It is a delightful light upon the spirit of the Friends that they did not regard John Woolman as a fanatic, nor did he regard them as fiends. Yet his protest against the treatment of the slaves was strong, and soon it became a 'minute' in the Yearly Meetings. In 1771 he gave a clear warning of what a continuance of Slavery would bring upon the country, and his warning was true.

He was not, however, a meddlesome reformer. With the Friends he felt free to urge upon them what their common belief involved; but his main care was to keep

himself from participating in what his conscience disapproved. I say that now for the purpose of saving John Woolman from the scorn of the 'moderns.' But how to keep himself free of giving indirect support to systems so interwoven with every social activity?—that was the question. John did it, else never had he become the quiet man he was; he would have been but a miserably restless man. How did he do it?

ONCE he felt an 'inward drawing' to visit the Friends in the West Indies. Now, the ship on which he must sail was engaged in the West India trade. It carried produce of the labor of slaves. The profit of the slave-made freight was so great that passenger rates were comparatively low. By availing himself of them, John would be partaking of the profits of slavery. So he drew up a paper stating these things, and took it to an owner of the ship. It is rather a lengthy document to precede the purchase of a ticket, but it has its points and besides it shows how thorough-going John Woolman was in his search for a quiet mind:

'The number of those who decline the use of West India produce, on account of the hard usage of the slaves who raise it, appears small, even among people truly pious . . . If the trade to the West Indies were no more than was consistent with pure wisdom, I believe the passage money would for good reasons be higher than it is now; and therefore, under deep exercise of mind, I believe that I should not take advantage of this great trade and small passage-money, but, as a testimony in favor of less trading, should pay more than is common for others to pay if I go at this time.'

But he did not go; pleurisy seized him, and we shall never know how the new proportionate fare could have been arrived at to emancipate one passenger from partnership in slave-made profits. We do know, however, that on his voyage to England he went steerage against all the offers of owners and Friends, because he perceived that the higher price of the cabin passage was based on vanities of furniture and creature coddlings which did not agree with the simplicity of his view of things.

It was always like him to force himself to the last test by giving the reason for his actions. He bore his testimony against war in a quaint way. Some soldiers had been quartered on him, and the officer had ridden over to pay their board. John Woolman, reflecting that the money would be part of the war taxes which he had not felt free to pay, refused to receive it, whereupon the officer said, 'I am much obliged' and pocketed the sum as a tip.

'But, thinking on the expression, I grew uneasy; and afterwards, being near where he lived, I went and told him on what grounds I refused taking pay for keeping the soldier.'

ONE day in 1754 he walked into Benjamin Franklin's print shop and out of his own pocket paid for the printing of a pamphlet, *Considerations on Keeping Negroes.* It seems to have been the only time John Woolman came near to greatness in another man.

He took long journeys among the Indians, at his own cost. He studied the rude pictorials of battles on the barked boles of trees among the Blue Ridge Mountains. He met the first onset of science in vaccination or 'inoculation,' as he calls it, and it puzzled him, yet I think that, for his times, he did some thinking of which he need not be ashamed:

'Had He (God) endowed men with understanding to prevent this disease (the smallpox) by means which had never proved hurtful or mortal, such a discovery might be considered as the period (.) of chastisement by this distemper, where that knowledge extended. But as life and death are his gifts, and are not to be disposed of in our own wills, to take upon us by inoculation when in health a disorder of which some die, requires great clearness of knowledge that it is our duty to do so.'

This is thoughtful and moderate. But it was smallpox that put a 'period' to his career.

AND yet, in all this, I have not given the charm of John Woolman, nor his secret. With such a conscience, who could find quietness? Yet he found it. I suppose that it is not an active conscience that causes unrest, but a disregarded one. He never sought to make his conscience do duty for another. He included Thomas à Kempis and John Huss, both, in the range of his charity. He did not even condemn slave-keeping Quakers. He looked for the right and when he found what he thought was the right, he allied himself with it, never offering offense or criticism to others, but humbly following his light even when it meant 'singularity.'

'I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me . . . and I felt an inward consolation which to me was very precious under these difficulties.'

Never Wrote a 'Shady' Song

(*Continued from page 4*)

swept across the country; fairly seemed to explode. Orders came in by telegraph, long-distance telephone, special delivery letters—the publishing house was actually swamped. It's been ten years now since the song was published and only a few nights ago I was twisting the dials on my radio set and I heard a church service from Chicago. The melody was "Till We Meet Again" although the words had been changed into the words of a hymn.'

Whiting is thirty-five years old. He was born in Peoria, Illinois, and attended the public school in Los Angeles, California. He went to Detroit in 1913. He is under average height and slighty inclined to weight as well as to baldness—which, I believe, doesn't fit the popular conception of a composer. His first song to be classified as a 'hit' was 'Tulip Time in Holland' and this was followed by 'They Call It Dixieland,' a song which, in all likelihood, you have forgotten. But you haven't forgotten its offspring.

'There were quite a few lines left over from the Dixieland song,' said Whiting, 'and Egan, who had written the lyrics, gave them to me suggesting another song. The thought came and I wrote "Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose." Al Jolson started that song into high favor. It was the first song of mine he ever sang and how it happened is as clear in my mind today as though it had occurred last night. I was in the front row of a Detroit theater when Jolson came on the stage and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to sing a little song that was played for me this afternoon. It was written by a Detroit composer and it is entitled 'Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose.' "

'I was so surprised I could not speak. I thought for a moment that Jolson was jesting, but when the orchestra started playing the melody I couldn't do a thing—except——cry. Made a baby of myself, sitting there in the front row, with tears rolling down my cheeks and too choked up to utter a sound.

'Jolson continued singing that song and, almost overnight, it became a tremendous hit.'

THAT happened nearly fifteen years ago and since then the American public has been singing, pretty steadily, songs written by Dick Whiting; or rather melodies composed by Dick Whiting.

Just a few of them: 'Ain't We Got Fun,' 'Some Sunday Morning,' 'Where the Black Eyed Susans Grow,' 'The Japanese Sandman,' 'Ukulele Lady,' 'Sleepy Time Gal,' 'Sweet Child,' 'Breezin' Along With the Breeze,' 'Bimini Bay,' 'Horses,' 'Fire,' 'Tenderly Think of Me.'

Whiting has written most of his songs in collaboration with others. In two or three instances, such as 'Horses' and 'Fire,' he collaborated with another song writer in the melodies but, for the most part, the tunes on the song sheets on which his name appears were composed by him. Raymond Egan wrote the lyrics for 'The Japanese Sandman' which Paul Whiteman has proclaimed as one of the two greatest dance melodies ever composed.

'Egan had given me the words and had suggested a melody similar to another tune that was popular at the time,' said Whiting. 'This, of course, was a foolish thing to do because, by suggestion, he planted the other tune in my mind. One morning, as I was hurrying down a street in Detroit I heard a chap whistle to attract the attention of a friend. Just an ordinary whistle, with an up-and-down quick tune. Immediately I thought of "The Japanese Sandman" and rushed to the office. From that start the remainder of the melody was easy. The song was sung from a million and a half sheets, besides approximately two million phonograph records—a vagrant tune, off the streets, and from the puckered lips of a man I had never seen and will never know because I could not recognize him.'

Whiting, for years, has been a Class A member of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers. There are ten or twelve composers in this rating and the qualification consists of composing a number of 'hits' each year—year after year. Not one hit—but a number.

During 1926 Whiting collaborated in seventy-three songs, of which number thirty were printed, and of the latter number, six were registered as 'hits.' To be classified as a 'hit' a song has to sell more than one hundred thousand copies of sheet music. Song composers are paid on a royalty basis. The standard return is three cents for each copy of sheet music sold; and two cents for each phonograph record manufactured. The talking machine companies, however, deduct ten per cent on all records made—charging this ten per cent to breakage.

'The songs that last are the songs that come under the classification of "sad songs," ' says the composer. 'Occasionally there will be a hit in a comedy song—but not often. It does not last long. A few weeks and another comes. There is nothing the public tires so quickly of as a silly song. Suggestive songs are short-lived, too. *The American public doesn't want these things—particularly does it frown on the suggestive song.* I take a little pride in my record of never having written one—and I never will. In the first place I can't and in the second place I have sufficient business judgment to know that thumbs will be turned on it—quickly.'

Does the Bible Predict Peace?

(*Continued from page 13*)

I have found the Bible to be what it purports to be—the Living Word of God, a message for the ordinary man's guidance nationally as well as personally, and also to contain the accurate foretold history of His Covenant People, the Anglo-Saxon nations of the earth who were to operate in the latter days as a nation, a great nation and a company or multitude of nations, and these People were to be a blessing wherever they went just as the Anglo-Saxon nations—America, Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, et cetera, have been and will continue to be until the end. Not perfect, of course, because all men are imperfect and do evil, but instruments of the historic purpose.

When I am asked if the Bible prophesies Peace, I am constrained to say, Not until the causes of war have been destroyed in war.

The Almighty with accurate foreknowledge of all the wars, the terrible fightings and battles which He foretold in the Bible, knew when he appointed His Covenant People to be His battle-ax and weapons of war that it was no League of Nations picnic that Satan would lead the nations of the earth into until the Prince of Peace comes again to earth.

Among learned men in this field, August 4, 1914, to 1936, is described as the time of Chaos. November 11, 1918 to May 29, 1928, is described as the time of Truce in Chaos. Those of us who were at the front know from our experience during the late war what Chaos means, and if it return in 1928 well will it be for Britain, America, Canada, Australia, and all concerned, if in the meantime we keep ourselves alert against the tremendous war forces still existing.

Does the Bible predict peace and disarmament? Far from it. Describing those present times the prophet voices Jehovah's command, 'O, my people (God's Covenant Nations) hear My Word; make you ready to the battle and in those evil days be even as pilgrims upon the earth. He that selleth, let him be as one that fleeth away. He that buyeth, as one that will lose; He that buildeth as one that shall not dwell therein, et cetera, and they that occupy their merchandise with robbery, the more they deck their cities, their houses, their possessions and their own persons, the more will I be angry with them for their sin, saith the Lord.'

Well, there you have it in a nutshell. The pacifist says talk peace, peace and disarmament and you will attain peace, but the Bible sees peace afar off. It scorns those who 'heal the hurt of My people lightly, saying, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace.'

'But,' says some one, 'doesn't the Bible say something about beating swords into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks?'

Yes, 'It shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains' (that is, the rule of righteousness set above all other rule) 'and all the nations shall flow into it.' It is *then* that 'they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' You can find it all in *Isaiah* 2:2-4.

But when you come to the times *preceding* the righteous condition described, this is what you find: you find a great league of war against the righteous nations. 'Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles; Prepare war . . . beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruning hooks into spears.' You will find this with much else of interest in *Joel* 3.

And the message of the Bible is that in the last military struggle between the forces of righteousness and the forces of evil in the world of nations, the forces of righteousness will win.

How We Played in the Old Times

(*Continued from page 15*)

from which they hailed, and such a thing as buying or trading players was not even imagined. There were no grandstands nor bleachers, no fortunes to be made by anybody. It was long before the game was dubbed 'national.' I don't know how it first acquired that name; it may have been as a set-off to the English national game of cricket. But it never has been national in the sense that cricket is across the Atlantic.

There is little money in cricket abroad, and the amateurs are more popular than the professionals. Cricket is deep in the soul of the Englishman, and everybody, literally, plays it.

You have tennis; it didn't get over here till the eighties, and we had to do without it. The idea of 'championships' in baseball, tennis, or in any other outdoor sport, was hardly yet in the germ with us; *what we played for, and had*, was fun. It was nice if the family came down to watch us, but we were content if they stayed away. We played hockey with sticks picked up in the woods: 'shinny your side' was the word, and we went at it soulfully. I was twice knocked out, once by Willis' huge club, as he drew it back for his blow and hit me between the eyes, and once by the ball, hard rubber, which imbedded itself deep in my middle section. I was sensible of the glory of being struck down in the front of battle, but not until the effects of the blow had begun to abate.

There was swimming for boys, and for girls also under proper conditions, which were such that the boys ordinarily preferred swimming off somewhere by themselves. In Concord the boys had the river—parts of it where girls never came except by invitation and with due warning—and a couple of remote ponds in the neighborhood. If girls participated, it was only under the escort of chaperones, and in bathing suits which I hesitate to describe; they were of heavy dark woolen stuff and extended from throat to ankle, and also to the wrists—and the boys had to adopt the same fashion.

At Harvard, the young gentlemen found a safe place for themselves on the banks of the Charles, where their unclad gambols were supposedly out of sight of dwellings; but the faculty one day received a protest from two maiden ladies who said that, by looking out an attic window on the river side of their house, they could discern objects afar which they felt assured must be naked men. Our swimming place was moved farther away; but the ladies came again to say that they had procured a telescope through which our unspeakable performances were still visible. What was the faculty's rejoinder I don't know; but we stayed where we were.

Skating. If you can believe it, we had no parlor skates, nor even any skating rinks; nothing but winter ice outdoors and skates bound to the feet with crisscrossed straps. The first skates were brought from Holland, had long turned-up toes, and were grooved down the blade; you couldn't get more than six miles an hour from them. A little later came the smooth made-in-America rockers, and various patent devices for fastening them to the shoe without straps. You have bettered all that, but you can't better the good times we had. There were mighty skaters too; Storrow Higginson, for instance, who could make a mile under three minutes and describe curves and involutions like the live lariat that Will Rogers manipulates today.

There were no professionals with their antics, but to do the outer edge with the elbow of the prettiest girl in school held fast in the crook of your own, with the moon overhead and the bonfire blazing on the shining ice sheet far away yonder—that was transcendent! Emerson, too, skated, but he did other things much more gracefully.

The trouble with you is that the multiplicity of your plays and playthings spoils your appetite, and what you are after is not so much enjoyment as excitement. But the edge of enjoyment stays keen, whereas that of excitement soon dulls. Your tendency is to train experts in all sports, and then to look on. But vicarious play is poor stuff compared with playing the game yourself. You know that those athletes in the arena are doing their job for pay, and you are reduced to criticizing their performance instead of jumping in and taking a hand.

I don't say that there was no petting or necking in my time, but they were always private and personal enterprises, never gregarious.

The attitude of mind of the spectator is superficial; that of the one in the game goes to the core and makes the heartier man. One hears gossip nowadays about 'Selling out the game.' But why not?—since the preoccupation of the professional is not for the glory of the sport, but for its emolument. This breeds suspicion in the onlookers—an unwholesome and debasing thing.

This magazine has for some months past been describing the dances of the days of my youth. I wish I could convey the thoughts and feeling of those who danced them. Try to imagine a young girl who fancies that there is something sacred in pure womanhood, who recognizes the perils of temptation, and therefore avoids them, instead of 'taking care of herself,' who can believe that there is in her (her own yet not her own) something that is divine and precious—imagine such a girl when she is invited to a dance. Such a thing has not happened to her every day, nor perhaps as often as once a week, or once a month. It is a thing for which she must prepare in spirit as well as in body.

For she cannot, as today, go as she is; her ball dress must be a thing apart, to be studiously planned and long remembered. She must appear other than her everyday self—embellished, exalted, transfigured. The movements of a dance carry an emotional and spiritual significance derived from long-past ages; they are a primitive language of beauty and of love: the beauty of grace, the intimations of love, and the invitation to it. To fulfill such an office no refinement can be too exquisite, no preparation too heedful. For this may prove to be her day of days, to which she will look back till the last moment of her recorded time. Her preparation for it becomes a rite, serious, yet thrilling with internal joy. Her dress must express her ideal of self, no trivial thing, but womanhood incarnate.

It seems to me that sensibilities of this sort, and a nature to manifest them, are worth while. They afford means for enjoyments which purify the nature and elevate character. To be incapable of them is to be deprived of something too valuable to be described or replaced. They not only make the passing moment beautiful, but they build an interior chamber whose fragrance is never wholly dissipated, to which we may again and again return to be refreshed and tuned.

Such elements of well-being existed in the old time, and it avails nothing for

robust optimists to stand on the rostrum and affirm that our boys and girls are as good as any have been, and in many respects better. Are the standards as high as they used to be? The young people know more—are at least supplied with more memorized information—than in former times; but there is a time for knowing, and a time for not knowing; we do not fill a jug with wine till the jug has been hardened in the fire. It was a wise man who said, 'There are things which a man is a scoundrel for knowing,'—a deep and weighty saying!

Young folk today see and hear and speed round the world: we were home-keeping bodies. But does the hearing in New York of what is said in London make the saying any more valuable? We save time; but do we save it in order to do more, or to have leisure to do nothing? The work of the world is done for the benefit of the workers, and of their dependents and of posterity.

But each fresh step in progress adds to the number of things to be done; we ourselves die in the trenches before the unattained citadel, and for our children it must be the same; instead of securing leisure for them, or for ourselves, we do but toughen their job and ours. Moreover, leisure, hard though we strive for it, is the very thing which more than any other we dread: the problem in a vacation is, What shall we do? We catch a fish, shoot a bear,

SALT LANE, BOSTON. *Pen-and-ink impression by* STANLEY W. WOODWARD

climb a mountain, canoe a rapid. But who can sit around all day and do nothing? We can play bridge, dance, eat, sleep; but sleep and food are not vacation; and the other things are not only work, and hard work, but, unlike normal trade and professional work, they pay no dividends. And if you succeed in compelling your body to quiescence, all the more do the wheels in your brain spin round, planning business to come, or recalling past successes or mistakes. No vacation in that!

But I was speaking of the comparative merits of play, past and present. In Concord, in the middle of the last century, we had to stay at home and make the best of it; we sawed our own wood, dug our wells, grew our garden truck, baked our bread, made our own gowns and breeches. Neighbors would help one another out at a pinch. There were schooldays, picnics, cornhuskings, candy-pullings, dances at home, eucher and whist, puss-in-the-corner, rowboating on the river, newspapers rare and without scareheads, books, love-making, now and then a marriage or a funeral. We never had to stop and think, What next? And it was really hard to tell, at any moment, whether we were working or playing. We also read the Bible, and believed in God and that we would meet our dead friends in Heaven. Some of our townspeople drank whisky and many chewed tobacco. I never heard of Darwin, vivisection, New Thought. Yet in some respects we were not a benighted community: we had men, and women too, who are not yet forgotten.

There was a picture in Munich called 'The Pursuit of Happiness.' Happiness is depicted as the phantom of a beautiful woman, floating onward in the air, holding up in one hand a golden crown, scattering gold from the other. The pursuer is a horseman, desperately reaching toward her from his saddle, heedless that the hoofs of his horse are trampling to death another woman whom he had loved, and that he himself is on the point of being overtaken by the skeleton hand of Death, riding behind him; beneath him are the last timbers of a broken bridge, and beneath that, the Abyss. But the phantom floats on in her glory. We contemplate the picture: 'Yes, it's true, but it can't be helped!' —and we pass on.

But the true point seems to be, not that temptation can be abolished, but that we can avoid the broken bridge. Our stupendous material progress is an experience, a natural result of continued mental activity. Danger lies only in our regarding it as of any real value in itself. The ancient warning hits the mark, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—and if we object that we have no souls, yet the truth remains: material things, except as garments of things immaterial, are rubbish or worse. But recognize them as mere garments, and you are free.

Thomas Carlyle said it in his *Sartor Resartus*. All wise men, before and after him, say the same. It was confessed in Concord, and cannot be gainsaid now. But for young people, just emerging into the present extraordinary brilliance of material achievement, and additionally perplexed by assurances of plausible but shallow persons that creation is self-evolved and directed, and whose judgment or understanding of proportion and relation is necessarily unmatured—it is small wonder that the dazzle of the tinsel obscures true vision.

Control of nature is a stage which we are bound to reach in the course of events. It may be of less importance than we are prone to think, but if we are not beguiled into imagining it to be the millennium, it cannot hurt us. But it may be questioned whether our present cumbrous paraphernalia be not excessive. Mind has made it; may not mind accomplish the same or better results without it, or, as we would now say, miraculously? Then, things would no longer be in the saddle; and we would probably dispense with most of the impedimenta which we now hold to be necessities, or luxuries. Nature, so long hostile, will become our playmate. Old Concord was primitive, but it was not far from the right idea.

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The Training of the African Black

A Youth Must Pass Through Physical Ordeals and Learn the Taboos Before He Can Be Accepted Into the Tribe

By HENRI GALLAND

Translated by ANDREE PRATOUCY

THE ways of thinking of the black are, in many respects, widely different from those of the white men. A deep gulf divides them. That statement is confirmed by the study of their moral ideas. For white men, ethics rule action, as far as they tend toward an ultimate aim. But how does the black man conceive that aim? He does not even ask himself the question, What is the use of it? Tomorrow does not exist for him. He has one aim, that is, to draw from life whatever good it may offer and to avoid as far as possible whatever evil can befall him. There is no established moral code for him; he observes the 'customs' handed down by his ancestors.

Who would believe that the act of drinking or of eating, which seems so natural to us, is not so for the black? That act of his daily life is laid under a great number of prescriptions, of prohibitions, in a word, of *taboos*, a term which has been borrowed from the far-distant wild tribes of the Pacific Ocean and which means marked in a special way, sacred. The chief characteristic of the taboo is that it imposes a limit on men's activity. The law of taboo never prescribes to act but always to refrain from acting. It is not an incident, but a restraint, the general motive of which is dread of danger.

One day he catches sight of fruits on a tree, he eats them and finds their taste pleasant; therefore, he may eat them freely. A few days after he comes across another tree. He plucks one of the fruits, finds it unsavory, and perhaps falls ill. No doubt the latter fruit was a forbidden fruit and he will warn his children that it is henceforth prohibited.

I was once struck by the discomfited countenance of a hunter whose fame was certainly not exaggerated; never did he fail to come back from the bush without a quarter of antelope or of wild boar on his shoulders. One morning, as he had returned to the village empty-handed, he came to me and asked me to punish his wife who was certainly the cause of his failure. He felt sure she must have been unfaithful to him while he was away. In vain I tried, with all sorts of excellent reasons, to make him understand that the thing was impossible, but my man obstinately refused to give up his idea.

'You may assert the contrary,' he said. 'If I killed nothing, it is because my wife behaved badly while I was pursuing the game. For us hunters such a belief cannot be questioned!'

In the same way as a murderer fears the ghost of his victim, so the hunter or the fisher dreads the ghosts of the animals he has killed, or is going to kill. Hence those taboos and purificatory rites that he observes before and when hunting or fishing, and which are laid also on the members of his family. Or again he will fast for several days before setting off on an expedition; he will impose upon himself a rule of continence, and will even go to the point of refraining from looking at the face of a woman, were she one of his wives, and from drinking out of the same calabash as she—a most peculiar custom that is to be found in other parts of the world, the breach of which is sure to bring about the failure of the undertaken expedition.

—Underwood & Underwood Photo.

Prospective African bridegroom displaying his wealth before the hut of his future father-in-law.

In many tribes the black who returns from a journey washes his whole body and smears it with red or white earth, an efficient means of removing the evil with which contact of strangers from another village might have tainted him. Sometimes, when a stranger wishes to enter the village, he must also bathe himself and smear his body with earth. White men have been often forced to comply with these rites before being admitted into certain tribes.

The acts of eating and drinking are not, as we have seen, as natural for the black man as they are for the white. He is afraid lest his soul should escape out of his mouth when he swallows food or drink. I have seen chiefs—perhaps their social position forced them to do so—covering their heads when eating or drinking. Travelers related long ago that the kings of Congo were sure to die if any of their subjects saw them eating or drinking.

In the Congo the belief is still widespread that evil spirits may enter the body along with the food or the liquid. It is then necessary to keep them off by observing certain rites. Bissa, a chief of the *Balali*, in the French Congo, squats down when drinking. He holds the vessel with his left hand, drives his knife into the ground and keeps his forefinger on it while he is drinking. The men of his court slowly strike their breasts until he has emptied the vessel.

Often the black man will be seen throwing on the ground a few drops of the liquid before drinking. He thinks he is thus keeping off the evil spirits he might otherwise absorb.

And what about the taboos on food? In depicting the religious life of the black, I said that the fetishes consisted of queer objects of all kinds. If the fetisher succeeds in securing remains of food, he acquires an extraordinary power, therefore, in many tribes, food left over is always burned. If he can lay hold of cut hair and nails, his power knows no bounds. He feels certain he has their owner at his disposal and he can

cause him to die whenever and wherever he likes. The part played by hair in the magic of the black tribes is indeed all important. A native whom I once found in his hut, dying, told me he was not suffering from disease, but from the evil curse cast upon him by an envious fetisher, who had contrived to secure some of his hair, in spite of the care the poor fellow had taken to burn it after one of his friends had cut it for him.

Incidentally the razor is unknown to these men of the bush; a sharpened knife or a bit of broken glass fills its place.

The importance of the beard is no less considerable. Is it on account of this belief that, in the district over which I ruled a few years ago, the Bateke treat their beard and hair with special care? They scrupulously anoint them and plait them every morning.

Names themselves are under special taboos. A native is often reluctant to tell his name and will allow you to know only his nickname.

THE previous examples suffice to show that the moral life of the black is composed of numberless, varied prohibitions. Many more could be added; but you can easily suppose that, whenever some evil befalls him—an accident, a disease, an unfruitful hunting or fishing expedition, a drought or too heavy rains that destroy his plantations—the black man at once suspects the influence of evil spirits or feels sure that, since fate has struck him, he or one of his family must have broken some taboo or other. He then tries to locate the author or the cause of the evil, the exact nature of the breach, and he resorts for the purpose to dreams, the ordeal poison or his other forms of divination.

The education of the black man is not confined to the study of those prescriptions, however. As soon as he is of age, he must perform a kind of novitiate. He undergoes ordeals, more or less hard. Once he has successfully gone through them, he becomes a member of the community to which he had belonged, up to now, only in an incomplete way; in a word, he becomes a *man* in the real sense of the word.

When does the moral education of the child begin? There is no fixed age, properly speaking, but it is between the twelfth and fifteenth years. The fetisher or the elders who are intrusted with it begin by teaching him the history of the tribe. The tales that compose its folklore, several of which have already been heard by youths at night around the fires of the village square, are told again; new ones are added, almost always full of verve and humor. I shall here digress to relate two of them: they come from the country of the *Pahouins*, the great tribe that lives at the north of Gabon. I retain their primitive form.

* * *

THE MAN AND THE TORTOISE

Zam Nam Mebeghe had a daughter. 'He who wishes to marry my daughter,' he had said, 'must tie water into a bundle.' When the tortoise heard the noise, he said, 'I will marry his daughter,' and he went away carrying a pipe and tobacco. As soon as he arrived at Zam Nam Mebeghe's he said, 'I have come to marry your daughter.' Zam Nam Mebeghe replied, 'Tie water into a bundle and you will marry her. I ask nothing else.' The tortoise lay down and at daybreak he said to Zam Nam Mebeghe, 'Give me a child to show me the way. I am going to tie water.' Zam Nam Mebeghe gave him a child and when the tortoise and the child had arrived at the river, the tortoise built a weir and said to the child, 'I have forgotten something. Take the pipe to the father [Zam Nam Mebeghe]; let him smoke and tie the smoke that goes out the pipe.' And he added, 'I shall then tie the bundles of water with those ties.' The child went away and gave the pipe and the tobacco to the father. The latter began smoking and tried to catch the smoke to tie it. It was no use. Then he said to the child, 'Call the tortoise and ask him to come here.' When the tortoise arrived he asked how it was possible to tie smoke. The tortoise replied, 'How do *you* tie bundles of water?' Zam Nam Mebeghe laughed and thus it was that the tortoise married the daughter of Zam Nam Mebeghe.

* * *

THE DOG THAT DROPS ITS PREY TO CATCH THE SHADOW

Once upon a time, a man killed an antelope. When he had cut it into quarters a dog came up and stole a piece of the flesh and ran along the road crossed by a small river. As he looked into the water he saw his shadow holding a morsel of flesh. He then wanted to seize it, but he dropped the piece he had in his mouth and thus lost it in the river.

'The man who wants the thing he has not will lose that which he has.'

* * *

As soon as they have been chosen, the young men are taken into the forest and spend from two months to two years in retirement. Why in the forest, you may ask. Because it is a place of mystery. What is sought, before everything else, is secrecy; and it is in the bosom of the forest that meetings are held in one or several huts either built there for the purpose, or carried from the village piece by piece and reërected in the selected spot. In many places indeed, the huts are only composed of panels woven with stiff grass.

THE aspirants are introduced into the inclosure with certain ceremonies and the ordeals are begun at once. They drink a narcotic and their bodies are smeared with white earth, so that they assume the appearance of real phantoms. The black considers white the color of phantoms.

When they go about, they are careful to make some noise to warn people of their presence, either by special cries, or by small wooden or iron bells, similar to those that the natives tie around the neck of their dogs in hunting expeditions.

What is the education given in the school of fetishers? The young men are taught the history of the tribe and its folklore. They learn arts and some craftsmanship, how to weave mats, to build huts, to dance common or special dances, the latter being intended to keep off evil spirits; above all they are initiated to religious practices, to the knowledge of taboos, the medicinal virtues of plants: in a word, they complete the elementary education received from their parents.

At the completion of his term of learning, the young man returns to his village and takes up again the gestures of daily life, for his family has been regarding him as dead during his period of initiation. He himself is convinced he has been dead and a new life begins for him, consecrated by his final entrance into the community.

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(*This is the second of a series of articles on this subject. The next will appear in an early issue.*)

The Holy City

Anna Hempstead Branch

AND you will see a basin there,
Pure and clean and very white,
Lifted wings on either side—
Holding it with gentlest might.

Ah—those lifted wings shall be
Exquisite, like shining stone,
And the water in that basin
Like a Queen upon a Throne.

Underneath, the twisted shape
Of a man shall hold it up,
Half an angel, half an ape,
Struggling for the chastened cup.

And you will never know at all
I turned myself to this—
The laboring shape, the lifted cup,
The water's healing kiss.

A LETTER *From* Nebuchadnezzar

In Which He Tells of a Golden Statue *Ninety Feet High and Nine Feet Wide*

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

A LETTER from Nebuchadnezzar to all posterity has been translated in the University Museum at Philadelphia. It was written in the year 586 B. C., at the time when the author of the Book of Daniel in the Old Testament was jotting down his description of a golden statue ninety feet high and nine feet wide. Heretofore that account has been taken with a grain of salt by historians, but if the builder of the supposed statue is to be believed, all previous estimates of Babylonian magnificence must be discarded as inadequate. The statue of gold was only an item in a scheme of decoration that for brilliance and expense has never been equaled before or since.

Nebuchadnezzar's own story of this magnificence was written at his order on a barrel-cylinder of clay, and stored in the crypt of a cornerstone, just as records are placed today. Half a hundred years ago a small section of it was found, containing just enough information to whet the curiosity of archeologists. Ever since then explorers have been searching for the rest of it. Thirty-five years ago it was found, and sold in London to an agent of the museum, who failed, however, to recognize its contents or its author. It has been on view in the museum since that time, each curator of the Babylonian section assuming that it had been translated by one of his predecessors.

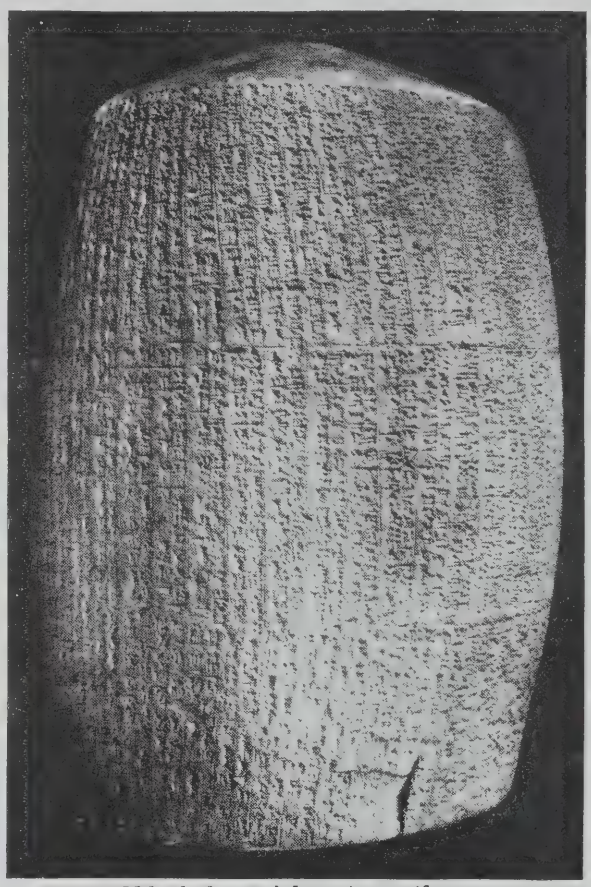
Reading cuneiform script is a laborious occupation, and the work was so large that no one tackled it until Dr. Leon Legrain, failing to find any records to show that the cylinder had been read, began to study it, and the text told its own story.

It is a story calculated to take away the breath of a modern world which regards gold as the basis of wealth.

Gold, in the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, was only a sort of building material.

Silver and bronze were in the same class, together with cedar and magan wood, lapis lazuli, alabaster and precious stones. At that time, of course, gold was not hoarded as at present. It had come into some use for the minting of coins, but the great majority of human beings still fixed standards of value by a measure of wheat, barley or dates, or a quantity of hides. In most commercial transactions no other medium of exchange was used. Even the rulers of men regarded gold and silver as mainly useful for decorations.

Babylon today is a somber ruin rising a few feet over the sands of the Mesopotamian desert. In those days it must have been the most dazzling spectacle ever produced by man. The statue of which Daniel speaks—if it existed—doubtless was visible at a great distance.



Nebuchadnezzar's letter in cuneiform.

But the towers of the shrines, according to the account now brought to light, and the vessels that rode at anchor in the canals, were even more astonishing.

Here is the story as Nebuchadnezzar dictated it to his scribe:

'When Marduk the great lord had truly created me and given me power to be pastor of the countries and when Nabu his true son, who loves my royalty, had trusted into my hands the splendor of great nations, I marched with the help of their sublime power from the upper to the lower sea and I counted all these lands unto my dominion and the lord Marduk my lord delivered unto me silver, costly precious stones, huge cedar trees, a heavy tribute, magnificent presents, products of all countries, treasures of all habitations. I had them brought in Esagila and Ezida before Marduk the great lord of the gods and before Nabu his dutiful son who loves my royalty. Nabu and Marduk looked with favor on me and intrusted me solemnly with the embellishment of the city and the restoration of the temples.

'Esagila the awe-inspiring sanctuary, the palace of heaven and earth, the house of delight; Ékua the shrine of the Enlil of the gods, Marduk; Kaushduglisug the gate of Zarpanit's shrine; Ezida the abode of the god of all the kings of heaven and earth, the shrine of Nabu of the temple court, I covered with shining gold and let shine like the day. I restored Etemenanki the Ziggurat of Babylon. In Borsippa I restored Ezida, the righteous house beloved of Marduk for Nabu the illustrious son. I enveloped tall cedars with bronze and laid them as a cover. Magan wood, sidaru wood, strong cedar wood overspread with shining bronze I also placed above.

'Inside its foundation, to frame it in, I laid cedar trees and I strengthened their joints with shining bronze clamps. The huge cedar trees, which my pure hands cut in their forest of Mount Lebanon, I clothed with shining gold and I adorned with precious stones and I had them laid across by three as a roof over Emahtila the shrine of Nabu. Above these cedars I spread shining bronze as a covering. Above the bronze I placed a tahlal as a crowning fence on their top. In order that no rain, storm, or cataract of heaven should reach them I redoubled and with strong cedar wood built a new roof above them.

'As for the six rooms adjoining the shrine of Nabu I adorned their cedar roof with bright silver. As a roof over all these rooms I laid huge cedar trees. I enveloped magan wood with bronze and I placed it as lintels on high. I fabricated huge bulls in bronze and I clothed them with a coating of gold and adorned them

with precious stones and I placed them on the threshold of the shrine gate. The threshold, the fetter, the bar, the door wings, the lintel, the knob, the lock, the bolt of the shrine gate I plated with shining gold. With tiles of clear silver I made bright the passage to the shrine and the entrance of the temple.

THE door wings of magan and cedar wood I encased in clear silver and over the hollow of their span I placed lustrous alabaster and I fixed the lintel of all their doors. I made the dais of Ezida shine, the lintel and the hinges in a fabric of clear silver and placed them inside. I covered with clear silver the cedar wood of the roof of the Dara gate through which goes and comes the son of the lord of the gods.

'The threshold, the fetter, the bar, the door wings, the knob, the lintel, the lock, the bolt, the architrave and the siglim I plated with clear silver. I fabricated huge bulls of silver and I placed them on its threshold. This gate through which goes and comes the son of the lord of the god Nabu, when he rides in procession into Babylon, I let shine like the day. The shrine of fate, the abode of Nabu, the brave, the illustrious son, in which at Zagmuk the beginning of the year, on the fifth and on the eleventh in his going to and coming from Babylon, he Nabu, the victorious son, takes his rest, I made in a fabric of clear silver and I placed in front of this gate. Bulls of shining silver I planted as ornament on the threshold of the gates of Ezida.

'In the obedience of my faithful heart I attended to these two temples and I adorned their structure with gold, silver, precious stones, bronze, magan and cedar wood.

'I made the construction of Ezida resplendent like the star writing of heaven and no king who shall walk as I do shall change the construction of this temple, which no king among the kings has ever built, while I have made it magnificent for Nabu and Marduk my lords. With rejoicing and jubilation I let Nabu and Nan my lords enter and settle in the abode of their hearts' gladness. To strengthen the defense of Ezida I restored the wall inclosing Ezida and the constructions in front of the temple court, facing Dannutim-Anna the Shrine of Sin (the moon god) in its middle and everything between. I am Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who takes care of the sanctuaries of Marduk and Nabu my lords.'

At this point the recital describes how Nebuchadnezzar built a third wall and moat around Babylon to strengthen its defense, and, on the far side of the Euphrates, completed a quay of burnt bricks started by his father. He then takes up the decoration of the two sacred ships used by the gods and their high priests, as follows:

I ADORNED the boat Udura on which rides the lord of the gods Marduk, its front and rear, its upper structure, its sides, its deck post and dragon with 14 talents, 12 minehs of shining gold, 750 pieces of marble and bright lapis lazuli, and on the surface of the clear Euphrates I let him shine splendidly like the stars in heaven, and I filled it with jewels for the admiration of all the people. I covered the cabin of the boat of the Ganul canal, the boat of Nabu, and also both sides, with 13 talents, 30 minehs of shining gold and costly precious stones and for the going and the coming of the illustrious son, Nabu, who at Zagmuk the beginning of the year rides in procession into Babylon, I let shine like the day.'

The rest of the three columns of inscriptions describe the various restorations of fortress walls and temples made by Nebuchadnezzar, who even that early was aware of the rising strength of the Persians. It will be recalled by readers of history that the empire fell under Belshazzar, son of Nebuchadnezzar, and the emperor at whose feast Daniel translated the writing on the wall. The story of the prophet relating to the great image of gold, as it appears in the third chapter, first verse of Daniel, is as follows:

NEBUCHADNEZZAR the king made an image of gold, whose height was three score cubits and the breadth thereof six cubits; he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon.'

A cubit, properly speaking, was the length of a man's arm from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. Since arms differed, the Romans fixed the measurement at seventeen and two-fifths inches, but the Hebrew cubit was fixed at twenty-two inches. Today it is generally considered as eighteen inches. On that basis the 'three score cubits' would be ninety feet—a figure probably exaggerated.

Dr. Legrain points out that Herodotus, the 'father of history,' had the following to say about the wealth of Babylon:

'In this temple of Babylon is another chapel down below, in which is seen a great gold statue representing a seated Jove. Close to the statue there is a great gold table; the throne and the dais are of the same metal. The whole according to the Chaldeans weighs 800 gold talents. Outside of the chapel is seen a gold altar on which only suckling lambs were sacrificed. There was moreover in those days within the sacred area a statue of massive gold whose height was twelve cubits. I have not seen it, and only report that the Chaldeans tell about it.'

Even at this rate the statue would have been thirty-three feet high.

Writing *for* Magazines

WRITING for magazines or making books is both an art and a business, subject to all the hazards of any business. During the last five years I have written 246 articles and several fiction stories and sold them to fifteen different publications. This has been done as a side line to my 'regular job.' I carry a portable typewriter and a supply of paper wherever I go, and can unlimber and get into action anywhere. More than once when a train was late I have turned a suit case up on end in a depot, put my typewriter on it and improved the shining moments.

Magazine writing as a business deals with finding a market for what you produce. It is purely a matter of selling a commodity. A study of salesmanship has helped me immensely at this point. The magazines are the market. They purchase much of their material from free-lance contributors who make a business of writing. An enormous number of stories and articles must be written to supply the magazines that are published regularly each week or month. The buying is done from three to six months in advance. Several factors enter into the calculations of the editors such as timeliness, editorial policy and the state of the treasury.

A writer must analyze his market just as does a shoemaker, or any other manufacturer. Magazines may be divided into three general classifications—all fiction, articles, or partly articles and partly fiction. The fiction magazine may be further divided into groups, such as adventure, mystery, detective, sex, and business. Those that publish articles are not all alike. Some use general articles and others feature personalities.

BEFORE you write anything, decide what you are going to produce—a story, a general article, essay, or a personality sketch. Then pick out a particular magazine and take careful aim. If you go shooting all over the lot, you will probably end up by missing everything.

Read the stories and articles of the publication you have chosen in several numbers and make an effort to catch the vision and purpose of the editor.

A plan used effectively by one writer is to get out a query bulletin, giving titles and a brief description of the material in hand. He offers to submit articles on approval, and has a dotted line at the bottom where the editor can sign. The circular is duplicated and mailed to editors under two-cent postage.

The advantage of this plan is that you will quickly find the editors who are interested in what you have to offer, who are not already stocked up, or who have not assigned that subject to another writer.

There is keen competition among writers and editors, all of which helps to make life interesting. Editors are always on the alert to discover writers who can give them fresh and exclusive material.

Many of our most interesting magazine stories deal with personalities and are based on interviews.

The interviewer and interviewed often become quite friendly and a relationship is created which results in more than the one story.

There are certain confidences which a magazine writer must respect as a gentleman and as a matter of good business. Very often some of the material he never uses would make more interesting reading than the articles that he actually gives to the public. If he is indiscreet he will not be trusted, but if he gains a reputation for being 'safe' he can generally get what he wants. A writer who violates a confidence is like a man who plays with dynamite. He never does it a second time.

A POLICY which many interviewers carry out is to submit a carbon proof to the subject of an interview before the article is printed. Such a method is a protection to all concerned—subject, writer and publisher. It is very difficult to frame an article from notes or memory so it will be entirely free from inaccuracies. Where questions involving expert knowledge are discussed the article is turned over to an expert for correction or revision.

CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Here's a pretty problem to figure out,' observed ***the Tax Expert.*** 'Church property, as we all know, is exempt from taxation. But what are you going to do when, as so often occurs nowadays in our big cities, churches put up buildings, a part of whose structure is utilized for offices or apartments? I'll tell you how it's accomplished in one example that came under my notice. It was a Presbyterian church whose land, during the time it was entirely occupied for church purposes, was treated as one lot exempt from taxation. About four years ago, the church improved a vacant twenty-four-foot frontage by putting up a small building used as a real estate office. A new lot was created out of this section, and land and building pay a full tax on an assessed valuation of $185,000. The remainder of the site was improved a year ago by one large structure containing a banking office on the ground floor and business offices on the upper floors. The original plot was then divided into three sections. The church occupies the western end of the plot, the land and building, appraised at $390,000, being entirely free from taxation. The parish house, adjoining, appraised at $150,000, is wholly exempt, of course. But the corner which is utilized almost entirely for business purposes is taxed on a valuation of $700,000, the city having exempted $35,000 because the church uses some rooms in the building. The full value of the property is $1,460,000, of which $885,000 pays city and state taxes. These problems seem to occur because growing cities encroach upon the former isolated locations of churches, which, finding themselves central points in populous sections, either have to or desire to increase their incomes for upkeep and social work.'

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The Russian Youth was intensely serious. He drifted in and drifted out again, humorless, heavy with disapproval of things American, a prophet of woe. He spoke of Russian chess with king and queen and bishops abolished. He spoke of Russian literature and its splendid gloom. He spoke of the abolition of the Church. Then he touched on the dance and had this to say: 'There is a new dance called The Machine because it embodies all the movements of a machine. It is a government invented affair. The dancer pivots on his heel, which movement represents the revolution of a wheel. Or he thrusts forward a foot then pulls it back, portraying the thrust of a piston. He stamps to symbolize the hammer, and he slides to represent grinding.'

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We had been to a movie, ***the Wanderer and I,*** so had seen emotion pictured by heroines with heaving chests, astonishment registered by one character looking at the feet of his *vis-a-vis* and allowing his eye to travel slowly upward until face met face, grief portrayed by women who clung to door knobs, men who expressed anger by catching their lower lip with their incisor teeth, others who by way of representing surprise collapsed tragically against any handy piece of furniture. So being in the office we talked about gesturing, then about novels, with especial reference to the play of coincidence.

'The trouble is,' said the Wanderer, 'that some of us do have chance meetings of an extraordinary nature, and they are often so much out-of-the-way that we don't care to tell the tale of them.'

'As for instance,' suggested I, to encourage him.

'Well, here is an example,' he answered, and took a slip of paper from his vest pocket, then flipped it across the desk. A woman's name was written on it.

Indexes for Volume 26 of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, covering the period from October 24, 1925, to October 16, 1926, are available. The supply is limited. The price is ten cents a copy.

'Exhibit A,' he said. Then added, 'A sort of answer to a petition like that of the Perfect Angler which runs: "Lord grant that I may catch a fish so large that even I when speaking of it afterward may have no cause to lie!" '

Then he went on to tell of how, in Paul Honoré's studio, the day before, some of the Bonstelle company, playing *The Enemy*, had gathered. In the course of the hour he had fallen into conversation with Patricia Calvert, who plays the part of Mizzi Winckelman, and they began comparing notes, talking about travel, and about parental nationalities. Patricia said that she did not often talk of the nationality of her mother, the fact being odd and almost unbelievable. 'She is a Patagonian,' she said. 'Not an Indian; but a white born in Patagonia,' then went on to explain where Patagonia was situated. But the Wanderer was interested and followed up with, 'When did she leave there?' 'In 1896,' answered the girl, hearing which the man was all for precision. 'Write down your mother's name,' he said, 'and I'll wager that I'll tell what it is without seeing it.' And so it was, for no sooner had the girl written the name and folded the paper, than he called out the name correctly. For there had been an adventure years before, with fight and counter fight, in which encounter the Wanderer had been engaged. It was a little romance with beginnings in Patagonia and the Isle of Man, with twenty years in between, and, during those years a world of wandering; and now the threads meeting again in Detroit. There's this to add. While the Wanderer is a writer and the girl he met is an actress, and while the surroundings were interesting, the discovery was made without any display of dramatic force. The best type of popular fiction and screen convention would have represented them as being acutely conscious of poetic atmosphere, with the others in the studio following events as they unrolled with breathless interest, perhaps standing in a semicircle with the principals in the center. Instead of which the two talked quietly, as they might have about the weather, eating ham sandwiches the while.

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He talked with uncommon animation, did ***a Man From Biloxi*** who had a taste for maps. He had been to Ann Arbor where he talked with Karpinski, the cartographer, and there saw old maps. He had spent twenty-five hard-earned dollars to buy a Book of Old Maps. Then he had gone to New York, called upon Victor Hugo Paltsits who is the keeper of manuscripts in the public library, and thus came to see the so-called Lenox globe, a thing of engraved copper about the size of a croquet ball. On it the contours of South America are shown with correctness although the globe was made about 1503 or 1507, long before Magellan sailed. It bears no date. At the time of its making Australia was not officially known, but the globe maker seems to indicate the northern part of that continent. However, there was a lone pilgrim named Barthema, who sailed the Banda seas long before the Portuguese touched that quarter of the world, and he records that 'natives told us that, to the south, beyond the island aforesaid (Java) dwell sundry other sorts of men . . . and . . . there daylight stays but four hours in those parts,' which may seem to indicate Australia. So there's matter for speculation in the globe, said the Biloxi man. There is also interest in its discovery, for it was found in Paris, in 1855, by the architect, Richard M. Hunt, who presented it to the Lenox Library.

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The English Lecturer spoke of Coleridge's Kublai Khan which shaped itself to the poet in his sleep, whereupon the woman school-teacher displayed an unexpected knowledge of authors' visions and said that Robinson Crusoe was the result of a dream by DeFoe, Rienzi the dream offspring of Lord Lytton's brain, *Westward Ho* had its beginnings in a dream of Kingsley's. Then one of the office men told of Dryden's habit of eating late suppers to induce dreams. So a suggestion framed itself—An Essay on Dreams as Literary Influence. Or put it this way—The Nightmare Motive in Modern Novel Writing.

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'You can't tell where the unscrupulous exploiter will head in next,' said ***the Army Officer.*** 'In New York, near the Pennsylvania Station, I saw, exhibited in a window The Boy Scout Smoking Outfit—complete with packet of cigarets, bundle of little cigars, small pipe and tobacco, matches, cigaret holder, all compact for one dollar a box. The name of the manufacturer was something like Schuster and Marx, or some such similar combination.'

CAN YOU TELL ME?

Question. What per cent of the population of the United States are dependent after they are unable to work?

Answer. While there are no national statistics covering this question, figures compiled from a study of a relatively large section of the population would indicate that thirty-seven per cent of those over sixty-five years of age are dependent.

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Q. Where was radium first found and by whom?

A. Radium was discovered in 1898 at Paris by Professor Pierre Curie and Madame Sklodowska Curie in collaboration with Monsieur Bemont. It was found in the sulphate residues from pitchblende of the Austrian mines at Saint Joachimsthal, Bohemia, which had been previously worked for the metal uranium.

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Q. What were President Wilson's fourteen points?

A. 1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at.

2. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas.

3. Removal in so far as possible of all economic barriers and establishment of an equality of trade conditions among nations.

4. Reduction of national armaments to lowest points consistent with domestic safety.

5. Adjustment of all colonial claims upon principle that interest of populations concerned must have equal weight with equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined.

6. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest coöperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy.

7. Evacuation and restoration of Belgium.

8. All French territory should be freed and invaded portions restored; wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in matter of Alsace-Lorraine should be righted.

9. Readjustment of frontiers of Italy along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

10. Peoples of Austria-Hungary to be accorded freest opportunity of autonomous development.

11. Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; relations of the several Balkan States to one another to be determined along established lines of allegiance and nationality; international guaranties for their political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be entered into.

12. Turkish portions of Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty; other nationalities now under Turkish rule should be assured security of life and opportunity of autonomous development; Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations, under international guaranties.

13. Erection of an independent Polish State to include territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations.

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike.

In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and other matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.

Q. How many English-speaking peoples are there in the world as compared with some of the other major European languages?

A. The English language is spoken by more than 180,000,000 people; the German by 120,000,000; Russian, 90,000,000; French, 60,000,000; Spanish, 55,000,000; Italian 40,000,000; Portuguese 30,000,000.

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Q. Who are the Senators and Representatives from Michigan?

A. The Senators are James Couzens and Woodbridge Ferris. The Representatives are: John B. Sosnowski, Earl C. Michener, Joseph L. Hooper, John C. Ketcham, Carl E. Mapes, Grant M. Hudson, Louis C. Cramton, Bird J. Vincent, James C. McLaughlin, Roy O. Woodruff, Frank D. Scott, W. Frank James, Clarence J. McLeod.

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Q. Did the civilians who worked for the Government during the war get a bonus, and if so why didn't those who worked at Camp McClellan get one?

A. During the late war and for some time thereafter civilian employes were allowed an increase in their rate of pay (the so-called bonus) under certain conditions set forth in the Acts of Congress granting the increase. It is thought likely that the increase was paid to such employes at Camp McClellan as were entitled to it.

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A correction: The issue of April 9, in naming the men on the Interstate Commerce Commission in reply to an inquiry, included in the list the name of Frederic I. Cox. Mr. Cox is no longer on the Commission. The list should read: John J. Esch, chairman; Joseph B. Eastman; Balthasar H. Meyer; Henry C. Hall; Clyde B. Aitchison; Johnston B. Campbell; Ernest I. Lewis; Frank Mc Manamy; Thomas F. Woodlock; Richard V. Taylor and Ezra Brainerd, Jr.

Q. What is the indebtedness of Indiana?

A. The bonded debt of Indiana on October 1, 1925, was $340,000, and the floating debt $2,000,000, making a total of $2,340,000.

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Q. Can a Spanish-American War veteran receive back pension from the time the pension was begun if he did not apply at the beginning for same?

A. The law states as follows: 'Such pensions shall commence from the date of filing application therefor in the Bureau of Pensions after the approval of this Act in such form as may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Interior.'

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Q. I should like to get some information regarding the Lost Battalion in the World War, how they were trapped and saved.

A. Approximately 550 men under command of Major Charles W. Whittlesey were cut off from the remainder of the 77th Division and surrounded by a superior number of the enemy near Charlevaus in the Foret d'Argonne from the morning of October 3, 1918, to the night of October 7, 1918. Without food for more than 100 hours, harassed continuously by machine gun, rifle, trench mortar and grenade fire, Major Whittlesey's command with undaunted spirit and magnificent courage successfully met and repulsed daily violent attacks by the enemy. They held the position which had been reached by supreme efforts under orders received for an advance until communication was reëstablished with friendly troops. On the fourth day a written proposition to surrender received from the Germans was treated with the contempt which it deserved. When relief finally came, approximately 194 officers and men were able to walk out of the position. Officers and men killed numbered 107. The officers and men during these five days of isolation continually gave unquestionable proof of extraordinary heroism and demonstrated the high standard and ideals of the United States Army.

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Q. Who are the members of the Federal Reserve Board?

A. Ex-officio members: A. W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, and J. W. McIntosh, Controller of the Currency. Appointive members: Governor, D. R. Crissinger; Vice-governor, Edmund Platt; other members, Adolph C. Miller, Charles S. Hamlin, George R. James, and Edward H. Cunningham.

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Q. What are the ten largest cities of Michigan and what is the population of each?

A. The ten largest cities in Michigan with their estimated populations are: Detroit, 1,290,000; Grand Rapids, 156,000; Hamtramck, 87,800; Highland Park, 77,000; Saginaw, 73,300; Lansing, 73,200; Jackson, 59,700; Kalamazoo, 54,500; Pontiac, 49,800; Flint, 137,000.

I READ IN THE PAPERS

To initiate and popularize revolutionary names in Russia it has been decided to keep files of events so that when children are born the parents will give them revolutionary names, that is, a name corresponding to some revolutionary event and to the terms used in revolutionary language.

New Names for Children in Russia

Up to three years of age parents may change their children's Christian names to revolutionary ones. The most popular names being given are the following: Energy, Steel, May (masculine), Maya (feminine), Boudimir (arouse the world), Rem (combination of the first letters of the words revolution, electrification, and peace, *mir*), Komintern (commissar of foreign affairs), Marat, Volodar (in honor of Volodarsky, the commissar), Electron, Marten, Interna (feminine for international), Marceliese, Forge, Blacksmith, et cetera. Many Fordson tractors having been brought into Russia, there were numerous cases recently of the name of Fordson being given to new-born children.

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The powers have thrown a bull to the China shop.—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

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Two-Gun Tom may pursue the villain to the stolen mine and rescue the beautiful heroine in the nick of time; Leering Lopez the villain rides into the desert hills of Chihuahua where amid sagebrush and cactus he commits the worst of crimes; the film king of the sheiks may linger at the climax of his act, but the inhabitants of Brookline, Massachusetts, know nothing of it unless they visit the movie theater in some neighboring city. For Brookline, with its population of 47,000, has just completed its fifth year without a motion picture theater. The ruling element in Brookline have agreed that movies are all right in their place, but that place is not Brookline. The reason? Teachers, parents and clergy have agreed that school children do better without movies. There is no objection to the films themselves but the run interferes with the studies of the youngsters, disrupting the daily routine which includes sleep, home lessons and exercise in the open.

Brookline—a City Without a Single Movie

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At a bankers' dinner the other evening a banker read a bad poem that he wrote, and nothing was done about it. But just let a poet write a bad check!—New York *American*.

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The chief trouble with dirt on the Anglo-Saxon stage (or perhaps, since we have New York in mind, the term is ill chosen; shall we say the English-speaking stage?) is that it is generally dull. For one brief and bawdy period when Charles II sat on the throne the English drama was gay and depraved, witty and nasty, delicious and disgusting. But that was before the days of realism, and perhaps it was easier. One forgives much in a man who can write dialog like Congreve's. But when the dramatist feels compelled to make all his characters talk the way—well, the way all his characters talk, it becomes in time almost as tedious and disgusting listening to them on the stage as it would be listening to them in the brothels, night clubs, nigger dives, and other charming places where they reside. At any rate, the new year on Broadway seems to give promise of a swing back of the pendulum toward a moderate degree of decency, the public having evidently discovered that smut is a dull dish for a steady diet. As soon, of course, as they really make this plain enough for the managers to comprehend, those sheep-like creatures will begin a stampede in the other direction, and probably Al Woods will revive *Everyman* and William A. Brady will trot out *Little Women*.

The Pendulum Swings Back on Broadway

—*McNaught's*.

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The money that makes money is the money that makes work.—Boston *Transcript*.

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When Admiral Charles F. Hughes succeeded Admiral Samuel S. Robinson as Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy, the officers of Admiral Robinson's flagship, as a special mark of honor, rowed him ashore in a whaleboat. This custom, called 'rowing the captain ashore,' is an ancient British one which has descended to the United States Navy. No official order is given but the officers of the ship do it to show the rest of the navy and the world how much they think of their 'old man.' The custom is said to have originated in Anglo-Saxon days when the royal barge of King Edgar (959-975) was rowed by eight vassal native kings.

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Newstead Abbey, the home of Lord Byron, is to be made into an apartment house. This ancient structure was once a monastery, founded by Henry II, who was seeking expiation for the murder of Thomas á Becket, and inhabited by friars of the St. Augustine order. It was taken from the friars by Henry VIII in 1539 and in the next year given to Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale and lieutenant of Sherwood Forest.

Byron's Home Made Into Apartments

The Byron family was awarded a baronial title and Newstead was stored in treasures and kept in glory until the time of the fifth Lord Byron, the poet's great-uncle, known as the wicked Lord Byron. In 1765 this unlucky nobleman lost public favor through slaying a neighbor in a duel and Newstead started on a downhill path. The estate came into the possession of the poet in 1798 and was in such a state of decay that he and his mother were forced to take residence in Nottingham. The poet, who was the sixth Lord Byron, used it as a place of residence only during 1808 and 1809, and sold it to Colonel Wildman, a schoolfellow of Byron's, in 1818. Colonel Wildman restored the abbey to much of its former grandeur, preserving in it many Byron relics.

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This is a man's world. A woman pays $20 for a permanent wave, while a man gets a permanent bald spot for nothing.—Detroit *Times*.

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Twenty-nine years ago the Duke of Loubat gave to Columbia University in New York City a block of land then estimated to be worth $1,100,000. At the time, the duke was sixty-seven years old, and the sole stipulation he made was that he should receive an annuity of $60,000 for the remainder of his life. The gift was regarded at the time as highly generous. Circumstances in the intervening three decades, however, have given it a peculiar twist.

A Gift That Paid Dividends

The university arranged with an insurance company, at the time of accepting the gift, to handle payment of the annuity. For this purpose the university paid the insurance company $700,000. That this was an advantageous move was proved by later events. The property donated by the duke was in a section of the city in which realty values have gradually declined in the past thirty years. The income from it has, in fact, barely paid the taxes and expenses of upkeep. On the other hand the Duke of Loubat, instead of passing on at the allotted 'threescore years and ten,' lived to be 96 years old; and when he died recently, he had received a total of $1,740,000 in annuities from the insurance company. The university will about break even from the gift; but the insurance company paid heavily for its bargain.

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The number of college men in Sing Sing is increasing rapidly. Warden Lawes is reported looking for a good football coach.—New York *Sun*.

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A new version of General Phil Sheridan's famous ride from Winchester is given by F. A. Brown in the *Pathfinder*. The generally accepted story is that the general, finding the Union cavalry in disorder after his mad dash to the scene of battle, called to his troops: 'Turn, boys, turn. We're going back.' This quotation is challenged by Mr. Brown. He says:

Sheridan's Ride —a New Version

'I was standing on the National Pike and near enough to touch Sheridan's horse, when Sheridan and General Wright met, and those were not Sheridan's words. I heard the first word spoken by both. Sheridan saluted Wright and said, "What's the position, general?" Wright replied, "I have the army in a safe position to retreat."

'"Retreat, hell! We will not retreat," Sheridan said. "Yes, we will," replied Wright. "The 8th Corps is cut to pieces, the 19th Corps is demoralized."

'Sheridan said, "No," and then took off his cap and shouted, "Come on, boys, we will occupy our old camp tonight!"

'We did.'

BRIEFLY TOLD

A RULING HAS BEEN MADE by the French Government providing for the elimination of every candidate for a scholarship whose examination paper has five mistakes in spelling.

THE LOBO, OR LARGE GRAY wolf, is rapidly vanishing in the stock-raising regions of the West. During the last year only eight were taken in New Mexico, eighteen in Arizona, twenty-eight in Montana, one in Oregon, six in South Dakota, eight in Utah, twelve in Wyoming and none in Colorado.

A GROUP OF FARMERS NEAR Rosthern, Saskatchewan, are planning to introduce camels into Canada for agricultural work.

THE HIGHEST COURT OF France, the Court of Cassation, has ruled that pedestrians are subject to traffic rules as are vehicles and may be fined if they disobey the rules.

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in gold coin was shipped recently from the United States to the Straits Settlements to serve as wedding presents among the natives, who have little regard for their value but treasure them as trinkets, associating the Liberty head with pictures of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

WHENEVER A DEATH occurs in the village of Cesaree, Turkey, a public crier shouts the news through the streets. Even though the death occur in the depth of night the crier immediately shouts out the doleful tidings, awakening the village with his loud cries.

A CLEVELAND MAN HAS invented a device that controls traffic signals by sound and by the mere shriek of the fire engine's siren will change signals and halt all vehicles.

THE EXCESSIVE RAINS OF October kept the wool of a flock of sheep near Sedalia, Ohio, wet. When they rubbed against a haystack, timothy seed fell on their backs, were germinated and sprouted, making 'green' sheep.

THE LATEST STATISTICS from France show that in 1920 there were 90,129 bachelors paying the tax on celibates, in 1921 the number rose to 208,449, in 1924 to 238,544, and in 1926 to 260,000.

THE ANT WAS ONE TIME used by surgeons to bind the edges of a wound. When brought into contact with the wound the pugnacious creature closed its jaws, biting through the skin and joining the two edges.

IT REQUIRES SEVEN YEARS for an orchid to reach its maximum size and begin to bear the highly prized mauve and lavender blossoms.

THE POPPY BECAME THE SYMBOL of death when Tarquinius Superbus answered the question as to what was to be done with the people of a conquered city by slashing the heads off the largest poppies as a command to slaughter the most influential citizens.

A RAILROAD WILL BE built in Albania by the men of Albania below the age of fifty years. They will work six days in the year for the state. Albania is the only nation in Europe without a railroad.

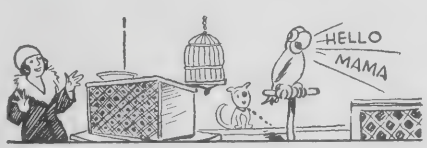
DURING THE PAST YEAR 280,000 persons paid a penny admission fee to see the 158-year-old grapevine at Hampton Court, England. It has produced as many as 2,200 bunches of grapes in a year but the crop is now kept down to about 500 bunches.

THERE IS A CUSTOM IN Santo Domingo of wearing *promisa* costumes, often of vivid patchwork, to remind the wearer that he has made a vow that must be kept. The duration of the *promisa* varies from three months to a year and may involve the wearing of sackcloth.

THE OLD MAHOGANY CLOCK owned by George Washington's mother has been located by the Daughters of 1812 and will be purchased and placed by them in Kenmore, the Washington family home in Fredericksburg.

THE CONTENTION OF A GERMAN scientist that earthworms sing is confirmed through observations by Dr. Rudolph Ruedemann of the New York State Museum. Whether, as Dr. Ruedemann believes, the worms produce the sound by dragging the fine bristles under their bodies over a hard object at the edge of their burrows, or whether they do the singing with their mouths, is not yet known.

THE MOTHER OF WILLIAM McKINLEY is the only mother of a President of the United States who lived to see her son inaugurated.



A WOMAN IN SCRANTON, Pennsylvania, discovering her pet parrot stolen, immediately made the rounds of the city's bird stores. In one store she heard, 'Hello, Mama!' from a parrot. Recognizing her bird, she had the thief traced and arrested.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS SAID to have spent seventy-five cents in his campaign for Congress.

YELLOWSTONE PARK HAS A total area of 3,348 square miles, allowing each American citizen ownership in the park of a section thirty feet square.

A LAMP WHICH BURNS day and night in a corridor of Scotland Yard is the 'Yard's' memorial to its civil servants who fell in the war.

A PINTAIL DUCK KILLED recently in Brawley, California, bore on its leg an aluminum band placed there twelve years ago by a United States game warden.

THE PREFERENCES OF THE different members of the Chamber of Deputies in Paris are so varied that placing the speaker's 'glass of water' on the rostrum is a complicated job. Premier Poincaré takes water, others prefer lemonade, orangeade, hot or cold coffee, black or with milk, white or red wine, water with mint in it and sage tea.

J. H. JOHNSON, OF Aberdeen, Washington, hoping to become the champion gum-chewer, put fifty-five sticks of chewing gum in his mouth at one time.

THERE ARE BETWEEN FIFTY and seventy-five thousand deaf children in the United States.

BY TESTS ON 158 pairs of twins in New York City it was found that twins are about twice as much alike mentally as are brothers and sisters of different ages.

FIFTY MEN AND WOMEN students at the Homeopathic Medical College of New York have volunteered to be stung by bees and bitten by spiders in an attempt to determine whether the venom can be put to some useful purpose.

A GROUND HOG AT THE Philadelphia Zoo broke all marathon slumbering records by sleeping from October 5, 1926, to March 5, 1927, a total of 151 days.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY of Windsor, Colorado, used a novel scheme to raise money. Every woman attending the social was charged a penny an inch for every inch of her waist measure. Forty-eight dollars was collected.

A BOOK IN THE New York Public Library travels an average of two city blocks from the 'stack' to the reading desk. On a moderately busy day some 2,500 books make the trip, making the book-traveling done amount to some 5,000 city blocks, or 250 miles.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN London has returned to the United States as a relic a lightning rod installed by Benjamin Franklin.

NOTES - COMMENTS - CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the necessity of maintaining the balance between big and little things.

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'Judas' is a characteristic poem by Gamaliel Bradford on page 2 of cover.

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The cover design is by Van der Heyden. It is an attractive study of a flock of chicks, an appropriate symbol that Easter, the beginning of a new life, is at hand.

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'Abide With Me' is a hymn that is sung by the whole of Christendom. It was written by an obscure English clergyman who died not so very long ago. W. Teignmouth Shore gives us the history of this gem of church music. (p. 2)

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Some aspects of the immigration tangle are set forth by Marian Bruce Clark. What will strike the reader is that some of the projected remedies may not prove real remedies. This matter is still in the experimental stage. (p. 3)

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Songs are remembered and sung long after their composers are dead and forgotten; but they are good songs. Of all the thousands that have been written only a few endure. Here is an account of a man who composed a song that sold by the million. Will it stay? (p. 4)

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What of the Democratic outlook? Will the nomination be worth fighting for? One of the leaders of the party, 'a veteran of national fame,' gave the answer to a member of the press gallery at Washington. (p. 5)

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Probably some of the impressions of Mexico one reads are based on preconceived ideas. W. L. Stidger gives us a fresh and impartial outlook in various directions in that country. (p. 6)

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H. G. Salsinger gives us another of his analytic monographs on sport. It shows how people learn how to play the game by simply watching it. Thus the crowd has its part in the play, notwithstanding opinion to the contrary. (p. 7)

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Some books stir one up; others are decidedly soporific; but after the day's darg is done it is the book that soothes that we want. Try John Woolman's writings. Others besides Charles Lamb have commended them. (p. 8)

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People generally grab a newspaper when they want to know what the peace or war prospects are in the world. Perhaps not one in ten thousand thinks of consulting the Bible, and yet the Bible says more on the subject than any newspaper dispatch or telegram ever written. W. G. MacKendrick comes to some vivid conclusions after intensive study of the subject. (p. 12)

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Julian Hawthorne is at his best in narrating 'how we played in the old times.' Outdoor sports and recreations had the same elements in them as they now have, but nowadays maiden ladies do not have to use telescopes to visualize natatorial college students, as the writer relates. (p. 14)

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'The Adventure of the Beautiful Things' will be found to embody much of the delightful satire of Hugh Walpole's writings. (p. 16)

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We think of the African blacks as savages who are always thinking black, but they have an ethical code of their own. It does not conform to ours in all things, but in the training of their youth there are some things that are akin, Henri Galland tell us. (p. 24)

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'The Holy City' is a poem by Anna Hempstead Branch. (p. 25)

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The Old Testament tells us of a golden statue ninety feet high and nine feet wide. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, wrote a unique letter about it, as William A. McGarry relates. (p. 26)

More opinions from our readers, some favorable, others not so:

Robinson, Kansas.

You may cancel my subscription to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on receipt of this notice.

Your paper contains much that I value very highly, and is worth much more than the price of the paper.

The dance program, published by you, has been one of the leading factors in the ruining of a number of our girls, disgracing them forever.

Please accept this as my protest against building fortunes by destroying moral standards.

W. C. GREEN.

Lebanon, Pennsylvania.

I allowed my subscription to lapse on account of too many subscriptions. I believe in conservation of natural resources. I get three drug journals and five newspapers but I know I would be missing valuable information if I was not to renew my subscription. You are one in a million, fearless in the right and not afraid to express your convictions. The country needs more men with the true patriotic spirit you possess.

S. H. MCGOWAN.

Worcester, Massachusetts.

I approve in many respects the opinions you express. On the whole I think you deserve being sustained.

Your views on prohibition I do not approve, as I am not now a prohibitionist, though I formerly was. Neither do I agree with one of your writers, Rev. Dr. Barton in his constant attempts to deny or explain away various good actions attributed to Abraham Lincoln.

However, I am utterly opposed to the course of those who try to discredit your efforts for good in so many directions.

CHARLES R. JOHNSON.

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William A. McGarry

GAMALIEL BRADFORD was born in Boston, and his home is at Wellesley Hills, Massachussets. He is the author of various books and essays and his poems include 'Shadow Verses,' and 'A Prophet of Joy.'

W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE resides in London, England. He is an occasional contributor to the New York newspapers, and he is also a special writer for the principal London dailies.

W. L. STIDGER is well known to our readers. He has traveled extensively and kept records both with pen and camera.

NORMAN BEASLEY is a contributor to leading magazines and newspapers and a writer whose range covers a large variety of subjects.

H. G. SALSINGER as a sports editor and contributor to sports literature is well known to most followers of outdoor recreations in this country.

W. G. MacKENDRICK'S home is in Toronto, Ontario. He is widely read in the history of the Hebrew race and has contributed extensively to various publications on the identification of the Anglo-Saxons with the Israelites.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, son of the great novelist, has added another to the delightful series of reminiscent articles with which he has entertained our readers.

HENRI GALLAND is in the employment of the French Government. He is the administrator of French Equatorial Africa.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH has contributed verse and prose to the leading magazines. She is the author of 'The Heart of the Road,' 'Rose of the Wind,' 'Nimrod' and other poems.

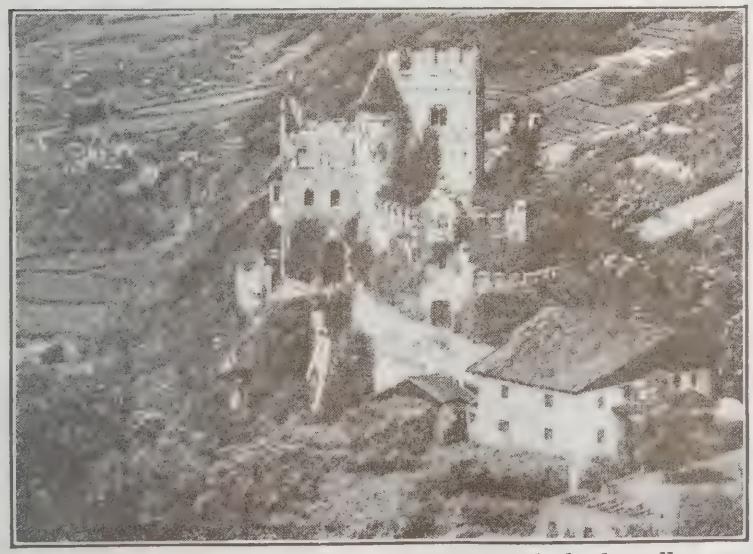
WILLIAM A. McGARRY is a journalist and magazine writer who possesses the faculty of unearthing interesting subjects

CASTLES *in* Spain—*and* Elsewhere

Castles hark back to stirring times, times of chivalry, romance, and robbery on a poetic scale. Here stands centuries-old evidence of the reign of feudal lord and robber knight, secure in their thick-walled, impregnable fastnesses. Above are interesting ruins of the Crussol, a 12th-century castle of France, across the Rhone from Valence. This afforded an ideal outlook over the surrounding country and excellent protection against sudden attack. —*National Feature Photo.*

One of the most interesting structures in the Danish kingdom, Spoettrup Castle, in Jutland, built about a century before Columbus discovered America, is in an excellent state of preservation. Like early European castles, it was a self-contained fortress, with thick walls and small, infrequent windows. —*Herbert Photo*

Center—
Alcazar, Arab word for castle, is used for important Moorish ruins. They generally combine the Moorish and the Gothic. This is the Alcazar at Toledo, Spain, and bridge across the Tagus. It stands on the highest ground in Toledo, originally the site of a Roman fort, and was built as a citadel by King Wamba and used as such by the Moors. St. Ferdinand converted it into a palace.
—*E. M. Newman Photo.*



Castle Fontana, ancient citadel of Meran, overlooks the valley over which it once held sway, for Meran was once the capital of Austrian Tyrol. This castle was built in the 16th Century.
—*Herbert Photo.*

Picturesque Castle Eltz, in the hills along the Mosel River, in Germany, dates back to feudal times. Rising from the trees like a vision, it typifies knight errantry at its best.
—*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

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'All of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad.'

IF A thing is old, it is a sign that it was fit to live. Old families, old customs, old styles survive because they are fit to survive. The guarantor of continuity is quality. Submerge the good in a flood of the New, and the good will come back to join the good which the New brings with it. Old-fashioned hospitality, old-fashioned politeness, old-fashioned honor in business, had qualities of survival. These will come back.

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